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THE

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 28, 1928. No. 1

KEEP APART.

A quarrel is like the two halves of a sedlits powder. Think it over.—*Editor Kiwanis Magazine.*

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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MOURNING UNCLEAN.

We are accustomed to regard the black mourning costume as primarily an outward sign of our grief. Originally, however, this special garb was intended to warn the general public that persons so attired were unclean. That is, they were looked upon as probable carriers of the plague that had stricken the deceased.—Pathfinder.

Years ago, when saloons were fashionable and legal, we saw an old time friend emerging from the Buford Hotel Bar in Charlotte, and it was at a period when wearing crepe around one arm was an evidence of mourning or great sadness. We made note of this badge of mourning and, in interest, inquired the occasion. Wiping his mustache, which yet bore the apperance and odor of what he had imbibed in that then popular establishment, he mournfully replied: "Haven't you heard that I lost my wife two weeks ago?"

It is comforting that both of these practices have passed on.

INTERESTING OBSERVATION.

It is utterly impossible to forecast what position in life your boy may reach. You may think you know him and his qualities, but you don't. In every boy there are dormant powers that are not revealed to the eye. The boy himself may not know it.

How many towering forces in every walk of life and profession today gave promise of same in youth? You called him brilliant—he turned out to be a parasite, a nonentity, just one more to swell the census list of his community. You called him a "slow" and giving no promise of making his grades in school—he turned out to be a leader, a captain of in-

dustry, a financial power, a leading and prominent citizen in all the affairs of his community and state.

Innumerable times there is a something that touches a vital spot in the make-up of your boy that shapes his future. Be of good cheer, if he's regarded "slow;" don't get too gay if he is regarded most brilliant—the future only will tell. Throw around him the influences of an orderly home life, assitance in reason and set for him yourself an example in righteous living and civic virtues. And trust and await.

"Are you a father," writes the editor of Kiwanis Magazine, "of a boy in school? If so, rejoice and be exceeding glad, for God has been good to you.

"Is he one of those brilliant lads with every report high above the average of his class? Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for God has been good to you.

"Is he one of the slow, plodding boys who finishes at the bottom of the class every year? Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for God has been good to you.

"If he is the scintillating lad who leads his class; if he holds study above all else and realizes the sacrifices you have made for his education; if he bones like a good fellow and finishes honor man in his class, he may be an educator, or an authority on the specialty he takes up, and thus bring honor to the family name.

"If he is too dumb to more than get under the wire at examination time, the chances are his mind is full of the practical things of life. Because he is short on theory, he may some day be a captain of industry and thus bring honor to the family name.

"At a commencemnt of an eastern college, an honorary degree of Doctor of Something-or-other was conferred on an alumnus of the class twelve years before. He is one of the leading engineers of his particular line who has amassed wealth and fame both of which he shared with his alma mater. The presentation of his diploma was made by the professor of mathematics who had been his room mate twelve years before.

"The math professor had finished at the head of his class, honor man and was supremely happy in the chair of mathematics. The roommate who had never been able to master logarithms and cube root, and fiinished at the foot of his class, was happy in his work as a construction engineer.

"If you have a boy in colleg, be glad, for God has been good to you. If he is at the head of his class be glad, for he has one kind of brains. If he is at the foot of his class, be glad, for he has another kind of brains. If he is in the middle of his class, still be glad, for he has yet another kind of brains.

"You never can tell from where he sits how his feet are going to

look in the picture. So just be glad you've got a boy and are able to send him to college!''

* * * * * * * * * * * *

ADULT ILLITERATES.

It is stated that there are 200,000 adult illiterates in North Carolina. There will be that many or more twenty years hence in all probability. The gestures that we have been making at removing this condition, by night schools, etc., at various points in the state last just long enough for a little personal publicity to develop.

We verily believe that we shall have with us in all times the illiterates, more at times and less at other times, just as we shall always have the poor with us. The effort at removing this illiteracy that annoys us and makes us ashamed, begins at the wrong end of the line.

To keep down this condition that is so embarrassing, we must begin with the child, like they do in heathen countries in their missionary efforts. It is hard ''to teach an old dog new tricks or new ideas or new habits.'' Where the most fruitful results are to be gained is with childhood.

We are prone, however, to confuse the terms illiteracy and ignorance. The latter is the most appalling sorrow to be encountered. One may be illiterate but miles and miles removed from the condition of ignorance. On the other hand, ignorance may be able to spell, read and write, escaping the classification of illiterate, but he gives to the world and society more trouble and concern than the illiterate. Ignorance is our greatest menace.

We are aware that no institution can furnish brains, and all the arts and sciences cannot eradicate the ignorant. It is a question whether our great educational efforts and expenditures will have an appreciable effect on removing our number of illiterates in censuses of future years, unless more practicability is infused into our school system. Instead of making age requirement for the attendance upon school, make it a completion of the art of spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, or the whole grammar grade. If, after a patient effort, any pupil cannot make the grade, then a mental examination is in order and he should be permitted to go to work. Stop this foolishness of making ilders.

Should the pupil complete the legal requirement in grade, then, if he has any ambition, pep, or spirit educationally, he'll find a way to seek higher levels; if not, not inclined to move on higher, let him go on to work, taking his place in the affairs of the world. This age limit for attendance at

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school is an absurdity, just like the units they wallow about in their mouths like so many sweet morsels.

It begins to look as if we are trying to do to much at the wrong end to eradicate illiteracy by these adult efforts—let's go back to childhood and make our fight; succeeding there, the worthy will take care of themselves; failing, God pity those who are determined to live out their lives in the classification of the illiterate.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THERE IS REJOICING HERE.

The other day the papers carried the information that Governor McLean had appointed Mr. J. E. Latham, of Greensboro, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, filling the vacancy created by the death of Mr. J. S. Efird, of Albemarle.

This institution, from the superintendent down the line, rejoices in having the intimate association of this elegant gentleman such as to be enjoyed by his being a member of the official body, directing the affairs of the institution. While Mr. Latham, so far as we recall at this moment, has never been at the Jackson Training School, he has been here in vision, spirit and helpfulness. It was Mr. Latham who carried us out to the Greensboro Country Club to launch the movement to securing cottages for the school, and gave to the cause a power that sent it successfully across—all of which led to making the plant a most respectable one in size and usefulness. In ten minutes interview with him, brought a financial response that gave to us a much needed pavilion, a thing of beauty and great usefulness.

The truth in a nut-shell is, Mr. Latham has a well-defined and developed welfare spirit that plays about the heartstrings of a great heart, and that is why we rejoice in having his association and aid in the conduct of the institution.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

ADULTS NEED PHYSICAL ATTENTION.

Dr. Charles O'H. Laughinghouse, secretary of the State Board of Health, puts it bluntly but very effectively:

"Young women in North Carolina and many who have passed the age of 30 have become so deeply impressed with the grace and beauty that goes with slimness that they are starving themselves. If people could be taughat that the best way to remove surplus flesh is by the cutting of sweets, potatoes and bread rather than by starving, pellagra would be

lessened. A great many women in North Carolina, in order to keep themselves thin, are eating no breakfast and a very light lunch. Breakfast is really the most necessary meal, particularly for growing girls and young people.

"It would be a real service to stress the value of an abundance of food for youth and an abstemiousness with reference to food for middle and old age. So many people are living out of tin cans and cheap cafes who prior to a few years ago lived at home that the State has a great many of its population suffering from undernourishment on this account. People of small means are so intent upon possessing automobiles and good clothes that they are paying the price of undernourishment in order to keep up appearances.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

CARELESS HEADLINES.

Just the other day we read in one of our favorite morning dailies this headline, in barn-door size letters: "Youth Held in Forgery Plot." Feeling sorry for the error of the "youth" and hoping that he might finally prove himself innocent of the charge, we read the article.

The very second line of the fearfully headed article announced that the "youth" is 24 years old. Pray you headline writers, at what age does a youth reach the age of man?

SECRETARY MELLON AT CHARLOTTE.

That was a conspicuous gathering of fine men at the Banquet, last week, celebrating the establishment fo the Branch Reserve Bank. Secretary Mellon, of the United States Treasury Department, was the honored guest, along with other distinguished guests, who accompanied him from Washington.

Among other wise things the Secretary said, we note the following clear statement of the services of the Reserve System of Banks:

"It is in recognition of this fact (the great expansion of business in the Carolinas) that a branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond has been established in Charlotte. Under the wise guidance of Governor Seay and his able board of directors, the Richmond Bank has had a most gratifying growth and has shown at all times a sympathetic understanding of the needs of this section. The establishment of a branch bank at Charlotte should still further increase the usefulness of the Federal Reserve System by effecting a valuable saving of time in bank clearings and currency shipments. At the same time it should make for greater efficiency in operation, because the men in charge of the bank will be nearer to the territory which it serves and can have, therefore, a more accurate knowledge of local conditions. Furthermore, where a branch bank is actually needed, as in this case, its establishment is in line with the principles of local self-government in banking, while at the same time bringing to you the vast resources of the Federal Reserve System.

"That system has made it possible, for the first time in our history, to mobolizfie the banking resources of the country and to place them at the service of any section that has need of them. For the first time business can go forward freed from the fear that at any moment, from causes remote or unforseen, a financial crisis might develop and threaten every one with ruin.

"The old system, under which we operated prior to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, was notable for its scattered and immobile banking reserves and a credit inelasticity which rendered it totally inadequate for the country's needs. It was unequal even to meeting the seasonal demands during the crop-moving period; and, in times of financial stringency, it operated to aggravate rather than to relieve, panic symptoms.

"National banks could issue currency only when secured by government bonds; consequently they were unable to increase the currency in times when it was most needed Banks outside of the great financial centers could expand their credit facilities only by borrowing from the larger metropolitan banks, with the result that all loans in the end converged in New York. Instead of a co-ordinated system of banks, with a common reservoir of credit, we had a large number of independent banking units, which in times of stress struggled against each other, and never worked together as part of one

great financial structure.

"These defects were cured by the establishment of the Federal Reserve System. The twelve regional banks, under the responsible co-ordinating influence of the Federal Reserve Board, can effect that prompt mobilization of reserves which is so essential in preventing panics. These banks are also able to provide the country with an elastic currency, which expands or contracts with seasonal and trade needs. It is possible to supply the farmers and the trade with adequate currency during the crop moving period and to effect the necessary contraction when the seasonal requirements have been met. The reserves of each regional bank are available, through the discounting privilege, to all other Federal Reserve Banks. The funds of the central reservior can be diverted to any bank in the system which has need of them, so that the financing of an increasing or decreasing volume of business can be accomplished with ease.

WHERE BREVITY IS MISSING.

(Shelby Star)

With facilities for securing and assembling news greatly improved in recent years breviity has come to be one of the main factors in compiling a newspaper. Thiis view of course, appliies first to the large daily papers, but such has been newspaper progress that the weekly and semi-weekly papears in North Carolina are whittling down the surplus description and the unnecessary 60 words when 10 will tell all the actual details. But in the city papers and the weekly papers one department remains as gushing as ever—the social columns. Often along with others we have fondered how many inches it would take to tell a page of social news if the news were written by an experienced newspaper writer from the actual news department. Yet cumbersome descriptive phrases may be found in the social columns of practically all leading newspapers—this paper included, not becauuse it claims to rank as a leading newspaper but because it criticises a custom it follows itself.

The Monroe Journal looking over the social items recently remarked upon the custom of opening a social item telling of a marriage—"A wedding of a great interest in this and other states" may be found as the hackneyed introductory sentence in nearly all newspapers accounts of a wedding. The Journal commneting upon the introductory line says "but there are mighty few weddings that are of interest throughout several states." And there we agree with the Journal. Other than the contracting parties and their relatives, along with the girl friends who read the descriptive accounts to see their own names as attendents or to criticise the over-described rainment of the bride, there are few folks who read a wedding except to scan a few lines in learning who the contracting parties were.

As stated above we agree with The Journal view, but The Journal does not say what should be done about it, and neither do we, for we do not know.

NOTED TRADITION PASSES.

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

President Coolidge made his visit to Cuba without attention being called, so far as observed, to the now obsolete tradition that the President of the United States must not set foot on foreign soil. Thus passes another tradition that had practically the effect of law for more than a century after our government was established. While the Presidents prior to the beginning of the present century may have had neither the occasion nor the desire to cross the border line, the tradition was so much respected that they doubtless suppressed the urge to visit neighbors if they felt it. President McKinley visited the Mexican border but he carefully refrained from stepping across the line and resisted suggestions that he visit President Diaz. A visit at that time might have inaugurated an era of peace and good will that would have been beneficial to both countries. President Arthur was embarrassed by the report, and consequent criticism, that while on a fishing trip to the Thousand Islands his vessel actually got in British waters. No doubt some of the alarmists feared trouble with Great Britian on account of the trespass if there was rally trespass. President Cleveland, on one of his fishing trips in southern waters, was reported to have gone outside the three mile limit, and this caused talk. But articles of impeachment were not presented in Congress, although Mr. Cleveland had some enemies in that body who would have been more than pleased to take action if they could have found sufficient basis.

There is nothing in the constitution or statute law, and never was, to prevent the President going abroad. In the first century of our history conditions were such that the President was kept at home, and out of that the tradition grew that he should not, could not, go outside the country. In 1844 President Tyler, members of the cabinet, Supreme Court justices and members of Congress went abroad the frigate Princeton, in the Potomac river, to inspect a cannon that was the largest of its kind in the world at the time—so said. The cannon was fired for their entertainment and at the second shot it burst into fragments, killing two members of the cabinet—the secretary of state and the secretary of the navy—and four others. There was no Vice President, Tyler having succeeded to the presidency on the death of Harrison, and if Tyler had been killed, the government would have been without an official head, which would have caused more or less trouble. From that incident the feeling grew that the President should keep off vessels, and the tradition that he should not go outside the country was strengthened, although the Princeton disaster had nothing to do with foreign travel. The real cause of alarm was the danger of the country finding itself without an official head. But so strong was the adherence to the way things had been fixed by the fathers that nothing was done to provide for the succession in case of the death or disability of both President and Vice President until 1886.

Roosevelt broke the precedent about going outside. He was the boy to break precedents. He went to the Panama Canal zone while the canal was being dug and visited the republic of Panama. No fuss was made about the incident, probably because Roosevelt was in the habit of doing the unusual. Taft made the same visit while he was president and also visited Guantanamo, Cuba, on the same trip. But Guantanamo was at the time under the American flag and technically was American soil. The storm broke when President Wilson announced his purpose to visit Paris and participate in the peace conference. Majority public opinion seemed to oppose the visit. The objection was partisan in part and in part because it was a great departure from precedent. So bitter was the feeling in the senate that a resolution was offered to declare the office vacant and install the Vice President. President Harding was on foreign soil—British Columbia—when he was seized with the illness which terminated in his death a few days after his arrival on American shores. Thus it will be seen that every President has been on foreign soil since Roosevelt led the way.

In 1790 a law was passed fixing the seat of government at Washington after 1800 and providing that after that date government functions "shall cease to be exercised elsewhere." In the days when the now obsolete tradition was running strong this statute was often cited as evidence that the President couldn't leave Washington. It was used against President Grant when he went to Long Beach, N. J., for the summer. But of course the statute was not intended to keep the President tied up in Washington, and nothing came of its much citation. Now the whole business has disappeared just as such things will after a time. But they often live long and are strong, and this one did and was.

A REAL CINDERELLA.

The story of the lost slipper and the prince searching for its owner is really much older than our fairy books. It dates even further back than "once upon a time" and princesses that rode in gilded carriages. In the almost forgotten ages in Egypt a lady called Rhodopis was bathing in the river Nile. While she was in the water a strong wind blew her sandal away and it was found by the king of the country, who sent out servants to try to find its owner. When Rhodopis came to claim her shoe the king was so delighted with her beauty that he asked her to become his wife.—Exchange.

LARGE AUDIENCE HEARS GARDNER.

One of the largest crowds in the history of the Rutherford Country Club heard Max Gardner at the Spindale welfare house, discuss, "Agricultural Contrasts." He was introduced by Dr. L. B. Morse, of Chimney Rock, as the next Governor who would really help to promote the agricultural interests of the State.

James G. J. McClure, of Asheville, president of the farmers federation, was introduced to the audience. He said the county club was the best thing of its kind in the State. It was organized to promote the civic, commercial, social and moral welfare of Rutherford county and is composed of all the leading citizens of the county. Mr. McClure presented George Evans, of Asheville, field representative of the federation, who spoke briefly.

"The European farmer thinks in small areas," said Mr. Gardner. "He is a stolid conservative, efficient, thrifty and patient citizen. He knows the science of the seasons and the rewards of intelligent labor. He loves the soil with a passion almost filial in its devotion. He might neglect his family but wouldn't ever mistreat or abuse his sacred soil. He naturally nurses his hand to keep it warm. His growing crops seem to bow to him grateful appreciation, because he never allows them to go hungry. He knows little about our vast acreage or shameful waste or hist-or-miss methods, or modern machinery, but he is a practical chemist when it comes to understanding the food value of fertilizers. He is an artistic expert in soil preparations and a successful merchant in conserving the marketing his crops. He would starve if he practiced the American methods of marketing and waste.

"He cultivates a small plot of from three to five acres, and makes a living on it. He expects but little and gets it and saves it. He is more particular with his twigs than we are with our forests He knows the European peasant rarely moves nothing about waste or idle land, from the small farm on which he was born, and this accounts for his deep attachment to the soil.

"The French Revolution broke up the large estates of France, and most of the rural lands in that country are now owned by the small farmers, who are the strength, character and hope of France. Lloyd George and the World War, working in combination, have accomplished the same results in England. The estates of Great Britain are falling into the ownership of former tenants. The British government is aiding in this regeneration by means of long term loans. This peaceful revolution is one of the most interesting and amazing experiments in European sociology and agricultural economies today. One of the big reasons for the success of Cleveland county's agriculture is that we have no large farms.

"It will probably be a hundred years before the American farmer will be compelled to cultivate his soil with the same intensivenes as does the European farmer. Experiment teaches us that the size of a farm is generally determined by the density of the population in

which it is located. The largest farms are invariably found in those localities where land is most sparsely settled; and the smallest, most intensely cultivated and productive farms are found in that territory where the population is densest. I think we have a population of 65 people to the square mile in North Carolina, while Belgium has a population of around 1100.

"In my judgement, we could produce the present total of farm crops of North Carolina on less than half the land now in cultivation, if we were to farm as efficiently, as intelligently and as intensively as do the farmers of Belgium, Italy, England, Holland and Germany. We have never been compelled to concentrate. We have too many broad acres. We have been content to scratch the surface, and are still resisting that economic law of producing the same quantity and better quality on fewer cases.

Since we have cleared out forests, foolishly looking for "new ground," we do not seem to know what to do with our "old fields." We cleared up too much land and destroyed our forest before we learned that new ground was unnecessary and was a nuisance. I saw in Italy land making forty-seven bushels of wheat to the acre that was old land when Christ was born.

"Nothing reduces the value of a tract of land more quickly than to abandon it. In order to avoid depreciating our acres, we blindly cultivate or pretend to cultivate, pretend to prepare and pretend to fertilize thousands of acres because we cannot bear to see it lying out and appearing to go to ruin.

"It seems to me that one of the biggest problems for North Carolina agriculture is the profitable discovery of a use for the idle, waste and unnecessarily cultivated lands to the state. Of course it will take time and multiplied population to completely solve this problem, but the growing intelligence of our people, and the able leadership of our agricultural authorities, are making great progress in that direction.

Only a few years ago North Carolina farmers were relying almost exclusively on cotton and tobacco as money crops. It seemed impossible to interest them in any other profitable phase of agriculture. The farmer was not altogether to blame for this, for the simple reason that he could not find ready market except for cotton and tobacco.

"We have not by any means reached an ideal situation, as we still send out of the state for millions of dollars worth of products and by-products that we could easily raise at home; but it is encouraging to note the growing tendency in our state to utilize our waste and idle lands for productive purposes, as reflected in the fact that in the year 1927 we shipped out of the state, for use in other states, 425 carloads of hogs, in 1926, we shipped only 175 cars of hogs, 17,119 carloads of produce—of which 1677 cars were peaches, 2203 strawberries, 1044 watermlons, 608 cantaloupes, 509 green peas, 446 lettuce, 748 mixed vegetables, 752 sweet potatoes, 7502 Irish potatoes. We also shipped fifty carloads of beef cattle. But the greatest gain came in poultry and hogs. In 1926 we shipped a million, eight hundred

thousand pounds of live poultry, and in 1927 we shipped to Northern and Eastern markets three million pounds of poultry. In other words, we shipped in 1927 at least a thousand carloads of produce more than we did in 1926.

"This is truly a startling and revolutionary statement, and every patriotic North Carolinian should pledge himself to the further extension and enlargement of this progressive agricultural program for the state."

To say you have done good is not goodness, but to do good is.—A Proverb from China.

QUESTIONS.

(News & Observer)

Educators now and then express themselves on the value of the extra-curricula activities of college students. One school of thought misses no opportunity to slam at the time devoted by college students to those things which may not be credited in the final statistical summary of completed units.

No one would wish the college student to devote himself to college editorial duties, to play-writing and play-acting, to glee clubs and orchestras, to debating societies, fraternity activities and athletics to the exclusion of his class work and his dormitory studies. Yet it is very proper to suggest that while these outside things may not contribute much to the winnings of a degree, they may make a distinguished contribution to the framing of a life. And if the college or university doesn't do this, it might as well turn over its holdings to the real estate auctioneer; if it does not provide the means for a full life, whether on the campus or in the class room, we need not quarrel with its methods.

Sherwood Eddy, lecturer, student and traveler, speaking at State College this week, submitted a series of questions that college students may ask themselves with profit:

Am I learning to study and learning to think?

Am I learning the true, aesthetic values of life, its beauty and its culture?

Am I learning something of nature and of history, in so far as they pertain to life, so as to learn how to live better?

Am I learning what are the great problems of life and learning to solve them by trying to solve them now?

Am I building character by gaining the vital experience of God?

Am I getting an education in the three dimensions of life, its material length, its intellectual breadth and its spiritual depth?

Am I getting an education through the shared experiences of two generations, the shared experiences of faculty and students?

SUBMARINES ASSASSINS.

By Josephus Daniels.

The submarine dlisaster by which forty men lost their lives on the S-4 not only saddened the whole country at the Christmas-tide, but it raised some questions which will not down. The first of these questions of course revolve around responsibility for the accident. That will be determined by a naval court which has a record of going to the bottom of all naval accidents and seeking to fix responsibility where it belongs. Naval courts are more apt to err in fixing adequate punishment than in asscertaining the persons who are at fault. Besides the investigation to dertermine how the accident occurred, there will be a study by civilians and naval officers of the whole matter of the construction of submarines, to determine whether every device for safety and salvage have been provided. Many charges have been made of negligence in adopting safeguards, some of them doubtless wild. Still, the country is entitled to know whether the naval authorities have been keen to equip the submarines with every feasible protection from injury and to make rescue easier when a submarine sinks to the bottom of the ocean. These investigations and studies will no doubt be of advantage in giving new confidence to the Navy if it has not been slow to do everything possible, or to provide better equipment for safety and salvage if the Department has failed at any point.

Peace Worse Than War

In the past four years eight American submarines have been involved in accidents, some of them causing causing serious loss of life. And this by stifling and looking death in the face hour after hour without hope of rescue. There is no death quite so tragic. It is not only in submarines that naval ships have been lost. In addition to the eight submarines in accidents causing the losses in these four years, there have been ten destroyers, three cruisers, two battleships, a target vessel, a minesweeper and a collier, according to reports printed from Washington, involving a loss of 86 lives and nearly 20 millions in damages. No such losses either in men or money occurred in all the months when the Navy was engaged in the infested seas during the World War. What was the cause? Has the naval morale been lowered or what? The answer has not been given.

Most Delicate Machinery

The most delicate machinery that floats is in a submarine. It must be able to stay on the water and under the water equally well. It must be able to hide and when subemrged to fire from its secret hiding place torpedoes that will bring down a ship on the surface. It must be provided with air, with provisions. It requires so much machinery that only a trained expert can at all understand it, and an accident is destructive to important machinery. No submarine has been constructed or can be, that can be said to be safe to those who go down to the sea in ships encased in these amphibious fighting craft. The Government recognizes this in increasing the pay of seamen who

engage in this extra hazardous branch of the naval service, though no extra pay is provided for officers. If any constructor can improve on the present plan he will be hailed with joy at the Navy Department if he has the goods. But, if trained constructors are skeptical of off hand suggestions by amateurs they are not to be blamed because so many such suggestions have been tested only to be found inefficient. Still the able constructor knowing the need of improvement, keep open minds. They will reject no proven suggestion.

Hard To Make Function

In the years 1913-14 the biggest trouble in the Navy was to secure perfect functioning by submarines. In nearly every naval manouevre that was not fully successful, there were reports of the failure of the submarines to come up to expectations. Builders and constructors were busy trying to make improvements in construction and in care and in operation were secured, but always there were tenfold more trouble with the submarine than with any other fighting ship. By the time the Navy entered into the World War progress had been made and the American submarine as those operating in Europe, were able to do deadly work. Too deadly was the Geman U-boat, as all the world knows. Nobody in the forces of the Central Empire did such effective slaughter under such hard conditions as the men and officers in the U-boats. It was assassination and murder. But the responsibility for the murders by the U-boats was upon civilian and naval officers higher up and not on the men who made the ship the fear of all who sailed the seas.

The Submarine Is An Assassin

At the Washington Conference there was much sentiment in favor of outlawing the submarine from civilized warefare. Until the World War, it was never conceived by naval statesmen that the U-boat would be used to murder civilian non-combatants on the sea. Admiral Sims said in 1920 it was not supposed that anybody "could be savage enough in his disposition to know what the Germans do and therefore prepare to meet it if we could have imagined that the Germans would do what they did do we would have prepared for it, and built destroyers galore, if we could have persuaded Congress to give us the money." The World War taught that the submarines did deadly work only, or nearly so, when it attacked merchant ships, and if there should be another war—and there will be if a substitute is not provided—the submarine will return to the savage udersea policy of secret murder on the highseas that characterized the use of the U-boats in the World War. Therefore, the submarine ought to be outlawed just as dueling was made a crime. It is not easy to do because the smaller naval nations regard it as their protection if engaged in war with big nations. They feel they must have a stiletto if the enemy nation has a greatly preponderating naval force. It will be hard to persuade them to agree to sinking of all these assassins of the sea until a world agreement assures protection to the smaller naval natioss. This fact shows the essential importance of a World Peace Pact or a World Convenant for Peace, such as Lodge outlined at Union College long before the World War, Roosevelt favored it

in his addresses in Europe just before the World War, Taft urged in the League to Enforce Peace and Wilson wrote into the Versailles Treaty.

The Submarine Skulker

The tragedy of the S-4 will focus attention upon the question of the future of the skulker of the sea, the neptune stiletto, the undersea assassin. If any war can be called civilized, no use of the submarine can be other than a resort to secret savagery in its worst form. If a man is shot in the back on land there is a chance of his recovery. If the submarine stiletto hits him on the sea, there is no hope for him.

The submarine should be outlawed by the concurent action of every civilized nation. No one nation, or no few nations, can make it effective. The elimination of the submarine should be No. 2 on the next naval conference. No. 1 being reduction all along the line and equality between John Bull and Uncle Sam.

CLOTHING FROM PINEAPPLE LEAVES.

By N. Tourneur, in Youth's World.

Clothes are made out of many things nowadays, from real cloth to that woven from nettle fibres or, again, composed of paper Pina-cloth, which is made out of pineapple leaves, is one of the most singular fabrics ever used to cover the human body. It is well known to the folk of the Indian Archipelago, the Philippines, and to the Chinese. The method of getting and bleaching the fibers of the pineapple-leaves is very simple. The first step is to remove the fleshy side of the leaf. A native, sitting astride on a narrow stool, stretches out on it in front of him a pineapple leaf, one end of which is kept firm by being put under the small bundle of cloth on which he sits. Then with a kind of two-handed plane made of bamboo he removes the fleshy matter. Another man takes the leaves as they are planed, and with his thumbnail loosens and gathers the fibers about the middle of the leaf, and this enables him to lift in one movement the whole of them from the outer skin.

The fibers are next steeped in water for some time, after which they are washed in order to get rid of any fleshy matter still sticking to them and binding them together. They are now laid out to dry and bleach on frames of split bamboo. The process of steeping, washing and putting to bleach in the sunlight is repeated for some days until the fibers are thought to be properly bleached. Without any further preparation they are then sent into towns to the native weavers, or to China, where pina-cloth is much used. Notwithstanding the demand for it, an enormous quantity of pineapple-leaves are every year allowed to rot on the ground. Pina-cloth, as a substitute for the now costly textiles, is more than worthy of attention. The leaves cost almost nothing to buy. Quicker and cheaper methods of preparing the pineapple-fibers could easily be found in these scientific times. As a delicate, soft material which wears well pina-cloth is hard to beat.

SOME "FIRSTS" OVERLOOKED.

(Lumberton Robesonian)

"Who has forgotten Robeson county, which 'raises alone more cantaloupes than all the State of Colorado' ", rises to enquire the Greensboro Daily News in putting to shame gentlemen of the State Department of Conservation and Development for not rising to higher heights in listing "Firsts' for North Carolina.

The News said it had lively hopes of seeing 'em listed properly when its eye was arrested by the headline "Many Firsts' Listed for North Carolina", and was cheered on by the opening paragraph of the story from Raleigh, "This is what the State Department of Conservation and Development offers as North Carolina 'firsts' as the State goes into 1928 in greater progress than ever." With 'swelling pride" The News started on the list and found:

Hosiery mills, towel mills, overall factories—the usual, start—denim mills, damask mills, underwear factories, pulp paper mills—warming up now—more cotton mills than any other state, more spindle hours, more cotton consumption, oldest state university, most for expenditure for new schools, Duke's largest endowment, tobacco and peanut production, pounds of tobacco, numbers of native minerals—always like to get among the minerals—supremacy in scrap mica, fieldspar, phyrophyllite and residual kaolin clay—haven't they changed names of some of these things? —variety of climate and foliage, debtfree homes, highest birthrate—and then a sudden pause.

The story seemed to end. We looked again only to discover that it did end. That's all there was, there wasn't any more. And that is when we threw down the paper in disgust.

Is this, then, the official and accredited list of North Carolina "Firsts"? And if so, is it the best the state department of conservation and development can do? Where is the largest heaviest piecee of Virgin gold ever dug from the earth? How about the largest and most valuable herd of Birkshire hogs in the world? What has become of John Lowlow, "the most famous circus clown the world has ever known"? Who has denied that "North Carolina raises and sells more Bermuda onions than do the Brmuda islands"? Has anybody equaled the proud record that "North Carolina was the only state in the union that filled every blank in the 1900 census." What city has supplanted Mount Airy as "the biggest cabbage center of the world"? What blight has fallen on eastern North Carolina that it no longer can boast that it ' produces and supplies 80 per cent of all the wooden telegraph telephone and electric light poles for the whole world—the famous North Carolina cypress"?Who has forgotten Robeson county which "raises alone more countaloupes than all of the state of Colorado"? Where is the inventor of the Gatling gun? What about the testimony of the Siamese twins, Eng. and Chang Bunker, "who traveled the world over with Barnum and Bailey circus, spent the remnant of a troubled life at White Plains, Surry county, near Mount Airy, which place they chose as the most beautiful spot on the terrestrial

globe''? Where are ''Deacon'' White; ''Blue Jeans'' Williams and the one-time supremacy in medical herbs?

And not even a mention of Virginia Dare and the spotless Anglo-Saxon blood!

For shame, gentlemen of the department of conservation and development! This is no list of North Carolina ''firsts.'' Take it back and start all over again. And when you do, remember the basis of all lists of ''firsts:'' The whole hog or none.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two thing, therefore for its existence —strong feelings and strong command over them.—F. M. Robertson.

FEAR REMOVED.

(Young Folks.)

Someone tells a story of a house in which there was a room that was supposed to be haunted. This room had had that reputation for a long time. No one would sleep in it for fear something would befall him. One night the father of the family said that he would sleep in it for he was not afraid. The other members tried to persuade him not to enter it but he would not listen. In the morning he came out safe and sound He had heard no noises, and he had not been harmed. From that time on no one seemed to be alarmed when in that room whether by day or night.

Is it not true that fear has been taken out of many somewhat forbidding aspects of life because of the experiences of others? They have not been harmed, therefore we can afford to be the more courageous. We have known those who were afraid of old age. They had reached the period when they dreaded to see another year come around. They had associated infirmity and incapacity with advancing years. But have we not seen many persons grow old gracefully and retain charm and vigor to a remarkable degree?

Then there are those who have been afraid of poverty. They have had health, and plenty to live on, and a good position and regular employment, still they have had a suspicion that some day they might come to want. But how few of the people we have known ever came to that estate! There is one thing sure, fear is not going to save us from it.

Then there are those who have all their lives been haunted with the fear of some mishap. They had no idea what it might be, but the thought of it made them uncomfortable. They have turned a willing ear to a score of superstitious tales, and these are bobbing up in the mind to spoil the gladness that each day might have. The sense of fear is utterly groundless in most cases. It is the parent of misery, and we ought to strive against it because it is not in accord with the will of our Father.

FLORIDA MOSS AND ITS USES.

By William Alphonso Murrill, in Young Folks.

Coming to Florida by train from the North, one first notices the Florida moss hanging in long, gray festoons from trees in the marshes bordering the South Carolina rivers, and the farther south one goes the more abundant it becomes. It grows sparingly as far north as Virginia and I have also seen it in Texas, Mexico, Jamaica, Guiana, Brazil, and other parts of tropical America. Being light and growing high in the air, pieces become detached during storms and are blown to other trees, where they quickly make themselves at home and develop rapidly. If transplanted to northern greenhouses the plant will frow for a time, but it requires constant renewal. In the tropical forests distribution takes place over wide areas by means of feathery seeds, which sift out from a slender capsule and are carried long distances by the wind.

This interesting plant, also called Spanish moss, was known to Linnaeus, who named it *Tillandsia usneoides,* because it resembled the lichen Usnea so common on trees in Sweden and elsewhere. Later our American botanist, Rafinesque, placed it in a new genius, *Dendropogon,* meaning *tree-beard,* which seems a very appropriate place for it. In the pineapple family, to which the Florida moss belongs, there are nearly a thousand species native to tropical and subtropical America, most of which grow on trees and are termed air-plants. or epiphytes. Such plants use the trees merely as a support and obtain their nourishment from the air, the rain and mist, and from dust and decayed vegetable matter clinging to the trunks of trees. In the tropical orchids, most of which are also air-plants, there are special structures called *aerial roots* whose function it is to absorb mineral matter in solution as it trickles down from the tree; but in the Florida moss this absorption takes place at almost any part of the stem.

A minute description of the Florida moss is not necessary, since most of my readers have no doubt seen it. Like most of its relatives, it is gayish-green, or silvery-scurfy in color, thus resembling the lichens and being adapted like them to extreme changes in the weather from wet to dry and back to wet gain. The thread-like stems hang in a dense tangle reaching a yard or many yards in length and are covered with small narrow leaves, in the axils of which the inconspicuous yellow flowers appear. The fruit is also inconspicuous being a slender capsule an inch or or more in length, which splits at maturity into three valves and releases the light, feathery seeds.

I have been interested in Florida by the attitude of tourists towards this plant. Some of them rave over it, and others rave at it, claiming that it gives them the "creeps," with its weird funeral aspect. Looked at in bright sunlight at is waves from a spreading live-oak, it is to me an object of great beauty; while in shimmering moonlight it is no less beautiful, although rather ghostly in appearance. Let a few weeks pass, however, and it is forgotten—just accepted and overlooked like the sun-

shine and other "ordinary" things of everyday life.

Viewed from a practical standpoint the Florida moss is injurious in some ways and useful in others. It litters up the streets, causes the telephone and telegraph wires to rust, and injures both cultivated and wild trees by keeping out the light and air. It does not actually feed upon the sap of the trees as mistletoe does, and hence could not be called a parasite, but its injurious effects are none the less obvious.

On the other hand, cows will chew it by the hour and chickens will became greatly excited when a bunch is thrown into their coop. They clatter over it, pick off bits of the leaves, hunt eagerly through it for hidden insects, and scratch it about with eagerness and evident enjoyment. In the North grass is often spoken of as the farmers "towel;" and the tree mosses are used for packing of various kinds. In Florida the Spanish moss serves both of these purposes; and it is used in other minor ways such as for stopping ruts in the road, or for mulching herbaceous plants and trees. As a fertilizer the moss is a failure, since the amount of available plant food in it is very small; and, besides, the fibers remain intact for months and cause trouble by getting tangled in the teeth of harrows and other cultivating implements.

The really important use of Florida moss is in upholstery and the manufacture of cheap matteresses, where it serves as a substitute for hair. If the grayish-green cortex is removed from the thread-like stem the central part of the stem will be found really to resemble a horsehair in size, color, and elastic properties. It is this resemblance that has suggested the nam "vegetable hair," often applied to the plant when it gets old, when it is also called "black moss." The removal of this outer cortex, however, is attended with difficulties and the plant it not fit for upholstery until this is done.

Florida moss is gathered in the woods with a rake, or hook, or special moss-picking implement, which "pulls" as much as four thousand pounds of green moos a day when handled by a fairly cative man. Moss obtained from pine trees is almost worthless, while even that found on oaks or other hardwoods may vary in tensile strength according to the locality. The green moss was formerly "cured" by covering it with sand in a pit for several months, until the outer bark decayed sufficiently to be beaten or shaken off readily. A much better method is to pile it on the ground in the open and keep it thoroughly wet from top to bottom by copious weekly applications of water from buckets or a hose for four months. After the first three weeks the danger of "stack-burning" which renders the fiber brittle and of little value, is greatly lessened and a pile eight feet high has settled down to one only two or three feet in height. In some cases the curing process is terminated at the end of five or six weeks, but such material has only half the market value of that fully cured. Before marketing the cured moss it is thoroughly dried, either by spreading it out on the ground or by hanging it on fences or wires; the top layer of the pile which is of inferior quality, being reserved for bedding down or covering the next pile.

The final treatment in the preparation of moss for the upholsterer consists of cleaning the fiber, removing sticks and pieces of bark, and baling up the residue, which rarely amounts to more than fifty per cent of the cured material brought to the gin. In other words, for every pound of cured moss, or "hair-moss," worth four cents or less, obtained from six or seven pounds of green moss gathered during the winter, the upholsterer will receive from the ginner for manufacturing purposes only about half a pound of "vegetable hair." Tourists of a practical turn of mind often wonder why Florida moss should be so abundant everywhere when it has a market value. If one considers the time and trouble required in the preparation of the fiber and the small cash return as compared with other forms of emplyoment in Florida, the abundance of this plant is readily explaind. The results scarcely justify the effort.

Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting.—Beecher.

WISDOM OF STEINMETZ.

By Roger Babson.

Charles P .Steinmetz, who was unanimously recognized by the General Electric Company and other similar organizations as the world's foremost electrical engineer was once visiting my home. While talking over with him prospective future inventions in connection with radio, aeronautics, power transmission, etc., I asked him: What line of research will see the greatest development during the next fifty years? After careful thought, he replied: Mr. Babson, I think the greatest discovery will be made along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history. Yet we have merely been playing with it and have never seriously studied it as we have the physical forces. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and Prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been scratched. When this day comes, the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four.

If you can't climb a mountain nor level it perhaps you can go around it. The longest road is somtimes the shortest.—Selected.

PHASES OF METROPOLITAN CHURCH AND SOCIAL LIFE.

By A. B. Leamer, in The (Pa.) Lutheran.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the New York Federation of Churches the Executive Secretary made a rather startling announcement. He said that the attempt to publish a volume of sermons on "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" had been temporarily suspended. It seems that the ministers who were invited to contribute to this volume were too busy doing church work to say what men must do to be saved! Behind what was intended as a pleasantry there happens to lie an uncomfortably large amount of truth. The upbuilding of an organization often crowds out the minister's prime concern, the winning of souls. Fortunately, pastors are themselves realizing the danger and are seeking to overcome the temptation. It is an age-old problem, and yet it is distinctly a modern difficulty, especially in the large centers of population where so much seems to depend upon the organization work of the church.

Medals for Distinguished Social Service

At the annual Better Times Dinner in New York three medals are given to outstanding individuals who have contributed largely by their talents and service to Social Welfare. Among the three this year is Andrew J. Thomas, an architect. We like the story of Mr. Thomas' life. When but a lad of twelve years he collected rents for a tenement house landlord. As he went about in these homes of the poor the question rose in his boyish mind why it was necessary for people to live like this. Seeking the answer, he secured employment in the building trade; and, when in night school, he finally concluded that architecture was the solution. His success in building apartment houses, always with the needs of the most modest wage earners in view, has gained him the applause and confidence of the public. One thrills with the story of an indomitable purpose made the controlling factor in a life.

"Bigger and Better"

The Metropolitan District of New York has been enlarged from a twenty-five mile radius from the City Hall to a forty mile radius. This new district has a population of 9,500,000 and an area of 3,765 square miles. It has 1,250,000 more inhabitants than all the states of New England and 500,000 more than the entire population of Canada.

Toward the Care of the Aged

The forces of labor and social organization are being mustered for a drive on the New York State Legislature for the adoption of some kind of an Old Age Pension law. This movement will be followed with the keenest interest by our citizens. Only a few of the states have such a law now, and what New York will do will possibly have a considerable influence on other states. Those who like your correspondent, are almost constantly face to face with the concrete instances of forlorn and pitiful old age in the city, will hope

ardently for some adequate plan. The city demands youth for its business and industry. Old age in itself is a hindrance. Society must do something for its worn-out citizens that shall be better than a poor house, by whatever softer term it may be called. The poor house with its stigma looms like a spectre before countless men and women. To make provision for the care of old people in their own homes, where old couples may continue to live out their lives together, rather than to suffer separation in the poor house, is surely a challenging task. It is a proved fact that the aged can be cared for in their own homes at less expense than in an institution.

In the meantime the problem of the care of aged professional men and women who have given their lives to the service of humanity awaits the solution of the Church and kindred groups.

Where Can I Get a Job?

Not since the world war has the city faced a more serious unemployment situation than is before it this winter. The army of the homeless is larger than ever, and there is acute suffering among families of unemployed fathers and husbands. Every social agency and Inner Mission Society is being besieged by jobless men and women who have come to New York seeking the work they could not find in other cities. Despite the Christmas generosity of New York, which lasts until New Year's Day and then disappears until another year, thousands of unemployed have walked the streets in vain. Even dishwashing jobs in restaurants are no longer open to passersby. One finds himself wishing a real old-fashioned snow storm to descend upon the city, because of the employment it provides for extra men. Our own Inner Mission Societies are doing their part in helping to meet the situation. Overcoats and suits, underwear and shoes are being collected and distributed where most needed. But there seems never to be enough to go around. And there are three more winter months to be lived through before the spring comes with its seasonal employment. American efficiency has not yet risen to match unemployment.

I talked today with a young woman who is working in a social settlement in the city of Chicago, teaching the children of poor immigrants how to sew and make their own clothes. She said: "I get the greatest kick out of it of anything I have ever done—in helping someone who can't help back."—Dr. J. W. Holland.

LEE THE AMERICAN.

(New York Times.)

Southerners in New York will celebrate today an anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee. Since an equestrian statue of the Confederate captain was unveiled near the scene of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg in June, 1917, after the United States entered the World War, he has been spoken of more often as a great American, one of the foremost soldiers of all time, than as Lee of Virginia. It may be doubted whether the character of Robert E. Lee was really understood until the "Recollections' of his son, Captain Robert E. Lee, appeared in 1924. The modesty, the courage, the humility and the grandeur of the soul of "the old Confederate rebel," as he called himself, half whimsically, half sadly, in his retirement at Lexington, were brought out in that record so beautifully that scorners were subdued to contrition. Abolition Massachusetts had done more than any other Northern State to lift the shadows from the fame of Lee. At a time when it still required courage to speak well of the Confederate leader, a gallant Union soldier, Charles Francis Adams dared to say of the resignation from the army and the decision to share Virginia's fate. "I hope I should have been filial and unselfish enough myself to have done as Lee did." Adams was putting himself in the place of Lee, the son of that "Lighthorse" Harry Lee who in the debate on the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798-99 "had said: "Virginia is my country: her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." Such was his devotion to the doctrine of States' rights, and Robert E. Lee inherited it. Later than the championship of Adams was Gamaliel Bradford's sympathetic study, "Lee the American." He called it a record of failure, and declared:

Here was a man who failed grandly, a man who said that human virtue should be equal to human calamity," and showed that it could be equall to it, and so, without pretense, without display, without self-consciousness, left an example that future Americans may study with profit as long as there is an America.

Bradford had no idea of glorifying secession—slavery Lee never fought for—but he did set himself to the task of proving the moral heroism of the man who declined the command of the Union armies to unsheathe his sword, if need be in defense of Virginia, and who lived up to his ideals as a soldier and a Christian. All Americans are proud of the place given Lee in the ranks of commanders by magnanimous Northern soldiers, Hunt, Livermore and Swift, by civilians like Ropes, and by English soldiers like Wolseley, Henderson and Maurice. The last declares that to the "select band of great commanders," Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene, Frederick and Napoleon, "the name of Robert E. Lee must be added."

But let it never be forgotton that after the surrender at Appomattox General Lee used his great influence as the idol of his people to bring

the seceding States back into the Union body and soul, himself set the example of good citizenship. "Lee's attitude toward the United States Government," says Bradford, "was from the first one of loyal recognition and submission." He applied for amnesty under the President's proclamation. Writing to a friend, he said: "I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and harmony.' He avoided politics. He shunned publicity, and applied himself humbly to his duties as President of Washington University an obscure school in the mountain town of Lexington, after refusing positions in the business world that would have made him rich. All his property had been swept away in the war. For five years and until his death he labored as an educator for just enough money to maintain his modest household. The nobility of his character shines out in this response to an offer to become the head of a great business firm in New York:

"I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle! I have seen many of them die on the field! I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

PROBABLY INVITING TROUBLE.

(From News & Observer)

As counsel for the North Carolina State Inter-racial committee, Judge L. R. Varser, of Lumberton, was yesterady authorized to take steps toward securing the right of Negroes to ride on bus lines. The action was taken at a meeting of the committee in the Capitol at which around 75 white and Negro men and women were present. The action represented the unanimous sentiment of the committee.

Judge Varser first made his recommendation to the committee as to the ways and means of settling the bus question. He will first ask the Corporation Commission to make a definite ruling as to whether or not busses are common carriers.

The next step will be to serve notice on bus lines in the State to show cause why negroes should not be granted the right to use busses. A hearing before the commission will follow.

The meeting yesterday was attended by Dr. W. C. Jackson, chairman; Dr. W. L. Poteat, Mrs. W. T. Bickett, J. P. Wharton, I. H. Huges and W. W. Alexander. Though not a member, Bishop J. B. Chesire, also attended.

Nature compels us to use the words, "I, my, mine." A baby cannot pass around its bottle. As we grow in Christian character, we must enlarge those words into "We, ours, and thine."—Dr. J. W. Holland.

BREAKDOWN OF PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

By Rodney Crowther, in The Citizen.

Breakdown of parental authority in the United States is one of the most fruitful causes of crime, Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, who was principal speaker at the Methodist Missionary conference at Central Methodist church yesterday, told a Citizen reporter just before leaving the City in the late afternoon.

"In my judgment the crime wave has in it elements of a hang-over from the late war enthusiasm and hero worshsip," said the Bishop.

"But it cannot be cured without a very positive re-assertion of parental authority within American homes. Until moral discipline is made a part of the regime of growing up for every boy and girl in our land—as it was two generations ago and down through that age in our history, when men of power and authority were bred and reared—I am sad to say I fear we shall have increasing, in stead of decreasing, crime problems."

"How are you going about the re-establishment of this re-assertion of parental discipline and authority?" the reporter inquired of the Bishop.

Dire Results Seen

"I must be quite frank to confess to you." the Bishop answered with a not of profound sadness and doubt in his voice, ' that if the Christian people of this land, the people who make up our great Christian churches do not bring this discipline back into the home the whole problem looks hopeless. Unless homes are made bulwarks of moral teaching, and youth again learns respect for law and order, for authority, and gains an implicit trust in high ideals and Christian virtues I fear that our civilization is doomed.

The next step, in the Bishop's judgment in tackling the unparalleled crime wave which has hit this nation, is the tightening up the administration of criminal law.

"I think," he declared with tremendous emphasis of his fist to drive home his assertion, "that the law delays in the United States, the subterfuges and evasions and specious pleas by which criminals are enabled to escape the penalties which society has fixed for their wrong doings, is one of the scandals and disgraces of the generation.

"Criminal trials have got to be speeded up. Criminals must know that adroit lawyers are not going to be allowed to find months and months of delays in the functioning of trial and punishment.

"Still another thing we must eliminate at once from our law—the loopholes to which unlimited pleas of insanity subject administration of law. The Remus case was a disgrace to our civilization."

The Bishop then turned to education as the third field in which he believes improvement can be made.

"All of education is not bad by no means. But there has been manifested more and more of late a most unfortunate wave of unbelief in our

parting sound, strong ideals to their colleges an universities. Too many of our teachers who ought to be imwards, admit to their pupils that they themselves have no moral basis for their ideals. Too many philosophers in our colleges are either atheists or agnostics. Not being bulwarks of strength and high moral ideals themselves, they cannot, in consequence, transmit higher ideals to their pupuils.''

''Do you believe,'' the Bishop was asked, ''that the literature of the day, and the magazines and the newspapers, have anything to do with undermining the morals of the young generation, and thus promote unrest and crime.''

''To an extent yes, I do,'' he answered.

''Many magazines I pick up have a flippant, irreverent, light-some attitude toward deep moral problems. Others are filled with misleading, trashy, prurient sex trash. These are bound to have a disturbing effect, added to all other things, upon the young generation.

''The newspapers, too, are guilty, somewhat, of making crime appealing, as well as appalling, and by overemphasizing, leave wrong impressions as well as wrong impulses in the immature mind.

But unless we can get at the problem of re-establishing the home with the control over the young, with a re-assertion of Christian life within the four walls of the home, and with disciplined and ordered living by all members of the family, none of these other things are going to be of much use. First and above all the home must be re-built, morally and spiritually.''

More lives are ruined and more homse run on the rocks by the petty annoyances than by the major crises of life.

Civilization has largely robbed us of the challenge of great troubles; save in rare exceptions, we do not have to meet freezing or famine, plague or piracy, want or war, in major matters life is decently safe and comfortable for most of us.

But the speed and complexity of modern life have multiplied the things that nag us.

It is important to remember that most of us will meet the major crises adequately; if we make shipwreck of lives, in nine cases out of ten it will be bcause we fail to handle effectively the things that nag us.—Glenn Frank.

HOUSTON.

(Charlotte Observer.)

The Observer got a good deal of entertainment out of the comments by Democrats from the North and East over prospective experiences climatically at Houston, Convention week. The general expectation among these folks is that they are going to be "burned up." The expressions by New Yorkers, whose Summers are noted for sizzlement, were especially amusing, and had reflection in the remarks of Will Rogers from the dinner stage that he was going to engage in advance a battery of electric fans and mosquito netting for his bedroom in Houston. To many people in the North, the South climatically means Africa, their notion being that the Summers down this way are terrific. As a matter of fact no spot in the South could be selected where the punishment conld be anywhere near that administered a helpless body of people at New York during the course of "the Smith-McAdoo Convention." Miami got only one round of votes because of the general belief that Miami is a hot place in Summer. It is hot, for it would not be Summer without heat, but Miami is as an oasis compared to New York in the good old Summer time. The people who gather at Houston next June are going to be agreeably surprised by the weather they are destined to encounter, and, reading the comparative weather reports each morning between Houston and New York, will feel glad that they are in the Southern town.

Houston, like Fayetteville of old, is an inland port. Fayetteville and Houston are about of equal distance from the Ocean—50 miles—but Houston has been successful in securing money for river and harbor improvements and through congressional aid has developed into a great inland port, with coast-wise and trans-Atlantic ships docking at its wharves. Houston business men had channels dredged through bayou and river to establishment of width and depth that permits vessels of deep draft to sail up from the Gulf of Mexico to the docks in town. Houston raised over $20,000,000 for this river and dockage improvements, and now enjoys regular steamship service with New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and other Atlantic ports, possibly to inclusion of Boston. Houston has a population of about 200,000 and the business end of this population is filled with enthusiasm money and pride. Houston is going to give the National Democratic party one of the best conventions of its life.

"Sambo, I don't understand how you can do all your work so quickly and so well," relates a Louisville dealer.

"I'll tell you how 'tis boss. I sticks de match ob enthusiasm to de fuse ob energy—and jes' natchurally explodes."—The Pepper Pot.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

We are glad to see Mr. Poole out again. He has been "down" with the measles about three weeks.

We were all glad to see John Kennen, a former boy of this institution, around visiting old friends here last Monday.

Wednesday of last week Superintendent Boger, Messrs. Fisher and Barber motored to Raleigh on business. We hope they had a fine trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Black have taken charge of the fifteenth cottage, while Mr. and Mrs. Presson have taken charge of the receiving cottage, which was opend last Tuesday.

Rain and bad weather forced the boys to postpone their work last Tuesday afternoon and retire to the cottages. They amused themselves by playing games and reading books.

A number of the print shop boys have been paroled this month. It is about time for our instructor to begin to "hunt" for some new printers' devils. The boys that are in here now are making good progress.

Mrs. John A. Barnhardt, of Concord, donated to the school a leather couch. It will be used in the Administration Building. It is rather an appropriate gift and we wish to thank Mrs. Barnhardt for her generous present.

Mr. and Mrs. Scarboro are the latest addition to our "officer and matron" staff. Mr. Scarboro is plumber and Mrs. Scarboro is matron in the sixth cottage. We hope they will like our "ways" and make themselves at home.

Jack Cuthberson, a member of the seventh cottage, has been in the Concord Hospital with a broken leg since just before Christmas. He is now able to be back with us again, and we hope that he will soon be able to take part in the games.

"Jesus and the Law," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. This lesson was a very interesting one. The devotional reading was a parable and a miracle of Jesus. The golden text for this lesson was: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys Work Secretary, W. M. C. A., Charlotte, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. Instead of bringing a speaker, he brought the chorus of the Johnston Smith University (for Negroes), at Charlotte. They numbered about thirty. They sang a number of pieces, which pleased everyone. There were one or two solos, also. They did some fine singing, which was enjoyed by everyone present. We wish to thank Mr. Shelton for being able to secure them, and to thank them for coming. We hope to be able to hear them again.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 4, 1928. No. 2

STICK-TO-IT-IVE-NESS.

The odds are with the man who sticks.

The victory depends upon the last attack; the race hinges upon the last few seconds; some fail in sight of the goal; the man who sticks wins.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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PERSEVERANCE.

Oh, never give up what you have begun,
For few are the tasks that cannot be done!
When you say that you will and stick to it,
If the thing can be done, you will do it.
—John M. Richards.

THE GRIM REAPER

The Grim Reaper never lets up. He stalks about the earth, taking toll of humans as suits his purpose. When health sustains us, and the sun shines his benediction in our pathway, we are not given much to reflecting on the course pursued by this monster which we all must, sooner or later, meet and be captured.

The child appeals to him, just as the aged and the infirm—death is the frankest agency which man encounters; it is no respector of person, color or age.

Last week, we buried from the galaxy of youth, promising youth and beloved by playmates and the mature, young Frances Pickard, just passed sixteen. They tell us he had a fine, pleasing personality, more than average in his studies, almost an idol on the athletic field and the hope of a widowed mother, into whose life distressing tragedies had already, it seems to the human mind, had taken sufficient toll. But man does not know: there is a greater law we do not see. These awful occurences that shock

and pain us are governed by a Higher Power, against whom we dare not lodge any questioning.

A few days later, the other end of what we have come to regard the usual span of life answered that last and long call. A godly woman, a sincere, guiless friend, Mrs. Elam King, passed away in her 81st year. She came into a home years ago, just like a visiting angel to complete a home that sadly needed a mother. Why keep back what every one conversant knows, she enjoyed most deservedly the high reputation of one of the preciously few who become a step-mother, and there is nothing to reveal the lack of the real presence of genuine motherhood.

Mrs. King enjoyed a distinctive honor in that she lived and acted the fine life of a typical Southern woman, who deplored foolishness and vanity and adhered to the standards of true womanhood.

Such is life: the youth, faced with the promise of a useful life, before he had opportunity to contribute a service to a world that welcomed him, has gone hence. An aged lady, having contributed no mean service to a world that cherished her, goes hence.

The Grim Reaper consults nothing human. BEWARE!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

PRACTICING KINDNESS

One of the best dicisions to be made, says the editor of Young Folks, as we get started into this year is that we will follow the injunction, "Be ye kind one to another." Kindness is so generally needed and appreciated and being kind is so constantly our privilege that it is strange that anything but kindness is practiced. Facts indicate that kinness is not the attitude and activity of many people. Judging from the wailings to be heard by many who have suffered for want of kindness one must conclude that the practice of kindness is far less prevalent than is desirable.

Opportunities for kindness are legion. It is not always necessary for us to have a thorough acquaintance with every circumstance before being kind. We need not suppose that to be kind we must always do some outstanding thing. In a look or a smile the warmth of a kindly heart may be expressed and needy lives may thereby be cheered. Kindness, however manifested, is a source of happiness to the recipients. It costs so little to have the attitude of kindness that anyone can possess that attitude.

Kindness in word, in tone of voice, and in acts within our power lifts many a saddened, burdened, discouraged life into a better state of living.

We need kindness for our own good cheer, and we need to pass kindness on to others. Maybe most of us need to resort to a kind of mechanical schedule for ourselves in which we definitely designate times, places and persons to be suggestive of our being kind. Better do this than to risk omitting kindness altogether. The slogan that keeps before us the thought of doing a kind act daily may be needed by most of us, as we rush here and there in the pursuit of our required activities.

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INDISCRETION

Only recently, quoting an observing writer, we heard of a young man who missed favorable consideration for a new position because in his talk he was indiscreet. It was not that his words were false; they were spoken at the wrong time and to the wrong persons. He gave the impression that he was a complainer and that it would be sacrifice for him to take up the worries of the position that was being offered to him. If it had been true that he did not want the position, there might have been some excuse for his attitude. But he was very desirous for the change of position. He was recommended by friends and supported by organizations, but he spoiled his chance by indiscretion.

The acquisition of the discreet is not easy for some people. They seem to have a fatal nack of saying the wrong word and assuming the attitude that spoils their chances for promotion. The adage about thinking twice before speaking is at least partly true. It is not always best to air our knowledge. Keeping silent may be the best contribution we can make at times. Choosing our statements carefully may save us embarrassment Thinking far enough ahead to be reasonably sure of the effect our words may have, frequently will prevent our falling into pitfalls of speech from which extrication may be difficult. Taking thought for our words is as advisable as taking thought for our deeds.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WHERE IS THE "CATCH-ALL COLUMN?"

No North Carolina editor was hit harder during the past year than was the lot of Eugene Ashcraft, of the Monroe Enquirer. Like Phoenix, he is rising again; but the songs and jokes that fill his soul seem to be lying dormant for the while.

Or, why has he overlooked this mix-up in an Alabama newspaper of-

fice due to the "pie" of two articles, one on a wedding and the other about a public sale. It goes this way: "He (the printer) put them together as best he could, as follows: "William Anderson and Miss Lucy Smith were disposed of at public auction at my barn here one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves set amid a group of farm implements in the presence of 70 guests including two milch cows, six mules, and one bobsled. The Rev. John Jason tied the marital knot with 200 feet of hay rope and the happy couple left on a second hand tractor with a hole in the gas tank for an extended trip with terms to suit the purchases. They will be home to their friends and a few kitchen utensils after ten months from the date of sale.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

That's an interesting article in this issue from the pen of Carl Goerch. It is about an harrassing sin a father committed against his son, at a season when hearts are supposed to be attuned to a friendly and just note. You'll enjoy the article.

We make reference to it as an introduction of a concrete example coming under our own observation and handling. A few years ago a youngster was sent us. The record coming along with him was anything but encouraging or even hopeful. But when a boy comes to us, the slate is wiped clean of the past. A new start is made; the boy understands himself that we hold nothing in the world against him—we attempt friendly, sympathetic relations right at the beginning.

We found the boy's traits adapted for work in the printing office. He responded to kind treatment; when he desired to say something to the editor, he unconsciously sidled up and before anyone knew it the boy had his hand on our shoulder and looking square in our face. He never deceived us—he was just as proud of winning our confidence as we were to be the possessor of his trust and confidence.

That boy is out in the world today. He holds, we understand, a responsible job as a linotype operator in a first-class weekly newspaper. He helps other members of his family; he attends Sunday School and church regularly—and he sees sunshine everywhere for he himself is sunny in disposition. He wrote the editor the other day. The attractive little fellow opened up his heart to us in that letter. After passing the amenities of the day, he frankly and sadly said in substance: "Mr.————, I just want to tell you that I have a trouble that molests me. I lie awake some

nigts, since I have been brought to a realization of the joys of right living and the great influence of kindness in public and especially in one's home, wondering why God would let a father live who is cruel to his wife and brutal to his children. I see the sinfulness of it all now and it all but raises in my soul a hatred for one to whom I should give the best of my love. I hope God will forgive me for a weakness that refuses to help me over this obstacle in my former home life."

The foregoing is one of the many confessions that have come to us in person and by correspondence. A child has a hard fight to reach manhood sound and headed right when his home-life is minus of love and kind treatment and correct example constantly before him. The lack of these virtues drives him out into the street—then the aggregation of unholy environments which modern thought and living have devised and scott-free sets to work in making what the thoughtless declare a "bad boy."

Let us get back to home, not just simply houses, which in many instances have become just filling stations.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Yesterday, Friday, February 3, is the anniversary of the death of President Woodrow Wilson. The further we get away from the scenes of the activities of this wonderful man, the more we all can appreciate the high type of his statesmanship.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE MEANEST MAN.

By Carl Goerch, in News and Observer.

"He is the meanest man in the world."

Somebody made that remark a few days ago—referring to some other individual who happened to be under discussion at the time. Probably they were correct in their diagnosis of that particular person, but there is one man who would deny it, for he considers that he, himself, merits that designation.

This is a true story and it was told me by a friend whom I saw last fall when I took a trip up North. He lives about five hundred miles from North Carolina and I'll designate him by another name, so I don't believe he would object to this being published, even though he did happen to see it. He claims that he deserves the right to be called the meanest man in the world. You can judge for yourself. At any rate, here is his story, as he told it to me.

This thing, about which I'm going to tell you, happened about twelve years ago. My son, Jim, was a baby three years old, at the time. You saw him this morning. He is over fifteen now and is in high school, and if I do say it myself, you'd have to go a long way before you found a better boy than he is.

It was the first real Christmas tree that we had ever had for Jim. He was just about old enough to appreciate it thoroughly and you never saw a youngster as tickled as he was that Christmas morning. He went wild over his toys and had a big time playing with them. The Christmas tree particularly attracted his attention. He would stand off to one side and admire it from different angles. It was a beautiful tree and we had decorated it with the customary tinsel and ornaments. Two or three times his mother had had to warn Jim about handling things on the tree. However, you know how kids are; he just couldn't keep his hands off the ornaments.

"Jim, if you don't stop playing with those ornaments, mother will have to spank you," my wife told him.

Jim backed away and began to play with his toys. I was sitting in a chair on the other side of the tree. The light was in my eyes and, without thinking what I was doing I shoved the chair backwards. It struck the tree and knocked it over. Ornaments and everything else crashed to the floor. Jim let out a yell of astonishment and fear.

My wife came running in from one of the other rooms. She saw the tree lying on the floor. Then she saw Jim gazing at it in fascinated horror.

"What did I tell you about playing with that tree," she cried. "Didn't I say I was going to spank you if you touched it again?"

She gave him a rather severe spanking. The poor little fellow cried as though his heart would break. I don't know why I didn't say something or why I didn't interfere. I expect it was inherent cowardice, or something like that. But I sat there and let Jim get spanked for something that he did not

do. Mean? I don't believe any man ever did a meaner thing, although I didn't realize its full scope at the time.

His mother left the room. Poor Jim was still sniffing and sobbing every once in a while. I kept on reading my book and made out as though I was playing no attention to him. As a matter of fact, I was already beginning to suffer the pangs of remorse and cussing myself for being a damned coward.

I got up and started to leave the room. As I did so, I caught Jim's eye. As long as I live I never will forget the expression I saw on his face. Surprise, distrust and sorrow were some of the things I saw there. It still wasn't too late for me to tell my wife about what really had happened, but somebody called just about that time and I deferred the matter until later. I kept on deferring it, with the result that I never said a word to her about it. The longer I delayed, the harder it was to bring up the subject.

Jim was old enough to talk, but he never told his mother that it was really I who had upset the tree. Or, if he had told her, she probably didn't believe him. As a matter of fact, I don't believe he ever mentioned it to her.

Since that time, I have seen that same expression of surprise distrust and sorrow on Jim's face hundreds of times. I saw it more often during the first year or two after the thing happened, but there are times when I still see it, even now. While he was still a little fellow, I'd be sitting in the same room with him and he'd be playing with his toys and I'd be reading. All of a sudden I would notice that he was unusually quiet. I'd look up and find him sitting there, staring at me with the peculiar expression on his face. When he caught my eye, he'd lower his head and go back to playing with his blocks, or whatever it happened to be that he was amusing himself with.

As he grew older, the expression wouldn't appear quite so frequently, but every few weeks, I'd see it. He has never mentioned a word to me about the incident, nor have I ever said anything to him about it. For that matter, you are the first person I've ever told anything about it.

You can't imagine how a thing like that will haunt you, and it has haunted me. Sometimes I wonder what Jim thinks of me. I never have spanked him or spoken harshly to him, and I've been very liberal with him in everything, but, just the same I know there is something wrong. It is as though there were an unseen barrier between us. Whenever I catch him looking at me with that peculiar expression on his face, I know that his memory has gone back to that Christmas-tree incident, when he received punishment for something that he had not done. I know that he is turning over in his mind my part in the affair and that he probably is wondering why I permitted him to get that spanking.

It may seem like a small matter to you, but it is anything but that to me. I have thought several times that I would go to him and beg his forgiveness or explain why I didn't say something before his mother started to spank him. But what explanation can I offer? And why should I ask for forgiveness now,

when I have had the privilege of asking it for twelve years?

The thing has just literally preyed on my mind. To most folks it would seems trivial, but I don't believe a man who committed a murder ever worried any more about it than I have about this affair Jim is as fine a son as any father ever had, and I'm mighty proud of him but somehow or other, I know that in his heart he is not proud of his daddy. I shouldn't be surprised if he didn't secretly despise me. At any rate he must consider me a coward.

Of course, I've tried to make amends in a thousand different ways I've bought him a bicycle and a boat and all kinds of electrical contrivances—he's crazy about electricity—and I've sent him to a boys' camp for the last two summers. He has always had plenty of spending money and practically everything else he has wanted. But, in spite of all those things—I still see that look on his face, and I know he is thinking about that affair which happened twelve years ago. I'd give ten thousand dollars in cash right now if I had explained to my wife before she had spanked the youngster. Yes; I'd give almost everything I possess.

That was the story that Jim, Sr., told me. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time, but it has kept coming back into my mind from time to time. And the more you think about a thing like that, the more you can appreciate its true meaning and significance. I'm beginning to realize how Jim feels about the affair, and I can't say that I envy him the feeling I've known him practically all my life and I know him to be an unusually fine type of man. Why he permitted his son to be punished for something that he, himself had done is something that is inexpliable. Possible we all have those moments of cowardice from time to time.

Well, anyway, that is the reason why Jim feels that he merits the designation of being the meanest man in the world. You can form your own opinion as to whether he is correct or not.

The best standard in the measure of character is found in Jesus Christ. We work for a character that shall be eternal. Some one has said that character is the will in action. If you would be four-square, choose Him and His code of living. You will have life eternal in building a character that shall stand. If we answer the challenge our lives shall be four-square and we shall not lack anything. All of life is a great adventure. Go into it four-square with a Cchirstmastered life. This is the young man needed today.—Rev. Edward Walter Miller.

THE ROBINS, CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

(Greensboro News.)

A federal game warden estimated that five million robins flew over him in Randolph county in 30 minutes the other evening. If the mar says the number of birds roosting each night in the jungle along Black creek, and on the side of Black Creek mountain, is five millions, we for one will not argue with him. There are upwards of a passel of robins there—along with, according to the chroniclers, some millions of starlings. To the casual eye they all look alike flying against the sky, in the diminishing light. All those seen from the edge of the wood, having settled down for the night, were robins. We firmly believe that as these lines are written all the robins in America are asleep in that Randolph swamp—and there are at least ten times as many robins in America as we supposed there were.

Do they come in with a noise like the rushing of a river? Is the sky darkened with them? There was silence except that, near the swamp, as the birds piled in, regiment after regiment, there was an increasing volumn of chirping—which never grew very loud. As they flew low to enter the swamp one heard chirps in the air. It was a windy evening. Now and then, against the hills around, or on the sky line, a few hundreds of thousands would be bunched in a swirl in the air, giving somewhat the impression of a swarm of insects. The lady living at the top of the hill whence descent to the swamp is made said that sometimes they come in thick, and sometimes "scattered out, like they are now." It is easy to believe that they sometimes assemble in such formation as to give an impression of darkening the sky, and that, in some conditions of weather, the sound of their myrid wings may now and then be heard like that of a river.

Four miles out of Asheboro, on the new pavement of Route 90, at the entrance to the mountain country, they will tell you, you can see the birds coming in, from the highway. It was perhaps a mile nearer Asheboro that the earlier flight was first discerned, about a hour before sunset. They were fly in then high in the air in a succession of groups of maybe two dozen to a hundred, loose formation, there was already a fairly steady procession. It was some 30 minutes later when the Back creek bottom was reached. By that time the movement of the feathered horde was a current as wide as the valley, in gradual descent to the swamp. But then, there were birds thick in the air everywhere that one could see, and it was so for about an hour. Over on Back Creek mountain, which is a considerable hill, they were alighting thick in the tops of tall trees silhuetted above the ridge. Over a hill in the co-

pictured to your mind as a hill country. When we were there the other day, the sunset and cloud color effects added a great magnificence to the general scene, in sky and landscape. There might be somewhere in the neighborhood a vantage point from which the swamp may be seen as a whole, but going by the prescribed route to the place you would not see it. Remember that a swamp two miles long by half a mile wide or so covers considerable territory. Along the creek the growth almost jungle-thick is of good height; tall willows, tallish pines, then alders, rushes, and what-not. From the edges you will not see great masses of the birds at roost, but you will see numbers of them, perching in the trees right out to the edge as night approaches, and the sound of the chirping gives an impression of many thousands more deeper in the swamp, although you wonder where all the millions you have seen in the air have got to.

No one has yet advanced any explanation, so far as we have heard, why all the robins there are should have assembled a fortnight ago in one spot in North Carolina, in Randolph. Nobody has testified yet of recollection of a similar congress. Marmaduke Robins used to hunt in that vicinity, and he says often at this season he has seen great flights of robins. He heard of them roosting therebouts, and people going in at night, with lights, and killing them with clubs. Nothing has been heard from O. J. on the subject. Presumably, state and federal game wardens, or deputy sheriffs, or all, are in close enough touch with the situation to nab anybody making a nocturnal raid on the roost. There are still some feathers around the edge of the swamp, remnants from the raids of a week ago, in which it was reported that truck loads were killed and hauled away. One cannot get nearer than half a mile to the swamp with a car, and it would be a right smart of a job to tote out a truck load.

The chroniclers have it that hundreds of people have gone there to see the birds retire, and there is no reason to doubt it. The evening we were there, the going was not good on the mile and a half of hilly clay road off the highway. There were, at dusk, five cars parked at the farmhouse, and of their fifteen or twenty passengers, most arrived too late to see the real show. Some of them were obviously skylarking youngsters not a whole lot interested in ornithology.

If you should decide to pay the robins a visit, count on a full half mile walk, up hill and down, and remember that at this season North Carolina, outside the paved areas, is mostly mud.

Is it worth seeing? That depends a good deal on what you like to look at. It it improbable that you have ever seen anything quite like it.

outer edges of another great stream, coming from the northwest. All the robins in the world. And coming in from every point of the compass, as well as could be seen. This place they have chosen for their convention you have already

A MOST WORTHY BILL.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

Road building in this country will be greatly aided if Congress should pass the bill introduced in the House by Representative Browne, of Wisconsin, providing that $407,341,145 be set aside as a special road building fund and apportioned to the various states on the same basis as the Federal Aid road funds. This sum would supplement the $165,000,000 proposed to be provided as Federal Aid to the states for the next two years and would bring the total of Federal funds for road building in 1929 and 1930 to $572,341,145.

This bill proposes that bonds issued by France in favor of this country, which are payable during 1929 and 1930, be devoted to road building. It is logical, the author contends, that this be done. Following the end of the World War, he points out, Congress provided that about two billion dollars worth of equipment sent to France by the United States be turned over to the highway departments of the several states. However, it was found that negotiations to sell these materials to France had proceeded so far that it was felt best not to interfere with them. The sale was made on the basis of about twenty cents on the dollar, with ten to twelve years allowed before the debt should be payable. Since it was intended to give the materials to the states, it seems only right that the proceeds from the sale should be so provided.

The bill provides that the states should not be required to match this fund by more than twenty per cent of the amount they receive, the author holding that motor transportation is becoming largely a national problem and that the burden of road building should not be placed so exclusively on states and counties, when all the roads of the country are open to use of all the people. Federal Aid is proportioned on a fifty-fifty basis and the bill to continue this makes no change in the arrangement.

Should the Browne bill pass North Carolina would get $8,350,000 as its share—more than four million a year in addition to several millions of Federal Aid. With the surplus that the State Highway Commission should have above the cost of maintenance, interest and sinking fund, there would be substantial sums with which to continue construction the next two years without the issue of any state bonds.

It is all very nice to stand afar off and commend the purpose of a bill like this. Representatives and Senators though would like perhaps to here directly from the folks back home. Here is a proposition that promises to extend its benefits to all the people, and the people might profit by telling their representatives at Washington what they would like for them to do.

The only place where there is no trouble is the grave. There everything is peaceful. There are no bills to pay, no snubs to suffer, no pangs of unrequited love, no pains, no aches, no worries, or problems. —Dr. Frank Crane.

URGENT BEYOND THE BOUNDARY OF A CAMPUS.

(North Carolina Christian Advocate.)

Sherwood Eddy last week in speaking to the students of Duke University on the individual tests of character urged that each try himself out by these three questions, "Am I honest? Am I earnest? Am I clean?" He especially stressed the honor system as it applies to college life. "You may manage to get by," said the speaker, "but the big consideration is whether it is a gentleman of honor of a crook that is going to get through." To be so straight, so genuine and so clean that your life will count while in college and you will be able to win after you are out of college was urged with the intensity of one who is himself honest and earnest and clean.

This message to men and women of the college world is of equal importance beyond the limits of a campus. We are not sure but that the need is all the greater out in the wide world. This message should certainly come home to the church of Jesus Christ, for these were the virtues he stressed above all others. Never did he become scathingly severe save when he found those who did not ring true; those who were not pure and genuine. Pretentious alms, pretentious prayers, pretentious fastings called for fierce denunciations.

Every Sabbath day in North Carolina more than a thousand sermons are preached by Methodist preachers in town and country place. No one can say how many of these are mere empty platitudes, time worn phrases, and complacent utterances to meet the demands of the hour. How many men are simply getting by in a dull half-hearted fashion no one who will ever know. This much, however, is true; were the last man of us as honestly burdened as was he who pressed on to the cross with the cry, "I must work the works of him that sent me;" were each of us as earnestly engaged as was he when he could say, "I have finished the work;" were each of us as sure of ultimate triumph as was he on the uplifted cross, a new note of victory would ring out from every pulpit and many an empty church would be filled to overflowing. The forth-telling of the prophet, the passion of the evangel, the yearning of the broken-hearted would supplant the pious tones of priests about the altar. Men honest and earnest and clean get a hearing and stir the multitudes.

The same demands come to the pew. Honest, earnest and pure-hearted men and women who talk in all sincerity before men in their day and generation make for strength, stability and ultimate conquest. Homes become centers of strength, family groups from which are gathered the elements that make for civic and religious conquest. Pews filled with men and women who know not the virtues named are of little worth. Not much can be done with a mass of indifferent nobodies in whom there is nothing to appeal to. There may be gloss and glitter and pretense, but

the whole mass is too much like tombs full of dead men's bones. Jesus had little hope for such. He could see the possibility of a saint in a penitent thief; but, alas! for those pretentious and self-satisfied religious masses!

Why not begin a crusade for honesty, for earnestness and for purity? These are the real tests on a campus, in the pulpit and in the pew: Am I honest? Am I earnest? Am I pure?

ON DOING GOOD.

By Dr. Holland, in Progressive Farmer.

Arthur Nash died the other day. For fifteen years he lived what was called "the miracle life"

He made clothing in Cincinnati. Being a religious man, he determined to practice the Golden Rule in business. He took up the tailoring business, the worst sweated industry at that time in the country, gathered about him a group of loyal workers, and began his experiment. While he kept control of the business, his employees were consulted and had a voic in the operation of it. The business prospered, wages were increased, prices were lowered. His establishment became a singing hive of industry.

A week before his death he called his directors and employees' committee together, and asked them to appoint a committee to run the business while he took a vacation. He said: "Some day I am going to be jerked out of this business, and from this time on it is not going to be a one-man business."

Death gave him a longer vacation than he had counted on. His business associates are banded together to "march on toward the goal of his dreams—toward universal brotherhood."

Nash was said to be pecurar. He was. He believed funny things.

He believed that the humblest person in the industry was as much entitled to honor as the "boss."

He believed that all who made the business go, should profit by it.

He believed that people should work in a place flooded with sunshine, filled with fresh air, and rioting with happiness.

He believed that cooperation applied to an industry was the only way of getting things properly done.

He believed in giving people who fell, or failed, a second and third chance to make good.

He believed that the Church would help any one who would attend. He practiced what he preached and went regularly

He believed in prayer, and said that he could often pray his way through difficulties that he could not think through.

He believed in the Bible, and kept a copy of the Scriptures about his desk and in his pocket.

And—they nicknamed him Golden Rule Nash. When he died, little children cried because they had lost a friend.

What greater glory can come to any of us than that we, like our Master, might go about doing good!

CONGRESSIONAL PASSIONS.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Commentators forget their history when they argue that the recent angry outbursts and passionate denunciaton of Senators while debatnig religious and sectional questions are not only new manifestations of legislative genius but also evidence of an unprecedented disregard among Senators for their own dignity.

Passionate hostilities, verbal lambastings and even personal encounters have occurred at intervals in our Congress ever since its establishment. In fact, enmities and feuds created in Congress have now and then carried their bitterness into Capital society and resulted in shameful performances. In 1793, for instance, the time we are accustomed to look back upon as crowded with men nobly consecrated to high thought and concerned with only the loftiest expressions of patriotism, the Federalist Party and Philadelphia Society, dominated by Federalists, ostracized Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State insulted h'm at formal functions, cut him dead in the streets and so persecuted him that they were a big factor in his resignation of his portfolio.

In 1797 Roger Griswold, Federalist Representative and a leader of his party, with the House in session, insulted Matthew Lyon, Democrat of Vermont, with the most unparliamentary and nauseous abuse, whereupon the infuriated Lyon drew back his fist to strike Griswold, changed his mind and spat in Griswold's face. Latr they had a fight on the floor of the House, Griswold with a hickory stick, Lyon with a pair of tongs. They clinched, rolled on the carpet and fought until separated by colleagues, but neither was punished by the House and the incident went down in history as having inspired the first American political cartoon.

Claude G. Bowers, in his fascinating "Jefferson and Hamilton," also informs us that in embitted fights in and out of Congress the legislators and their supporters addressed most shameful epithes to each other—such as thieves, cutthroats, assassins, maniacs, dolts and other expressions "resembling the language of the wenchs of the fish-markets." And just before Jefferson was chosen President in Washington, troops were massed within striking distance of the capital to attack the Federalists should they carry out their rumored plot of trying to prevent the election by force.

It is the old story. Human nature is always essentially the same. It is for this reason that the lawmaker does a perilous and inexcusable thing when, knowing his history, he purposely sets out to build up sectional hates and light the fires of religious bigotry. He is not a statesman when he does it; he is a traitor to the public welfare.

Talk is like bubbles; work is like gold nuggets.—A Proverb from Tibet.

A BIT OF PHILADELPHIA HISTORY.

(Selected.)

Among the historic sites of Colonial Germantown and vicinity, one of the most interesting is the property of Grace Church, Roxboro, Pa. Upon this ground the colonial mansion and barn of Andrew Wood stood; and these buildings were used by this congregation until the erection of their church.

This ground, and in particuliar the barn, was the scene of an "affair" during the winter of 1777. Shortly after Washington had established winter quarters at Valley Forge, foraging and other parties were sent out both to annoy the British in Philadephia and to keep a strict watch on their movements. One of these parties, a troop of Lee's Virginia Legion, after getting well down the Ridge Road, created quite some turmoil by their rather reckless attack and quick retreat. This was on the ninteenth of December, 1777. On their way back out the Ridge Road they were caught in a very heavy snow storm, and asked for permission to stay at the Wood homestead that night. Some were in the house, eighteen of them were in the barn.

It is supposed that some Tory of the neighborhood informed the British of their presence, for Captain Andrew Cathcart of the Seventeeth Light Dragoons of the British Army, with a force, circle about Roxboro and descended on the unsusqecting Virginians down the Ridge, while their sentries were posted against a surprise from the city side The house and barn were surroundded, the barn was fired, and without any demand to surrender the Virginia troopers were shot down as they emerged. Most of those in the house escaped.

Some years ago Grace Church, Roxboro, instituted an annual service commemorating these unknown Virginia patriots; and later erected the organ in their honor, naming it "The Patriots' Memorial Organ." This year, since it marked the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the event, the service was made as impressive as possible. Historical socities of Germantown and Wissahickon and patriotic organizations not only showed their interest in sending large representations but provided for speakers for the occasion. Mr. S. H. Cauffman and the Hon. Samuel Emlem, Germantown Historical Societies respectively, made addresses; and a letter was read from Governor Byrd of Virginia. Dr. P. Z. Strodach, a former pastor of the church, was in charge of the service.

Claude G. Bowers, the historian, and Senator Jim Reed of Missouri appear to have captured the oratorical honors at the Jackson Day Marathon. Bowers and Reed know what Jefferson and Jackson stood for. It's a pity more Democrats didn't.—The Citizen.

CELLAR AND GARRET.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill, in News and Observer.

None of them had the look of being a potential or incipient menace to the peace and dignity of the State. To be sure, the aggregate quakings of their knee-joints might have set up such a tremor as would endanger the safety of the structure where they had assembled to do their quaking and to conform to the preliminary formalities of being examined concerning their ignorance of the law.

Nowhere and at no time have I seen so miserable an assemblage of human beings. They could not have been more miserable if they had known that within the next two or three minutes they would be invited to poke their heads through a hangman's noose. They fidgeted, they trembled, they quaked in their knee-joints, they swallowed their Adam's apples, they moistened their lips with dry tongues. They were as thoroughly miserable a lot as I have ever seen.

Except for the possibility that their tremors might set up such a vibration that the walls of the building would certainly collapse, they did not look like menaces. But custom is custom and Mr. Haywood is an exceedingly cautious man. He is not a man to take chances, and even if the impossible happened nobody would be allowed to say that it was because he had not done what was customary and appropriate in the situation. So Mr. Haywood conformed to what is customary in what he said:

"Oyez, oyez, the Supreme Court of North Carolina is now sitting for the examination of applicants for license to practice law. God save the State and this honorable court."

Again the applicants abandoned themselves to tremors.

I make no complaint against custom. No doubt there are adequate reasons for the customary washing the court's hands of responsibility of loosing a new crop of laywers on the State, if that is what it amounts to when Mr. Haywood invokes the preservation of providence upon the court in conjunction with his formal acknowledgement of the fact that the court has before it a formidable mobilization of trembling knees and ululating larynxes, intent upon becoming lawyers.

But then Mr. Haywood has experience. Maybe he knows these trembling petitioners better than any body else, and the desirability of putting a lot of sonorous emotion into that part of his formula that seeks providential preservation of not only the court but the entire State. He has been seeing them come for a generation, trembling and gasping, and he has seen them in later years com back to thunder obstruse matters at the court, and even to sit solemnly in the chamber in the Capital where laws are contrived for the harassment of the court and the bewilderment of the State.

Some perfunctory instructions were enunciated by the Chief Justice in magnificent voice, a voice that would have vastly enhanced the standing of Moses among the Israelites when he came down from Sinai, had he

had such a voice, and the applicants began to shuffle out of the room toward the inquisition chamber over in the Capital where they were to set down their ignorance in writing. The court descended from the bench and retired toward the mysterious chamber from which it had emerged. The sitting was over.

"I believe that this is the most nervous bunch we have ever had here—seems like they get worser and worser every time," I heard one of the Negro attendants at the door observing to another like functionary. But no matter how nervous they get, the formalities will be observed, and the attention of providence will sonorously be called to the fact that there they are, trembling potential menace though they may be.

LITTLE LAW ENFORCEMENT.

Judge N. A. Townsend, speaking before the Ahoskie Kiwanis Club said some one had suggested that he speak on law enforcement; "but come to think about it, I don't believe we have any real law enforcement any more. To be sure we keep the courts going and hail in some Negroes and some of the lower class of whites, but there is'nt much real law enforcement any more."

"We have lifted the criminal class out of the gutter into higher society—a sort of criminal de luxe class," he said. "Even if we do not violate one or several of the laws nowadays, we go out with our friends and see them break the law, and then joke and talk about it as if it were perfectly all right." Speeding automobiles or the violation of the prohibition laws were mentioned as two of the most frequent laws broken by "high society."

Not until the children in the home are made to realize the necessity of obeying authority and a generation was brought up that respected control, could we look for a solution of laxity in law enforcement. Judge Townsend thought. "I have no remedy to offer," he said, "but I think it is serious—this disrespect for law, and it is time for men like you to stop and think about it seriously."

"No one man will ever solve the problem. It is simply a question of when we get sufficiently interested for all the people to begin to think about the problem before the Anglo-Saxon race will solve it. We have never failed to solve weighty problems for the good, and the time is coming when this wholesome violation of law will be stopped."

Who helps a child, helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which not other help given to human creatures, in any other stage of human life can possibly give again.

THE COST OF CRIME.

(Asheville Citizen.)

The cost of America of the misdeeds of our criminal population is $13,000,000,000 a year. At least this is the figure "conservatively" quoted by Edward Hale Bierstadt in an article in Harper's Magazine entitled "Our Permanent Crime Wave." It is a staggering burden due primarily to our inefficiency in administering justice.

The crime rate is much higher in the United States than in any other civilized country. Our criminal procedure is strangely antiquated and incompetent—sufficiently so to astound foreign visitors. The fact that each of our forty-eight States passes a great volume of laws as to crime and enforces them badly contributes much to this state of affairs. No two States have exactly the same set of criminal laws and in no two States is enforcement at the same level of efficiency. But we are wedded to the principle of checks and balances in government and believe in local autonomy. Thus there is no standardizing of criminal procedure in America. Furthermore we have no adequate system of criminal statistics. These should be an a national basis. so as to deal with crime effectively.

A recent report of the National Crime Commission urges that each State maintain a bureau of criminal statistics and a bureau of criminal identification. The bureaus of criminal statistics should report to the Bureau of Identification of the Department of Justice. Each of these Washington bureaus in turn should act as a national clearing house in its field. Such organization would promote efficiency and speed in tracking down crime and malefactors.

This plan seems good, but it would be hard to carry out. With the possible exception of Massachusetts no State collects criminal statistics properly. Thirteen States have identification bureaus, but they do not cooperate or standardize their work. Compared to the wonderful efficiency and organization of the police forces of the leading European nations, ours seems clumsy, and old-fashioned. Occasionally a bit of brilliant detective work impresses us, but there are too many cases of crime in which nothing is done at all. We possess brains but are greatly lacking in methodical co-operative work.

The question arises as to how our forty-eight States can be induced to adopt a uniform system of identifying and tabulating malefactors. It is hard to say what will be done about this. American democracy supports local autonomy, which in turn promotes bungling and lack of cooperation in tracking down criminals and enforcing justice. This is frightfully wasteful and costly, as has been shown. Yet in time some effective uniform system will doubtless be adopted. The need for it is already great. And when an efficient intelligent people is driven by necessity, it is apt to adopt satisfactory methods of dealing with the problems at hand.

WHEN THE ROCK SLID.

By Willis P. Knight.

With his hand on the lever, Bert Wales stood, feet apart, and watched the shovel dig greedily into the mass of earth and stones. At old Tom Piper's "Now, boy," he pushed another lever and the shovel rose, filled to the brim, swung upward and outward like a great arm and in another moment the unlatched bottom dropped to deposit the load into a waiting truck.

"You did well, my boy," old Tom said, as he patted Bert on the shoulder. "We'll be making a shovel man of you yet!"

This was Bert's first attempt to work the great steam shovel that was taking away the bank for the new road over Hoosac Mountain. He had been a helper around the shovel for some time and watched, eagerly, the work of old Tom Piper, the shovel man. Occasionally he would turn one of the levers, after the load had been scooped from the bank, and this morning he was given permission to try his hand alone, Tom, of course, standing by to see that nothing went wrong.

Making a new road over Hoosac Mountain was a pretty piece of engineering work, although at places the danger was extremely great. Cutting away the bank, huge boulders were encountered and it needed great caution in handling them so that they would not roll down and crush the workmen beneath. A "slider" was the most dangerous of all, for such a rock, flatbottomed, would slide from it place without warning, if the dirt were cut away beneath it, before there was time to hitch on the chains and lift it safely.

The work went on steadily, as it had been going on for the past month and now came the time to put in a cement culvert, where a small mountain stream sent its waters scurrying down the new cut.

"What do you think of that overhanging rock?" asked Harry Sears, a young engineer on the job, as he was talking with Monson, the foreman. "It is safe, or should we blow it?"

"I have looked it all over," replied Monson, "and it seems to be well bedded. I don't think it needs to be blown. We shall have to cut away some of the dirt below it to get in the approach to the culvert, but that rock probably runs in a good thirty feet. It's seems to be safe enough,."

Both men went up and examined the rock in question and the engineer nodded his head as if satisfied that the foreman was right. Then he said:

"But we shall have to watch it. Sometimes the most solid rocks are sliders when the dirt is removed from beneath them. But we shall have to blast some of the ledge by the culvert, won't we?"

"Yes," assented the foreman, "there is where we shall have to use the dynamite."

Work went on slowly, for preparations for the new culvert had to be thorough. The steam shovel chugged its way up to where it could scoop out the dirt beneath the ledge

and clear the earth where the blasting was to be done.

Finally the drillers came in and commenced to go deep with their holes. Ten feet of rock must be blown away to give space for the culvert approach. Bert watched this work from the platform of the shovel as old Tom scooped up shovelful after shovelful of dirt from the other side of the brook. Two hours of work found the holes ready and the call was sent for the dynamite for blasting.

"I guess we had better back up a bit," said old Tom. "I don't want pieces of the rock to injure anything about the shovel."

"No hurry," remarked the foreman, standing close by. "You can get a few more shovelfuls before we set it off. We're backward on our work now and every little counts in finishing this job within the time limit."

Half an hour later, at a call from the foreman, old Tom worked the shovel back out of danger. Then he and Bert, from behind it, peered out to see the blast go off, or as they expressed it on the mountain, to see the rock blown.

A shower of small pieces followed the crash of the blast, and after this was over the men came back to see how much rock had been blown up. The foreman and engineer, Harry Sears, went down and examined it. Bert could see by the way they talked and shook their heads that everything was not right and he heard the foreman say, as they came up, "Must have struck a vein of soft rock. We'll have to drill two or three more holes and finish it."

The drillers brought their tools and were soon at work again, while old Tom moved the steam shovel back into place and started digging at the bank below the drillers. At length the trucks were filled and there came a lull, when there was no truck handy to take the loads from the shovel.

"Guess I'll step over and watch the drillers until the trucks come back," old Tom said, as he stepped down from the platform. "You oil up a bit while I am down there"

Bert took the oil can and started oiling up. Occasionally he looked down to where the men were working, the drills hissing and clacking noisily. Two men brought up the dynamite and laid it down behind the workmen as the drills were stopped and the holes measured to be sure they were deep enough.

Suddenly a dirt slide occurred and sent about a barrow full down to where the men were at work. One of them looked up and then said, jokingly, to old Tom. "I wish while you are at it, you'd get enough dirt out so that it won't keep jolting down on us."

Old Tom remarked that if they had blasted deep enough in the first place, they wouldn't be bothered with dirt now, and the two men laughed at each other.

Bert looked up to see where the dirt had come from and as his eyes sought the bank above the drillers his expression changed. That dirt had come from directly beneath the overhanging rock that the foreman and engineer had thought was a ledge. More dirt was loosening and he could see that in a few moments a truckload would come scuttling down on the men. Just as he was about to

call to them to watch out, he saw that the boulder was slowly but surely moving.

"A slider!" he exclaimed. "It will hit the dynamite and someone is going to get hurt!"

For a second he watched the great boulder as it became dislodged and started down the bank. Then with a yell, "Look out below!" he sprang to the platform and pushed the lever that started the shovel in motion. The drum whirled with all speed Bert could crowd to it and the shovel swung downward and across the brook.

Trembling with excitement, Bert touched the lever that made the shovel dig in and up.

The men below, hearing the yell of warning, looked up and were horrified to see the great slider coming down upon them, gaining impetus at every foot it traveled. They all ran, save the two who were measuring the holes. It seemed impossible for them to get away safely, for in their awkward positions they could not make the haste the others did.

Old Tom sprang back to the shovel. He had not noticed that Bert was at the levers.

"Swing the shovel around and jump!" he called to Bert. "You'll get blown to bits in another moment!"

Then he saw that the shovel was moving its great arm, not away, but toward the danger zone and he called, sharply, "Don't do that! You can never hold that big rock; it will tip the steam shovel over."

But Bert had no intention of trying to stop the rock in its dangerous slide. His objective was the box of dynamite that lay in its path. A moment more and it would be too late!

Working as fast as he could, Bert made the shovel swing around, down and with its toothed edge straight for the box of dynamite. If he missed his aim nothing could save either the road or the workmen. Others had seen what he was doing and had paused, as if unconscious of their own danger or nearness.

Just as the edge of that great shovel swung to scoop up a thin layer of dirt below the box, the sliding rock, increasing its rush, sent up a cloud of dust that blinded everyone. They could not tell, as they waited, whether or not Bert had succeeded. Nor did he know himself as he pressed the lever that caused the shovel to rise. He half expected to hear the detonation of an explosion but he stuck to his job and in another minute was relieved to see the dipper rise from that cloud. But did he have the box within its great maw?

The workmen rushed back when they saw the rock settle slowly, now that it had reached the bottom of its descent, covering the blasted rock with eight feet of sliding dirt. Above them the crane of the big steam shovel was still, the dippers so far above them that they could not see within it.

Old Tom came hurrying to the platform and grasped the lever that lowered the dipper

"Don't let the release chain work until we set it on the ground," he said to Bert. Then in a moment he yelled, joyfully, "It is there! The box is there!"

Sure enough, there lay the box of dynamite, half buried in the dirt, its edge within six inches of the theeth of the dipper. How the men cheered when they saw it! Every-

one of them tried to shake Bert's hand at once and he felt more like running away than staying to hear the acclamations. But when Old Tom Piper grasped his shoulders, faced him around and said,

"Boy you did a good job! You're a shovel man right now! That's what comes of keeping your head!" he felt a warmth of happiness creep over him.

Later, when a letter from the construction company brought him a substantial sum as recognition of his deed, his happiness was complete, for that particular company usually took such happenings as a matter of course and seldom awarded their workmen as they had awarded him.

AIN'T NATURE GRAND.

One day recently I had to take an early bus out of town, which necessitated my rising at an ungodly hour. But there were great compensations for getting up before daylight. When I went out to the garage I saw through the pines the warning crescent in the east, and close below it a glorious and extraordinarily brilliant star. As the bus sped toward Durham the twilight of dawn gradually lightened until all the east was resplendent. It was as if a huge pot of gold had been spilled over the whole sky. Around the edges of this shining pile of heavenly wealth were streaks turquoise and pink and warm gray

But the crescent and star and celestial pot of gold were merely a prelude. Just as the sun rose there appeared, stretching across the northern sky, the clearest and most beautiful rainbow I've ever seen. It was an almost perfect arc and very wide. You could see nearly all the colors of the spectrum in it; blue, yellow, orange, red, violet. It was marvelous. Everybody in the bus was excited about it, and craned their necks out of the windows to get a better view. The stolid silence of discouraged early risers was broken and people began chatting sociably with their neighbors. A touch of beauty made the whole bus kin.—Nell Battle Lewis.

THOSE MONKEYS.

By A. O. Stott.

"Sun-Ray, dost see that poor little girl drawing water from the well? She looks so miserable. Try and speak to her. She comes from the big house down the street."

Sun-Ray, a little Indian girl whose mother was a teacher in a large school, was wonderfully quick at making friends with anyone. A few days later she watched for the little girl with the sad face and tired limp.

"Small sister, tell me thy name?"

The child looked very frightened as she whispered, "I am Lotus-Bud. Why do you ask?"

"I want to know so much," said Sun-Ray with a bright smile, and then her questions went on like a non-stop express.

"Woe to me! Woe to me!" sobbed Lotus-Bud. "I am quite alone in the world. My parents are dead and I am only a little slave in these peoples' house, where they treat me so cruelly and beat me every day." Tears choked her voice and she put down her heavy water jar to wipe them away with a corner of her sari, (garment).

"Be not over-bitter of heart," murmured Sun-Ray. "If only thou could'st run away and come to us! We would teach thee and make thee happy. We have a fine school here and another one in Madras, where my Aunt is Top-side Head."

Lotus-Bud was so keen to talk to her newly found friend that she forgot all else. Alas! a mischievous monkey in the pee-pal tree close by, seized the opportunity of jumping down and flinging over the water jar. It cracked on the stone and away went all the precious water!

"See! See! What evil luck I have," cried the little slave girl, trembling with fear. "Now will they indeed beat me worse than ever!"

"Not so! No tso!" said Sun-Ray, always kind and ready to comfort the distressed. "If thou fearest so much I will run and ask my mother to give thee our old one. She bought a nice new water jar this morning and I will make her enlarge her heart for you." It was well that Sun-Ray's mother had only one child and could deny her nothing.

Lotus-Bud was indeed grateful, for it fortunately happened the two jars were identically the same size.

"I must swiftly run back now," she said, "but why, why are you so kind to a stranger, a poor, wretched little slave?"

"Because," said Sun-Ray quite simply, "I think it is what Jesus Raj would have done for a little girl who broke her pitcher and was frightened."

Some months passed. Lotus-Bud still kept coming to the well, but she was afraid to linger. Sun-Ray's mother found out that the cruel people had really no right to the child. They had simply carried her off when her parents both died of cholera.

One afternoon she came to draw water, crippled and bruised with the terrible beating she had got for a trifling mishap. "I must not stay today," she whispered. "And see, yonder is one of those michievous monkeys, just watching to jump down and work me ill."

"Be not afraid," said Sun-Ray. "They are only very bold little thieves. Sometimes when they carry off my things and I am scolded for leaving them about, I wonder so much why God made monkeys at all."

"They were created for people to worship," said Lotus-Bud a little proudly, so pleased to be able to instruct Sun-Ray in anything. "All the people where I live greatly fear and do puja (worship) to the monkey-god."

Three nights after there suddenly came a quick, anxious knocking at Sun-Ray's compound gate.

"Quick !Quick! hide me," gasped Lotus-Bud. "They will come after me," and she cowered down in fear. Poor child, her face was a mass of cuts and bruises and she was in a desperate state.

Hardly had Sun-Ray's mother managed to get her into a cupboard before a shower of knocks fell on the gate and angry voices demanded immediate entrance. When this was delayed they proceeded to try to break open the door. Happily it was strong, clamped with iron, for dacoits (robbers) were numerous in that district. They were determined to succeed, and indeed would soon have done so but for an unlooked for turn of events!

The band of monkeys living next the compound in the pee-pal trees, being rudely disturbed by the noise, decided to beat off the midnight guests. Armed with stones and bits of broken plaster they gleefully began pelting the strange feet away from the door.

Now, who in India has not heard that a monkey enraged can work the worst luck upon those he attacks? At any rate the people of the big house resolved to give up their quest till dawn "favoured them with Heaven's Light."

"Hasten! Hasten!" cried the mother of Sun-Ray to her old trusty servant. "Take the child to the station and on to my sister in Madras, and we shall save her yet."

And they did, for Lotus-Bud is today an assistant teacher in the Girls' High School there, happy, useful, much loved and full of joy and thankfulness at her escape. It is not surprising that she often is heard to say: "Thank God that He created those monkeys."

"Dig right in and do your bit,
Take your dose of work and grin,
Put your soul right into it—
That's the only way to win.
Don't sit down and loudly wail
Just because your task is tough;
That's the surest way to fail—
Tackle it and show your stuff."

MOTIVES OF 'DARING GIRL.'

The daring girl—the one is the first of her group to smoke a cigarette or to take a drink, who wears the shortest skirts and affects the most shocking conversation—is usually motivated by nothing more than a pathetic desire to be popular.

This is the conclusion of Jessica G. Cosgrave, who has been teacher and counseler to hundreds of girls through their 'teens, in New Bern, N. C.

"The desire to be conspicuous in the hope that popularity may follow explains why every group has, and always has had, its extreme members," says Mrs. Cosgrave in an article written for Good Housekeeping Magazine.

The pathetic aspect, she points out, is that frequently such girls would rather not be considered "wild," but lacking either mental or physical qualities and accomplishments which attract others they seek to avoid mediocrity by making themselves conspicuous by their daring.

"They do whatever is being done a little more emphatically than any one else." she says. "If skirts are long, theirs trail around them; if short, they go above the knees. If hats are large or poked, their features are extinguished by their head gears. They adopt the extreme styles in dancing and frequently go almost or quite over the line in acts of questionable propriety, or even morality, not—at least at the beginning—because there is anything really wrong about them, but because they are so anxious to be the first and most conspicuous in everything they do."

Although such types attract attention "such effectation cannot be moderate," she points out. "It must continually strain for new effects or it ceases to challenge. So the course of action begun in the desire to arrest notice becomes more and more bold and foolhardy until frequently there is a smash of some sort"

Citing examples from her own experiences, Mrs. Cosgrave contends that many girls of the "wild" type really possess extraordinary potentialities which would win them lasting admiration and esteem of their friends if wisely developed. Qualities of friendliness, sympathy and consideration, she points out, are likely to go much farther toward winning lasting friendship than rash and spectacular escapades and the flouting of convention.

We think our country is very large, but the whole United States, including Alaska, and all of Europe except Russia could be easily put within the boundaries of Siberia. This huge wild country is five thousand miles long and two thousand five hundred miles wide.—Exchange.

THE OLD SHOEMAKER.

By Mrs. Olivia K. Duckett.

There was a kind old man whose name was Jime,
He was the neighborhood cobbler, ain't you heard of him?
How he pegged away from morn 'til night—
Tapping the soles to fit them tight,
    Everybody pendin' on Jim.

Sometimes he was called Jimmie
By the jolly old deacon,
So modest he was and slow in his speakin'.
He whetted his knife on his old leather apron,
And carefully fitted the shoe with the shapin',
    So honest was Jim.

When the frost and the snow
Began to melt their way in,
Dad hustled his children to his old friend Jim,
There they sat by the log-heap
In the humble cabin home,
While Jim drove the pegs with a will all his own—
    How they envied him!

By the cobbler's odd bench sat his prim little wife
Who spoke now and then to cheer up his drab life,
"I see Jim," said she, "the doctor's gone past,,
I wonder if Ailcy, our neighbor can last?"
    "Dunno, dunno," said Jim!

Slowly Jim threaded his needle,
Put wax on his thread,
Thoughtfully lifted his specs to the top of his head,
"Yes, I think she's sartin to be mendin' now soon,
Here comes the good doctor ahummin' a tune."
    Then he kept on peggin'—so busy was Jim!

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. T. H. Talbert and a number of boys have been cutting hair during the past week.

Letter writing day came around last Tuesday. All the boys were glad to write to their home folks.

On account of rainy weather, the boys retired to the cottages last Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning and amused themselves in various ways.

During the recent cold spell several bursted pipes caused the calling forth of a plumber. All is well now, and we hope it countinues so.

We were gald to see J. J. Jones, Jr., and James McCoy, former boys of this institution, about the campus last Tuesday.

Mr. Leon Godown, our printing instructor, has gone to New Jersey on a short visit. Mr. Fisher is now running things around the print shop.

The boys awoke last Saturday morning to find the ground covered with snow. It is all melted now, but the weather is still pretty cold.

The new school room was opened last week with Mr. Black in charge. This was a great help to the other rooms as they are not so crowded as before.

Last Tuesday night Mr. Roy Crooks a retired linotype operator of Concord, came out and repaired a small part of one of our linotypes. This will be a great help to us.

Visitors are now allowed at the school, as the danger of measles (the cause of our quarrintine) has passed. We were mighty lucky in not having any among our boys of which we are thankful.

Last Saturday afternoon the boys went to their cottages instead of making their weekly visit to the ball ground. Most of the boys regretted this, as they like to play baseball, football, basketball, pitch horse shoes and various other games. Maybe the weather will permit this next Saturday.

Well, January—parole month—has gone. Some of the boys were disappointed and some were not. But a large number were paroled, and now new boys are beginning to take their place. The receiving cottage now has a population of about twenty or twenty-five.

Rev. J. C. Rowan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He read a part of the fifth and sixth chapters of Matthew, and took for his text the first part of the fourth commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." His sermon was one of the best we have heard lately and was enjoyed and appreciated by everybody present.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. One

—A—

Clyde Pearce, and Glenn Enloe.

—B—

Talmadge Fry, John Holmes, Ernest Honaker, Horace McCall, Ernest Rohr, Benajah Sasser, Nolan Woodford, Sam McIntyre, Lawrence Fisher and Boyce Steadman.

Room No. Two

—A—

Hewett Collier, Ed Futch, Woodrow Mitchell, Vernon Allsbrook, and Harry Allen.

—B—

Wilbert Rackley, Paul Elmore, Cecil Godfrey, Mallory Poe, and James Stinson.

Room No. Five

—A—

Rscoe Pitts, Arthur Higgins, Theodore Troxler, Harry Price, Ray Seagroves, Ina French and Charlie McMillan.

—B—

Earl Faulk, Jackson Jenkins, Fuller Moore, Carl Kimzer, Dan Wilson and Raymond Hinson.

Room No. Seven

—A—

Victor Evans, Ernest Davis, Lester Younts, Murry Baskins, John Nixon, Herschel Crews, Blanco William, Alva Littleton, Leonard Clark, Alfred Denton, Will Avery, Clyde Kivett, Glenn Page, Wallace Harding, Oliver Grime, Cordell Smith, Ozell Willis, Dorsey Wilson, Ray Chambers, and Stephen Gibson.

—B—

Ernest Cornett, Hillie Pew, Virgil Rufty, Allen Wrenn, Way Routh, Carl Griffin, Russell Moore, John Tompson, Marvin Cook, and Parlie Boone.

FORGET IT

Has someone played a scurvey trick?
FORGET IT
Has someone soaked you with a brick?
FORGET IT
Don't let the memory endure:
A scheme of vengeance will not cure
A single sore, you may be sure—
FORGET IT

Has someone used your name in vain?
FORGET IT
Don't call upon him to explain.
FORGET IT
If you are straight and good and true,
What matter what men say of you?
Don't fuss or pause the rag to chew—
FORGET IT

—Selected.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To	New York	9:21 P. M
No.	30	To	Washington	2:12 A. M.
No.	136	To	Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	To	New York	10:23 A. M.
No.	34	To	New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:09 P. M
No.	32	To	New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To	New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	To	Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:15 A. M
No.	11	To	Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To	Atlanta	9:45 A. M
N.	37	To	New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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U. N. C. Library

VOL. XVI CONCORD, FEBRUARY 11, 1928. No. 3

IT HAS BEEN TRULY OBSERVED.

"We do not need more national development, we need more spiritual development;

"We do not need more intellectual power, we need more moral power;

"We do not need more knowledge, we need more character development;

"We do not need more government, we need more cultural development;

"We do not need more law, we need more religion;

"We do not need more of the things that are seen, we need more of the things that are unseen."

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

It is a strange sort of unconscious self-deception that leads a man to belittle the successes of another in a vain attempt to cover up his own shortcomings. Yet how he enjoys it! He can sit for hours with a kindred spirit and indulge of such twaddle. But alas! God and the world puts no stamp of approval upon it. Neither are such men able to do any permanent hurt to those whom they seek to destroy.—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

AND, AGAIN—

She was a fine, attractive, lady-like young miss. Her spirit led her into ways of kindly and thoughtful service. She headed an active Circle of Junior King's Daughters. Less than half a year ago, she aided in putting on a program at the Kiwanis, in which she modestly and effectively told of her companions in service and what they did for the less fortunate in our midst. She represented her Circle at the State Convention in Henderson, last year, where by her natural charms and her great interest in the cause she unconsciously won the esteem of her larger sisters in the work.

Not long ago she tendered a kindly attention to a classmate, sickened unto death and awaiting the long call, silently approaching. Her heart was touched and with others, who knew the sad story, sorrowed. And now she follows. A few weeks ago this fifteen year old school girl, with a promise that delighted her friends and was a joy to her parents, had no occasion to think of what was in store for her. She, too, has answered that long call to the Beyond.

The kindly little lady, Ruth Dayvault, is still a King's Daughter—but on celestial shores. We mourn ourself the all but sudden and almost

tragic passing of this kindly spirit. A Power leads, directs and controls the destiny of all humans—though we may not understand, we must humbly and with faith join in the acceptance of "Thy will be done."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SENATOR JAMES A. REED.

Senator Reed, of Missouri, is to be the guest of the North Carolina D. A. R's. at their annual convention in Raleigh on March 23rd. His acceptance of this invitation has put the scribes to discussing his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for president. Of course, the Senator in his address before the Daughters of the American Revolution will not discuss his candidacy, but the ladies could not to save their lives keep from thinking of his aspirations.

Those of us who sympathized with the harrassed and wounded American leader during the World War can not hush memory when the Missouri Senator is mentioned. The able and distinguished gentleman may be a possibility at Houston, but a probability is another chapter in the story. But lightening is a curious power, whose course cannot be foretold.

The National Democracy is getting to be akin to its kinsman in Cabarrus county; Trying to beat somebody rather than to bring about the election of somebody. And the same spirit is developing in the opposite party.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

POSTMASTER KESTLER.

It is neither our funeral nor our wedding. George Edward Kestler, editor of the Concord Observer, has the proper credentials for his appoinment to the postmastership of Concord. The only thing awaiting is the actual naming by the President and the Senate's confirmation.

As long as the authoritites deemed a change advisable and necessary, we do not hesitate in giving expression to our complete satisfaction with Mr. Kestler's appointment. He'll make a faithful officer. Any man, in keeping his official records straight, resorts to writing a check for one cent rather than handing out a copper to save time and writing, as is charged against the new postmaster when acting as county treasurer, gives promise of affording the Washington end no trouble in an easy balance. That old, constant pipe will have to go—it is not companionable with clean stamps.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

MAJOR STEADMAN.

Major Charles M. Steadman has completed his 87th year. For six-

teen years he has been the representative of the 5th North Carolina district in Congress. He has the distinction of being the only Confederate now in that august body, and he enjoys the esteem of the folks on his own side and is most highly respected on the other side of the house. Entering upon his 88th year he was the recipient of hundreds of congratulations and fine wishes.

Along about that time one correspondent reported him in fine health, hale and hearty; another intimated that on account of his health, he would probably not offer for re-election this Fall. Whatever may be his final decision, Major Steadman will have ample reasons to feel the fullness and the sincerity of the honors which his district has heaped upon him.

Should the Major decide to step aside, the imperial district will not want for timber of the right size and quality to succeed him. That district is rich in ability and willingness to offer service in Congress.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

NOT IN THEIR PROVINCE

The State Corporation Commission has turned a deaf ear to the petition of a crowd of gentlemen, nicer than wise, who seek making the bus coaches a means of disturbance of friendly relations, and the occasion for all kinds of disagreeable misunderstandings between peoples. The Commission politely informs these petitioners that their subject is a matter for the courts.

Let us hope that the courts will find in their wisdom a just ground for turning a deaf ear also to this movement that has in the end only disturbance, if nothing worse. The petitioners, however, will have no trouble in finding a dare-devil to pull the chestnut for a starter. When peace reigns among the races to a pleasing degree, it is surprising that leaders among us can find it in their hearts to deliberately invite the destruction of that peace.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WILLIAM NASH EVERETT PASSES.

Hon. William Nash Everett, Secretary of State, is dead after a three week's struggle against heart disease. He was 63 years old.

Mr. Everett was a native of Richmond county; during his active life he was farmer, merchant, county officer, legislator and Secretary of State, originally appointed by Governor Morrison to fill the vacancy cause by the death of Col. J. Bryan Grimes. Later he was nominated and elected by the people.

For more than a year the distinguished gentleman has been fighting a

malady, and this after a serious surgical operation, which kept him in the hospital for months. Mr. Everett bore his afflictions with courage.

Rarely in the history of the satae has a man, comparatively unknown throughout the state, rose so rapidly in the esteem of the general public. He soon became a power to reckon with in the affairs of the state and in the councils of his party, to which he gave distinguished service.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he, too, who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him, and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed because his night shall pass into clear, bright day. —F. W. Robertson.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN DURHAM.

By Old Hurrygraph.

God's finger, Midas-like, can touch the most common-place things of earth, and turn them into silver and golden pictures of rare beauty.

Tuesday evening, I stood on the street at midnight. The bell in the tobacco factory struck the hour of one; and the beauty of my environment struck me. Watchman, what of the night? What are its signs of loveliness? Humanity was at rest. There were no mourners, complainers or grouches going about the streets. There was no racket or rumbling of automobiles; buses or street cars; the pitcher was frozen at the faucet and the automobile wheel was shattered at the garage. The night was calm and holy. Not a criket was criketing, or a chick chicking.

All nature in this particular part of this mundane sphere had slipped into a kimono of crystaline beauty —one of the most complete and beautiful sleets ever enveloped Durham. There was no Southern mocking-bird singing his love in matin roundalays to the man and the woman in the moon; for the moon had drawn the drapery of clouds about her and had hid her face. Then there must be a woman in the moon—for they are everywhere else where there is a man. And then when the moon is new no man can beam with such silvery brilliancy upon a restful earth all by his lone self.

Standing in the eastern part of Main street, and looking west, the standards of the white way, like Atlas, bearing the electric globes, sheathed in a shimmering mantle of beauty were like silver spears arrayed in a line sentineling either side of that thoroughfare. The white globes were like a double strand of large pearls, around the neck and throat, and lay upon the bosom of a beautiful woman. The trolley wire in the center of the street and between these lights, and the cross section of wire from each standard, were fringed with a silver lace more beautiful than any venetian work, and more wonderful than was ever conceived in the minds of Venice lace workers. Ever and anon as the signal light vibrated from green, yellow to red, and vice versa, they flashed at intervals along the white way, amid the white lights gems of emerald, jasper and ruby, like jewels upon the bosom of the night. The silver-sheathed trees lifted their heads, and limbs, bowed under such a sparkling wealth of beauty, to catch a glimpse of the beautiful scene. Every little blade of grass in its crystalized costume of the winter's fashion, seemed to dance and sparkle under the lights, with an armful of prismatic colors, scattering them over the ground like rainbow dust.

It was a beautiful night! A holy night. If this side of heaven gives such glorious glimpses of the Lord's handiwork, what must it be inside of those beautiful portals, with the golden streets, and hath no need for light? I said, with the Psalmist, "I will praise the Lord with my whole heart. The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. . . . His righteousness endureth for ever."

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

(Albemarle News-Herald.)

Along the first days of the year Mr. J. D. Health, local business man, ventured the suggestion that the idea that business must always drag on presidential election years is all foolishness. "It's all a matter of imagination," he said. "There is no reason in the world other than a psychological one, why business should not be as good during a presidential election year as any other year." was the way he put it.

Mr. Heath is now sustained by The Magazine of Business. That publication has figured it out and proves conclusively that since the year 1888 presidential election years have mostly experienced normal business conditions, more of them having been average and good than below normal or dull. The following is the record given by Business Magazine, as quoted in The Raleigh Times:

"1888—Average year. Started below normal, but, in spite of politics, gained steadily and closed above normal.

1892—10 per cent above normal.

1896—Below normal, possibly partly due to Bryan's 'free silver' campaign, though the period of depression, of which this year formed a part, lasted over into the second year following.

1900—An average year. Considerably above normal in the early months; a little below at the year's close.

1904—Below normal.

1908—Started with carry-over from the depression of 1907, but improved later in the year in spite of its being a presidential year.

1912—Good year. Between 5 per cent and 10 per cent above normal.

1916—A real boom year—averaging 10 per cent to 15 per cent above normal.

1920—Considerably above normal until last three months of year when post-war economic readjustment began.

1924—Below normal during middle of year, recovering at close."

Now if anything could succeed in getting the popular idea that business must be dull during presidential election years out of our heads, it certainly does seem that the actual matter of fact records of past years, showing it all imagination, should do it. Let us, therefore, forget the idea that during the year 1928 business must be dull because we elect a president. Let's get to work and make business good.

Dictators are not born with silver spoons in their mouths.

The men who rule the world today were not sired by kings. Though pomp and power surround them, and the glitter of gold, and jeweled swords still flash through the hallways of governments, the hands that wield the scepters wear corn and callouses, and the shoulders that bear the burdens of earth's millions wear galluses.—Rodney Crowther.

RURAL GRADED SCHOOLS.

By Paul W. Wager

We are presenting this week a table showing the percentage of rural elementary school pupils in each county who are enrolled in schools with seven or more teachers. Since there are seven grades, a school with seven or more teachers may be considered a fully graded school. Our figures are supplied by State School Facts, which in turn is indebted to L. L. Williams a University of North Carolina student, who made the compilations.

Last year there were 376,473 pupils enrolled in the 3,549 rural white elementary schools of the state. Of this number 154,502 or 41.1 percent were in schools with as many as seven teachers. The number of and enrollment in each type of school is indicated below:

Type of school	Number	Enrollment
One-teacher	1,172	37,300
Two-teacher	1,031	62,423
Three-teacher	447	41,760
Four-teacher	219	29,398
Five-teacher	155	27,275
Six-teacher	111	23,815
Seven-teacher	121	31,137
8-10 teacher	182	60,693
11 or over teacher	111	62,672
Total	3,549	376,473

There are seven counties which have no rural elementary schools with as many as seven teachers. These counties are Alleghany, Ashe, Chowan, Dare, Hye, Tyrrell and Washington. Fifteen counties have only one such school. On the other hand there are 33 counties with at least five rural schools of the larger type.

In Stanly county 83.5 percent of the rural elementary pupils are enrolled in these larger schools. In Pasquotank the percentage is 83.2. In twenty-seven counties at least half of the rural children are enjoying the privileges of the larger type of school.

Many Large Schools

Altogether there are 414 rural elementary schools with seven or more teachers. It is true that in 298 of these schools high school departments are maintained, so there is not always a full-time teacher for each grade. Nevertheless a seven-teacher school approximates a graded school. Indeed a fair degree of graded instrution may be given in schools with four, five, or six teachers. Many rural children are attending schools of this size, although the tendency now is to effect larger consolidations. Less than ten percent of our rural white pupils of elementary grade are now attending one-teacher schools each year the ratio is becoming less. It must be remembered, too, that this study is concerned only with rural elementary schools. Many children living in the country are attending school in special charter districts, so the ratio of underprivileged children is even less than our figures show.

The consolidation program in North Carolina has proceeded very rapidly. In few states has it gone further. In a few years more, if the movement continues, there will be no one-room schools left except in a few remote and isolated sections. Most educators favor the larger school units. The greatest objection to con-

solidation has been the cost and dangers of transportation, and these are objections which have not yet been fully overcome.

A New Community

There is one aspect of consolidation of undoubted benefit. The consolidated rural school is furnishing a center or focus for the larger rural community which is coming into being. With the appearance of the automobile, the R. F. D., the telephone, and the radio, the old "neighhood" has been disintegrating. In many respects this is saddening, for there was much that was lovely in neighborhood society and neighbor activities. But with new modes of travel and communication, multiplying the rural dwellers' social contacts, the break-up of neighborhood society was inevitable. The larger school district offers a new unit of organization and the consolidated school with its larger program a new community center. Those consolidated rural schools which recognize their opportunity will develop a program of education, recreation, and social activity that will reach parents as well as children. In some instances the rural consolidated school is enriching and rejuvenating rural life in a most encouraging fashion. It is providing the community life which the country has so badly needed. Where this is not the case the rural superintendents and teachers need to catch the vision and direct their efforts toward its realization.

TWO VIEWPOINTS

"I want to marry a man whose name will be honored by posterity." gushed Mabel.

"I prefer to marry one whose name will be honored on checks," retorted Ethel.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TWO-NAME PRESIDENTS.

(New York Times.)

Why do the newspaper correspondents still slip a "C" into Mr. Hoover's name? To be sure, he was christened Herbert Clark Hoover, but he long ago dropped the middle initial from his signature.

It is astonishing how many Presidents in the making have succumbed to the lure of the double spondee. Woodrow Wilson, after experimenting with various combinations of names and initials, dropped the Thomas when he was still a student at the University of Virginia.

Cleveland's baptismal Christian name was Stephen Grover, but he will go down in history as simply Grover Cleveland. Similarly President Coolidge had John for a first name, but it seldom appears in print. There is a dignity about the spondee that the Greeks recognized when they gave it that name, symbolic of the slow measured melodies that accompanied libation to the gods.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

By Rev. Hutchins, in Greensboro News.

A recent issue of the Christian Century carries a letter written by John S. Hemphill to President Coolidge, which deserves a wide reading. I would like to see the letter reprinted in the Daily News.

W. L. HUTCHINS.
Pastor Hickory Methodist Church.
Hickory.

(Inclosure)

Presidential letters frequently become matters of history. Letters addressed to Presidents do not so often win public attention. Even when they are made public, most of them are quickly forgotten. It is possible that this will not be the fate of the letter which Mr. John S. Hemphill, of Ferguson, Mo., wrote to President Coolidge. Mr. Hemphill is the father of Sergeant John F. Hemphill, deceased of the United States marine corps. This is his letter:

"Dear Mr. President: According ot Dispatches of today (January 3) from Managua, my son, Sergeant John F. Hemphill, was killed in action against General Sandino's loyal troops.

"For the death of my son I hold no malice or ill will toward General Sandino or any of his men, for I think (and I believe 90 per cent of our people agree with me) that they are today fighting for their liberty, as our forefathers fought for our liberty in 1776, and that we as a nation have no legal or moral right to be murdering those liberty-loving people in a war of aggression. What we are doing is nothing less than murder for the sole purpose of keeping in power a puppet president and acting as a collector for Wall street, which is certainly against the spirit and letter of our constitution.

"My son was 29 years old, served three years of his third enlistment, survived honorable service through the world war against Germany, only to be officially murdered in a disgraceful war against this little nation.

"My father served through the Civil war, my two grandfathers died in action in the same war, and I am proud of their records, so this is not from the pen of a red radical, but from one who loves justice and fair play.

"I have four sons, and if necessity arose, I would be willing to sacrifice not only all four sons, but my own life as well in a war of defense, but I am not willing to shed one drop of blood in a yar of aggression, such as this one is.

"You have lost a son and know the sorrow, and we as a nation mourned with you in your hour of grief. Suppose that son had fallen, as my son has, a victim to the greed of Wall Street, would you feel that the financial gain was worth the cost?"

"John S. Hemphill."

Such Americans as attempt to dismiss the course of events in Nicaragua as of slight significance in their bearing on our national policy, should ponder the words of this father.

ORGANIZED WOMEN.

(Charlotte Observer.)

An incident of the week is the holding of the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense at Washington, an event serving as one interesting development among many disclosure of the progress made in this country in woman organization. This conference grew out of a meeting held last year, the participating clubs revealing the extent to which the women have been organized. Parties to this movement in 'preparedness and defense'' are: The American Legion Auxiliary; American War Mothers; American Women's Legion; American Women's Press Association; Auxiliary to Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War; Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century; Dames of the Loyal Legion; Daughters of American Colonists; Daughters of the American Revolution; Daughters of the Cincinnati; Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America; Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War; Disabled American Veterans Auxiliary; Ladies Auxiliary Veterans of Foreign Wars; Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic; National Auxiliary United Spanish War Veterans; National League of American Pen Women; National Patriotic Council; National Society Colonial Daughters of America; National Society Patriotic Builders; National Society Patriotic Women of American; Order of First Families of Virginia; Order of the Gold Star; Society of Daughters of Colonial Wars; United Daughters of 1842; Women's Naval Service League! Women of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor; Women's Service League and Women's Relief Corps, G. A. R.

Just how many memberships are included in these organizations is not known at this time, but it must represent a veritable army of active women. Of course, there is more or less of duplication of memberships in the various organizations, but in the America Legion Auxiliary, alone, there are 275,000 women enrolled, these being distributed among 6,000 units over the country. Claim is made for this Conference that it is a training camp for women, ''where they may learn of the weapons used by the enemies of America in their attempts to destroy our Nation as a World power, and of how to defend America from these onslaughts.''

The women of most of these organizations are women to whom war has meant much; women who desire world peace as ardently as any one possibly could; but women who proclaim that, ''having come close to the cost of unpreparedness, recognize in an agitation for complete, disarmament a great danger to our country,'' and women who realize that ''the idealism being spread by dreams and propaganda being released by the subversive element, must be counteracted by this educational campaign for adequate National Defense.''

Lawlessness is a state of mind. If you scorn speed laws, you should scorn any other that interferred with your pleasure.—Robert Quillen.

A VALENTINE.

By Leonora Sill Ashton.

"Oh, I wish I had thought of that first!" It was Adele Danvers who spoke, as she leaned over Arthur's shoulder and saw the artistic design he had made for a valentine.

This group of young people were preparing for a holiday fair which was to be held during the second week of February. The two great birthdays were to be demonstrated in different ways, and of course there was to be a valentine table. It was in special preparation for this last that the present afternoon and evening were being spent.

It would soon be supper time, and Arthur made rapid strokes with his pencil to complete the card upon which he was working before the bell rang.

"Let me see yours," said Adele, making her way around the big table, where they were all sitting. "Oh, I like that! And that! And that!" she added, as she looked at one valentine after another.

"But what about yours, Adele?" came in a chorus of voices.

Adele went back to her own place and took from her portfolio three valentines which she had finished.

"They are all lovely," murmured Mary, in subdued admiration. She was the one who happened to be nearest, but all of the others leaned forward, too, for Adele was the envied of them all for her various achievements.

"This is the best of them all," said Arthur, eyeing the three with his discerning gaze. He had taste, and his approbation was eagerly coveted.

The one he chose was a dainty little card with a flight of butterflies painted across one corner. These Adele had colored with the lovely tints of lavender and yellow, and beneath them was a verse she had composed herself:

"What can I make to send you
Of all I have that's mine?
These wings take golden wishes
To be your valentine."

"That's so much nicer than red hearts, and fat cupids, and all other things," exclaimed Mary. "You're right, Arthur. That one is the prettiest of all."

Just then the supper bell rang, and leaving their work on the table, the group of young people filed out into the dining room. When, at the end of the evening, they all began putting their tools and their finished work together, preparatory to starting for home, they found that they had accomplished much that they planned to do.

There were seven in the group, and each had promised to make or contribute twenty valentines. These made a goodly display on the gay table reserved for Saint Valentine, and many were attracted to the spot, when the doors were opened for the long-worked-for fair.

"I would like a dozen of these hand-painted ones," said dignified Mrs. Soley, peering over the table through her handsome lorgnette.

"No, fifteen, I mean."

"Have you any choice?" asked Mary shyly. This was her first ex-

perience in being a saleslady, and she found it a rather trying one.

"Let me see. Let me see," said the formidable person, leaning over the table. "I will take this one—and this one—and—that one over there with the butterflies."

Mary had been hoping Adele's dainty little card would remain unsold, so that she could buy it herself at the end of the day; but she could do nothing but add it to Mrs. Soley's envelope and thank her sweetly when, with a benign air, she refused the change the young girl offered her.

"Never mind. I'll do you one exactly like it, Mary," said Adele who was at the next table, and saw the look of disappointment on her young neighbor's face.

Mrs. Soley collected her purchases and took her dignified leave. with some gracious compliments to the boys and girls, who had really worked very hard for the fair and had succeeded in producing some novel and artistic results, in place of the time worn objects of such an occasion.

"She really is better than she seems," said Adele to Mary, as the two girls noticed the meaning and somewhat scornful looks which several were casting at the back of the departing lady. "She lives all alone in that big house, except for her servants; and even all the money she has can't take the place of having people that belong to you with you."

"But she has lots of board meetings and committee meetings to attend. I don't believe she has any spare time."

"All the same it isn't like your own," presisted Adele.

Then there came a new influx of visitors to the fair, and the girls concentrated their atteneion upon the work before them.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Soley sat in her beautiful car, surrounded by the purchases she had made.

"What shall I do with them all?" she asked herself wearily. All the dignified and imposing manner she had evinced at the fair had disappeared, and she was just a tired, discouraged woman, for whom life seemed to hold very little.

"I had to buy them," she reasoned with herself, "to encourage those young people. They are so full of life and interest. But it would have been so much easier just to give the money!"

"Take them up in my sitting room," she said to the maid a little later, when the plunder of the fair had been brought into her big house. She seemed rather weary.

The next morning she sorted the packages out carefully. Here were toys that would go into that missionary box the church was sending next week. Here were aprons and dusters that she would give to the laundress and to the maid. Here were some books she would give to the chauffeur. He had a son, and it would be well for them both to read some history.

Carefully, conscientiously, with infinite pains, Mrs. Soley arranged her purchases in little piles, and directed the maid as to where each one was to go.

"Oh, and I must put a valentine in each. It is so near the day," she exclaimed. and forthwith tucked a bright little card in each bundle

that was to be wrapped and sent away.

This done, Mrs. Soley turned to her desk where her secretary sat waiting. She was treasurer of the Old Ladies' Home, and the report must be ready for the meeting of the board next week. This in itself would take a good part of the morning for both of them; and then there were the magazines to go over for the Periodical Club. Mrs. Soley subscribed for a great number of these, and read them hurriedly and at once, as soon as they came, so that they might be ready to send out or give away as near the date of their publication as possible.

The good lady accomplished a great deal of work that day; and after coming up from dinner that night she looked around the sitting room with a real glow of satisfaction, as she thought of all that had been done. She could not bear to think of anyone "wasting their lives," as she so often expressed it to others

One thing remained undone, however. Some of the valentines, of which there were too many to tuck separately in the packages, lay on her desk. Without stopping to take them out of their envelopes, she opened her address book, ran her fingers along the pages, pausing here and there for a name, which she promptly transcribed on an envelope.

At last, only one remained.

"I'll leave it here on the desk for Miss Stanley. She won't be here tomorrow, and the next day, when she finds it, will be Saint Valentine's day."

Mrs. Soley was a bitterly lonely woman, although she never would have been the one to acknowledge the fact. But if she was this, in her great handsome house, with every comfort that money could buy, what was Ethel Stanley, in her tiny room in a cheap boarding house?

Lonely was a mild way of expressing the state of mind of this highly educated, highly bred girl of twenty-five who, suddenly cast upon her own resources, was putting her gifts and graces of intellect, and intuition to the best uses in her power, acting as secretary to three ladies, including Mrs. Soley.

The income derived from these mornings spent at the three beautiful desks was not a large one, but still it gave the girl her independence. There was also the hope that in the future the work would lead to something more responsible, and also more lucrative.

Her interest in the work, which she took great joy in doing as finely and as well as she knew how, never lagged. In fact, it was the salvation of her days. But her spirits drooped pitifully each night when she came back to the cheap little room. Even her own dainty, personal belongings could not change the atmosphere of the place. They seemed out of keeping there.

The other three boarders in the house were much older than Ethel, and their lives were absorbed in making both ends meet. Though they were kind and always friendly to the girl, still, when they reached the house at six or seven, in the evening, their one idea was to obtain enough rest to carry them through another day.

It was indeed a lonely life for the girl. However, the morning following the one spent beside Mrs. So-

ley's bundles, she started out with her collar buttoned up tightly, and walked briskly to the big house on the avenue.

"I've put my business face on," she thought, as she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror in a store window, and the mere idea sent the corners and muscles of her mouth up. Her work had seemed a kind of anchor for Ethel to reach up to and with every day and hour she seemed to be gaining a firmer hold upon it.

This special client on the avenue wanted her large library catalogued, and Ethel was to begin that morning. What a joy those three hours were! She made only a beginning on the long rows of handsome and, in some cases, almost priceless volumes, but it was a real beginning—orderly, systematic, and well arranged. The very contact with the literary treasures, however seemed to bring the old life back with bitter force.

"Why am I left like this? When will it ever be different?" she sobbed as she threw herself on the bed of her little room, with the whole long, lonely afternoon before her. She was in no state to go out and walk, or even mend her clothes and do the many little things to her wardrobe, which, in spite of small means, in this way kept its indescribable air of distinction.

All the afternoon she lay on the bed, miserably unhappy, and the next morning it was hard to put on the "business face" over the pale, sorry features she wore to Mrs. Soley's house. Fortunately for Ethel that lady was not in the morning room when her secretary arrived. So the girl had the opportunity to sit down to her work unnoticed, before the busy person arrived.

What was her surprise to see an envelope, addressed to herself; lying on the spotless blotter? It could not be her salary. That had been paid the first of the month. She opened the envelope carefully, and Adele's rainbow butterflies seemed fairly to fly out towards her.

"What can I make to send you
Of all I have that's mine?
These wings take golden wishes
To be your valentine."

Ethel gasped. On the envelope was the firm, unmistakable handwriting of Mrs. Soley. To think that this dominant and dignified personage should have sent such a message to her! Moreover, the valentine was a water color. Could she have painted the butterflies and written the verse herself?

In an instant the whole face of the world was changed for Ethel. How she had misjudged this nice friend. And it had been her own fault. Morose, unhappy, melancholy, she had been blind to what she was. This little card was like something her own family would have sent her in her college days. The world was not so cold after all; she herself was cold. Her troubles had made a different person of her than what she used to be.

The pile of mail, which she was accustomed to sort at once, and open in preparation for Mrs. Soley lay untouched as she gazed at the butterflies and the glowing little verse.

Suddenly she heard a step in the hall, and Mrs. Soley appeared in the doorway. Swift as a dart, Ethel flew from her seat, and throwing both

arms around the tall figure, she kissed her fervently on her cheeks.

"Dear Mrs. Soley! That is the loveliest valentine I ever had! You don't know how I appreciate it; and the words most of all. It seems somehow as if I had come out of a chrysalis, just like a butterfly, at the idea that someone would send me a card like that. Did you paint it, and write the words yourself?"

Mrs. Soley was breathless, and because she could not speak, she choked back the first word that came to her in response to Ethel's outburst: "Neither!" Then she straightened herself and smoothed her hair.

"No, Miss Stanley, I do not paint or write. Some of the young people at the church made these valentines for their fair, and I am very glad you like the one I left on the desk for you."

"Oh, indeed I do. I shall always keep it, and I do thank you for picking out those words for me."

A very peculiar expression came over Mrs. Soley's face.

"Let me see if I can tell which one of the girls made it," she said, picking up the card, and searching for some initials which might be there. She found the obliging little letters "A. D." tucked away in a corner; and at the same time discovered she had given her secretary the butterfly valentine.

"Adele Danvers, I'm sure," she said. "You and she should meet, Miss Stanley. She is younger than you, but a girl of much intelligence and character. I know you would like her and she would gain a great deal from you, with your mature and efficient methods. I will arrange to have you meet some day soon. Now Miss Stanley, we must get to work."

Ethel's fingers flew that morning. They seemed on wings like butterflies, and just as that gay creature goes straight to the heart of the flower he seeks, so did the young secretary touch with unerring judgment the many problems involved in the mail.

"How much should Mrs. Soley give to the latest 'drive'?"

"What was to be done about an inefficient under-matron at the Home?"

"Was this begging letter from someone who claimed to have been Mrs. Soley's cook fifteen years ago true or false?"

These were the kind of questions that came day after day to Mrs. Soley, and they needed just the light that Ethel was able to thrown upon them—the light of cool and keen judgment, warmed with her healthy and fine imagination.

When the noon hour came, Mrs. Soley begged her not to hurry away.

"I am having an early lunch today," she said. "And I want you to stay. We can sit here by the fire and talk in the meantime."

So, while the February sunlight stole through the windows and met the glow of the flames, the lonely woman and the girl made their lives known to each other.

"I need a companion," said Mrs. Soley at last. "Of course I am busy every moment as you can see; but what I need is a relaxation from it all, or perhaps I should say someone to show me the meaning of it all. You could do that, my dear, if you will consent to come and make your home with me for the rest of the winter. Do not decide now. Think

it over for a day or two, and then tell me if you would like to try it."

"I don't have to think. I know I would," answered Ethel in her own frank and direct manner. "There is only one thing, Mrs. Soley. You must let me know if you get tired of me. I shouldn't feel hurt, you know; and I wouldn't want you to feel the least responsibility."

"I'll tell you when I'm tired," said Mrs. Soley, with as much playfulness as her nature would permit. "Now shall we go down to lunch?"

Ethel gave the older woman another hug. All the girl's radiant temperament, which had been bound down for many weeks, had gained its freedom again.

"Mrs. Soley, you can't imagine what you did in picking out that valentine for me," she exclaimed again.

Mrs. Soley smiled, but said nothing.

POETIC PUZZLERS.

I see L. M. Grist has been running a questionnaire in The Yorkville Enquirer. Can he answer these?

"Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key to a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?"

"In the crown of his head,
What jewels are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth?
The nails on the end of his toes?"

"Can the crook at his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?"

"Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hands?
Or beat the drums of his ears?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
If so, why not grow on the ear?"

BORGLUM CHOSEN TO DO MEMORIAL

Gutzon Borglum's heroic group of five North Carolinians charging the heights of Gettysburg will be the State's memorial to its Confederate soldiers who fought upon that famous field, it was unanimously decided by members of the Gettysburg Memorial Commission who met at the Governor's Mansion yesterday.

Mr. Borglum was present at the meeting with a tentative model of the group he planned. The famous sculptor arrived at seven o'clock yesterday morning and met first with the committee on design and the advisory committee on design during the morning, and with the entire commission in the aftenoon.

At no time during the meeting of the two committees or the meeting of the commission was there any references made to the disagreement between Mr. Borglum, the creator, and the various committees backing the Stone Mountain memorial, said those present. Fearing such a flare up of the row which once rocked the South, the fact that Mr. Borglum's model had the unanimous recommendation of the advisory committee on design was kept quiet until the meeting yesterday. Apparently, said those who attended, such fears were not well grounded.

W. W. Fuller, of New York, chairman of the advisory committee was responsible for his preparation of the model for the Gettysburg memorial, said Mr. Borglum yesterday. Drawings by other sculptures had been prepared but the advisory committee was so in favor of the Borglum plans that the ideas of no other artist was stressed. A few changes were recommended and accepted and the committee on design joined the advisory committee in favoring Borglum. The entire commission also fell in line.

The contract for the memorial was signed yesterday with $50,000 the agreed cost. The monument will be 17 feet high, the figures of the men to be about nine feet in height. It is to be finished in 15 months.

It was tentatively decided to place a hugh boulder of North Carolina granite near the memorial, with a bronze plate bearing an appropriate legend and the record of North Carolina troops in this memorable and tragic battle. The United Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina are understood to have raised a fund and set aside $10,000 to be devoted to placing the boulder.

The site of the memorial was changed by action of the commission and Major Bruce Cotton, of Baltimore and Colonel Boyden were asked to visit the battleground and select a suitable location for the monument and for the granite boulder which is to serve as a background for the memorial.

Members of the advisory committee and of the commission present were luncheon guests of Governor and Mrs. McLean at the Executive Mansion at 1:30 o'clock.

Those in attendance included three of the four members of the advisory committee, W. W. Fuller, of New York, Chairman; Major Bruce Cotton, of Baltimore, and Daniel M Barringer, of Philadelphia. In a long

long distance telephone message, George Gordon Battle stated that he found the notice and invitation on his return today from the West and expressed regret that he could not reach here on time. He stated that Mr. Fuller knew his views and would represent him at the meeting.

Members of the North Carolina Gettysburg Commission present were Governor McLean, ex-offico chairman: Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, vice-chairman; Mrs. Glen Long, of Newton, secretary; Mrs. Marshall Williams, of Faison, chairman of the committe on design; Mrs. Dolph Long, of Graham; D. Stewart, Laurinburg; Captain S. S. Nash, Tarboro; Gen. Albert Cox, Raleigh; W. W. Erwin, Durham; A. L. Brooks, Greensboro; and Major W. C. Heath, Monroe.

Five of the members, for various reasons, were unable to be present, including, Mrs. Felix Harvey, Sr., of Kinston; Mrs. L. B. Newell, Charlotte; H. C. McQueen, Wilmington; Col. Virgil L. Lusk, Asheville, and George Pollock Burgwyn, of Jackson.

"FELT THE SHAME OF IT."

Those who have a concern for Sunday are bestirring themselves more and more; they have great allies and not from the ranks of clergy alone. Sir Harry Lauder, the favorite comedian, writing from the Pullman car in which he was traveling in West Virginia, said: "I am against Sunday theatre shows, and I have told my fellow artists that if we fail to uphold our religion and our Sunday men will scorn us, women will weep for us, and children will be taught to hate the name of the theatre; and the curses of the generations to come will be forever at the stage door.

When for the first time I came to America, I had four Sunday performances, and a more miserable engagement I never fulfilled. I felt I was doing something against my religion, something which I had been taught by my mother was wrong. It was unnatural for me to work on the Sabbath, and I felt the shame of it. I am a Scot, and I will die rather than disregard God's Word. It would be better for me to go back to the mines, where, at any rate, Sunday is looked upon as God's gift, and when a man can refresh himself for the next week's labor. Jack Hobbs, our greatest of cricketers, and Mr. Arthur Mee, our first of editors and writers for children, agree in their desire to keep our Sundays free from entertainments as days of quiet and worship. This is a fight which will not be won without the co-operation of all men of goodwill, who may not be what may be called "Sabbatarians," but do care for the day of rest and praise.—The Christian Century.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

(Smithfield Herald.)

The lights that shine forth from the farm houses have a peculiar fascination to one who travels along the road about nightfall. One wonders about the family circle that will presently group itself around the fireside. The odor of ham frying excites one's interest in the evening meal and the imagination pictures a family scene at the supper table. Not always does one get the opportunity to follow the inclination to investigate what appears to be an idle curiosity, but recently we had just that opportunity. County Home agents seem to have an open seasame to any place they want to go, and if the place is brand new, as this one was, it makes no difference to the county agent. In fact a new house is rather an invitation to her to help some house wife plan new things for the new home.

At any rate we were riding along the road, when suddenly we came upon this brand new bungalow, so new that it had not been painted, but there were attractive curtains at the windows, and smoke from one of the chimneys was curling straight up into the heavens. The County Home agent, just out of a clear sky, announced that she proposed to see who lived at this house, and out of the automobile she got leaving us to wonder, as we often had, what the inside of the house looked like, and who was responsible for building this house by the side of the road, and what magazines and papers the family read when the evening chores were done. It was a queer proceeding, we thought, for one to just stop and inquire about a new house, for we had no way of knowing that the agent had a suspicion that one of her club women lived there, but we waited to see what would happen. In a few minutes, the door was opened, and an invitation was called to us to go in also.

It turned out that the house wife in that home had in days gone by had been one of our pupils in high school, and our interest picked up. We were shown over the attractive new home, and got an inkling of some of the plans which are waiting to be executed when time and mears justify it. But the thing that interested us most was a kitchen cabinet which was a part of the cook room equipment.

And thereby hangs a tale. This kitchen cabinet was once upon a time a school organ. It served its time, fell into disuse, and was finally abandoned. But just because it no longer helped the children with their morning devotions, was no reason, thought this resourceful woman, why it should not continue to help in some other capacity, so she went to the school authorities and got permission to take it home with her, got out a hammer and saw, a few boards and some nails and went to work. Copper from the inside works of the organ furnished neat handles for the drawers. Space was found for everything that goes in a regular kitchen cabinet, even to a rolling board with a "pull out" arrangement. Only a latch was lacking to fasten the doors of the top

of the cabinet, and an investment of ten cents provided this. A can of varnish was then purchased and the outside was brightened up, making the total outlay for this useful price of furniture only thirty-cents.

We were soon on our way home, and we are afraid that this experience in satisfying our interest in what goes on inside of houses that we see by the side of the road has only made our interest keener. We are confidant that this instance of what a woman can do when she sets her head can be multiplied many times in Johnston County. And especially since the County Home agent has been working here.

DUKE, THE MERCHANT.

(Greenville News.)

Almost everything of importance in the life of James B. Duke has been related in the newspapers of the Carolinas, but the biography of that interesting and useful character by John Wilber Jenkins which has been issued by the Doran Press is brimful of interest nevertheless.

There is, for instance, the fact that among other attributes Mr. Duke had the accomplishment of being a great merchant. He has been variously pictured as a manufacturer, organizer, conservationist and water power developer, but the secret of his success also lay largely in his ability to sell his products to the public.

When Mr. Duke was a small cigarette manufacturer in New York, competing with rich corporations, he pruned his personal expenditures in order that he might have enough money to advertise his brands. He fairly startled his competitors with his advertising appropriations. When competition became fiercest and his rivals tried to drive him to the wall, he redoubled his advertising efforts and made them eat out of his hand.

One of the stunts which he turned at that time was the well remembered one of putting the pictures of baseball players in cigarette packages That seems but a short time ago, yet it was in the days when Duke was just beginning to get a toe-hold in the tobacco world. And it helped him to get it.

It is rather difficult to think of Mr. Duke as we knew him in later years, managing giant corporations and developing great water powers, blazing an advertising trail for cigarettes which continues to bring them phenomenal success. But that was one of the salient features of his career. He studied human nature. He found that it responded to intelligent, persistent advertising, and he used printer's ink profusely.

Unlike Rockefeller and Carnegie, his business involved shrewd merchandizing and he proved equal and superior to the necessity. It is a side of his life that has received far too little attention.

NATHAN STRAUS AT 80.

(Birmingham News.)

Like their parents, Nathan Straus and his brothers, Oscar and Isador, used to live not far from the Alabama line. At Columbus, Ga., was their home. They had come to America from Germany—driven out of the Fatherland with Carl Schurz and other leaders of the republican movement there in 1848. Bismarck, little liked their compatriots.

For more than one year after these foreign born Strauses came to Georgia they had a hard time. When the circus came to Talbotton, so little money was in the family that only the oldest, as Nathan liked to relate, could afford to go to the show. When Nathan, boy-like, stuck his head under the tent, some circus hanger-on kicked him in the forehead.

When the dark days of Reconstruction blighted the South, the Strauses moved to New York—exiled from Georgia by the rule of ignorance over intelligence, of corruption over integrity there. At New York, all the sons as well as their father won fortune and no mean fame.

Now Mr. Nathan Straus is 80 years of age. His octogenarian birthday was celebrated on Tuesday last. To him came messages of felicitation from many portions of the earth. Heads of nations were listed among thousands congratulating this rare man, this wise philanthropist. Possibly some circus hanger-on sent a message of congratulation. Who knows.

For years the name — Nathan Straus — has signified wise and humane philanthropy. With the distribution of pure milk to the poor of New York this honored man is identified. On the way home from Europe, one of Mr. Straus's children was stricken and died aboard ship. The cause was adulterated or impure milk. Later a son of his passed untimely, robbed of life by tuberculosis. Out of this dual sorrow may have come the wonderous humaness, the marvelons charitableness of this generous and truly noble American.

In his distribution of goodness and loving-kindnses, neither race nor creed affected his gifts.

What a wealth of significance this fact is invested with to the people of Georgia and Alabama when it is recollected that both the religion and the race of this great American have been hawked at and torn by malevolent spirits here and in Georgia, who affect to protest and exemplify the Christian religion! To these particularly and others generally might by addressed the question: What American now living has illustrated the philosophy of the Nazarene, in all its practical and health-giving aspects, more beautifully than has this former Georgia lad?

Compared to his life of patience and humility, of brotherly love and real service to mankind, how hypocrital and dwadling and contemptible is the propagnda that has been broadcast in Georgia

and Alabama by men whose warped mines and dwarfed souls have dared to impugn his ennobling patriotism, his service to humanity!

The Birmingham News believes that it expresses the sentiment of all Alabamains worthy the name—of all Americans in this State worthy the name—when it records its warm appreciation of Mr, Straus' high service to his country and the world, and hopes for him many, many birthdays and very, very happy ones.

There is no greater pleasure in life than giving. Straus asserted in a statement issued in connection with his birthday. "Give while you live," he advised, "and life becomes truly worth while."

STATE GROWING RAPIDLY.

(Twin-City Sentinel.)

North Carolina is growing at a rate that few people realize. That sounds like publicity propaganda, but it's an established fact. Especially is the western section enjoying unusual growth, and there is no evidence of the "boom" variety of expansion. It's substantial, sane and well-founded growth.

A visit to cities of this section of the States substantiates the claim that North Carolina is going ahead. In practically every town are found evidences of this forward movement. New buildings are going up. No particular type of business is leading in the construction work, but all varieties are represented.

New factories are being built.

New mills are under construction. Almost every town is now watching the erection of office buildings, be they large or small, skyscrapers or only a few stories high. Residences are being built at a rate that almost indicates they are springing out of the ground.

The cities are not alone in this new construction work. A motor trip along the principal highways brings to view many, many new residences in the rural sections. They are modern homes, and are being equipped with the latest conveniences for the confort of those who are to occupy them. They evidence the fact that the rural citizen is coming to appreciate the provisions that have been arranged which will give him, to a great extent, the same comforts enjoyed by those who live in cities.

The true North Carolinian can not but find a new pride and happiness in the fact that he lives in the Old North State. If he should journey for days, a week, or even longer, he would find on almost every hand indications that this State is destined to be one of the South's leaders. Already it is just about up to that position, and its claim to leadership is being strenghthened each day.

A PRAYER FOR SCHOOLS.

In this time of stress and confusion about taxes and about the trend of the times and about the future of our young people, it behooves us to remember that "God is in the heavens" and all may be well with the world if we will pray earnestly the prayer of Dr. Frank Crane. Dr. Crane's wide and deep experience as a minister of the gospel and as a writer that has millions of readers gives weight to his utterances. Let us read his prayer for the schools of our country and see if we can't say "Amen" to the appeal he makes:

"O, God, Thou hast put into our hands the future of the race. We are made coworkers with Thy spirit in creating the world that is to be. Thou hast put every new generation in the lap of the old, that there may be continuity of growth. Awaken us to our responsibility. Stir us up to our own incomparable privilege. Make keen within us the conviction that we have no work more vital to do than to teach. Reveal to us the school as the heart of the world's work. Vast problems press upon us. The world is upturned. The masses seethe in the ferment of untried theories. Yet the way is so simple! It lies through the child. The road to the Golden Ages runs through the schoolhouse. There is no reform, however, farreaching, no establishment of justice, however revolutionary, that might not better be accomplished by patience through the instruction of the children than through the schemes of politics or the violence of war. Arms and disorder, destruction and overturning, are man's way. The school is Thy way. Lay upon the conscience of every teacher the divinity of his employ. Give him the enthusiasm of his opportunity. Show him the beauty, the majesty, of his calling, the marvel of his art, the proper pride of his craftsmanship! Make every parent realize that the best gift in his power for the child is the school! Lay deep in every child's heart an unshakable ambition to learn, to know, to come to mastery. And unfold to us increasingly what education means! Shake from us the ghost grip of the past, the narrowing hold of tradition, while we still preserve what is good. Deepen, broaden, enlarge our conception of the school. Make us glad to spend more for it, as the best of all investments for the security of the world. And show us that there can be no salvation for the race that does not first mean salvation for the child, by striking from his brain the chains of ignorance from his heart the iron rim of superstition, from his hands the curse of the unskilled."

MARRIED TO CIVIL SERVICE

The place of the married woman worker in government service is always a bitterly contested question in Washington, but under the civil service regulations the best grade gets the job, married or single. —New York Evening Post.

A FEBRUARY SNOW HARVEST.

By Beatrice M. Parker.

About the middle of February, or a little earlier if the winter has been severe, the people of Naples gather one of the most curious crops in Southern Europe. This is a crop of snow!

The hot countries of Southern Europe do not have natural ice. Theirs is artificially made when it can be afforded, but the working people as well as the folks of the farms gather their own harvest, snow, as a substitute and use it in summer, for cooling purposes.

On the plains, even in the coolest winter weather, snow never falls and ice very seldom forms; but in the Apennine Mountains there are great quantities of snow, clear, packed hard and easily cut into great blocks.

When the time is right, many families go to camp by the mountainsides to gather this snow. First, the men and boys dig deep wells along the slope bottoms, where there are natural features that give advantages to keepnig this snow. That is, they are dug as near clumps of thick-foliaged trees as possible, or below large boulders whose shade gives protection. Such wells are perhaps eight or ten feet wide, fifteen or twenty feet long and proportionately deep.

The snow is now cut into large blocks carefully taken to the wells and packed in tight. When the well is filled almost to the top the the snow is covered with matting, then with a thick layer of straw and finally with boards held down with large stones to keep them from being blown away. If the same family uses a well year after year, a stone hut is usually built over the snow well, for this gives added protection against melting.

Naples also has its snow business firms, just as we have ice concerns that deliver to all part of the city. The wells they build are very large and are too great to be called "wells;" they are caverns, and Mt. Saint Angelo, which furnishes the greatest snow supply, twelve miles from Naples, is honey-combed with these snow caverns. Here the snow is packed down so hard that in summer, when the blocks must be cut, the workmen cut it out with special tools, making blocks that just fit into boxes carried by mules.

Each section of the city has its snow shop, and by law this must never be closed, for there are many times when snow is needed for prostrations from heat and for other emergencies.

Coffee houses, like our drug stores, sell lemonade, or orangeade which is mixed with snow, and these are served up until four o'clock in the afternoon. Then from that time until midnight iced coffee and ice cream are sold.

The water sellers of the city also use snow, and as drinking water, flavored, is in great demand, they make many sales during the hot days. Their outfit consists of a barrel of water, into which snow is placed for cooling, drinking glasses of every size and description, and a shelf on which rest bottles of flavoring. A plain glass of water costs one-fifth of a cent and the price is doubled if a patron wishes his glass flavored.

These water sellers have their own snow wells, and many of them also carry on snow shops, gaining a profitable living in this way.

YONDER COMES PROF. CRAWFORD.

By Bright W. Padgitt.

"Yonder comes Professor Crawford!"

The snow-white hair, long whiskers, kindly eyes and good deeds of P. F. Crawford, 70-year-old "circuit walker and personal emissary of God" are well known to hundreds of families in the fastness of the mountains of Western North Carolina.

Professor Crawford had his title thrust upon him in early life when he walked from cove to cove in the mountains of Buncombe, Madison, Haywood, Henderson, Rutherford, Catawba and McDowell counties conducting short courses in penmanship in private homes and "school houses."

He was married for 44 years and is the father of 13 children. Although Professor Crawford does not have a "house by the side of the road" today, he is indeed a "friend of man." Forty-five years ago he joined the Missionary Baptist church and took upon himself the duties of a "circuit rider," minus the preaching. Professor Crawford does not preach. Never pretending to be a minister, he nevertheless has ministered to the mountaineers in their homes and assumed the role of the Good Samaritan along the highways, roads and trails of the mountains for more than two score years.

In the early days of his missionary work he was compelled to remain at his home near Weaverville and work his farm to support his large family, but he found time each year to make his rounds at least once. He has organized community Sunday schools and prayer meetings and has kept up his "personal work" for 45 years, but for the past seven years, following the death of his wife, he has continued his work each day of the year, visiting his children from time to time to replenish his wardrobe and recuperate for his next long tour among his mountain friends.

Professor Crawford has no money asks none and earns little, but he is a firm believer in the faith that the Lord takes care of His own. Just to go about doing good is all that he asks of life and he finds it remunerative in ways outside the ken of cash. Such mountain centers and communities as Caney Fork, Shole Hill, Payne's Chapel, Forks of Big Pine, Lower Pine Victor Flint Hill, Grand View, Piney Grove, Gabriel's Creek and Forks of Ivey know him well.

This disciple of sympathy and good will knows personally the majority of the mountain residents of a dozen counties. He not only knows them, but was a friend of their fathers and grandfathers in many instances. He is one of the few remaining characters of his kind in the mountains. Kindhearted, congenial and a striking figure, he is ever welcome and is always easily recognized by mountain families while still a long distance down the trail.

Although Professor Crawford would not say anything adverse to the mass production of Christians as turned out by the big mills of the professional evangelists, he prefers to go about from home to home and from mountain peak to valley, doing kindly turns along the way. He attends the mountain revivals, he admits, but his mission there is to lend the "personal touch" and the "human appeal."

Since the advent of the automobile and the extensive highway system of North Carolina, Prefossor Crawford has extended his "personal pastorate." He now has considerable success "hitch-hiking" along the principal highways, but the asphalt has served only to send him farther and farther back into the hills on foot. The by-way calls this patriarch and he loves to tell of his religious experiences. He loves the proverbs, the allegories and the dignity of Biblical speech, and there is no platitude or religious motto too trite to to fail to warm his heart as he relates them with reverence.

Tramping the hills for 45 years has endowed this kindly soul with a wealth of information. The rapid progress of the present age somewhat startles him at times he admits, but it can never change his habits nor his simple philosophy of life and death. He is a Mason, an Odd Fellow and belongs to the Junior Order of United American Mechanics

The Professor is now visiting his children in Buncombe county and making short visits to Asheville, but he will soon make another trip into the mountains to hold prayer for the sick, assist needy families in small ways and possibly help bring a new life into the world or conduct a service for one that has "passed on"

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Not always is a valentine
  Composed of fancy paper
With buds and birds and clever words,
  And cupids all a-caper.

Sometimes it's just a line to tell
  How one friend loves another well,
How one heart hopes the year may bless
  Another heart with happiness.

O birds and darts and sugar hearts
  Are very gay and fine,
But often just a faithful word
  Will make a valentine.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. Carriker and a number of carpenter shop boys have been working at the receiving cottage lately.

Miss Hartsell, one of our matrons, is now back on the job after on absence of about a week on account of sickness.

Next Tuesday, Feb. 14, is Saint Valentine's Day. Some of the boys have already received their valentines, and others are expecting one.

The boys of the work force have been cutting wood lately. From the looks of the wood-pile, they have been working pretty hard.

Thursday of last week several porkers were killed. All the boys and officers received plenty of fresh meat and sausage.

The shoe shop boys are still on the job. Every morning you can hear them pounding away with all their might, which indicates that they are not loafing.

Mr. Lisk and a number of boys have been seen working around the incubators lately. We don't know whether the eggs have started hatching yet, or just getting ready for it. Anyway, we wish him luck.

On account of rainy weather the boys went to the cottages the first part of this week. Some of them cleaned up inside, such as washing windows, while others engaged themselves in reading and playing games.

Last Tuesday Mr. Johnson straightened up in his school room and found some old school books which are not in use. He sent two English books and two Histories to each cottage for the boys who wish to increase their knowledge. We hope that most of the boys will make use of this opportunity.

The boys made their regular trip to the ball ground last Saturday. Before the command "Fall out!" was given, they were given peanuts. Each boy received a large cupful. The large boys played baseball and football, while the smaller boys amused themselves at marbles and other various games.

"Jesus Misunderstood and Opposed," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson.Between the time of our last lesson and this, Jesus had chosen His Twelve Apostles. On one of the Galilean mountains he appointed them as His helpers. When they came down, they found a large number awaiting him. Later, He went to Nazareth, His old home, where even His own people opposed Him. No doubt He was greatly disappointed, but He appeared to have met all opposition in a spirit of courage, patience and good nature. The golden text was: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."—John 1:11, 12.

LITTLE STORIES OF COMMON WORDS.

By J. Edmound Brewton.

Once upon a time much of the land of England was forest. And then instead of the Saxon's money being coin in the banks, it was pigs in the pigsties. Indeed, as described in Scott's "Ivanhoe," the Saxon's chief wealth consisted of pigs.

Naturally, this being true, the Saxon was as careful and as anxious about his pigs as we are about our money today. In the day the pigs were watched over in the forests; and at nightfall they were brought home and penned in their sties. In order that robbers might not come and steal the pigs at night a man was appointed to keep watch and ward over the pig sties. This man who was the watcher of the Saxon's wealth, or pigs, was given the name *stig-weard*, from *stigo*, a sty, and *weard*, a ward.

And when we needed a word to mean one who manages the household affairs and expenditures of another, or one who controls financial affairs, as the steward of a church, we took the word *stig-weard* and made our word steward.

Therefore, we can easily see that the meaning of the word has not been greatly changed, but that it is merely the form of wealth that has changed. In fact, our word steward means in its broadest sense one who looks after another's entire possessions, or wealth.

It is also, in passing, an interesting observation that even pigs have influenced our language and caused us to have a very dignified word. And it might be added, incidentally that our language by just such little incidents in our everyday life is made more vital and human. The history of words is the history of the world, of its everyday affairs and customs, of its progress.

IF I KNEW.

If I knew that a word of mine,
  A word not kind and true,
Might leave its trace on a loved one's face,
  I'd never speak harshly, would you?

If I knew that the light of a smile
  Might linger the whole day through
And brighten some heart with a heavier part
  I wouldn't withhold it, would you?

—The Front Rank.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21 P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12 A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23 A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09 P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15 A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45 A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp364

THE UPLIFT

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AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

There is no alchemy whereby golden conduct can be gotten out of leaden instincts.—Herbert Spencer.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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KEEP AMERICA AMERICAN.

Making America a better place to live in is keeping America American. There is a brave adventure for every one of us in trying to put that over to the best of our several abilities. It is a big order—but there's not one of us so poor in imagination, so lacking in initiative, so wanting in observation that we haven't had ideas and worth-while ideas that would profit and improve our communities. You can think even in this fleeting moment of some way to make your city a better home for your children and your neighbor's children. Tie to it, stay with it, fight for it, see it through —and you have done as much for America as any American can ever do for his country. No man deserves the name American who is not giving America more than he receives.—Hanford Macnider in World's Word.

OUR NEW SECRETARY OF STATE.

Hon. James A. Hartness, of Statesville, has been selected by Governor McLean for the position of Secretary of State, succeeding the late Secretary Everett. This selection, though the governor had fine material among the applicants to make a selection, is the happiest, wisest and most business-like.

Mr. Hartness is a Christian gentleman, of a judicious temperament, high character, capable and, in short, is, from the standpoint of public service, himself a patriot. The Uplift adheres strongly to the belief that, when qualifications are in evidence, the faithful and friendly servants should be honored when honoring time arrives. The Governor has shown, as it is

his custom and record, in the appointment of Mr. Hartness to the important position of Secretary of State a high sense of public duty.

Mr. Hartness fills out the unexpired term of the late Secretary. His friends and admirers in the state will wish and do wish him a fine and successful voyage at the coming primary and election. There are thousands of North Carolinians, rejoicing over the elevation of this Iredell county man, have already voted for his future success.

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THIS NATION OF OURS.

There are many fine things pulled off in the various Woman's Clubs that the public are not cognizant of. Only the stunts and startling things done by the extreme lovers of notoriety come out in the open. They thrive and wax strong for a while, but often when the wire edge wears off, they (the theories and the stunts) wither and perish.

The other day, by accident, The Uplift ran across a paper read some years ago by a lady before a local woman's club. It is interesting, combining history, observation and prophecy. It is a little lengthy, but who could handle a great subject like the American Nation satisfactorily in a shorter space. We make believe our readers, as we were, will enjoy reading this woman's historical contribution as it seemed accurate and worthy as she saw it at the time.

It may smart some a little. You know there are two kinds of aristocrats; one kind, the real ones; the other kind are those that think or make believe they are aristocrats. If aristocracy lies in things early and of long life, then the lowly Indian has all of us aristocrats outstripped. The ancestors of some of the ablest and most noted people of our country arrived in this country by steerage passage; some of our ancestors, arriving with pomp and pride, petered out. It is ever thus in a democratic government and a glorious atmosphere such as America truly possesses, guarantees the survival of the fit.

America, however she arrived, is today the result of the services of a great melting pot. We are 100% proud of her record—may she continue in the future to reflect the sacrifices and the efforts of our fathers, who came from the four quarters of the globe to build a new and proud nation.

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MISS BEATRICE COBB.

By way of The Sunday Citizen Magazine, we run across a story about the achievements of Miss Beatrice Cobb, editress of the Morganton News-Herald.

It was written by Miss Virginia Terrell, herself a considerable of a newspaper genius.

The Uplift made an effort to secure a picture of the subject of this entertaining article, but without avail. We find a happiness in giving publicity to stories in which success in any worthy calling is scored. It is doubly a joy to pass along this story because it is of a woman. Some of the Doubting Thomases among us have allowed themselves to believe that woman does not shine in business endeavors. The great achievement of Miss Cobb knocks this idea into smithereens.

She has made a great county paper of The Herald and made of it a financial success. Miss Cobb is progressive and sees in the future just as far as a smart man can do—so away with the idea that woman has nothing to do but look pretty and get married. For years Miss Cobb has been the capable and efficient secretary and treasurer of the North Carolina Press Association.

And, this is not all: just this week, Governor McLean, recognizing her ability and her love of research, has appointed Miss Cobb a member of the North Carolina Historical Commission. Now Ben Dixon MacNeill, a virile member of that distinguished organization, must be good.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HOOVER.

Coming events cast their shadows before them. Secretary of Commerce Hebert Hoover has formally thrown his hat in the ring, seeking the Republican nomination for the presidency. His announcement is short.

He says he favors the objectives of President Coolidge's policies. Mr. Coolidge, upon ascending the presidential throne, informed the public that he would continue the objectives of the Harding policies.

Some years ago, when Mr. Hoover wound up a rather successful career in the time of the great World War, the late Governor Bickett of North Carolina staked his political and historical wisdom in pressing this man's nomination by the Democratic party—but it didn't.

What are the "objectives?" This for future revelation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

TELEPHONE MANNERS.

The editor's home is out in the rural sticks. Fine living, it is; but being on a party telephone line offers many difficulties. We are convinced of the necessity of the writing and publication of a "Conversation-over-the-Telephone-Etiquette." If need be a law should be passed.

This morning we had occasion to get into a hurried touch with a doctor

and a preacher. The Phone was declared "Busy;" and it sure was. The holder was telling a long line of family history and doings. Had the occasion for getting on the line not been urgent, the story being pulled off would have been gloriously entertaining.

She told her friend what time she arose; what she had for breakfast; I'm going to have turnip greens, hog jowl and cabbage for dinner; the baby was sick last night and what she gave it and what the effect this morning proved to be; she told that her husband came in last night, practically sober—he's improving along that line; she asked what her friend did last night and what she proposed to do this afternoon; she told her friend also that it being clear she intended to observe "wash day" and how she did dread the work; and other subjects engaged the conversationalists. The foregoing subjects, of course, were thoroughly amplified by the woman, taking up at this junction just 23 minutes, actual timing. (Right here we tried to get in on the line again) The answere came back, "Busy."

She was telling what a certain neighbor said about another neighbor and remarked "isn't it too bad"—we thought so; and took to our little flivver and drove for the doctor and the preacher.

That woman certainly enjoys her telephone and could not possibly do without it. But a law should be passed, indicating "how to use a telephone."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

There has been created a vacancy in the office of Clerk of Court of Iredell county, by virtue of Mr. Hartness, resigning. This opens up a little campaign near home. Our Judge John M. Oglesby will have the privilege and duty of naming some one to fill this vacancy. If there is a scramble, as is usual in cases of this kind, the Judge may not relish the job; but let alone, Iredell county will be well taken care of in this appointment.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Anxiety, ambition and the spirit of self-promotion sometimes create a sickening scene. Good taste and a recognition of the sadness of any event would make possible the burial of an office-holder, upon death, before the storming of the appointing powers begins. But, after all, politicians like other humans wanting something for themselves, see but one objective.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

(Wall Street Journal.)

Scientists estimate that a total of about 45,000 thunder storms occur every day on the earth. Java has no less than 223 thunder storms in an average year, while the North and South poles, it is believed, have but one such storm in every ten years. In America they are least frequent along the Pacific coast, with an average of but one per annum, and they are most frequent in States bordering the Gulf of Mexico, where more than 100 occur annually.

That famous instution, the British Museum, had its origin in the gift of Sir Hans Sloane, a noted physician and naturalist, who died 175 years ago. He provided in his will that his famous museum should be given to the public on condition that $100,000 should be paid to his family, and as this figure was far from being equal to the more intrinsic value of the gold and silver medals, ores, coins and precious stones, which had cost Sir Hans about $250,000. Parliament was prompt to grasp the offer.

The lowest natural air temperature ever recorded near the earth's surface is 90 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. This extremely low temperature occurred February 5 and 7, 1892 at Verkhoyansk, Siberia, about 200 miles inland from the mouth of the Lena River. Due to the great land masses of the northern hemisphere, especially that of Eurasia, this northern pole of cold is far from the North Pole. This region is supposed to be colder in January than the North Pole itself. It has has the lowest mean annual temperatore of any place in which trustworthy temperature records have been kept.

Aluminum has changed from a rare metal to the most common material for cooking untesils in a few years, but it has barely started to play a part in our lives. Lindbergh uses an aluminum propeller. The giant navy dirigibles are made of aluminum. The railroads are finding aluminum a metal which promises great savings in operating costs. The Chicago & Northwestern Railroad is building 150 passenger cars which are made largely of aluminum. An alloy of the white metal has been discovered which is as strong as steel but steel is 2.9 times as heavy. In each of these new cars a saving of 7,000 pounds in weight is made. This does not sound impressive until one realizes that this difference in weight is the equivalent of 45 extra passengers who would have to be hauled over every mile the car traveled for its entire life. Such a saving means something. Illinois Central Rail road is also building aluminum cars and motor busses throughout the country are appearing with more and more aluminum in their construction. Experiments have been made which prove that an automobile, made all of aluminum except the springs and a few other parts, is entirely practical and may be the care of the future.

MISS BEATRICE COBB.

By Virginia Terrell.

"Can you tell me where I can find Miss Cobb? Miss Beatrice Cobb, the lady that gives away railroad tickets?"

That's one way Miss Beatrice Cobb, pioneer newspaper publisher and "editoress," is known in North Carolina. The fact is, that in Burke county where for twelve years she has been publisher, editor, business manager, reporter, society editor, and at times pressman and typesetter of the Morganton News-Herald. Miss Cobb is known first as a person and then as a newspaper woman. Beyond the boundaries of the county where she has become an institution for service, she is known as one of the pioneer women newspaper publishers of the south, and is yet one of the very few.

The little negro boy whom Miss Cobb found in a dry goods box back of her newspaper office one night, and whom she clothed and fed and got into the state reformatory for negro boys, knows her in one way; the Burke county man who needed a new glass eye, and left it to her discretion to select because he didn't have time to leave his threshing, knows her in another; that old employe of her father's who departed in indignation when she took over the business because he wasn't going to be "bossed by a petticoat in the office" knows her in still another; and last but not least, the business men with whom she comes in contact know her an one of the finest business women in North Carolina.

A pioneer in the feminine field of publishing in North Carolina Miss Cobb has brought the News-Herald to the front among county weeklies, combining it successfully with a job printing office, and twice since taking over the paper and printing office has moved into larger quarters.

It was five or six years ago that Miss Cobb took one of her most drastic steps in the field of journalism for women. Moving into her newest building she planted flowers in front of it, and opened up her office to the sunlight, discarding the tradition that a newspaper office must be constitutionally dark and dirty. Now desks were installed, flowers were arranged in bowls and vases, and a visitor, upon entering the office knew first of all that he was in the office of a woman, and yet—in a newspaper office! She became not only a pioneer as a woman in the publishing field, but she became a pioneer in the modernization of journalism. She has proved that a woman can take what was at one time considered a man's job, and still remain a woman.

Peculiarly enough Miss Cobb was decreed a missionary. Attending a private school in Morganton she was considered by her teacher a perfect type for the foreign field, and upon her graduation from the Asheville Normal he telegraphed her his congratulations with an added "How fortunate is the Methodist church in securing a missionary of your type!"

While she had no intention of becoming a missionary, Miss Cobb has felt that the challenge which her teacher gave her at that time had to be answered and if she could not go

into the foreign field she could give service in the one she did enter. That she has given service has been proved in more ways than that she has been for several successive years secretary of the North Carolina Press Association; a member of the board of trustees of the State School for the Blind; has a definite place in the activities of the State Federation of Women's Clubs; has sponsored every social welfare movement possible in her community; and has at the same time made a noticeable contribution in the field of journalism for women.

Becoming a newspaper woman was the last thought that ever came into her mind until the townspeople of Morganton, in a written petition, requested that she carry on the work her father left at his death, and expressed their confidence in her ability She had been teaching school until her father's health gave way, and since he was at that time owner and editor of the News-Herald, she began assisting him in his work, going to the newspaper office early in the morning, putting in several hours of work, teaching a whole day at school and returning to the office again in the afternoon and night—managing the office and yet taking no credit for it because her father, of the old school, did not consider a newspaper office any place for a woman!

The oldest of six girls, the responsibility of seeing the business through his illness fell on her shoulders and it was then, when she was trying to introduce modern business methods into a newspaper office of the old school, that the old employe left, declaring that "it's bad enough to be bossed by petticoats at home, I'll be dag-goned if I'm gonna be bossed by a petticoat in the office." But it is notable that the man returned later and asked for his job.

Two of the printers who worked with Miss Cobb's father, are still in the business, and apparently have not objection to being bossed by a petticoat. One has been there for twenty-seven years and another for twenty.

The Cobbs have been so closely associated with the newspaper life of Burke county that it is difficult to separate them. If heredity has anything to do with it, then Miss Cobb came by it naturally. Her father, Theodore Cobb, went into it at the age of eleven as a printer's devil. Later he and his father took over the old Morganton Star, he as editor at the age of seventeen, and his father as business manager.

After a few years Morganton had its famous boom. It seems that most towns have them at one time or another and Morganton got over its attack a little earlier than some of the other Western North Carolina towns. A land company was organized and a larger paper formed. The Morganton Herald came into existence and Mr. Cobb became foreman. But like many other booms the Morganton one was short lived, and Mr. Cobb had foresight enough to pull out and start another paper, the Burke County News, which was flourishing when the boom failed. He rescued the sinking Herald and combining the two, becoming publisher and editor of the Morganton News-Herald in 1901.

Until 1916 he continued in this capacity, and after an illness of several month died the week before North Carolina's famous flood.

Here was where fate entered in and made the school teacher daughter in-

to a pioneer newspaper publisher. Miss Cobb was making arrangements to sell the paper immediately after her father's death when the signed petition came a day or so after the funeral, and about the time of its arrival Morganton found itself completely cut off from the rest of the world by the flood. Realizing the importance of news, Miss Cobb began the publication of a small daily paper, almost a toy in size, but it gave to the people of Morganton the bits of news from the outside world as they crept in by telephone or brought in by the few people who managed to travel. For the first time in its history, and under the hand of a woman, the News-Herald was a daily for seven days.

From then on there was no doubt that Miss Beatrice Cobb would continue the paper herself. She introduced new business methods, introduced the novel idea of cash in advance for newspaper subscription, and built up her paper from a circulation of about a thousand to 2500. She became known as a good newspaperwoman as well as a good business woman and soon had quite a news bureau built up for correspondence for other papers.

It was on the way to the post office one morning that she took particular note of a new building going up across the way.

"I'd like to put the News-Herald in that building," she thought to herself, and no sooner did she have the thought than it became mother to the deed, or whatever the literary turn is in that connection. Within half an hour the building was in her name.

Most of her business is conducted with the same rapidity.

"If I sleep over a matter I'm likely to change my mind," she said. And yet, keen business sense protects her from the danger of acting first and thinking afterward which is traditionally a failing of the gentler sex.

It was not much later that she moved into still another building in the same manner and became owner of the present plant, buying the buildings and buying out her five sisters' interest in the newspaper and printing plant at the same time.

And yet, as has been said, Miss Cobb is known first as a woman in Burke county. There's the man and his glass eye, for instance. For years he had gone about with only one eye, Finally Miss Cobb persuaded him to let her order him a glass eye. She did, asking for an assortment of gray and blue samples.

When they arrived Miss Cobb sent word for him to come to the office to match the eyes, but he sent back the word:

"I'm busy with my threshing right now, Miss Beatrice, but any eye you choose will be all right with me!"

That for confidence! And there are several Burke county children receiving their education through her kindness and interest. There are crippled children walking today because she interested herself in their cases. There are state institutions wiser for her guidance. And withal, the newspaper profession has been opened a little bit wider to the common wimmen folks.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.—Joubert.

THE COMPOSITE AMERICAN NATION.

Whatever may have been the beginning and whatever may be the end of the Indian as a part of the human race in this country, our country must be judged, seen, viewed and rated by and through the activities of other races of men.

We sometimes call our country America; sometimes we speak of her as the land of Columbia. It is, after all, the United States of America; for the broad domain north of us and the great strip to the south of us, each joining in geographically to form the American continent, are no akin whatever to the problems and the peoples at home in that territory which we are pleased to call, hurriedly, America.

In approaching this interesting subject, let us keep history straight. Permit me to make the statement right here that the United States was not and did not become a "nation" until the culmination of that awful tragedy which ended at Appomattox in April 1865. Prior to that time, this country was, in truth and fact, just a "union." When this country had given the old country a very worthy and much needed spanking, England, in her throwing up the sponge, declared her recognition of the freedom and independence of the thirteen colonies, calling them one by one by her true name. From that time to the time when the issue of the War Between the States was decided, it was understood unquestionably that the several states of that union had certain rights which the government of the Union could not control or abridge, and one of these rights was the right to secede. More than once had a state north of what is now known as Mason's and Dixon's line threatened to secede if such and such legislation contemplated prevailed. This right was not then denied; and the powers tempered their action to appease the wrath of the threatening state. But whatever may be our individual views as to the soundness of the contention that the right to secede belonged to the states, it is now an accomplished fact, forever settled by the fearful struggle of '61-'65, that this country is an inseparable union, whose government and power make of her to-day and forever a Nation, whose integrity and glory command the respect of the whole world.

This country, then, is a nation; and this country is the American nation; America, by the right of superiority, in achievements and vision, over all other countries who occupy space on the map of North America. Indeed She stands out bold and conspicuous as the American even when considered in connection with the entire western continent.

But is the American nation a composite nation? The Indian does not count—he has gone with the forests, the wild animals and the jungles as they appeared at the time of the early settlements. Just a few hundred years ago the white face of civilization was a timid stranger on these shores; undiscovered vast acres of plains, hills and mountains bearing in their bosom inexhaustible riches; and across this broad expanse not one touch of civilization had been accomplished. The story of the discovery of this land went like wildfire througout the world and it was

received with great joy and excitement, looming up as an asylum for the weary and the daring of the old country. No one had the master voice. It was an open asylum. The race was for the daring, the swift, the bold, the restless, the down-trodden, even the accused fleeing justice or trial, all seeking a personal betterment. Later, when the story of a new country had been established, expeditions, one after another, from the old countries came, and in their loyalty they set up their claims on the shores under the flag of their own countries.

Isn't the thought staggering to contemplate the one hundred and ten millions of souls here to-day, when just three hundred years ago the entire white population of this country could be counted on the fingers of one's hands. Isn't it marvelous to view the complete evolution that has been accomplished by the ambitious hand of the white man. The cities, the industrial plants, the canals the monuments, the farms, the stock, the commerce, the institutions, all, attest the great activity and the wonderful ambition and the faith of civilization in action.

The steel rails wind themselves around this country, like so many ribbons spread out through distances, bringing peoples together. These railroads, in their determination and daring, stop for no chasms and hesitate at no mountains, building up towns here and enlarging others, making possible every conceivable enterprise, and brings together in easy and quick communication the more than one hundred millions of people. The whole face of the earth has been marvelously changed and adapted to the purposes of man, and the continuous developments still going on merely attest the power, the genius and the ambition of the American.

Stupendous have been the strides that characterize the activities that have completely revolutionized what we call America. These great strides have not been confined to the material side alone—that daring that recognizes no insurmountable difficulty in the environment of a democracy was not content with material things, but has touched every phase of American life and conduct. Older than this country, Mexico is but a few degrees removed from a state of savagery; equally as old as America, the vast domain to the north of us remains practically undeveloped; and the great Southern half of the Western Continent, immensely rich in soils, vegetation, minerals and unbounded in its possibilities, makes a poor show in achievements when compared with the land of Columbia. And why all these differences?

Since active and well-directed immigration schemes began in the period after this country was thrown open and the world had learned of the possibilities here, there have come to these shores representatives of more countries than the best informed us could possibly enumerate without careful reliance upon records dealing with such statistics. We of the South are accustomed to think of mankind as simply white and black; and not until recent years have we been brought, face to face, to some finer distinctions or closer classification of the white race; but our bretheren of the North have had with them the study of faces and nationalities for a long while. There are some cities in the northern part

of our country, whose population show a larger per centage of foreign than native born peoples.

To gratify a curiosity and to satisfy an inquiry incident to a consideration of my subject, I have taken the time to ascertain just how many nationalities or different tongues have entered into the great melting pot set up by America when she began business on these shores. I do not mean a family or two of a nationality; or even a boat-load or two. I mean to say that twenty-one different tongues or nationalities of unquestioned Caucasian blood, each in immense numbers, have been thrown into the great melting pot from which this country has been largely peopled. The first generation made a blundering effort to speak our language, but his child scarcely displayed a brogue, the grand-child had the marks and the speech of a typical American. This process went on, and the time is inconceivably short in which thousands lost all suggestions of foreign habit. foreign tone, coming out of the melting pot a new person and taking his place in the affairs of the country.

After some years these twenty-odd different tongues have become, by the wonderful and benevolent government under which we live and by an environment of opportunities and favor, a distinct representative type of the business and civil life of America. Having lost the suggestion of the foreign, by the process of elimination, growth, development, education, environment, marriage, business associations, lodge fellowship and lively interest in the new country, this product of the great melting pot has come out to be and is, with their descendants, what we call Americans. In this analysis, I have not permitted the Chinaman, who has come in large numbers to our shores to enter into the equation; neither has the Japanese been included, nor the Turk, nor the Syrian. Scattered over this country are many reprentatives of the Balkan states and other nationalities, who have up to this time played no part of consequence in the activities of America making.

And, of course, the African or the American negro is not included, because the white person that would permit a melting process with the negro is beyond the salvation of society, and conld never become a nation builder, for he has forgotten a distinction, which the God of creation threw into the equation when the world was peopled, and he foolishly attempts to change an immulate law of nature. Such a character never had an American spirit, and is incapable of the American vision.

I am aware that there are those who, for the want of a better reason and for the lack of a more forceful recommendation of themselves, and with the slightest provocation, announce that through their veins runs a pure strain of a certain foreign blood, or that they come direct and alone from a certain nationality. This, in the light of the accomplishments of the great American melting pot is more an acknowledgement of a weakness rather than the establishment of a peculiar superiority. It marks a slow process of finding one's way into the great democratic whole which has transformed this country from an idle wilderness into the grandest and most glorious among the nations of the earth, and fixed the qualifications for a typical American. The hyphenation of a people, in this cen-

tury, has become a back number; and full Americanization of everybody and everything should be the vision.

Three hundred years is but a short time in the building of a nation, when much of that time was expanded in the throwing off the yoke and the effects of monarchy and eradicating the ways and peculiarities following from the mother country, and finally in that short time setting up a standard of action and conduct, which in themselves became expressions of justice and honor, the very back-bone of the government here set up "of the people, for the people and by the people." The story of how all this was accomplished, efficiently and, let us believe, for ever more, in so short a time, is the most thrilling of all ages. Three hundred years ago, perhaps not one of the ancestor of this presence, I feel warranted in saying, could have been found amongst those daring new-comers. The numerical strength of the Colonial Dames in this country definitely points to the very small number in the entire country who may justly lay any claim to a part and parcel in those events which followed the period when the Indian began to move westward. Again, the very small number who make up the rolls of the Daughters of the American Revolution—a more recent event—if further evidence of the very few now living that played any part when this country threw off the English yoke and set herself up in business of her own. I believe this an infallible proof. It is said that every agency imaginable has ben invoked by hundreds and thousands without success to ferret out, to trace or to discover some small reason why such and such a one should be entilted to membership in the D. A. R. Lawyers, who make a specialty of this kind of business, for a personal living, and who daily prosecute researches in the Congressional Library and delve among ancient records—and this has been going on for years—have about completed their tasks. This distinguished body has reached its high-water mark.

The amalgamation of purposes and efforts in this country was more marked among the several nationalities when fighting for freedom than was the amalgamation of the races of men in marrigae; but as time went on, imaginary or real obstacles to this amalgamation gradually disappeared and the frequent union of bloods obtained and this becoming general has resulted, under the blessings of a democracy, in the very finest type of Americanism.

We do no violence, therefore, to the great outstanding facts in the history of this country and to the benevolence and character of her government, when we make note of the fact that very few of those doing a great and wonderful service in commercial, industrial and civic activities of this country find little time or interest for the construction of a family tree; and few of them have more than hazy knowledge of their forebears, whether they came to this country as steerage passengers or traveled in private yachts The dynamic force that puts America entirely alone in a class by herself, puts her at the forefront and keeps her there, is the free and unconscious inhaling of that American ozone of freedom of the highest order and opportunities unhampered, which speaks and acts in TO-DAYS not YESTER-

DAYS—the Now, Not the Past.

Thue far we have been interested alone in the material side of the great records made in this country. If we have interpreted the divine writings aright that whatever our temporal glories as a nation may be, there rests upon us as individuals and collectively an obligation, a heavier-inspired duty, to render a service which deals not with passing things, however fascinating and important, but with things spiritual, matters eternal. Whatever may be our estimate of its wisdom, the farmers of our constitution provided that each individual shall have the right to worship God in the manner he sees fit. To this end the effort to fasten upon the country or upon cerain sections of it what was termed a "state church" was prevented or stopped. The state and the church were to be forever separate. It is comforting, however, to those of us who ahere to the Christian religion, to know and feel that our government constitutionally and otherwise gives a salutary recognition to the true God as expressed in the various forms of oaths; and encourages, in its police laws, certain effort toward correct, moral living. But the government does not dictate what direction this worship shall take. In this there is a freedom, that at times, seems abused. We are not entirely free from a fear that some day we may feel that too much liberality has been given to certain cults and isms. Just where the existence and growth of the Mormon Church in America can be a permanent benefit, not to declare it a menace, does not appear. There are, also, other so-called religious organizations or propaganda that to an orthordox Christian appear questionable; and the growth of the Christian Science followers—the crowning accomplishment of superstition—is disturbing.

With the flood gates wide open to immigration in the past, the great American melting pot has made a wonderful record. No real injury has occnrred to American ideals thus far and the industrial and commercial activities seem to have asorbed this rapid growth; but, in all candor, has the organized Christian Church kept pace? Statistics say not. In all ages the material has had the advantage of the spiritual—it will be ever thus.

Now that the great world war seems to have spent its fury, the horror of devastation, wreckage, debt and broken homes become of common knowledge, and the true condition of a sin-cursed world is revealed in all of its nakedness, let us hope and pray that Christ may enter more largely into the lives and hearts of those in control of the destinies of nations to the end that order may be restored throughout the world and especially in our own country, for which we are directly responsible. Just last week, at the detention island off the harbor of New York, more than seven thousand foreigners were knocking for admission to our shores; some had been passed, others were detained for further examination. This is just a beginning. Are you not afraid that these folks may be inoculated with a serum from the sin-torn regions beyond the seas that may unfit them for American institutions and ideals to-day? Generous America was forced to exercise her right recently—one of the few times in her history—in sending away by ship a throng of people, whose views and

lives failed to fit into our institutions. And can a larger problem which confronts us and which must necessarily increase, as we approach more normal financial conditions, be handled unless the government becomes more exacting, and, above all, the Christian Church arouses itself from a satisfaction of simply living rather than striving for an active growth and following a purpose to church a larger per centage of those already of us, and follow anxiously after those yet to come among us? I am not a pessimist, never have been, and yet the fortunes of war so attended my youth that I marvel at a capacity to see on every occasion the silver lining of every cloud. But I know from history the everlasting truth that no nation can live and prosper without God. This is the warning for us. One hundred and ten millions of souls and less than a quarter of them acknowledging the Christ, and the per centage of Christians decreasing as the population grows, proclaims a warning and a call to duty and to action. One of the leading and most active denominations sustained, last year, a numerical loss in membership of over 60,000; and the increases in other Christian denominations were disappointing, not even equalling the natural increase. One Chrsitian church gets nowhere by simply growing at the expense of the loss of membership in another Christian body. The price is too high. It injures the cause of Christianity in the sight of the world. Proselyting is not religion and is not Christianity.

The Christian church has resting upon it to-day, in our country, a gigantic task. Eighty per cent of our population, or 88,000,000 souls, outside of the Christian church is appalling. We have no reason to feel a security by a blind thought that we here in our own community are not as the rest of the country. Why, less than 20 per cent of our population are churched; and what seems most staggering, in looking at the situation unselfishly and candidly, less than 10 per cent constitute a church attendance. If the 80 per cent of our population are to be churched, and the 90 per cent non-church attending members are to be brought to a serious performance of their duty, not from fear, but from a love of "going into the house of the Lord," then the clergy and the active layety must go out with the message of the Savior and arouse their careless members, and with them seek untiringly, day in and day out, the unchurched hosts among us. A task? A serious responsibility? Yes, and if you multiply the prosposition at our home by 100,000, you will have a slight knowledge of the size and importance of the great work that confronts the Christian Church in the United States. It sounds hard, but do you believe the church—and when we say church, we mean the entire membership and not simply the clergy—has met its obligation and accepted the opportunity for service among the unchurched amongst us earnestly, seriously and efficiently as the Christ, whom we profess, would have us to do? It is a sad commentary upon our activity that in many of our cities we have earnestly at work organizations, headed by missionaries from what we regard heathen countries, anti-Christ organizations, anti-God organizations, preaching the propaganda of their religious beliefs amongst real Ameri-

cans and—sad to tell—the converts they are making in many of the cities puts to shame our inactivity.

No organization under heaven should be able to cope with the Christian Churh in action. Behind it is the power of Almighty God; its corner stone, His Son, the Christ whose life of service and sacrifice, his messages and his promises, these be an armor sufficient to sustain every active, sincere Christian who faithfully lives up to his opportunities for service. Behind the Church is God; behind all others is man.

In the wisdom of Almighty God, this country has been permitted to prosper materially and to grow mightily; around it has been thrown the supremest of blessings; made it a haven of safety for the oppressed of the earth; opened up the gates to hosts of unchurched immigration; assembled them here. I sometimes believe that there is a deep-laid purpose in all this. Who knows but that God has brought these unchurched peoples to our shores—the duty brought to us— rather than our going to them, that we might the better show the examples of a Christian life and to preach to them the everlasting truths of the Bible and tell them the beautiful story or that great love that gave to the world his only son, who, by his sacrifice, purchased for every one the possibility. It is not the only time that God has caused to be moved hosts of people.

America is a nation, the greatest on earth. America is the American nation. America is a Composite Nation; the greatest of its kind on earth and in all the world's history —no other country under heaven has a citizenship that approximates the wholesale amalgamation of races as is exhibited here.

America—her record is grand and glorious. If this shall be the story at the end of the next hundred years. the Christian Church, I am constrained to believe, must be up and doing.

ROSENWALD SCHOOLS.

Through the aid of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, there has been a total of 652 schools and teachers' homes for negroes built in North Carolina during the last ten years, W. F. Credle, State director of the Rosenwald Fund, reports.

These schools and teacherages, 80 of which were erected during 1926 and 1927, cost $3,394,049. The cost of the grounds upon which the schools are located is included in this total.

These buildings have a pupil capacity of 82,305 and a teacher capacity of 1,829.

In the erection of these buildings the Rosenwald Fund contributed $529,436; the public $2,226,737; whites, $68,615; and the negroes $569,261. The Rosenwald Fund contributes only when the whites, negroes and the public school fund co-operate.—Marion Progress.

A YEAR OF LINDBERGH.

(New York Times.)

One year ago today The Associated Press sent the following dispatch to its members:

A St. Louis-to-Paris airplane flight for the $25,000 Orteig prize is under contemplation by Captain Charles A. Lindbergh, chief pilot on the St. Louis-Chicago air mail route and flight commander in the 110th Observation Squadron, Missouri National Guard, it was learned today.

While other pilots on the transatlantic flights have taken along at least one assistant, Captain Lindbergh proposes to go alone, using a small plane. The flight to New York, the first leg of the journey, would be made in one day. The second leg of the trip 3,200 miles from New York to Paris, Lindbergh believes he can make in 32 hours.

Two months passed, and Lindbergh was forgotten in the interest that centered around others apparently better prepared for a translantic flight. It was not until May 10 that he "took off" from San Diego to fly to New York by way of St. Louis. Still he was not feared as a competitor . Such a flight without experience in navigation and without a companion to share the hazzards and take his turn at the controls was unthinkable. But the youngster in his "slim gray monoplane" came down out of the air to Curtis Field on May 13, with very little to say for himself. About a week afterward he said to his helpers, on a gray morning when the fog was lifting on the field, "I'll go. Take her out." Thirty-three and a half hours later he stiffly got out of his plane at LeBourget.

No one understood how marvelous was the feat better than Commodore Byrd. He pronounced Lindgergh a "super-hero." From that day Lindbergh became a citizen of the world. He has not been the hero of the crowd more than he has been the admired of kings and statesmen. By general agreement he has been acclaimed not only for his daring skill, but for his good sense, poise, winning personality and freedom from vanity. It is delightful to know that Mrs. Lindgerbh has said of him: "He raised himself. I have never had to worry about him." Self-reliance is the key to his character, and self-respect is so important a part of it that no adulation and no honors have turned his head.

At 25 he is the most decorated man in the world. Medals reserved for valor in battle and heroic exploraton have been conferred upon him. Innumerable gifts that would fill a museum have been lavished upon him. Eloquent orators have exhausted their metaphors in rendering homage to him, but he remains a composed, good-natured, lovable young man.

His homecoming to New York brought out a wild and unlimited enthusiasm. "An ambassador without portifolio," PresidentCoolidge called him in bestowing the Distinguished Flying Cross. "I greet you," said Cardinal Hayes in New York, "as the first and finest boy of the day." Uniform, unvarying,

always successful, have been Lindbergh's flights since, now a Pan-American ambassador without portfolio. It is not going too far to declare him the greatest of living aviators as well as one of the most useful and distinguished Americans.

HOW TO FORGET.

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who were sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long,
Because he's busy being wrong.

—Our Dumb Animals.

UPLIFT OF RABBITS.

(Farm Journal.)

How would you like to have some one grab you by both ears and let your body dangle in mid-air?

"I wouldn't like it," say we all, and yet we see it done every so often. Not to boys and girls, of course, but to a little fellow who objects quite vigorously to having his ears pulled. This little sufferer is one of our finest pets and fur producers, the rabbit.

Rabbits do not like to be lifted and carried by their ears. That method of holding them does more than hurt for the moment; it injures the outer ear and sometimes does serious damage to the inner structure of this highly sensitive organ.

For the benefit of our young folks who handle rabbits, we are quoting the following directions for holding rabbits, given by Frank G. Ashbrook, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture:

"The proper way to catch a rabbit is to take hold of the skin at the back of the neck. If the rabbit is to be held for any length of time it should be placed in the arms or rested upon the floor of the hutch, or some other stationary object. Rabbits should never be held by the ears."

GOVERNORS BY PROBATION.

(Shelby Star.)

After studying it over for no telling how long, and after hearing it criticised roundly and not so much in circles, this paper has about reached the conclusion that the North Carolina plan of selecting and then electing governors is without doubt the most assured method of knowing what you are getting, and being that is superior to the method used by any other state in naming a governor.

This conclusion matured into belief after it came to our attention that North Carolina's governor for 1932 is already being picked. We say "being picked" because the process is still under way. At the moment—and other 1932 candidates, of course, will have their moments—it seems as if General Albert L. Cox, of Raleigh, ex-service man and American Legion official, leads the procession. This surmise is made after noting that W. O. Saunders, newspaper publisher and magazine writer of Elizabeth City, is boosting General Cox over J. C. B. Ehringhaus, Elizabeth City attorney. It would only be natural that Saunders should support a hometown man, and since he does not, and is somewhat of a frank critic, it is taken for granted that Cox stands a pretty good chance under the Saunders forwarding.

Say that General Cox is to be North Carolina's "next governor"—we've already grown accustomed to that title. Just think how exacting and careful in conduct, speech, demeanor, and tact he must be for approximately five years? A man who can emegre whole from a five-year probation test should make a pretty good governor to our way of thinking. In fact, Shelby's native son who is to be the state's next first citizen has been on probation for nearer nine years than five Quite a strain, we say, to place upon a man we intend to give our highest honor, but nevertheless, a fitting way to test those we intend to honor. In the school room the valedictorian is not selected because of one day's popularity, nor upon the worked-up emotion of one gathering, but his honor depends upon careful, steady, even brilliant work over an allotted course of time. In business the youth does not land in a private office on his first week out, but he must serve an apprenticeship and go through a period of probation, or testing. Even the methods used by the majority of the better and erstwhile weaker sex in picking mates are based upon the testing plan. They pick out their man and for a year or two, and occassionally three years, they dally him about to shows, to dates, to dances, watching always his conduct, habits and temperament. When finally they decide to marry him put the final act over by innuendo, they know just about how he is going to act in the future because of the test. There are exceptions, too, of this illustration. Occassionally a girl falls for the soft words of a man, and the wise ones refer to it as love at first sight and a hurried marriage. Later to their grief they see hot words, a terrible temperament, and loose habits creeping out from the soft-spoken lover that was. Then the

divorce court, or years of trouble.

Now, perhaps you get us. North Carolina, we've decided, picks her governors much along the plan used by the careful girl who answers the mating urge by looking out for "her man'."

Despite all the criticism of North Carolina's method of picking governors for a generation ahead, and there is much of that criticism along many lines, we must admit that a man who can have his every act and word played before the public eye for a period of from four to ten years and still hold the confidence and respect of his people is pretty well equipped for the office. Tempered steel, the foundry worker would call it. and Kipling might wind it up with "then you'll be a man, my son."

General Cox may be the governor of 1932 but some one should warn him the the big price will be that of being subject to public censure for near a decade. An exacting price but it well tests the mettle of those who occupy the executive mansion at Raleigh.

CHANGING MONEY IN CHINA.

By J. V. Roach.

If you were traveling in China you would have all kinds of trouble paying for things, even if your pocekts were full of money. There every city has its own kind of money which is not good in any other city. Pekin money is not good in Shanghia; Shanghia money will not pass in Hongkong; the Canton merchant will not accept Hongkong coin, and so it goes all through the country. It is just the same as if in our own country Chicago refused to accept New York dollars, and Chicago silver money was worthless in Kansas City. On account of this confusion in money, the traveler in China is at the mercy of the money-changers, who charge a large discount for turning the money of one city into that of another.

To add to the confusion there is "big money" and "little money," which only a native of China can readily understand. Some of the merchants will refuse to accept "little money" in change for "big money" when it may be they have just given the same "little money" to the customer in change when he bought the last purchase. It is all so mixed up that sometimes it is easier not to buy at all rather than to go through the fuss of making change.

Then there is a great deal of bad money in china. Lead dollars that look exactly like the real thing are as plentiful in China as dimes in our own country. And there are innocent looking coins from which the silver has been dug out of the inside and the outer surface carefully restored. So the traveler in China has to take care to deal only with honest money-changers who mark the money so that it is known to be the real thing.

THE CHALLENGE OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

By Rev. J. F. Knittle, Ph. D.

In this article, under our general discussion, we desire to present some of the plans that have been suggested as solutions to the working out of Christian education, and which plans, in some instances, have been successfully used.

We first call your attention to the Gary plan. In the little city of Fairfield, Iowa, they have had for some time a teacher of Christianity in the high school, whose salary is provided by popular subscription. In the State of North Dakota they have no weekday religious instruction, permitting the withdrawal of pupils from school for the study of the Bible, but the Bible is taught, though not compulsory. The record of a recent year was that one hundred and twenty-four pupils took State examinations in "Bible One," the Old Testament; and three hundred and twenty-four took tests in "Bible Two," the New Testament. Under the plan of Bible study for public school pupils in this State classes in Bible study may be organized by any church or society and a maximum of one unit of credit toward graduation is given for such work. The study must be conducted in organized classes, recognized by the superintendent of the local high school, while the teacher must be a person who has the equivalent of the minimum training of high school teachers in other special subjects and the course must be conducted in a classroom separate from other classes. A requirement made is ninety forty-minute periods for one-half unit credit and one hundred and eighty forty-minute periods for one unit credit.

In New Britain, Conn., we understand there is "a religious educational program that has been approved by representatives of the various local churches in agreement with the public school authorities," and it is said to be accomplishing fine results for the youth of that State.

The growth of this movement has been rapid. In 1919, there were but fifteen of these schools functioning in the United States. Now, about eight years later, the children of over fifteen hundred cities are receiving systematic weekday religious instruction. A single city, that of Kansas City, Kansas, has over ten thousand pupils enrolled. Where attendance is optional, it usually begins with about 80 per cent of the pupils in the public schools, but tends to increase each year.

Perhaps the most important step along this line is "The School of Religion" at the University of Iowa. The constitution announces the following:

1. To provide courses that will help students gain a wholesome view of religion and to create an interest and efficiency in religious activities.

2. To provide graduate courses leading toward advanced degrees for those looking toward positions of highest leadership.

3. To create an expectancy for men and women to choose religious callings as a vocation and to begin

their preparation for such work.

4. To serve the people of Iowa in all their religions interests by training religious leaders and teachers.

5. To promote a thoughtful insight into the nature and meaning of religion and to lay a foundation for religious education.

With a program that the foregoing constitution suggests there can be no doubt as to the excellent results that flow therefrom. It is surely an approach to the goal for whch we are striving.

In his book, "Religious Education and the Public Schools," the author, the Rev. G. U. Wenner, D. D., of New York City, N. Y., has outlined what has now become known to all educators as the "Wenner Plan." It provides for the excusing of all pupils in the public schools for a certain period each week for the purpose of allowing them to go to their respective churches for religious instruction. With the proper support in homes and by the community it would be largely successful.

In addition to the plans herein suggested there are also various modifications of these plans that have been set forth, some of which have been tested with fair results. We may suggest these as having come before the attention of educators. Among the other well-konwn systems are the Lakewood Plan, the Colorado Plan and the North Dakota Plan. In the latter two plans, for instance, public school credit is allowed pupils for passing religious subjects provided by the teachers, who are appointed by the churches, and who have satisfied the requirements for teaching in the public schools.

It must not be forgotten that in our secular education with its varied program which has been before the attention of our people for many years, it is altogether natural to think its program should be be very complete after all these years of experiment and experience. We learn by doing. It is therefore not fair or just to compare its system of years of experience with a system that has but recently come before the attention of the people, through much opposition and misunderstanding. We must give this new thought of Christian education a fair trial. We must test out that which has been offered to the public by those who believe in its merits. Not until that is done are we in a position to offer any criticism to this great challenge that is before the people.

In a recent issue of the Atlantic Monthly the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D. D., discussed the question, "Is Teaching Religion in the Public Schools Impossible?" and gave expression to some very thought-arresting suggestions. He places the blame for the exclusion of religious teaching from the public schools upon theology, or " a quarrel with creeds." He says in our public schools "they may teach and learn about the men whose careers have left a trail of blood and misery, but nothing about Him Who came to bring peace. They may learn about all the deities of mythology, but nothing about their own God. While it may be good statesmanship to separate Church from State, it is poor education to separate a human being from religion. If religion cannot be taught, why did Jesus tell His disciples to teach it? If religion is

theology and doctrine and creeds made over disputed definitions of God and theories of man's destiny, then it cannot be taught in our schools. If religion is love to God and man, it can be taught anywhere, and it ought to be taught in our schools. If religion is not taught our whole educational pyramid will continue to wobble on its pinnacle instead of resting on its base."

Surely Dr. Sheldon has given expression to some very timely thoughts that should find honest consideration in every heart. We cannot emphasize too much the great need of this Christian education for which we are pleading. It is true that we may not like to face cold facts as they are herein presented, but nevertheless we cannot escape them. They are too evident. And honest men and women who profess to have the welfare of the youth of the land at heart should not want to escape these great issues. It is still very true now as it was formerly, that "to him who knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

In view of what has been thus far said, it is our confident opinion that within the next generation great forward steps in this cause will be manifest. We surely cannot stand still. Every good movement must succeed and is bound to bear fruit. The cause which we present is not only a worthy one, but is also one that appeals to every right-thinking individual. One of the most encouraging signs of these times is the ready response made by leaders to the appeal for the introduction of educational methods and materials into the schools of the Church.

It seems very clear, indeed, that this movement is destined to bear permanent results, and that ultimately weekday sessions of the church schools will be as a general rule granted a reasonable portion of the time from the public schools programs and courses of study. A demand for time is not the first thing to be considered; but rather what is needed as the all-important thing is that churches should begin by making sure that they have a program and a course of study of sufficient educational value to justify the time asked for. To ask for time for a specific consideration and then not have something worthy of that time will defeat the very purpose of the cause we are pleading for.

When this shall have been brought about and a program of educational value shall have been adopted by the people, it is then that we may expect that the churches will approach each other in mutual understanding and will co-operate, more largely and more willingly than they have done thus far, in a common educational purpose and policy that will receive the hearty approval of everyone. It is absolutely necessary that churches shall cease over-emphasis upon their various differences, which tends to the neglect of their common faith in things essential, and which position thus assumed has been responsible, to a marked extent, for the present situation.

Failures are but the pillars of success.—Welsh Proverb.

THE COME-BACK TRAIL.

(The Citizen)

From Atlanta comes the story of a former convict who, leaving prison gates penniless and alone, won back to prestige and fortune. Thomas M. Bram went behind the bars in the Georgia city in 1896 to serve a life term for the murder of three persons, one a woman, on the high seas. Seventeen years later he was paroled.

Well on in middle age, he set foot on the come-back trail with all the energy and optimism of youth. He scraped together money enough to start a "hot dog" stand in the Atlanta railroad yards to cater to crews shunting cars and making up trains. His income was small, and he got a job as checker of freight cars, saving his money until he could open a lunch stand in the heart of of the town. Then a sailor, dying in Los Angeles, confessed to guilt of the murders for which Bram had been sent up, and Pressedent Wilson cabled the innocent man a full pardon from Paris.

All this time Thomas M. Bram had the smell of the sea in his nostrils. He longed to tread the deck of a ship, a ship of his own. He saved more money and traded in Atlanta real estate. In 1923 he went to Florida and got his pile in the real estate boom; that is, he got enough to buy the schooner Alvena, and he cherished no draems of having enough to buy a whole fleet. He put to sea, leaving land and land boom behind, and today he is Captain Thomas M. Bram, sailing the high seas a successful man.

His story is worth while because it is a stiking reminder that the come-back trail is always open to the man who has the courage and the brains to tread it. We often hear that the world gives to the ex-convict neither mercy nor opportunity, that the man who has been in the penitentary faces impossible odds. Captain Thomas M. Bram, like many others, has proved that, if the individual wants rehabilitation more than he wants anyting else, more than self-indulgence or loafing or an easy job, he can secure it. Ex-convicts and men unmarked by the law are alike in this: the weak get nowhere, and the strong win through to their goal,

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BEATING THE GAME.

Tommy was leisurely strolling homeward much later than his usual supper time. A friend of the family who happened to meet him said:

"Why, Tommy, aren't you afraid you'll be late for supper?"

"Nope," replied Tommy, "I've got the meat."—Children.

LIFE IS A PROGRESSION.

(The Southern Planter.)

The unusual happens so frequently that one often wonders what will take place next. Some of the unusual happenings are to be deplored; they are destructive rather than constructive. All in all we are making rapid strides in many lines of endeavor. The ingenuity of the scientists and the man of business in many instances is marvelous.

Industrial corporations are spending huge sums for research. It is as it should be. They are spending enormous sums for research work in pure science with the hope that something practical and economic will be discovered. The results have far more than justified the expenditures.

Two hundred million dollars are being spent annually in the United States by industrial corporations and by the federal government for industrial research. The former spends two dollars to every one spent by the latter. In 1921 only 578 companies were known to have organized research departments, while at the present time more than 1000 companies have such departments. A single manufacturing company spent over $5,250,000 in research in 1926 and a public utility corporation spent about $13,000,000 within the year according to the National Industrial Conference Board.

Research on the part of industry is reaching to the lands of the very cradle of civilization. Recent calculations indicate that there has accumulated in the Dead Sea salts valued at $1,200,000,000. This amount of money invested at six per cent interest would yield an income on the average of $2283 every second. One of the salts is potassium chloride, which is one of the chief sources of potash used in fertilizers. The potash supply in the Dead Sea amounts to 1,300,000,000 tons of actual potash is second only in importance to the supply in the Stassfurt mines with its 2,000,000,000 tons.

This enormous supply of potash has been given but little consideration until recently. Here the historic Jordan has emptied its burden of sediment for countless ages. The potash which it contained was taken largely from the soil of its drainage area and was counted as loss to the tillers of the soil. Now this potash is to be the gain of succeeding generations. What is one man's loss is another's gain. It is ever so.

Dr. R. B. Harvey of the University of Minnesota has discovered a way of hastening the ripening of fruit. By the use of a few cents worth of ethylene gas a car load of bananas can be ripened in twenty-four hours. The treatment apparently increases the quality and flavor of the fruit as compared with ordinary ripening.

Scientists in Washington have found a way through varying the exposure of plants to sunlight to make them fruit or produce vegetable growth almost at will. The poinsetta which normally blooms only at Christmas may be had whenever desired by properly regulating the exposure to sunlight.

Refrigeration has undergone many changes. It is a far cry from the

method of preservation of food by hanging it in a well, to keeping it in an electric refrigerator. The well as a place of food storage gave way to the refrigerator filled with ice from the farm ice house, then to ice from the ice plant, and then to the electric refrigerator.

Now the ordinary-iced refrigerator cars are giving away to refrigerator cars supplied with "dry ice." A car of fish, which once required 16,000 pounds of ordinary ice to carry it from New York City to Detroit with numerous stops for reicing, can be carried without stopping by supplying it with 1200 pounds of "dry ice." Ice cream packed in dry ice was carried through the mail for sixteen hours and when it was received it had to be placed in a window to thaw before the recipient could eat it.

The progress being made by the ingenious men of industry and by the scientists is adding much to human betterment and contentment. It is an interesting and enjoyable absorbing world in which we live. Strange as it may seem, some of the things which were once necessities are now considered and vice versa. But with it all life is a progression not a retorgression.

THE GREAT UNWASHED.

By Stanly Howland.

We see that the Statue of Liberty is to have is first bath in forty-one years. This must be nearly a record. We don't pretend to know what the figures are for baths per thousand of the population, but taking the country as a whole we doubt if another individual of anything like that age can be found who hasn't been washed at least once in his or her life. Somehow or other, whether it be through an act of God or through mere human negligence, we have become a nation of Tritons, of water-nymphs, ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent pure.

This matter of bathing may, of course, be overdone. There is a case within our own knowledge of a man who by following the sun from Asheville to Southern California and so back to Florida managed to spend practically all of his time in a swimming-pool, until at last the doctors had to fish him out because he was developing gills and webbed feet. Poor chap!—he's married now and we don't believe in hitting a man when he's down, so we will mention no names. There, but for the grace of God, go all of us mortal men, and the way of salvation is hard at the best. From the pink marble baths of Biltmore Forest to the painted tin tubs of the purlieus of Merrimon Avenue we are surrounded by temptation, and none, we fear can hope entirely to escape. In vain do our makers of cosmetics and deodorants urge their scented products upon us, sooner or later we see people sniffing suspiciously when we come into the room, and from there to soap and water is a fatally easy step. For although the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small, and we can only stand silent with bowed heads while the Statue of Liberty goes down before us, the last of the great unwashed.

EARL OF SANDWICH STARTED SOMETHING.

(New York Times)

In the five boroughs of New York City there are, it is estimated about 3,000 drug stores. The drug store in this region has become almost synonymous in the public mind with sandwich counter. How many other sandwich shops, kitchens, with names perfaced by all the colors of the spectrum; candy shops, unblushing and unashamed lunchrooms, where little but sandwiches and beverages is served, and "toastwich shops"— the latest varaints in appeal to the city's millions—no one has had the temerity to estimate.

And faster than the increase in variety of the establishments that purvey New York's standard luncheon has been the increase in the variety of the sandwiches themselves. There are sandwiches in two and three deck forms; sandwiches in white, brown, rye and nut bread, and on buns, muffins and biscuits, to say nothing of the toasted or partly toasted varieties. There are sandwiches with vegetables, with fish and meat, and with condiments that are neither one or the other.

At still other sandwich shops numbers have replaced names for the various concoctions. It is not improbable that, with the love of gambling which is instinct in most of us, many office workers find the high-water mark of the day's excitement in a blase order by number instead of by names—uncertain until the order is filled whether the magic number will produce rather tasteless tuna fish or close-studded baked ham. One thing, however is definitely missing from the menu in all these places—onion.

In most of the busy noonday sandwicheries there is a supplementary list containing pie, eclairs, cake, French pastry and usually ice cream. Occasionally something called soup may be obtained by the reckless.

Certainly the sandwiches engulfed by hurrying throngs at midday are far from the hearty meals put away by farmhands in the good old days. Vegetables other than saddened tomatoes and dilapidated lettuce have no place in a sandwich luncheon menu. But the institution of the sandwich bar saves half or more of the precious noon hour for a million or more New Yorkers—minutes saved for a fascinating novel, a brisk walk, hasty shopping or mnay other things ordinarily forbidden by the day's work.

England is still greatly upset over the refusal of the House of Commons to approve the revision of the Prayer Book. This brings us the comforting reflection that our own Congress, though it is not without its faults, does not tell us how to pray.—The New Yorker.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

For less than two days the Lord, who does all things well, permitted us to rejoice over the coming of Lucy Jane, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse C. Fisher, of the staff of the Jackson Training School. We all had pictured the time when the child would contribute to the homeiness of the campus; but man proposes and God, in His wisdom, disposes. In this bereavement and Providential dispensation, the officers and the entire student body mourn the early passing of little Lucy Jane, the first born of this splendid couple.

The gift that brings the greatest joy, when taken, leaves the greatest sorrow.

On account of bad weather, the boys of the work force went to the cottages last Tuesday.

Mr. Scarboro had charge of the fourteenth cottage for a few days the first of the week during the absence of Mr. Sappenfield.

The boys went to the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. Some played basketball, baseball and football, while others pitched horseshoes, etc.

Our plumber, Mr. Scarboro, has been busy lately repairing several broken faucets. He has also been making a change in the water line at the dairy barn.

For a good while we have had only two linotypes running, but before long we hope to have all three running as one of our regular operators is now getting it in shape.

Last Sunday afternoon being rather warm, the boys of several cottages sat around the lawn and others took a short walk. The boys like this better than sitting in the cottage, as it gives them a chance to stretch their limbs.

The boys of the afternoon school section were disappointed last Tuesday afternoon because they could not go to the ball ground. They missed their play time very much.

Last Sunday several of the classes were changed—from one teacher to another. The classes of those who could not attend every Sunday were given to those who could.

Rev. Robert Arrowwood, of Concord, now has charge of the church services every first Sunday afternoon. Rev. Arrowwood takes the place of Rev. W. C. Lylerly, who has left Concord.

Mr. G. M. Ridenhour, Assistant Engineer of the State Board of Health, called on us last Monday. After inspecting the new sewage disposal plant, he pronounced it "O. K." and officially received it from the contractor, and turned it over to the State.

Mr. H. E. Miller, Secretary of the State Board of Health, visited the School last Thursday afternoon. Mr.

Miller came, chiefly, to inspect the recently constructed sewage disposal plant, but also expressed a desire to look over our entire plant. His wishes were complied with and he left expressing hearty approval of our entire system.

Mrs. Eagle, one of the oldest employees of this institution, has been here about sixteen years. She began as a matron in the first cottage. She now has charge of the sewing-room, where all the boys' shirts are made and a good deal of mending is done. Although she is getting up in years, she is still healthy, hardy and a hard working lady. She just naturally likes the boys, and we believe that all the boys like her. We wish her many more years of health and happiness.

"Jesus Pictures the Kingdom of God," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Jesus spoke to the people as usual—by parables. He spoke of the mustard seed, which is the smallest of all seeds, yet when it is cultivated and taken care of, it springs up into a large plant, so large that the birds could light on its branches. He used other parables also to illustrate His sermon. The golden text was: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."—Matt. 6:10.

TAMMANY HALL.

Those people who speak viciously of Tammany Hall in New York. are little acquainted with the organization. Years ago it was a more or less corrupt institution, but it has steadily increased in virtue until now it is the largest benevolent organization in the whole world. When one of its members gets down and out, Tammany Hall puts him on his feet again. It is not satisfied with giving him a sack of flour and a few dollars and letting him go at that. It stays with him until he is prosperous again. And of all the great cities of the world, New York is decidedly the best governed. Compare it with Philadelphia, Chicago, London, Paris or any other great city, and New York carries off the palm. The first things a good Democrat does when he goes to New York to live, is to join Tammany Hall. George Crawford Battle and the late Thomas A. Osborne, District Attorney of New York, are specimens of the membership of Tammany.—J. E. Carraway.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 25, 1928. No. 5

THE URGE OF CHANGE.

I have never known a man who did not want to own an orange grove or a yacht. I have never seen an orange grove or a yacht which was not for sale. Sailors retire and buy a farm; farmers retire and move to the seashore. Colored women spend much money on ointments to straighten their hair; white women make plutocrats out of beauty parlor owners having their hair waved. Every city man wants to own a farm and every farmer wants to live where the white lights burn in the city.

—Roe Fulkerson.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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WE DON'T KNOW.

Without an actual survey, visits to hospitals, and interviews with physicians, few citizens know the needs of their own community. To say offhand that there is no underprivileged child problem in any town in the United States or Canada is to speak without thought. And it must also be remembered that there is many an under-privileged child in the country—neither in town or city.

PREPARING TO ENLARGE OUR CHAPEL.

The Executive Committee of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters, by authority of the Branch, met at the Jackson Training School, on Friday, considering the enlargement of the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel, which was an outright gift of this Order.

For some years the seating capacity of the beautiful stone building by the roadside, just across from the campus, has not been equal to the requirements of the student body. In lieu of this we have been forced to hold religious services in the auditorium. Further information regarding the enlargement, which is proposed to take place at an early day, must be deferred to a later issue.

The personnel of this committee is composed of Mrs. Hortense Moye, State President of the Order, Greenville; Mrs. J. P. Cook, former State President, Concord; Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle and Mrs. J. C. Angier, of Durham; Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, and Mrs. H. G. Harrington, of Raleigh; Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham; Mrs. R. G. Kizer, Salisbury; Mrs. R. T. Frye, of Kannapolis; Mrs. J. H. Bridgers, Henderson; Mrs. J. R. Jones, of Wilmington; and Mrs. Clyde Duckworth, of Charlotte.

This Order, goingabout, lending a willing and helpful hand, has recently

completed a chapel at Samarcand, and is now returning to the Jackson Training School to do a needed service. The Uplift, speaking for the Board of Trustees and the friends of the institution, expresses unbounded pleasure over this fine fortune coming to us.

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"CONFESSION OF A DADDY."

There is being carried through the papers a very sensible article, under the caption of "Confession of a daddy." It may never have been actually made, but there are thousands of instances where it could be and ought to be.

We personally know several hundred boys, to whom this confession could be made with absolute truth. The daddies, were they disposed to make a confession, would have to follow the same lines as did the author of the following article, which is accredited to a man by the name of McEachern. More boys are ruined by their daddies than by nature. This is the "Confession."

"Listen, son, I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. Guiltily, I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking, son. I have been cross to you I scolded you because you gave your face merely a dab with the towel I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I started for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called 'Goodby, Daddy!' and I frowned, and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back!'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me to the house. Stockings are expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful? Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such a stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later when I was reading in the library, how you came in softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you

hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped.

"You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God has set blooming in your heart, and which even neglect could not wither. And you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault of reprimanding—all of these were my reward to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. I was measuring you by the gauge of my own years.

"It is a feeble atonement. I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"CRIME NEAR HOME."

The manly acts of some youth, the heroism of some attractive girl, the generous act of some great heart, the building of hospitals for the indigent sick, the foundations that are intended to bless humanity, the donations of fine generous people to worthy causes (all illustrated by pictures of donors, actors and the results of their deeds) profoundly interest us.

We have so little patience with the featuring of crimes committed elsewhere, day after day printing the various poses of the criminal actors, that we have the time or the tolerance to even read them. But North Carolina, while this is being written, is listening to two of its greatest lawyers, in the persons of Solicitor Graves and P. W. Glidwell, opposing counsel in a murder case in Rockingham county.

We have read every word of the trial as furnished by three crack (not cracked) reporters. It has been interesting to note the imprssions of the trial, day by day, as revealed by Miles Wolfe, of the Charlotte Observer; Ben Dixon MacNeill, of the News and Observer, and Tom Bost, of the Greensboro News. All three wrote thrilling pen pictures, varying just enough to make one want to see the other's view of the trial.

The papers, in a measure, have been discussing the ethics and righteousness of the betrayal of the preacher that turned up the prisoner and brought

her to trial. It is a mooted question yet. The average juryman in North Carolina, however, will be slow to convict a woman of murder upon the testimony of a self-confessed liquor bootlegger, even though repenting he adopts the role of an evangelist. Making confessions is a very sacred matter, and care to whom made should be exercised. This is not professional advice, but is just a little horse-back common sense.

And the real church and real consecrated workers for the kingdom here on earth must be the butt of the worldly on account of events like unto this.

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WOMEN TRYING THEIR WINGS.

Several hundred women in the several states have made bold to offer for legislative honors and won. Two have become governors of states. Some of these days North Carolina will have a woman for Governor, but not in the life-time of people now living. But the good women are trying their wings, and already some of them make a fine showing.

We are interested in the announcement of Nell Battle Lewis, who aspires to represent Wake county in the next General Assembly. Miss Lewis conducts the "Incidentally" column in the News and Observer. When stumping the country arrives, and she gets warmed up to her subjects (of course, she'll have a number) we mean to take a journey to Raleigh and follow the campaigners for several days. If Miss Battle slings words as freely and cuttingly in her political speeches as she does in her newspaper contributions, it will be worth a trip to Raleigh.

Miss Battle is a brainy little woman, highly educated and literally a free lance, religiously and politically. She wears no collars.

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TELLING THEM HOW TO DEAL WITH THE CHILD.

The Parent-Teachers Association had with them, the other evening, Dr. Kephart, who is understood to be an expert in the matter of how to deal with the child. We gather the drift of his talk from the Daily Tribune. If he was fully reported, he told the intelligent part of that Association nothing they did not know before.

It was sensible, however—to the point. But running the risk of receiving a lecture, we are compelled to say that there were some mothers in that audience that do not live up to what they heard and what they knew before Dr. Kephart honored them by his presence. This is natural. The love of a mother covers a multitude of errors and slips, provided

they are made by her own boy. If your boy, the lack of living up to what the doctor said is "simply awful."

The people that need talks like unto Dr. Kephart made to the informed and intelligent mothers present have, in a measure, not heard him and, by the very nature of circumstances and conditions, will not hear or feel the force of his sensible advice in the manner of handling their children.

But such gatherings do a good; it gives the mothers a chance to get away from their cares for awhile and lets the old daddy have an opportunity to feel and see what it is to preside over a couple of live young Americans for a season; gives the opportunity for a little innocent gossiping on the side as a frill to the program; makes interesting copy for the Daily; but the influence of such meetings do not reach those who most need it. Isn't that so?

Dr. Kephart is evidently an expert in this subject, but we know a dozen old maids and some childless folks and not a few old bachelors that can and do "put him in the shade" when it comes to how to raise a child. They just can't help it— some folks have to have something to do.

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COMMERCIALIZING A VIRTUE.

Were the references to Jimmy Walker, the mayor of New York, who is now on "the water-wagon," strung together, the ribbon would reach to California. His doctor prescribed cutting out strong drink; and the New York Mayor, knowing something unwelcome was knocking at his physique, accepted the doctor's advice, jumped on the water wagon, actually and in fact, and now boasts how good he feels. This is heralded throughout the nation.

It is a great advertisement the little old New York is receiving. And Concord, having no secretary of a Chamber of Commerce, is suffering a great loss. This city has had a mayor for three or more years, who does not know hooch from a la Georgeville blockade—in fact our mayor was born on the water wagon and lives up to his views. In the face of this proud record, no one has yet proclaimed it to the world, commercially or otherwise. We mean to get the benefit of the honor of having a mayor that positively does not drink any strong drink other than coffee and such like.

EDUCATION ON THE AIR.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Students of the high and junior high schools of Washington tomorrow morning will be given a music lesson by radio, with Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra doing the teaching and providing a "high school program." Similar lessons have been tried before and have been described as highly satisfactory. The practice is one which opens up a big future for instruction of both children and adults in music and literature.

The reason music and literature are not more popular today is principally becuase of the difficulty of having them taught and talked about by men who could make them vividly interesting. Tell a class, young or adult, that it is to be addressed or taught by one of the great men of the earth, and its members immediately turn to the occasion as a great treat. Fame is a wonderful teacher. Put hero-worship and education together and you have an incalculable power for enlightment.

Walter Damrosch can not travel all over the country awakening interest in, and appreciation of, music. He and men and women as high as he is his profession, however, have in the radio the means of reaching an audience of unlimited numbers. A Damrosch talking to school children! Imagine what it would have meant to the world if Ruskin's lectures could have been broadcasted!

Nor is this sort of thing confined to music and literature. The main thing is that the school authorities shall fully awake to the opportunity at once and give the children the benefit of it. Teaching and studying in the schools are monotonous endeavor at best. Inject into them the thrill of novelty and the voice of genius, and the results, both in learning and in ambitions awakened and strengthened, will be of immense benefit to both pupils and teachers.

GENERALS WASHINGTON AND LEE.

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That long after you have gone
The things you did are remembered
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year with song and speech
Keeps the thought of your natal day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT WASHINGTON.

By Ina Long Perry.

The Baby Named After Washington

One day when George Washington was entering a store in Philadelphia to buy something in a great hurry he was stopped by a Scotch nurse-girl, carring a baby.

"This bairn is named after you, Sir," she informed him.

"Indeed!" said Washington, and he stopped to play with the child and give it his blessing. He did not know that when the baby grew to manhood he, too, would become famous.

That baby was Washington Irving, the author of the "Sketch Book" and the "Knickerbocker History of New York." Perhaps his best known literary productions are "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." No doubt the author prized his book "The Life of Washington" more highly than anything else he wrote, especially since he had to make a very minute study of the life of that great man in order to be able to write it. Later and more widely read books on Washington have been enriched and made more colorful because their authors have read Irving's book before writing their own.

Washington Hated A Coward

A brave man is a man who does what he knows to be right in the face of danger or when it is much easier to do what is wrong. Washington was one of our bravest men, not only on the battlefield but also in making up his mind about doing what was right or wrong. He hated a coward of any sort. One night, during the Revolutionary War, he sent a young officer to learn something about the British. The officer was gone a long time. When he returned he found Washington pacing up and down.

"Well?" he asked as the officer came up and saluted. "What can you say about the British?"

"Nothing," replied the officer in a shamefaced way, hanging his head. "I didn't go. The night is dark and stormy, the river covered with ice and I—I—"

The movements of the army the next day depended on the information the officer was sent to get. Washingtton, unable to be patient any longer, ordered the officer to leave his presence.

"And send me a MAN!" he commanded.

After that ordeal the officer picked up courage and went. He made such a splendid report about the British that Washington was able to lay his plans and defeat them the next day.

How Washington Played the Good Samaritan

After Washington had served two terms as President he went back to Mt. Vernon to live quietly. He took a keen interest in his estate and liked to be called "Farmer" Washington. One of his daily duties was to make the rounds of his farm to see that his slaves in the carpenter shop, at the fishery, and in the fields were doing their work well. He also noticed what repairs the outbuildings and fences needed, and how the crops were growing.

One day an English actor, John

Bernard, who was playing in the theatres in this country, rode horseback across the Potomac to visit some friends who lived near Alexandria. Ahead of him he saw a carriage moving slowly up the hill, leaving behind it a trail of dust. Suddenly he saw the carriage overturn, and the horse fall into the ditch. He rode up quickly to see what assistance he could give. Looking ahead he saw another horse-back rider approaching from the opposite direction. He, too, had spurred his horse and was galloping to the scene of the accident. Alighting from their steeds the two strangers unhitched the horse lifted up the overturned carriage, and rescued its two occupants, who had been pinned underneath it.

They found the owner of the carriage uninjured, and the three men together finally succeeded in bringing to consciousness the owner's wife, who had fainted from fright. After she had recovered she began to scold her husband for his carelessness. In silence the two Samaritans listened to her while they helped her husband to pick up and put into the carriage the various sacks, baskets and bundles which had been scattered around.

After they had worked for about half an hour they succeeded in getting everything tucked away inside the vehicle, and hitched up the horse. Then they helped the lady in, and the man picked up the lines, ready to drive away. Before leaving, the grateful couple gave the two Samaritans a warm invitation to come to their home in Alexandria and partake of refreshments. The men declined the invitation, and the carriage made its way slowly up the hill.

Bernard and the tall stranger who had helped lift the carriage wiped the perspiration from their foreheads and remarked something about the heat of the July sun, which had blazed down on them in full force while they worked. Then the stranger, a man of about middle age, wearing buckskin trousers and a blue coat, courteously offered to brush the dust off Bernard's coat. Bernard, who was grateful for this attention, returned the favor. In doing the brushing he was able to get a good look at the other horseman. He saw a pleasant and intelligent face with refined features, but the man was a total stranger.

But the stranger recognized Bernard. He called him by name and stated that he had seen him play in the Walnut Theatre in Philadelphia. Then he invited the actor to go with him to his house and rest.

"It is not far," he said, and pointed to a beautiful mansion on a hill.

"Mt. Vernon!" exclaimed Bernard. "Then I must have the honor of addressing General Washington."

Washington, smiling at his surprise, extended his hand, and they laughed heartily about the queer sort of introduction they had had.

"It was a strange introduction," said Washington, "but I am glad you can play as well in private as in public. And I see you do not need a prompter."

Then they mounted their horses and rode to Mt. Vernon. After they had washed the dirt from their hands and faces Mr. Washington conducted his guest to a shady nook where they had something cool to drink. Time passed rapidly, for Washington al-

ways made his guests feel at home.

After they had chatted for an hour or two Benard said he must be going. Mounting his horse, he rode away with happy thoughts of beautiful Mt. Vernon and a warm feeling in his heart for its owner, who, in spite of his greatness, was such a helpful neighbor and such a gracious host.

A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business, and is the countersign of friends. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no earthly good to any body till it is given away.—Selected.

ON THE BUDGET.

(Young Folks.)

This seems to be a budget age. Books and articles are written to show the method of budgeting and the advantages consequent on a system that plans out just when and how to to spend our income. Some go so far as to make provision for the unexpected. Most of this budget talk is about the allotment of money so that we can come out even at the end of the year, and have the satisfaction during the year of having cared for every essential and as many luxuries as possible. Without doubt this system is commendable and persons who adhere to is get through the year with greater ease and more satisfaction to themselves. The percentage of those who practice budgeting their money is probably rather small.

About the only thing that we get for nothing in spite of ourselves is time. By an arrangement that none of us can alter there are a fixed number of hours each day and of weeks each year. Try as we will, this generous allotment of time can neither be lengthened nor shortened. At the end of each year all of us have lived through the same number of days and at the beginning of the year we face the stubborn fact that we will have just as many hours at our disposal for the next year as anybody will have. But what shall be done with these hours is partly for our own decision. We may be employed and our hours for work are fixed for us by our employer. There will be required time for going to and coming from work. There will be time for meals and for sleep. From both our eating and our sleeping time we can steal, if we choose. But with all that is prearranged of our time, there are sure to be here and there some minutes that could be budgeted for this or that as we may plan. Probably we will not hesitate to allot time for pleasures and recreaation. We will welcome time for reading and conversation. But, unless we budget some of our time for God, we are missing a source of enrichment that we cannot afford to lose. Why not make a budget of our minutes daily so that at least some time may be spent in communion with God?

THE PROBLEM OF RURAL CIVILIZATION.

(Southern Agriculturist)

The emphasis that has been placed on the economic phases of the farm in recent years has led us away from and obscured the more vital and more fundamental problem of rural civilization. Economic activities constitute one of the many groups of activities that make up the life of the individual. While every human activity is life in action, economic activities should be regarded as a means to something more desirable, something higher and better and richer in life qualities. The fundamentally important thing is not the means, but the life that comes through the means. To look upon the farm simply as a place to make money, to make a living, to exist, is to miss the whole thing.

To many the farm problem is simply the problem of growing wheat and corn and cotton and tobacco, and raising hogs and cows and sheep profitably. They look upon the farm as an industry, an opportunity for investment, as a means of making money, just as men consider the lumber business or the textile business or the mercantile business as simply an industrial activity. This seems to be the viewpoint of congress as well as the viewpoint of most leaders in farm movements. Farm relief means economic relief solely.

The leaders and champions of farm relief for the most part, perhaps, do not believe in rural civilization, and are not really interested in the preservation of rural life except in so far as such preservation will improve the opportunities for making money on the farm. In many instances they demonstrate their attitude to country life by repudiating it and moving to town. They may grow eloquent in their description of the sweetness of country life, but are compelled to confess that they do not like sweet things.

Many are interested in the farm problem because they own land in the country, and they are unable to sell it at a good price. Others are interested because they are unable to rent their land, or farm it profitably. Others are interested because the farm problem is the most effective platform for political preferment. Bankers and capitalists are interested on account of mortgages they hold on farm property.

This is not meant as a criticism of any of these groups. All of them may contribute to the solution of the farm problem. The statement is made as an important fact to be considered by those who are interested in the larger problem of country life.

Someone has characterized human society as made up of several streams. This figure will help us to visualize what we mean by the life of a people—the civilization of a people. Society or civilization may be divided into five streams: The streams of political life, industrial life, religious life, educational life and social life. Corresponding to these streams are the five great institutions of civilization, the state, the

organization of industry, the church, the school and the home. The progress of civilization is measured by the progress of life conditions in these several streams. No one of these can be ignored. They are all vital. Progress in one sphere does not mean that civilization is moving forward. The habit of applying the economic standard is really very dangerous. It tends to obscure the things that are far more vital than the economic.

Farm relief, as ordinarily used, means simply economic relief, and the farm problem is just the problem of securing this relief. The problem of rural civilization is the problem of human life in the country. It is the problem of educational life, political life, social life, religions life as well as the problem of industrial life.

In the early days of our country, especially in the South, the great centers fo our life were in the country. The leaders built their homes centers of our life were in the country, because they believed in rural civilization. Schools and colleges were located in the country, the best social life was in the country, the best preachers preached in the country, the political leaders lived in the country. They stood for the ideal of rural civilization. It was this that made country life pouplar and productive of marvelous results in character, manhood and womanhood, and leadership.

The real problem of the farm was created by what is known as the industrial revolution. This revolution was brought about chiefly by the application of steam to machinery and transportation. This was unforeseen by the founders of our government. Railroad transportation and steam power in the factory made large scale production—the big factory—possible and profitable. The larger the factory the cheaper the production. This economic law drew the industries to the big industrial centers and this drew the people from the rural sections and small towns to the great cities, by millions.

The movement has in large measure robbed the country of leadership. Under the new order of things, just as soon as a boy or young man gives evidence of leadership in any sphere of life he is automatically drawn to the city. The spectacular life of the city has made such an appeal to the boys and girls on the farm that it has been practically impossible to get them interested in country life. Ambitious men and women in the country, business men, bankers, lawyers, doctors, school teachers, preachers, and even farmers have their eyes on the city, are longing for the day when they can move to town.

Without any foundation in fact, city life has been considered far superior to country life in every way. The iead that the country is a desirable place to live has been repudiated by both city people and by many country people. It has been looked upon as a misfortune that any one has to live in the country.

The country has been given little consideration relatively by the groups that direct the machinery of our civilization. Educational leaders, political leaders, church leaders, business leaders, social leaders, give little attention to rural civilization. They all live and move and have their being in town, and their problems are pre-eminently city problems to be solved for city people.

The country has been regarded

more and more as a servant of the city—often as a menial servant. Its function is to prepare food for city people, and not disturb them by too much noise in early morning deliveries, to furnish raw material for the factories, and to supply industries with whatever labor they may need from the rural section.

By this unwarranted and groundless attitude toward life on the farm we have in large measure destroyed rural civilization in this country. No greater calamity could befall the American people than the calamity that would come as the result of the destruction of rural civilization. About all that is really great in American life is the product, direct or indirect, of the civilization we are stupidly repudiating today.

It is most significant that such a large proportion of the constructive leaders in this country in every sphere of life are the products of the civilization we have ceased to appreciate. The city has been wonderfully successful in producing wealth, and in giving opportunities to people to spend their wealth, but thus far the city has been a failure in large measure in producing men, especially in producing leaders. The strength of a nation is not in its wealth, but in its men. The economic strength of a nation is fundamentally in the type of man it produces. Up to the present this country has been very dependent on the country boy for leadership in practically every sphere of life. There is no other field in sight that gives promise of taking the place of the farm as a producer of leaders.

The farm problem, then, is the problem of restoring, directing and protecting the industrial life, the social life, the educational life, the political life. the religious life of the country. It is the problem of restoring rural civilization in this country as a mighty factor in shaping the destiny of the nation. It is not a farm problem, it is a national problem. It is as vital to the cities as it is to the country. It is as important to the commercial and banking and industrial interests as it is to the agricultural interests.

A PRAYER WRITTEN BY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Almighty God! We make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection for one another and for their fellow citizens at large; and, finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humiliation, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy Nation.

"Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."—Selected.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.

By Antonia J. Stemple.

Probably there are a few Americans who have never had the desire to see Cuba. The Pearl of the Antilles certainly deserves a visit, and few people who have once beheld its charms are content with a single stay. The beauty of the island and the lure of Havana, the capital, is very great, and though Cuba is so comparatively near to the United States, it is really a foreign country, where one sees sights and has experiences that forever remain in the memory.

Who that has once seen the beautiful harbor of Havana, with the stately, historic Morro on guard, the grim, many-memoried, rambling Cabanas, the beautiful shore line and entrancing blue sky, pervading sunshine, and colorful landscape, but remembers his first sight as a red letter experience. Especially in winter, when Cuba is an enchanting summer land, has the island even more than its usual and peculiar charm.

Havana is an ancient and historic city. The impress of Spain, whose flag waved over the island for centuries, till Uncle Sam intervened and made Cuba Libre a reality, is everywhere in evidence. Spanish is the universal language, and Americans must be prepared to have as much trouble in making themselves understood as they would in any foreign country across the seas. Cuba supplies a great portion of the world's supply of sugar, tobacco and coffee, especially the former, and as the United States took the island under its wing, as it were, helped to give it peace and a stable government, and make it a land of the free, Cuba will always have a strong interest for every liberty-loving American.

One sometimes gets the impression that the Cubans are bandits, ignoramuses, dirty, and sadly in need of uplift. However, that may have been once, it is not true now. Instead, Havana proves to be the home of extremely efficient, handsome, elegant men and women, groomed to the "nth" degree, while Havana itself is not only a beautiful clean, progressive city, but enterprising as well, doing an enormous business, and being quite sufficient unto itself. Evidently big brother United States did a good job in lending a helpful hand, for now little brother Cuba is capable of showing his instructor a thing or two and is a credit to his teacher.

One surprising thing it that big brother's language is so little known. It would seem that after the United States had been in the island so long and had done so much for them that the Cubans would make it a point to learn our langauge, at least to speak English sufficiently well so that the merchants, the street-car and dock employes and the clerks in business offices would cater to the numerous American visitors. But such is not the case, neither is much attention given to English in the public schools. Very few of the Cubans or Spaniards make any pretense of speaking English, and those who do claim to do so are almost as difficult to understand as those who make no such profession.

The only signs of American ocu-

pancy now visible in Havana, aside from the great work of cleaning it up and rebuilding and making the city sanitary, are the names of such streets as Calle Theodore Roosevelt, Avenue Woodrow Wilson, the Leonard Wood laboratories, and an occasional tablet on a public building once occupied by American officials. But the Cubans have copied our currency, our flag, our soldiers' uniforms, and our constitution and government, so really they have done considerable, after all.

Cuban houses are mostly of stone. The walls of the rooms do not extend up to the ceilings, but terminate about two feet below, thus making an air space all around. This makes for good ventilation and coolness, but it also makes it possible to hear all the sounds in the adjacent rooms. Very large windows and balconies are the rule, and stone floors also add to the coolness and cleanliness of the homes. The shops in the older part of the city have no windows whatever, but when the shutters on the front of the building are removed for business the whole front is open from the sidewalk, so that it seems like being out of doors. There are no chimneys on any of the buildings, and no hot water is used. The business streets are often arcaded, with awnings to keep out the mid-day sun. A stroll under these arcades, with the open-fronted and attractive shops bordering the walk, always has a great appeal.

One never tires of the street life of Havana. Such a variety of vendors and small hucksters and salesmen it would not seem possible for even a large city like Havana to support. Kiosks, devoted to the sale of cooling drinks and fruits in infinite variety, the itinerant ice-cream vendor with his neat, covered push-cart marked "heledos," the Chinamen with thier little stands where they pare oranges all day, round and round the fruit, and sell it to passersby; others who sell pared pineapples, either halves, quarters, or even by the single slice; other Chinese with tiny glass boxes suspend from one shoulder, containing cornucopias of sugared peanuts; notion sellers, boys with little trays of a peculiar candy; sidewalk merchants, cigar sellers, lottery ticket hawkers, bird sellers, men carrying baskets of fruit, vegetables, bread or washing on their heads, or from yokes suspended from their shoulders as in China, and peddlers of every description. All these add to the variety, interest, color and noise of the city. Beside the vendors, getting a living in a picayune yet respectable way, there are more than fifty-seven varieties of beggars, of all ages and both sexes. Children dressed for hot weather, and distinctly fashionable in that they have more of their clothes off than on, some of them playing about their homes just as they made their advent on earth, women of all shades of complexions and of complex pedigrees, but all with very Cuban heels and their faces thickly covered with powder or paint, soldiers of the Cuban army, and of varying degrees of importance, these are some of the daily sights which enliven the streets and make visitors loath to go to bed.

Of all of Havana's many fascinating attractions, the old Colon and Tacon markets are often overlooked by hop, skip, and jump tourists. It is always worth while to see how other people raise and buy their food,

and how the business of catering to the commissionary department is carried on. One finds out at the public markets of any great city, but those of Havana seem quite inadequate for the demands. The Colon market is the largest in the city.

The Chinese are the fruit, vegetable and market gardeners of Cuba, and they are much in evidence. Lithe, silent, motionless, they stand among their neatly arranged and diversified wares, watchful, ready to wait on customers who desire to be waited on, and unemotionally observing your every movement if you are only a stranger and a "looker." Their stalls are usually the best looking. They know it and there are no bargains!

The market is one of the few places in Havana arranged without an eye to beauty, though it is exceedingly picturesque and for interest it cannot be surpassed. The stall owners, many of them, live overhead under the roof, their quarters being reached by steeply-pitched, narrow staircases, the while the family is clothing is draped on the railing. The children peer down on the traffic in the market below, and washlines strung around high in air look like aerial banners. The old Tacon market near Colon park is but a ghost of its former self, having been condemned, so only the stalls around the outside of the building are now used. There is no monotony or lack of life here, and unusual wares used by the lower classes excite wonder.

The Cuban is a fresh air fiend, the climate making outdoor living the year round the usual thing. The houses are built to catch every breath of fresh air that stirs, and Cuban homes are open to the public gaze, so that everyone who passes by may at all times have a very comprehensive idea of what is going on inside. It is impossible for any American to understand how they can keep any family secrets, and one wonders where the family skeletons are hidden. The houses are generally built around a patio or courtyard, filled with growing flowers, trees, shrubs, and seats, and the like, and the family spends most of its time in the patio.

The Columbus Cathedral is one of the most historic and important of Havana's many interesting buildings. This ancient and honorable edifice was built in 1704, and the two bells in the tower are considerably older. The interior of the cathedral is very beautiful, and nobody should think of going to Cuba without seeing it. The structure stands in the heart of the congested old part of the city, and has no impressive approach. The bones of Christopher Columbus were for more than a century enshrined here, and the place where they were deposited to the left of the high altar is marked. In 1898 the remains were removed from the Havana cathedral and taken back to be deposited in Seville Cathedral in Spain.

The Cabanas, the great, hoary fortress, is very historic and many unpleasant deeds and memories of the Spanish occupation are associated with it. It occupies a commanding position and is an exceedingly interesting place to inspect. Like all the Spanish forts, it is full of gruesome dungeons and underground chambers and passages. One may easily spend a day in and about this fortification. Most Americans are anxious to see the "laurel ditch" or dead line, where political prisoners were backed against the wall to

be shot. A beautiful memorial tablet is now affixed to the bullet-riddled wall.

La Fuerza, which is centuries old, is an imposing castle-fortress where De Soto's wife spent years waiting her husband's return from his ill-fated exploration expedition. A portion of one tower was shot away during a bombardment. La Punta is another fort on the waterfront which adds to the picturesque effect of Havana. All these are open to the public, and visitors who like the ancient and the historic always enjoy going through them.

The Prado, the chief street of Havana, stretches away in a straight line a mile and a half long from the waterfront to Colon park. It is a beautiful boulevard, with a promenade bordered by a double row of symmetrical laurel trees. Here all Havana takes its constitutionals, and at night the street is a blaze of light.

The old section of Havana is a maze of very narrow streets with infinite charm and attractions, crowded with colorful, animated people. Going through these narrow streets with the inviting vistas, where one has to flatten oneself against the walls of the houses to let other pedestrains go by, and where one gets tantalizing glimpses through the iron-grilled doorways and courts of an interesting family life and novel ways of doing business, seems like a moving picture panorama. In fact, Havana is entrancing, and the little that has been said gives only a very faint idea of what the Cuban capital has in store for the stranger.

SLAVE WHO SERVED ALEXANDER STEPHENS

Cyrus Stephens, the last surviving former slave of Alexander H. Stephens, early Georgia governor and vice president of the Confederate state, returned to his home in Crawfordville Tuesday after an Atlanta visit that he will always remember.

Cyrus, who is now 83 years old, was with Alexander Stephens when he died at the state executive mansion in 1883. He helped carry the great statesman out on a porch to take a last look at a beautiful moon on the night of his death, he told state officials Monday. He had served as a personal servant for Mr. Stephens throughout his life, and has lived with relatives of his former master since 1883.

Judge Alex Stephens, of the Georgia court of appeals, a nephew of Alexander H. Stephens, presented Cyrus to Governor Hardman and other Georgia officials Monday. The aged negro said it had been his ambition to see another governor ever since he worked at the executive mansion in the early eighties. He also attended the Stephens birthday exercises at the auditorium Saturday.

RULED BY THE OLD TIME RELIGION.

By Gertrude S. Carraway, in The Citizen Magazine.

A village that is almost a modern practical socialism without meaning to be found is at Salter Path, a small Utopian settlement on the coastal banks of North Carolina near Morehead City.

The settlement well exemplifies civic virtue and community co-operation. It is without mayor, aldermen, police force, fire department and courts. There are no laws, no taxes, no legislators, judges or officials. Yet, there is apparently never any trouble. Riots, drunkeness, disorder, fighting and cursing are almost unknown. Old-time religion is the only law.

Formal ownership of the land never occurred to the residents. They squatted there years ago, with no thought of legal claims. At present, therefore, the site is owned legally by outside parties. State law and the owner do not require these possessors to pay rent.

Every man, woman and child on the island is employed in masse by a fish dealer who pays them a lump sum for their time and fish. Regardless of weather and fish catches, they receive the same stated sum each week of the year. This is divided equally among the able-bodied heads of families at the place, so that every family has practically the same income, the same resources, the same amounts of wealth, the same opportunities for work and wages, the same chances for life, liberty, education and happiness.

This community of equal chances seems to be working successfully The new plan apparently is productive of an unusual co-operation, a splendid community interest, a rare individual happiness that provokes study from outsiders who have never been able to find such peace and contentment as are found at Salter Path.

And yet the place is by no means what is generally considered a socialistic state. The inhabitants probably never heard the word socialism. If they heard it, they would very likely not understand its meaning. Nor would communism mean anything to them.

Their state of equality, community ownership and co-operation and lack of governmental provisions were not due to the working out of some advance elaborate scheme. They came gradually and essentially from their location, environment and nature, which developed the necessity of working together in harmony for the preservation, salvation and good of all. A union of men can accomplish more than any one can do individually, especially when they have to struggle for an existence against winds and tides.

They are not long-haired, dissatisfied-looking Bolsheviks. They are happy and carefree, pious and unselfish. Their trust in God and their love for their fellowmen are their outstanding characteristics.

Their religion is a strong Fundamentalism. No one would dare speak against their traditions, their Bible, their church teachings. Everybody on the island goes to church and Sunday school. Modernistic tendencies do not worry them. Nor

does the younger generation give any trouble. The young people marry early and settle down steadily to lives like those of the older generation.

Although still primitive, the residents of Salter Path are progressing rapidly. In some respects they have passed far beyond their more commercial and less peaceful neighbors.

There are no roads on their domain but their paths are aisles of singular beauty, winding attractively through the dense yapon trees, cedars and dwarfed pines, far more enchanting than any of the long white pavements for which North Carolina highways are becoming nationally famous.

The school with its 45 pupils is making an excellent record. A radio has been recently imported. A victrola is a main recreation. There are no automobiles, but clean, white motor boats are found in numbers. Instead of cooking almost altogether on spiders as formerly, the residents now use many canned goods. Trips to the mainland are getting more frequent.

This island Paradise seems by contrast far removed from the commercial activity of the mainland. During the last decade the Old North State has boomed its mills, factories, resorts and business. Babitts i n many sections have advertised unparalled growth and progress.

Within a few miles of these industrial centers and resort developments this small section has retained the calm tenor of its way, unspoiled by materialism. This is due primarily to the fact that it is difficult to reach Salter Path, as it is an hour's boat trip up Bogue sound.

It is also due largely to the fact that the inhabitants are well satisfied with their own methods and manners of living, go seldom to the mainland and are generally happy with their own traditional ideas and customs.

Salter Path is situated at a narrow strip of Bogue banks between the Atlantic Ocean and Bogue sound. The sound is shallow, its treacherous shoals permitting the approach of only small boats. The undergrowth is almost semi-tropical. Frost and snow are practically unknown.

Tall sand dunes, sometimes covered with a dark, stubby growth of wiry grass or with waving sea oats, sometimes marked by no plant life at all, stretch brokenly in all sorts of fantastic shapes and sizes. These mountains of sand potect the village from the sea but at the same time threaten ultimate sand battles that will drive the natives into the placid blue waters of Bogue sound, called the "Mediterranean Sea of America" or necessitate their removal to a safer spot.

Capitalists are beginning to visulize vast fortunes in the banks along the Carolina coast. Botanists are asserting that plants and trees will grow there abundantly enough for profits. Tourists and vacationalists are going there in increasing numbers. Fishermen and hunters are finding there a sportsman's paradise.

Salter Path, however, in many respects, remains just as it was two centuries ago. It will probably never change with the consent of the residents. In many ways it has never resembled other parts of the banks and mainland.

The approach to Salter Path from the sound side has to be made from the docks to the land by means of a long narrow wharf, composed of two

narrow planks. It is necessary to maintain all one's faculties in walking on these separated boards, high above the water.

A man-power railroad trestle extends across the island from the sound to the beach. Over this unique road, the only railroad on the Carolina banks, are transported the fish in small cars from the ocean where they are caught in big nets. On the sound side they are loaded on boats and taken to market.

Fishing is, of conrse, the main industry; in fact, the only industry. It has always been the business of these men and their forefathers to fish. As soon as a youth is large enough to help, he is allowed to aid with the nets and he is proud of his responsibilities. Young girls are trained almost from babyhood to assist with the household tasks. There is no ildeness at Salter Path. Of necessity all must work hard in their eternal struggle to eke a living from nature.

In good seasons success comes easily. Fish can be obtained in large quantities from the sound and from the surf. Scallops may be gathered on the beach. Oysters can be picked up at certain spots. Clams and crabs may also be found in abundance. Game may also be found in the region.

A poor fishing season, however, used to bring suffering and hardship. At times their entire capital would be swept away. All their nets and seines, called their "gear" would be lost. Fishing is at best a risky and expensive business.

More and more the inhabitants some years ago were becoming poverty-stricken. They had only one market. Their fish could not be kept long. Without competitive bidders, their fish brought unreasonably low prices. Often they received only five cents a pound when other dealers were paying other fishermen thirteen cents. They could barely eke out an existence.

Then came encouragement. J. E. Woodland, of Morehead City, probably the largest fish dealer in North Carolina, chairman of the Carteret county board of commissioners and president of the North Carolina association of county commissioners, obtained first fishing privileges in waters off Salter Path.

Three other large fish dealers of the section, who had up to that time been buying all the fish caught by the Salter Path residents, begged him not to compete. They offered to take him in as fourth partner in their own concern, if he would not fish near Salter Path. This he agreed to do. During that season, as a member of the firm, he began to realize that they were coining cash at the expense of the Salter Path fishermen.

His heart rebelled. He told his three partners that he could no longer be a party of such selfish profiteering. In vain he endeavored to make the men give the Salter Path fishermen a fair price for their fish. He determined to enter a competitive business. Then they sold out their interest to him.

Mr. Woodland took up the matter with the Salter Path men. He stated his case and offered to hire the entire male population of the island for a certain sum to be paid every week. In poor seasons and in good seasons they were to recieve the same

amount, averaging about $20 for every able-bodied man.

Three years ago they agreed to this plan. It has been working successfuly, to the satisfaction of all. For the first time, the men are prosperous at all times of the year. Mr. Woodland is also pleased with the arrangements.

The whole scheme is managed in a democratic manner. There seems to be no friction at all. The men elect their captain, who is acceptable to Mr. Woodland. The captain is not a boss; he rarely has to give an order. He is only in charge of the fish crews. Each man knows well his own part of the work. They all pull together wonderfully with the big nets.

For the first time the island has a full-time minister and a full-time school teacher. The houses have been painted, their church has been painted, their school has been improved. Their boats are kept spotlessly white and their gear is kept excellently.

"Ow do we like Mistuh Woodlan'?" One of the natives repeated the question. "That is somethin' we jus' can't express—we think so much of him."

Every week Mr. Woodland goes to visit his people. He knows them all by name and loves them all. He does much more for them than his contracts demand. On practically every visit he takes them small gifts or new victrola records.

And so, the pure democracy and socialism on this island seem to be working well. It does not necessarily follow that such would work well elsewhere, for this place is unique, These people and their ancestors have worked co-operatively for years. And much of their success is due to their religious faith.

The 172 inhabitants are intensely religious. All are members of the Northern Methodist church. Their preacher is their only arbitor. They have church every Sunday as well as a mid-week prayer service. Every person on the island, babies and adults included, attends Sunday school.

On their beach is a large painted sign: "In God We Trust. No Cursing or Vulgarity Allowed on the Beach." On the other side is the scripture: "Blessed is the Peace Maker." These illustrate their spirit.

The admonitions on the sign are faithfully followed. Even during storms at sea, when the fish hauls are dangerously heavy, there is never a curse word among all those brawny men. Very likely they would not even recognize the sound of a curse. They have never sworn and would probably not know how to do so. There is no law against it, or against anything else there; but they know that it is wrong.

Nor is there any fighting or unpleasantness, it is said. There has never been an arrest of any kind on the island. According to an old resident, there has been no drinking there, except in one or two instances, when a younger resident went to the mainland for a drink or two. Nor is liquor made there.

"Do we dance?" repeated a native. "Oh, no, our church tells us it is wrong to dance. Our main pleasures are goin' to church and readin' the Bible."

One woman spends much of her time alone in a small hut near the beach, where the breakers come roaring day and night. No other house is near; no other resident is within call. Yet, she says she is

never afraid. Every person there is trustworthy. Nobody has ever been hurt there intentionally in the memory of the oldest citizens. Nothing has ever been stolen from behind the unlocked doors.

These fisher folk are superstitious though not so much so as many types of persons. They are believers in luck and fishermen's signs. All are good weather forecasters. With the exception of their church, they belong to no organization, except their one club, the "Charitable Brotherhood."

Visitors are welcomed at Salter Path. In former times the residents were su-picious of newcomers. Now they are hospitable and friendly. They want worthy outsiders to know of their heaven of beauty. An undesirable guest is soon made to leave.

Although their main foods come from the waters and from cans, the inhabitants seems very healthy. There is a tale that certain visitors like to tell, illustrative of their longevity.

On one occasion a visitor saw there an old man crying. Upon being asked the reason for the tears, the aged fellow replied,

"Because Pappy slapped me."

Following a wave of the old man's hand, the visitor saw "Pappy" seated on a petrified long whittling and whistling. "Pappy" seemed ancient with flowing white beard and bent back.

"Why did you strike your son?" he was asked.

"'Caze he sassed his gran-pap," was the answer.

There is no doctor at Salters. Seldom is one called from the mainland. No cemetery is kept on the island, except a small unmarked graveyard. Burials are made across the sound. The death rate is low.

Of all people in this vast country, these simple folk seem to be maintaining perhaps best their spirit of democracy, equality and brotherly love. They are the freest of the free. Necessarily having to work together, they understand the values and advantages of co-operative working, co-operative living and co-operative marketing. Theirs is a unique practical socialism, a real democracy that seems to be working successfully, because the individuals are unselfishly willing to work together harmoniously for the common good.

DANIEL BOONE.

Daniel Boone is the hero of every American boy. Thanks to James Fenimore Cooper, Lord Bryon, and himself, Boone is known the world around. He is one of the few Americans whose claim to distinction is unquestioned outside his own country. His bust stands in the Hall of Fame in New York City, along with those of other great Americans who have been thus memoralized and immortalized. The number of biographies of the famous scout is legion; in this respect he ranks with Washington. During the latter years of his life, he was admired and revered as a hero. A witness of his own immortality, Boone was conscious of the reverence he inspired and dimly anticipated the certainty of world-wide and enduring fame in the future.—Dr. Archibald Henderson.

LATHAN DECRIES APATHY.

Inveighing against what he termed America's lack of a foreign policy "other than a program of negation," Robert Lathan, editor of the Asheville, N. C., Citizen, warned here tonight against further refusal by the nation to assume a share of responsibility in world efforts to organize against war.

He spoke at a banquet of the Southeastern Citizenship Conference, now in session at Emory University.

Asserting that there was "no greater deluson than that of American isolation in world affairs," the North Carolina editor weighed forces which he said were maneuvering for another world conflict against influences for world peace and found that the League of Nations was the most important factor in the scales.

Mr. Lathan decried the "popular attitude" of apathy in this country toward foreign relations with the observation that they cannot be ignored, adding:

Dodge Responsibility

"Day by day we are reaching out into other lands, becoming more and more a world figure and a great commercial power, but we still decline to accept any share of responsibility in the effort to organize the world against war.

"What is the consequence? So far as we are concerned, the consequence is that against the background of the work which has been done for world peace in the past eight years by the League of Nations we see today the formidable beginning of a new movement looking to the organization of the world for war. Of course it is denied that this is the purpose of the movement. It is the effect none the less. My protest is that so far as America is concerned the movement is as futile as it is dangerous."

He cited the projected American naval program as a gesture which unquestionably has excited fear in other lands adding:

"I am not arguing against a navy; I am pointing out that if we place our reliance in armaments alone, it is time for us to take account of where that policy is likely to lead us.

"Our influence has penetrated to the far corners of the world. Still protesting our insularity, the rest of the world sees us as rising steadily and swiftly to an imperialism that makes itself felt everywhere. You and I know that our professions are true when we say that we are without covetuousness as a people. But how shall we make others believe this? That is our problem as a nation."

Policies Too Vague

Observing that it should be the privilege of "even a provincial editor" to "hop around a bit, in spite of the suggestion recently thrown out from high authority that the press would do well in foreign affairs to stick closely to its duty of supporting the government's policies," Mr. Lathan declared "the difficulty is for the press to know what the government's foreign policies actually are.

"The fact is," he continued, "that except from the Monroe Doctrine, we have no foreign policies other than a program of negation—no foreign policies, that is to say, which represents the thought and conscience of America, no foreign policy that resolutely faces the future and seeks to mould and shape it. Here is a situation beside which all the other problems of our time shrivel.

"If we have not begun to understand this and appreciate its import we have been blind indeed to the development of the past decade. The problem then, the problem now, was whether the civilized world, would be able to organize for peace or, as always in the past, organize anew for war. The lessons of Armageddon are fading in the public mind and the old psychology is more and more reasserting itself."

Citing World War debts, American investments in foreign countries, American dependence on some foreign markets and the necessity for the United States as an industrial nation to build up markets abroad, he declared that peace in Europe is a matter of "vital concern to the American people."

He outlined the progress of the League of Nations, which he said had averted war in the Balkans and again in Northern Europe, adding that no student of affairs in Europe questions that it is enormously powerful because it was compelled respect and calm consideration of vexed issues.

"The United States has recognized the value of the league; only at actual membership does the government draw the line.

"Will this continue to be its attitude indefinitely? Personally, I do not think so. The practical force of events will imperatively urge us to throw the weight of our influence into the scale along with those who are battling through the League to keep world peace.

"As a practical people we are being faced with a question of a alternatives, and I am sure that we will not elect to organize for war and refuse to do our part also to organize for peace.

Teaching of citizenship in universities and colleges was urged in an address by Governor L. G. Hardman, of Georgia.

"The individual is the basis of government, and no government is greater than its citizens," he declared. "The safety of the state depeends upon divine power and the sovereignty of the individual."

The Bureau of Entomology says a house fly will travel five miles in twenty-four hours. He is probably rehearsing while getting ready for his non-stop flight, by skating around on your bald head while you read yourself to sleep.—Tom Masson.

ADULT EDUCATION—A FEAR.

By Glenn Frank.

The American has a genius for organization.

We are adept at putting over an idea quickly.

This genius is invaluble in the building and management of a great civilization, provided the organizer is kept in his place; but in America most movements get into the hands of the organizers too soon; the moment an idea looks good in the abstract we get busy with organization charts, and before the idea has accumulated enough meaning and momentum to stand alone and head itself toward a well-considered goal, it has a national secretary, a board of directors, and local chapters throughout the country, with the result that the busy organizer is dictating policy as well as procedure.

Efficient organization at a too early stage has killed many creative ideas.

I fear that adult education is in danger of being ruined by its over anxious friends.

The budding adult education movement represents one of the most significant impulses and ideas of this generation; it assumes that education is not an affair of the schools that ends with a diploma, but a process that must continue throughout life, a process in which a man's school days are but an incident.

Here is a magnificent chance to do something new and creative and real in education; in adult education we are not tied hand and foot with a thousand and one academic traditions about what shall be studied; there are no vested interests of professors and departments and courses of study standing in the way of a fresh facing of the question—How can a man go about the business of becoming an educated human being?

Let's be honest: our schools are loaded down with things to study and ways of studying them that bear little if any vital relation to the human problem of getting ourselves in position to live happily and work effectively.

Suppose no colleges existed. Suppose we had a clean slate upon which to write. I can not conceive a dozen highly intelligent men, faced with the problem of preparing 3,000 young Americans for intelligent and effective participation in modern society, setting up for the first time in 1928 the courses of study and the methods of teaching now employed in any American college.

The fact is that the American college, in its courses of study, the arrangement of the subject-matter presented, and the methods of teachings, is almost wholly dictated by the professional interests of teachers rather than by the educational needs of the student. And yet all these things are sanctified by a century of usuage and entangled in vested interests that nothing short of a revolution will change.

What a change in adult education to bring a new reality into education!

And yet the danger is that, in our passion for organizinng nation-wide movements, we shall do

little more than lift over into the field of adult education all the artificialities and sterilities of our conventional schooling.

In the field of adult education, we must either think faster or organize more slowly.

Our mothers and grandmothers, who wrought at the loom of life before us, had only a gentle influence. We have the influence plus the voice and a vote in all things affecting human welfare.—Mrs. Kreps.

"RUIN THAT'S ROMANTIC."

(New York Herald-Tribune.)

Dr. John Winthrop Sargent returned from an extended stay in Central America and Yucatan where he conducted archaeological explorations for the government of Peru.

"One of my most interesting trips," he said, "took me from the Colombian coast up to an altitude of 19,000 feet to the watershed, whence in one direction, the Magdalena River has its head waters and flows down to join the Orinoco, while on the other hand the Coqueta originates. Searching out that high country, my party had to wade for twenty kilometers in the bed of the Magdalena, because it was the only place where walking was possible.

"It is an unexplained fact that the more interesting ruins of South America occur at altitudes and in inaccessible places.

"The pre-Incas who lived from 10,000 B. C. to 6,000 B. C. were fully as far advanced in the arts and sciences and, generally, in their civilization as were the ancient Egyptians.

"Their genius for building is illustrated by the Sachuamanan, or cyclopean fortress, built above Cuzo, Peru. In the building of this giant fortress, one wall of which is above five eights of a mile in length, stones of vast size were hewn and piled upon one another. Some were made cubical in shape, some oblong, while interstices were filled in with such precision that it is impossible to insert a knife blade between them. The remains of the wall vary from fifteen to fifty in height. Its original height it is impossible to conjecture.

"The characters engraved on this monolith would interest any Mason. Masonic symbols are frequent among them. The age of this work is anywhere between 500 B. C. and 500 A. D."

A MODERN PARABLE.

(Selected.)

There were certain parents who had two children; and these children said to their parents: "Father and Mother, give us the portion of your time, and your attention, and your companionship and your counsel which falleth to us."

And they divided unto the children their living in that they paid the children's bills and sent them to select schools, and to dancing schools, and to college, and tried to believe that they were doing their full duty to their children.

And not so many days after the father gathered all his interests and aspirations and ambitions, and took his journey into a far country, into a land of stocks and bonds and securities and other things which do not interest a boy; and there he wasted his precious opportunity of being a chum to his own son.

And the mother, likewise, gathered together all her interests and aspirations and ambitions, and took her journey into the same far country, and there she gave her time and thought chiefly to dress and theatres and parties and other things that helped to weaken the home ties; and there she wasted her precious opportunity of being a helpful companion to her own daughter.

And when the father and mother had spent the best of their life and gained money and had enjoyed a certain amount of worldly pleasure, but had failed to find satisfaction, there arose a mighty famine in their hearts, and they began to be in want of sympathy and real companionship.

And they went and joined themselves to some of the clubs of that country; and the father was elected chairman of the house committee and president of one of the clubs, and was finally sent to Congress; while the mother served on numerous committees and had her vanity gratified by getting into various offices. And both of them would fain have satisfied themselves with the husks that other men and women did eat, but no one gave them any real heart-friend-ship.

But when they came to themselves they said, "How many men and women of our acquaintaince have boys and girls whom they understand and who understand them, men and women who talk about their children and associate with their children and seem perfectly happy in their children's comradeship, and we perish here with heart hunger. We will arise and go to our son and daughter and we will say unto them: 'Children, we have sinned against heaven and in your sight; and are no more worthy to be called your parents; make us as some of your acquaintaince'."

And they arose and came to their children. But when they were yet afar off, their children saw them and were moved with astonishment and instead of running and falling on their necks, they drew back and were ill at ease.

And their parents said unto them: "Children, we have sinned against heaven, and in your sight; we are no more worthy to be called your parents; Forgive us now; and let us be your friends."

But the children said: "Not so. We wish it were possible, but it is too late. There was a time when we wanted to know things, when we wanted companionship and counsel, but you were too busy. We got the information and we got the companionship; but we got the wrong kind, and now, alas, we are wrecked in soul and in body, and there is nothing you can do for us. No, it is too late."

Kites don't rise with the wind, but against the wind, so never let opposition discourage you. It may be just what you need to help you rise.—Selected.

FEDERAL EMPLOYES.

(Oxford Ledger.)

The federal pay roll seems to have something like 900,000 jobs. President Coolidge has pointed out that there were some 39,000 vacancies last year with about 250,000 applicants ambitious to fill them.

Omitting commissioned and enlisted personnel of the army and navy, which runs well over 200,000 men, the many thousands employed by the legislative and judicial branches, about 57,600 miscellaneous postal employes and a few more, the federal executive service has some 560,000 employes, according to the Civil Service Commission. About 60,000 are in Washington and the other 500,000 elsewhere. These are what are known as government workers. They include about 80,000 women and 480,000 men.

Among them are nearly 310,000 employes of the Postoffice Department, whose total roster runs to about 370,000. The list shows other civil service employes apportioned as follows:

White House 45; State Department 4,000; Treasury 52,000; War Department 42,000; Department of Justice 3,700; Navy 43,000; Interior Department 16,000; Agriculture Department 22,000; Commerce Department 15,000; Labor Department 4,000; Smithsonian Institution 500; Interstate Commerce Commission 1900; Civil Service Commission 457; Bureau of Efficiency 71; Federal Trade Commission 300; Shipping Board 16,000; alien property office 200; Tariff Commission 200; Panama Canal 10,000; public buildings and parks of the national capital 2,264; general accounting office 2,000; Veteran's Bureau 24,000; War Finance Corporation 86; National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics 169; Federal Reserve Board 204; Board of Tax Appeals 137; and Board of Mediation 37.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Preparations are being made to build a road to the new sewage disposal plant.

Lester Wallace, a former boy of this institution, was a visitor here last Sunday afternoon.

On account of the bad weather the boys retired to the cottages instead of going to the ball ground last Saturday afternoon.

The boys of the print shop have been busy this week printing a couple of jobs for the D. A. R., (Daughters of the American Revolution.)

Last week Mr. Lisk was successful in getting about 700 little chickens from the incubator. We hope he is lucky enough to raise them all.

Sometime ago the School's Ford was hit by another car. The right fender and door were bent pretty bad. Mr. Hood undertook the job of straightening it. He did a nice job of it.

"Two Miracles of Power," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. The first was where Jesus rebuked the sea and caused the storm to cease. The second He cast the Devil from a man. The golden text was: "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and sea obey him."

John Seagle, one of our old boys called on us last Tuesday afternoon. John has been working on the new airport now under construction at Charlotte.

Mr. Carriker, the carpenter shop instructor, went to Charlotte last Friday to have his tonsils removed. We are glad to hear that he is improving rapidly.

The boys of the receiving cottage do not just sit around and do nothing, as was first expected. Instead, Mr. Presson has had them cutting wood and doing other odd jobs around the cottage lately.

Carl Styles and Paul Crutchfield, members of the first and thirteenth cottages respectively, have been given a position in the bakery lately. We hope Mr. House succeeds in making good bakerymen out of them.

We are glad to hear that Clyde Bristow, former boy of this institution and "Junior Editor," is getting on fine. Bristow is employed as linotype operator at the Concord Daily Tribune. We hope he continues to prosper.

Last Thursday afternoon we had the honor of being visited by about thirty-five or forty members of the North Carolina Bankers' Association, holding their District Meeting at Concord. They were escorted around by Superintendent Boger. They left expressing their appreciation of the the work that is being done here.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 3 1928 No. 6

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GREATNESS IS GOODNESS.

It is not where we are, but what we are that counts. Greatness is goodness. An honest purpose makes the noblest work of God. Virtue is reward rich enough for living virtuously.—Dr. Holland.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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A BANKER'S IDEAL.

In his farewell address to the American Bankers Association, President Mell Taylor, of Chicago, in giving up the presidency, said: "This is my hope for the future; that we may be rich without forgetting to be righteous; that we may have leisure without license; that we may be powerful without being offensively proud; that we may be nationally-minded without benig narrow-minded; and finally, that we may live in a world of fact without surrendering our faith." A good sermon in that statement!

WHO IS A HERO.

A score and a half of tired travelling men had retired to their rooms in a hotel. They probably had no misgivings about their safety and undisturbed rest.

An old gentleman, a hotel clerk, who in the past had suffered financial reverses; not giving away to his trouble, he accepted the best position that was then available—a clerkship in a hotel. That itself reveals the philosophy and courage of a once prosperous agent in the commercial affairs of his community.

"Fire! Fire!" cried this old hotel clerk as he wended his way through smokey and burning halls. He took no thought of himself or his personal safety—that none of his charges should suffer was the compelling force of this heroic character. He himself perished along with two others in that fire which destroyed the Central Hotel at Shelby, North Carolina.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for

a friend," has a true example in the heroic and unselfish deed of Henry Kerr the hotel clerk who walked to his death and tarried to make no oversight of warning those in his care.

Who, then is a hero? Henry Kerr; he saw his duty and did it, losing his own life. He did this not for applause or notoriety, and the fine old gentleman died not knowing himself that he died the death of a hero. But the world bows in the presence of such dutiful men among us.

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TRICKS OF A TRADE.

The schemes and methods employed by people, who have wares to sell, afford an interesting study.

How people are induced to make purchases—oftentimes of things they do not want and do not need—is illustrated by Eugene Ashcraft's explanation in his Enquirer. Doubtless that scheme has been pulled in every town of the state. "Prominent citizen" is so seductive. But see what Ashcraft has to say:

A few weeks ago I received through the mail a circular letter in which it said that if I would sign and return a post card accompanying, a small volume of the "Sayings of Poor Richard" would be sent me. Being a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin, I put my Johnhenry on the card, and returned it to the kind people making the generous offer—Absolutely Free!

Now, I was sure at the time there was a joker to that card, and sure enough one day last week he appeared in person.

"Is this Mr. Eugene Ashcraft?" asked a pleasing little man, producing at the time that tell-tale card. Admitting that I was none other, the man produced from his portfolio a prospectus—20 volumes of the "Best In Literature—Only $7.50 a volume, small payment down and the rest on deferred easy payment plan—You'll never miss the small monthly assessment," et cetera, and so-on and so-forth.

But I out-talked the agent, and came mighty near getting him as a subscriber to The Enquirer for a year, but he left me the little book —the Saying of Poor Richard—and I am going to reproduce it, in installments, for the benefit of my readers.

I forgot to say that the letter I received a month ago said that only a few prominent citizens would be accorded the privilege and consideration of receiving the Sayings of Poor Richard. I am happy to say the book

agent had the names and cards of pretty nearly everybody in Monroe. I'm pleased to relate that we're all prominent citizens.

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WHAT OF SUNDAY

We are all, says Young Folks, more or less puzzled about Sunday: how it should be kept, what we should not do, what we should do. Hardly any two of us will agree on the rules that should govern our conduct on that holy day. Still we believe in Sunday. We believe it should be separate and apart from all other days of the week. We want to keep it higher and holier. We desire it should stand for something distinctive.

Sometimes it does us good to read what others have thought of the Lord's Day and how they believe it should be observed. Such expressions are not difficult to find. I came across one a few days ago that interested me very much.

In the market place of the little city of Lichfield, England, there stands a colossal statue of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that city's most distinguished son. When Dr. Johnson was in his forty-sixth year he laid down for himself a scheme according to which he would observe the Sabbath. He wrote in his Journal as follows: "Having lived not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without attention to its religious duties which Christianity requires, I resolve henceforth:

1. To rise early, and in order to do that to go to sleep early on Saturday.
2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.
3. To examine the tenor of my life and particularly the last week, and to mark my advances in my religion or recessions from it.
4. To read the Scriptures methodically with such helps as are at hand.
5. To go to church twice.
6. To read books of divinity, either speculative or practical.
7. To instruct my family.
8. To wear off by meditation any worldly soil contracted in the week.

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HARNESSING OUR POWER.

Enough has been accomplished in the years gone before to give living life to the name of James B. Duke, for time as long as it continues. What he conceived and put into actuality, is busy every day contributing to the needs of the people and the creation of new industries.

Another dam has been closed on the Catawba river. It is at Oxford Ford and is hereafter to be known as the Oxford Ford Lake. This lake

when filling is completed will cover 7,000 acres. The gates have been closed.

This dam cost the company $6,000,000, said to be the largest project of its kind in the South. The hydro-electric power to be produced by the turbines will produce about 56,000 horsepower. Steadily and surely the growth of industrial plants in this section continues, and the end is not in sight.

And it was the genius of one man, a North Carolinian, who conceived and wrought it all.

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ONE GETS ON JOB.

Some months back The Uplift was favored with frequent, it not weekly, contributions by two former newspaper men. We have evidence that many Uplift readers have wondered why "Old Hurrygraph" is so silent. He spent his vacation among the mountains of Caldwell county, and since then he has observed a painful silence. We and our readers miss him.

Another one, while not so regular, appears occasionally to keep us hoping that he may reform into a finer regularity. This is Charles Wesley Hunt.

Mr. Hunt is in this number. He comes with a renewal of his acquaintance with his boyhood friends, "Ben and Bill," and what grand times they had together.

Stop! This was not many years ago; yet see what changes have occurred in freight handling and travelling. The revolution in the method of preparing seed cotton for the market is simply wonderful. Frank Cox became a hero among boys because of driving a team of horses to a power that turned out three bales of cotton per day, and he invested his earnings in a horse—Frank was the first boy in Cabarrus to own a horse and his fortune and distinction all but produced envy among his boyhood friends.

But wouldn't it be exciting to see Hunt endeavoring to reach Blowing Rock before the Summer is over by means of driving some of Ben's and Bill's remaining kinsmen.

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WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

The other day they were printing the picture of a betraying preacher and the betrayed. Nothing resembling heroism in the subjects. Men and women have shuddered and quaked in the story of the hotel fire, in which real heroes perished, but how quick over.

The betrayer and the betrayed still occupy conspicuous places in the news

columns and in the conversations of men and women. They are picturing the future and making prophecies for the future of these two characters that receive more interest than he who laid down his life to save others.

But the depraved tastes of readers must be satisfied.

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HEART CALL.

A faint far call
That shames the sweetest note
Allowed to fall
From Mocker's silvery throat—
Low, vibrant, sweet—
The language of a heart
Shy-winged and fleet,
Yet of my life a part.

A tender call,
So far, and yet so near—
Sweet sound, all of
On earth, to me, most dear—
Call of a heart
So for, so near, so sweet,
Come, own your part
In making life complete.

Arch Huneycutt, in Stanly News-Herald

BEN AND BILL OR THE DAYS OF THE OXCART.

By C. W. Hunt.

Did you ever drive a yoke of oxen? Did you ever see a pair that leaned out and away from each other until they wore their hoofs sore and one sided? If you have not you have missed much in life that might have taught you patience (?) and humility; though I confess that your vocabulary of nice words may be larger for what you missed.

A news-story in a recent issue of The Uplift taken from the Smithfield Herald, in which two or more ladies were the chief workers, in which the beauty of a bright fire, open, in a house by the side of the road was mentioned as appealing to a passerby called to mind scenes and action of more than fifty years ago, when growing up on a farm, four miles from the country town of Franklinton, at which time and on which place a yoke of oxen, Ben and Bill were the principle draft animals. Ben and Bill, a cheap cart and a small boy made cheap transportation, at a time when speed was not known. It seemed to be a custom to load on a cart a load of seed cotton at the noon hour, and it always fell to my lot to sit on the tongue of that cart and drive to the town and to the gin, where there were two, three, sometimes more loads ahead of mine; and the process of getting the seed cotton in the gin room was by hand only. The cotton was digged off the cart by hand, piled on a tough old sheet, the corners hooked into a hook on the end of a long rope and pulled by hand to the second story, a hard and tedious job, and fed by hand into the gin and the lint taken by hand to one of those old high, handmade wooden screw presses, and the bale packed by hand and horse power at the end of a long slanting lever or levers.

By the time all this was done it was night, and the four miles home over a wet muddy road, at times was slow and tiresome, with a small boy perched on the tongue of the cart, perhaps barefooted, the night cool, even cold, perhaps raining; the boy wet, cold and hungry, his feet dangling just above the muddy roadbed; the oxen dragging along as only a slow ox can. Under such conditions as that a bright fire in some one's fireplace, beside the road carried no joy or pleasure; it was a temptation: temptation to desert the cart and oxen and sit by that bright fire. How I envied and was jealous of those sitting by its bright glow, even if they were no better conditioned than I. But the knowledge that if I held on for a few more miles there would be a bright open fire on the home hearth, with food and welcome and a big feather bed kept me alive (?). The talk now of a bright fire with the present modes of travel, arouses the best in one's nature, but as a barefoot boy, cold, wet, hungry, creeping along a muddy road in the night, "an' it a rainin'," aroused envy, jealousy and all a small boy could imagine. There is but one thing in it all, as I look back, it taught humili-

ty and created a sympathy for the "under-dog" that is there yet. It made me to understand and feel for those who still have to endure such. There was no thought of its ever falling to the lot of that same boy to live in a heated house, drive a closed and heated car, and move so fast that the bright open fire by the roadside would have no charm.

Added to all that has been said above is the fact that Ben and Bill, the red and white oxen were mean and contrary and unruly. They did the hauling all fall and winter and spring, and when it became too warm to work oxen they were turned out on the commons with the dry cattle to browse and get their living until crop gathering time came, when they were brought in, and each season had to be broken again. Each knew his side of the tongue and woe to the boy who hitched them on the wrong side: that meant a runaway, and a runaway ox team is all run. No amount of rope-horn pulling or yelling "Whoa!" did any good. It was run until a tree or something else was hit to stop them. Being the eldest boy and the largest and "badest," the driving of the oxen fell to me. To deal with such contraries was enough to make good grown men cuss, and in time it came around to father that I had been using cuss words at and to Ben and Bill. That meant a lecture: I feared a thrashing, but to my delight I was ordered to leave the ox cart tongue, and the job fell to the brother next to me. This was not a reward to stop swearing, but putting me where there was less temptation to swear.

When the farm and the equipment was sold, Ben and Bill went with it, and they no doubt soon got acquainted with a butcher. I became a student at school, but live 100 years I can never forget those cold fall and winter nights and the pulls and tugs and the swears on account of Ben and Bill, the red and white steers.

FAMILY DOG REPORTS DEATH.

News comes from Harnett county of a dog which, in his own language reported the accidental death of Sherrod Smith, well-known farmer who lived near Warsaw, and led his son to the lifeless body of the father, according to reports reaching Dunn. Mr. Smith went into the woods to hunt for birds and was accompanied only by his trusty dog.

A while later the dog returned to the home and his unusual actions attracted members of the family. He would start away to the woods and in his manner seemed to insist that he be accompanied by Mr. Smith's son. Finally the son followed the dog, which showed signs of being in a distressed state, and the dog led him directly to the place where the elder Mr. Smith law cold in death.

The body of Mr. Smith was found beside a wire fence in the woods and it is thought that in attempting to cross the fence his gun was accidentally discharged. The load took effect in head, blowing away the back part of his head. This happened Saturday afternoon and the funeral was conducted Sunday afternoon, interment following in the family burying ground.

HOSPITALS PROMOTING MEDICAL SCIENCE.

By Bishop Warren A. Candler.

The growth of hospitals and the progress of medical science advance together.

Both belong to Christendom except as they have been transplanted to a degree by Christian hands into pagan lands. Thus the Great Physician by the inspiration of love continues to heal the sick and bind up the wounds of diseased humanity.

In recent years hospitals have increased at a rapid hate as the Christian church has drawn more deeply of the Spirit of the Chriist. Nevertheless, much yet remains to be done in the matter of establishing these beneficent institutions which contribute so much to the progress of medicine, while offering healing ministries by the application of medical science already developed.

Whatever may have been true in former times, in our day it is clear that we cannot have great physicians without well equipped and well ordered hospitals.

The diagnosis of diseases well known and the detection of what seem to be new ailments, cannot be accomplished without laboratories well supplied with apparatus made to facilitate such work. And such laboratories should be provided for the healing institutions to which those afflicted with divers diseases go for treatment. Without patients and without proper means for the diagnosis, detection, and treatment of human maladies the strongest man cannot do much to advance medical science.

Hospitals, therefore, are indispensable as schools for medicine and surgery as well as benevolent institutions set for the relief of the afflicted of all ranks and classes. The results achieved in this direction in recent years have been so remarkable that no university, where these and kindred branches of learning are taught, can be regarded as complete without a well organized and adequately equipped hospital in which professors can effectively teach their pupils by pointing out the characteristics of disease and injuries, and exemplifying the best methods of treatment by actual cases before them.

Without such facilities the invaluable contributions made to medical science during the last quarter of a century by such men as Robert Koch, Doctor William H. Welch, and Sir William Osler would have been next to impossible.

As a matter of fact, the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in which Doctor Welch has done his great work, was opened four years in advance of the opening of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine.

In view of the vital relation of hospitals to the progress of medical science, every one who is concerned for the advancement of the arts of healing, the amelioration of human suffering, and the extension of human life, should show zeal and generosity for the establishment and maintenance of these human enterprises.

Many lives were lost by prevent-

able diseases before the discoveries of Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch were made! Who can calculate how many lives have been saved by their discoveries?

How many thousands of loved and lovely children perished by painful deaths from diphtheria before the discovery of the antitoxin which has so reduced the number of deaths caused by that dreadful malady!

Let us support our hospitals and establish others as speedily as possible.

IN WINTER.

If I should think of her asleep
Under the snow, then I would weep.
Oh, I could think of her and heather
Up there upon the hills together,
But when the hills are white with snow
She has winged far away, I know,
Even as birds go southward winging
That winter may not stop their singing.

Yet if I thought her soul would leave
Her land forever, I would grieve.
I would not hold her in December,
But I would have her soul remember
Her homeland valleys and her hills.
When the green grass the meadow fills,
When for her step these fields are yearning,
Then I would have her come returning.

If I can think that for a while
Her soul takes wings, then I can smile,
And watch each morning for the swallow,
And buds, and all the things that follow.
Some morning I shall catch a word,
A whisper that I had not heard,
Shall see a zephyr stir the grasses,
And know it is her step that passes.

—Douglas Malloch.

OLD PEOPLE ARE KILLING CHURCHES.

By G. G. Dickson.

Rev. J. B. Craven, Presiding Elder of the Greensboro District, Methodist Episcopal church, South, maintains that in its application to rural churches the word "consolidation" possesses "a hard meaning," but he sees a real "need for the relocating and settling together of congregations into the larger groups in order that more efficient work may be done by preacher and people."

The views of Mr. Craven in connection with rural church problems will, it is believed, command general respect because of the fact that through many years of study and practical experience he has acquired an impressive fund of knowledge concerning such matters. For four years he served as Presiding Elder of the Charlotte District, and he is now on his third year as Presiding Elder of the Greensboro District. For 13 years he was President of Davenport College, at Lenior: his work as pastor extended over a period of eight years. His pastoral work included country circuits as well as city stations.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Craven's first appointment in the Western North Carolina Conferences back in 1900, was the Hot Springs circuit where he served as pastor of a group of typical country churches. In the presiding eldership he has had a fine opportunity to acquaint himself with the needs and difficulties, the possibilities and accomplishments, the aspirations and disappointments of rural churches.

"Once," says Mr. Craven, "we built churches wherever a small group of people had settled—solely because at that time traveling several miles on any day was impossible for half the year. The automobile and good roads have destroyed the only reason that ever existed for building a church in each settlement. Yet long training has wedded church life to the idea that too many churches are impossible, when, as a matter of fact, the day has come when any Protestant church might completely withdraw from any county in North Carolina without being justly charged with failure to carry the gospel to the people, for there is no denomination now which can be considered a necessity to any particular locality."

Country, City Alike

However, the Presiding Elder realizes that such a statement "is subject to denial by church enthusiasts, but it will remain a fact after all the evidence is in. The fact is that country people are doing like their city cousins, they are going where they please on Sunday —whether to church or visiting." People who live 40 miles away are seen in Greensboro congregations, while "the remotest sections of the neighboring counties of Randolph and Rockingham furnish their full quota to Greensboro movies," he observes.

"The worst phase of the country church," Mr. Craven continues, "is not the building, bad as that usually is, but the method. We are bound

on all sides with antiquated church procedure. We have settled ideas about a revival. And while we boast that Methodism is not a church of formalities, yet we are wearing the shackles of a dead past when it comes to methods of church work as regards revivals, Sunday Schools and even standards of ethics and morals.''

Excessive emphasis upon the importance of standards impels the Presiding Elder to predict that ''Revolution will have to come. Too much standardization is dangerous; it tends to sap vitality. And let us hope that a few years will enable us to get rid of the red-tape processes of estimating the blood pressure of any church. We need to discard 'Types,' We hear much glib pronouncement relative to 'A, B, C, X, Y, Z Types.' We do not need, for effectiveness a standardized type of either conduct or devotion.''

Then, too, along the ''types'' Mr. Craven declares that ''We need to be rid of secretaries and problem discoverers and program makers and 'What sermon to preach next Sunday,' propagandists. Then, having gotten rid of these overhead nuisances, the preacher in the country church needs freedom—the freedom, first of all of his own pulpit in order that he may preach his convictions based on the needs of his own congregation without fear of the judgment overtaking him every Monday morning.

Need Trained Ministry

''To this end a prepared, efficient trained ministry is primary. Without this the day is lost for the country church. There can come no further hope for its survival unless the country church can witness the day when the man who ministers to it has all requisite training for any pulpit—city or country. And having been freed from the traditions of the past, the preacher to the country congregation needs to reconstruct the whole fabric of church ideals, always with the notion in mind that he is working toward the realization of the needs and possibilities of his own congregation in distinction from the theories of some red-tape artist in a city office.''

Viital need of ''dare-devil enterprise'' for the country church also is discerned, for the preacher alone cannot perform the task. Abundant help is needed. ''He must get it from the youth of the neighborhood, and it is available for the asking. This last is most important. There is no question as to the willingness of the young people. Any preacher knows that given freedom to construct, initiate, revolutionize, youth in this day is perfectly at home. And it is not necessary to copy the plan from any source. But whatever may be necessary to bring the work and the life of the church into vital relationship to the lives of its constituency not only ought to be done but under the direction of safe and sane men MUST BE DONE.'' The large contribution to be made by youth must not be overlooked.

''Yet,'' says Mr. Craven, ''Men—old men—will bewail the passing of the worn out, windowless and almost memberless country church as if it heralded an evil day. Not so long ago an elderly man said to me 'Why don't you preachers do something to keep the young people from going to hell?' And I replied, 'We are too busy with keeping the old folks from

the same destination—for they are so much closer to it.' The young people are in a new day, and yet we have greatly overdrawn the 'Youth Problem.' It never has been what 'Experts' and the 'Uplifters' think it is. And the 'Problem of the Country Church is not due to youth but to age. In any average country church in North Carolina today the preacher is preaching to more young people than old people. And he is getting both his inspiration and results among the young folks.

Likes Young Folks

"Frankly, I know of nothing more delightful than a chance to preach to young men and young women of this generation. No preacher will ever find a more responsive audience than a body of college men and women between the ages of 16 and 24. And we had better admit in order to find a working basis for the country church that chief hindrance to the country church, as well as the city church, is not among the young romantic fun-making part of the population, but among the old men and women who have set themselves in an atmosphere where there is no hope of change and where the gospel has but one possible routing and that, 'My Way.' Candidly, let it be said that those who recently were inaptly termed by an evangelist as 'Young Fools' are not in any sense as great a barrier to the church as 'Old Fools' I have an idea that the worst man in the world to preach to is one along near 40 or 60 who has perconceived UNCHANGABLE notions about religion." As to the young people, "The most delightful place to preach in all the world is a college chapel where everybody is young," it is asserted.

In the past the Presiding Elder recalls, spiritual life centered in an August revival. The summer meeting was the church's thermomter. By the "revival" it was possible to "gnage accurately the amount of money which would be raised when the crops were sold. You could also estimate the amount of meanness which would or would not be in evidence during the succeeding twelve months. Family and neighborhood feuds were usually diminished or destroyed in direct ratio to the favor or 'coldness' of the meeting."

Mr. Craven feels that great good was accomplished in those revivals, which, he adds, "are lugged in here to make the point that the expansion and new ideals of the country church religion must be interpreted as something which lasts all the year and not only 'settles' feuds but outlaws them from community life. New interpretations of old truths have never hurt any cause.

New Interpretations

"And the country church needs just what the city church needs—the new interpretations of religion which bring to the forefront the ideal of religion which makes primarily for a consideration, not 'What do I get out it?' but 'What does the world get out of it?'" It is declared that "dare-devil enterprises" must recognize "the need for the relocating and settling together of congregations into larger groups in order that more efficient work may be done by preacher and people,"

The term "consolidation" is characterized as one "in bad repute. It served its day in school matters Let it rest in peace which looks more conciliatory," it is suggested. However, "in nearly all places the join-

ing together of congregations is now a necessity. There are communities in which a central church could gather into its folds, sometimes, as many as five or six adjacent church memberships. And this is necessary both in order to have a creditable church building and to support properly a pastor. We need here wisdom, tact and abundant common-sense that the right thing be done.

"Let no man thing this is easy. Nor should any man think when it comes to the church the day has dawned when any progressive organization is going to surrender its convictions in order to bring about such desirable union. The giving up of denominational distinctions is so far in the distance that it need not worry us. And whatever any may say about essentials and non-essentials, it still remains a fact that a faith which has no distinctive characteristics is difficult to visualize. We cannot thrive on namby-phamby convictions. It is a thousand times better for a man to believe that he ought to touch his forehead with holy water when he enters the church than just to believe NOTHING."

Rivalry Not Hurtful

Mr. Craven takes the position that "Healthy denominational rivalry is not hurtful. It is only when it becomes unchristian that it becomes dangerous. Two families may live under one roof with perfect conditions. But it is not wrong, nor even undesirable, for them to build and keep separate houses even though it costs more and seems less sociable. There is a great deal of foolish and fantical propaganda going on about denominational matters. We have come to assume that if my brother and I do not eat and enjoy the same identical things it is a sure sign of murder in our hearts. If he likes ham and I like bacon, it is evidence that we are not living in harmony. To gather all Christmas in one household, with nobody believing anything in particular and nobody daring to believe anything that someone else doesn't, would make a pretty kettle of fish. It takes a well paid 'Secretary' to see any light down that blind alley."

The country church's need along financial lines as readily recognized. "It needs greater help than the Duke Fund can provide. Ten or even twenty per cent is not sufficient to aid in many deserving church projects. There are many places in rural communities where the congregations, uniting need a $30,000 church and are unable to provide even half of it. Money is easier in the city than in the country. The country man's money comes harder and 'ne'er so often. There are a half dozen central points in the Greensboro District where to build a representative church would require outside aid to the extent of $10,000 to $15,000 at each place. And from no source are such funds available. Much of this aid is needed because the church property now in use is practically without financial value. They are not financial lines is readily recognized such as some of our city churches have profited by, and, having profited, have torn down their 'barns' and builded greater."

I wouldn't give a penny for a man that would drive a nail in slack because he didn't get extra pay for it.—George Eliot.

GET YOUR GUN.

(Greensboro Christian Advocate.)

The next General Assembly of North Carolina should be urged to repeal the law that prevents citizens of this state from going properly armed for defense. We have said individuals must not go with pistols in their pockets and knives in their belts. That belonged to the savage times when men shot up towns and disembowled their antagonists.

But why not? No man knows when an enemy si going to attack him. This whole nation at the present time is in deadly peril. Why not allow the individual to go armed to the teeth? Groups of individuals have to defend themselves. More than 80 per cent of all our money goes to take care of defense—for all wars of defense. True, it will be right expensive and hard on our poor folks. A man ought by all means to have a Winchester at his front door and one at his back door, and he should have a Smith and Wesson in his pocket.

When it was proposed at the last session of the legislature that a light, for the sake of safety, should be displayed on each horse drawn vehicle on the highway, the point was made that it would be too heavy a tax on the poor farmer. He could not afford to buy a lantern.

But when it comes to self-defense why count the cost? Each man can buy two Winchesters and a Smith and Wesson to defend himself and his home at a comparatively small outlay of money. A few guns come cheap.

Think what this nation must do and do quick! This superb new navy that Uncle Sam must have will cost each man, woman and child more than $2,000. That much money would buy a stack of guns. Certainly the average man can afford two or three guns. We just must defend ourselves. This is the way to have peace You don't know when you will be shot down on the streets.

Not only should these legal restrictions against pistols be removed, but speedy steps should be taken to train our citizens. Many can't shoot straight. Why not put the trained men of the American Legion to teaching our boys to shoot, and on these urgent occasions of training have the D. A. R. to serve lunch as the strenuous work goes on. Prepare for war.

Then, too, the Legislature should require every man to get a first class gun. Old guns may fail to get the man. "Replacement," is the order of the day. Old ships can not be relied upon. The navy must have new and powerful ships. England is on the seas. We North Carolinians must not forget that. We, too, are in danger—South Carolina and Virginia are on our borders. These are beligerant and dangerous people—they are of English stock. Watch the English. The enemy is at our gate. We want a defence "adequate for all needs and circumstances." Yes, we Tar Heels must be free to meet our enemy.

Gentlemen of the next General Assembly of North Carolina, give us relief. Allow us to have proper defense against our enemies? Let every man get his gun. Stack arms in your homes; put a gun in your pocket, we are in jeopardy every hour.

CHURCH FAIRS—THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

Some time ago we discussed briefly church fairs and bazaars. We tried to show that they were not unmitigated evils, if rightly conducted.

A brother, in whose judgment we have great confidence, has asked us to write upon this subject again, as he thinks that this method of raising money for the Lord's work is increasing to an alarming extent.

He writes that within the past year he has heard of two churches that not only had a church supper, but raffled off cakes for the benefit of the Lord's work. He also says that he has just heard of a church that had never had a church festival before in its history, at least not in recent years, yet recently the members had a festival, something unheard of among them.

We have the authority of Scripture that to make a permanent impression there should be line upon line, and precept upon precept, so if any of our readers think that we are dwelling upon one subject too long, let them recall Isaiah's example in giving the Lord's message to the Jews.

Let us say, in the beginning, that we are not an extremist in our views on this subject.

When a question has two sides, we try to see both, and to guard ourselves against being so fixed in our views that no argument can move us.

Some practices are essentially wrong, while others are right or wrong, according to circumstances.

This practice has always been more or less popular in all churches because it is the only way by which women can make money, and it is human nature to follow the line of least resistance.

Owing to the fact that its baneful effect depends upon conditions, it is necessary to guard it very carefully.

In giving we can worship the Lord with our substance, or we can degrade His worship by unworthy methods.

Two women may follow the same plan, and one may be really giving to the Lord of her substance with the best motives, while the other has money but hurts her to give it.

The one turns her labor and skill into food that appeals to the taste of men ,and from its sale, she gives to the Lord's work.

The other loves money and declines to part with it, so she has a church fair in order to save her money.

Though outwardly these two acts are the same, they are really different, and in the Lord's sight they have different value.

Again, here are a husband and wife. The husband is a baker, and in order to give, he turns his skill as a baker in money to help the Lord's work. The wife has no money but she is a famou cook, and as her husband turns his skill into bread in order to have that to give, so she turns her skill into bread and cake, and from the sale of these she gives to the work.

Thus far there has been a church fair without harm to the Lord's cause.

If we could keep all fairs and festivals within these bounds, no one could rightly object.

We find, however, that they cannot be thus confined. There are certain evils connected with them that make it wiser to forbid them entirely.

Generally thoughtless young people have them in charge—and zeal, not of the Lord's house, but of money-manking, causes advantages to be taken of the buyers in the way of short change, or over-persuading men to buy what they regret, with the result that the Church of God falls in their estimation.

The other abuses have only one side, and that the side of evil, and no plea can be made for them.

The grab-bag so often found at these fairs is essentially a gambling device. It is hoping to get something for nothing.

It needs no argument to prove that gambling should be no part of raising money for the Lord's work.

Lottery is even worse, because it is openly prohibited, yet there are times when the zeal of some thoughtless people introduce it at church fairs, their excuse being that the small value of the thing at stake, such as cakes, makes the sin one not worthy of notice.

If the church must be supported by fairs, then let these fairs be conducted in a business manner, and with dignity.

Remeber that the church is not a beggar. The prevalence of church suppers as a means of raising money caused Dr. Gordon to speak of his age, as the age of "The Kitchen Apostasy."

Sir Isaac Watts lies buried in Benhill Fields, London. We have all sung his great hymns. Imagine my surprise when I found this bit of humorous verse from his goose-quill pen:—

"There is a number of us creep
Into the world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, flesh and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
And if our tombstones, when we die,
Neither flatter us, nor lie,
There's nothing truer can be said,
Than that he's eat up all his bread,
Drunk up his drink and gone to bed."

Perhaps that's true in many cases. However, I find my mind thinking of that great company of people for whom no stone will be erected, and no songs sung.—Dr. Holland.

GESTURES!

By Thornwell Haynes, in The Citizen.

Were you thirty years old and had never seen the sun rise what would you do if it suddenly "riz?" Run? The Indians, brave as they were, failed to stand their ground when the white man's "iron horse" first sped across the prairies..

And now comes spring—as wonderful as the sun. In Sleeping Beauty, you remember, all fell asleep—the princesses, the king and queen, the cooks and the stable boys, and even the horses and cows—all went to sleep until the heroic prince came and kissed the princess; and then all woke up.

Already the earth people are awakening. The quiver of life has struck their home and starts again from a "single will," a million deeds.

All the insects, the ants and their babies and their slaves and their cows will soon feel the warm kiss of their prince, the sun, and will awake and begin to tend their babies and milk their cows again, just as if they had slept only a night instead of a whole winter.

Didn't know ants had cows! Why ants are great housekeepers, agriculturists, civil engineers, cattle herders. Everywhere is life, and wonder. Despite unreckoned years on earth, man is still to be taught thousands of things by a slender ray of sunlight.

Optimism is touching every phase of life. We began with the courageousness of the Cavalier—and the austere piety of the Puritan, and on through the somber colors of Valley Forge, and of constitutional fashioning. Civil War cementing; and industrialization of our nation, we grew into prosperity and optimism—an optimism chuckling over the wonderful things to be.

And optimism expresses itself in bright colors; the yellows and reds and golds; the violets, greens, and scarlets!

Color is enhancing every phase of the major and minor arts. It is throwing its cheerfulness over our motor cars and invading our homes and all our lives. Against vermilion walls, bookcases, mantles, and lamps rise like miniature rose and silver skyscrapers. Spain's wrought iron, Jacobean oak, Georgian mahogany, and colonial simplicity are laughed away by lines, surfaces, and angles "as swift and clean as light" and as cheerfully fantastic as cherry blossoms.

Thus the spirit of America speaks. Slowly we move toward greater things. Dispelling darkness with light, we hasten the victory of mirth over misery, health over disease, and abundance over poverty.

You may not like this flood of color, but you must take note of it! It is Youth. By it we live!

With the full knowledge and consent of her parents, Miss Cozette Parker, aged 13, recently flew all alone from her home in Anderson, Indiana, to Kankakee, Illinois, a distance of 138 miles, to visit her grandparents.

It is said a good solo flight for an adult beginner is one of fifteen minutes with the flying field always in sight.

As a result of her trip Miss Parker received several thousand congratulatory and effusive letters. Proposals of marriage came thick and fast, with offers from something like half a dozen movie firms.

Her father and mother could see nothing wonderful about their daughter's trip, probably for the reason that her father has been flying for twenty years, while Mrs. Parker and her two sons of fifteen and twelve are something of flyers themselves.

All America will be Parkers by and by, and our children before many years will be wondering how on earth we ever managed to get along with such pokey contraptions as 70-miles-an-hour automobiles!

We build great shafts to some who happened to be at the crossroads of destiny when their chance came to do a great thing. We do not know how many obscure people there are who would have done the same thing.—Selected.

TRYON'S HOSPITAL.

When Miss Lucy Embury, a former New Yorker, who had lived in Tryon for more than 20 years, died some months ago, it was announced that she wished to leave the site of her home for a town hospital, provided funds could be raised for building, equipment and maintainance.

For some time, plans have been under consideration. A number of meetings of local physicians and interested citizens discussel the possibilities of utilizing this fine site, which is on a ridge above Laurel avenue, one of the main residential streets and which commands beautiful views of the mountains from both sides.

Nothing had taken definite shape until, unexpectedly, the committee were able to get Dr. W. S. Rankin director of hospitals and orphanages for the Duke foundation, to address an open meeting.

During his speech at the parish house, Dr. Rankin pledged the Duke foundation to contribute $1 to every $2 raised here, both for building and maintainance. He also approved the site and urged pushing the project. Having made a thorough investigation of hospitalization in the Carolinas, he is convinced that the rural hospital is the type of institution most needed.

To build the structure planned for Tryon will take $75,000 in addition to the land, which is valued at $15,000. It will be a 25-room building, well equipped and up to-date in every particular. A self perpetuating board of directors will be the governing body

LINDY GETTING FED UP.

Smith County. (Va.) News.

Reports from America's good will ambassador are that he is getting enough of it. Think what that boy has been through. A quick daring flight across the Atlantic. Perhaps had he known what was coming to him he might have hesitated about starting it.

Well, he landed. Paris roared. After that London, Brussels and other European capitals had a chance to roar. They kept on roaring. Then Lindy came home to hear all America roar. Now they are roaring all over South America. What next?

Girls began to write letters. It is very nice to get letters from say one or two or three pretty women but when there are hundreds of thousands of them!

Think of the congressmen that man has had to associate with and shake hands with, the speeches he has had to hear. Think of the women making eyes at him.

I knew a rather famous actor once and used to go to see him sometimes in his dressing room at the theater or at his apartment. Women were always breaking in on him, dozens of them. They sent him notes and flowers. He used to take the flowers into the kitchen of his apartment and throw them in the garbage can. He told me he had got so he hated women and flowers and notes more than anything in the world.

Anatole France, before he died, got so he never opened a personal letter. He came home once from a vacation and there were thousands of them on his desk. There was an open fire near. He threw them all in. After he had got fame Thomas Hardy retired to the country. He kept out of sight all the rest of his life.

To really enjoy public life you have to have something coarse in you. People in the mass are simply not nice. The best and nicest thing the government and the people could do for Lindy now would be to let him alone.

They won't of course. They will keep on using him until they wear him out or the people get off on some new passion and forget him.

Such a man is spread all over the front pages of all the newspapers. Enthusiasm is worked up and worked up. Ordinary decent people are made to feel that there is a want of patriotism in them if they do not get out and howl with the rest.

I remember when the Lindy thing was new. Well, I happened to be in Cincinnati and went into a telegraph office to send a telegram. They began shoving canned telegrams to Lindy at me. When I would not pay for one to add to the hundreds of thousands with which the poor lad was being flooded, the clerk in the place accused me of having no feeling.

Of course anyone can understand that was a scheme, on the part of the telegraph company, to get money out of the real feeling all the people had for young Lindy.

It is likely there cannot be any such a thing as public good sense. Everything in modern life is organized against it.

If you are wise, do nothing to attract attention to yourself. Do not

get the mob on your heels. If by any chance you ever do a notable thing, flee.

If you do not flee you will be dogged to death by people who think they are being kind to you. Public honors indeed! Poor Lindy.

Do not let your anger rise and rule your actions. Wrath may be full of reasons, but they are seldom good ones.—Selected.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

We are not speaking of such ancient times as the days when knights were bold and barons held their sway. No—what we here propose to celebrate is that more modern era of forty and fifty years ago when nights were cold, the day before the weather man held his sway, when what weather we had we got from the almanac and were either better or worse off depending on the point of view. There were no official records then to confine our cherished recollections and our fathers' fell back, as we are about to fall now, on that doddring old gaffer, the oldest inhabitant. Now it happens, we regret to say, that the particular oldest inhabitant from whom we get our present information is a notorious and confirmed liar, but, like most such his remarks are not therefore totally to be rejected as having no basis of fact. Liars as a race are not sufficiently honored among us. When they are good they are, like the little girl, very, very good, and when they talk about matters of such perennial interest as the weather their words are worth listening to.

In the good old days, then, winter was winter and not the misbegotten, bastard child of a government bureau which we have to put up with today. Then when the thermometer got down below zero and it stayed there, and all we could see of our houses was the smoke coming up through the otherwise unbroken level of the snow. In 1885, we think it was—we are quoting our oldest inhabitant from a somewhat confused memory—for three weeks, or maybe it was three months, there wasn't a self-respecting thermometer in the land that registered anything above what the British call fifty degrees of frost—figure it out for yourself—and everything else was in proportion. The sun alone rose and set very much as it does now, but outside of that, to hear the oldest inhabitant tell it, they apparently might as well have been living through another glacial epoch back in the good old days of '85.

Ah, well—"tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse," and if the weather is different now, we are different too. The gold that used to hang and brush our bosoms is flecked with silver now, and we feel chilly and grown old when we listen to these winter's tales.

A STATE WITH A BACKGROUND.

(The Citizen.)

Current history magazine publishes in its March issue an article by Gerald W. Johnson, "North Carolina in a New Phase," in which Mr. Johnson undertakes to analyze the background of progress in this State. He takes up the complaint of a visitor to North Carolina that he "didn't see a thing down there except the old buildings at the University that might not have been built within the last ten years" and, admitting that "physically North Carolina is startlingly new," argues nevertheless that "the eighteenth century buildings at the University have their counterpart in the imponderables" and says: "Three centuries look down upon North Carolina and their presence is felt—sometimes for good, sometimes for evil, but never for nothing."

Unquestionably this is true. The extra-ordinary progress which North Carolina has made in the last twenty-five years, and especially in the past ten years, has not been due simply to the extent and variety of its resources. It has been possible here because the conditions favored it; and the conditions favored it because the whole past history of the State has led up to the developments which are now fruiting. Mr. Johnson touches upon the fact that "the plantation system never obtained the hold in North Carolina that it had in some of the States farther south" This is so vital a circumstance that it might well be elaborated; its effects have been and remain far-reaching. It is because North Carolina largely escaped the spread of the plantation system, the bitterness of the slavery agitation and both the economic and social havoc which followed the overthrow of the Confederacy that its people have been able to present a united front for measures which in other Southern States have provoked bitter division.

Fortunate, in many things, North Carolina has been particularly fortunate in this respect. It is fortunate, too, as Mr. Johnson says, in the fact that its new industrialism is not urban; in that it is a State without tenements and where factory workers have not been divorced from the land; in that its industrial leaders, like its industrial workers, have come for the most part from the soil; in its ability early to catch a new vision in intellectual affairs. Mr. Johnson thinks that in many North Carolina mill villages paternalism has been carried too far but agrees that a principal reason for this is that the landowners who have now become managers of industry have carried over into the new field an inherited sense of responsibility such as they and their forbears felt for tenants of the land. In the Negro situation he also finds that the newer attitude toward the Negro at bottom is founded upon the old.

In short, Mr. Johnson's conclusion is that North Carolina "emerging into an economic position new to her and facing problems not experienced before is, nevertheless, an old, old State and stoutly resolved to be, above all else, Tar Heel through and through. She is sincerely desirous of doing all that may reasonably be re-

quired of a State in her position but determined to do it in a North Carolina way.'' Surely this is just as most of us would have it to be but we may well weigh also what this former Tar Heel says further: ''The question of North Carolina's future lies in her ability to develop native leaders of capacity. She is ready at this moment to go far and fast but not under alien command.''

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman in his Sunday afternoon address over the radio, was asked what he thought of the prevalent war talk, to which the eminent speaker replied: ''If people are jailed in time of war for talking peace, what should be done with war and money lords who talk war in times of peace?'' And that very thing was attempted right here in Greensboro during the World War when federal agents sought to get evidence to jail a Quaker pastor. Yet these ''war and money lords'' are now claiming to be in God's service when talking war.

—Greensboro Christian Standard.

GOT AHEAD OF KINSTON, N. C.

The AP sends out from Eastland, Texas, the startling item, which would be no trouble to believe were it to come from the correspondent of Kinston, North Carolina. Among other monstroties reported from that section is the fact that rabbits have such little manners as to chew and eat the growing tobacco in Lenoir county. But see what takes place in Texas:

A horned toad, sealed alive in the cornerstone of the courthouse here 31 years ago, was alive when the stone was opened yesterday, according to County Judge Edward S. Pritchard.

The old courthouse is being razed. It is a west Texas tradition that a horned toad can exist a century without food or water. A skeptical newspaper man had the judge verify the report that the toad was alive when taken from its entombment.

The conerstone containing the toad and a number of old newspapers, coins, and Masonic emblems, was opened in the presence of a throng of curious residents.

When Eugene Day, surrounded by county officials, picked the toad from the cavity in the stone, a cheer went up. The toad appeared lifeless for sometime. Soon it opened its eyes and in about 20 minutes began to breathe. The mouth, however, appeared to have grown together.

The frog was placed in a box and is on exhibition. Efforts will be made to induce it to take food and if necessary the mouth will be opened by an operation.

AUTOMOBILE RECORD.

(Wall Street Journal)

American automobile industry has set a new record in the export field. The department of commerce announces that the exports of automotive products in December amounted to $28,650,046. While this is slightly less than the November exports, it was sufficient to gring the total for the calendar year up the $406,007,984. Compare this with $337,548,157, which was the total for 1926, and the claim to another great record is clearly established.

Figure the percentage and the magnitude of the record will then become more apparent. It is a 20 per cent. gain in the year. That is not all. Production in the United States, for well-known reasons, fell off over 900,000 units in the year. The automotive industry has fought a good fight. But it has not yet finished its course. It has other records yet to make and, judging the future by the past, it will make them and add still more to the volume of our foreign trade.

Some interesting figures are to be gleamed from the official report. The value of the passenger cars in December averaged $869 and trucks $794. There were far less of the cheap cars shipped in December than in 1926 and those above $2,000 almost doubled in number. Cars ranging from $800 to $1,200 held first place in number and total value. Argentina and Australia still hold first and second places in importance as markets. They not only took more cars truck, but also the total value was greater.

But a new market is appearing on the scene. Belgium now holds third place. In December, 1926, Belgium took 520 cars valued at $543,000. In December, 1927, the number was 1,332, valued at $1,293,000. The Belgian increase undoubtedly reflects improved economic conditions there. Stabilization has been accomplished without difficulty, there is a budget surplus and, with exception of coal, the heavy industries are in a favorable position, while unemployment is nonexistent. A greater purchasing power in Belgium helps our industries here.

This increase in Belgium imports going hand in hand with improved business conditions and the fact that British South Africa takes fourth place as a customer justifies the assertion that world-wide improvement means more automobile exports; that there is still "much land to possess" and that our business men will be able to set new records. There is no one in the United States who is not interested in their doing so, because new and larger markets for automotive products mean more material prosperity for us.

Lo, the Poor Indian, is represented by 354,490 in continental United States; wealth, $1,716,816,123. Even considering that they once owned the whole shooting match, that is considerable money. It is not true, financially, that the only good Indian is a dead one.—Greensboro News.

A TREE BEAR.

By Evangeline Weir.

We are all acquainted with bears —wild bears, captive bears and tame bears—but many of us have never seen the native bear of Australia. Indeed, he is such a good-natured, harmless little fellow with a funny face that we like him as soon as we meet him. He is gentle and soon responds to kindness, especially if taken when a cub. He likes to be petted, and becomes so fond of his master that he will follow him about like a dog. He eats bread, milk and fruit, which seems to agree with him, though in a wild state he lives chiefly on roots and the leaves of the blue gum tree where he usually makes his home, for he is a tree bear and somewhat clumsy on the ground.

The Koalo, as he is called, usually spends the day asleep in the tree top. Like many creatures of the night, however, he sometimes wakes up during the day and can be seen moving about among the branches. He is often found on the ground at twilight, searching for certain roots which he digs up with his long claws. If you creep up softly, you can get close to him before he escapes, for he climbs better and more quickly than he walks on the uneven ground. He will climb the nearest tree when disturbed, and you may see his funny round face looking at you through the leaves. At best he is a lazy creature, moving slowly over the branches during early evening and night.

The coat of the Koalo is thick and soft and ashy gray in color. When it is asleep, it is coiled up so that it looks like a bunch of moss on the tree. Few persons would suspect that it was a tree bear taking a nap. Disturb the little fellow and it will cry like a troubled child. though sometimes it gives forth a series of loud, shrill yells or grunts.

This clumsy little bear has a short, stout body about twenty-seven inches long, though some well-grown males are often four or five inches longer. He has no tail to help him climb like most creatures living in trees, but he has long claws and thumbs on his feet, so that he can grasp the branches like an ape without any fear of falling to the ground.

He has a round head, a very funny little round face with very big, broad ears which are covered with soft, thick fur, a stub nose and round, gentle eyes which look at you to see if you are inclined to be friendly.

The mother has but one cub. of which she is very fond. She does not trust it alone or to climb and perhaps get lost or fall. She carries it on her back wherever she goes, and it is an amusing sight to see the cub clinging to her while she moves slowly and clumsily over the branches with a baby often half her size.

The cub sits or lies on her back with its arms around her neck and its hind feet grasping her fur. As she moves about you can see the funny little round face with the long ears and bright eyes looking over its mother's head. Sometimes it lays its head flat against her neck, watching all that is going on about it, lazy and content, while the little mother

bears her burden slowly and carefully to the top of a tree, where they play, eat or sleep according to the time of day. Later the cub follows the mother until it has learned how to care for itself. It must learn how to climb; to dig roots; eat certain leaves, and protect itself from danger.

THE CHILD'S BURDEN.

Drama in Connecticut: winter had the countryside in its grip, and the little rich girl's parents had taken her with them to the city, leaving her elaborate playhouse locked up and in care of an overseer. Another little girl whose parents were not rich saw the playhouse and, in the end, yielded to the immense temptation: she broke into the little rich girl's playhouse and had a fine time "keeping house" there until discovered by the overseer.

The incident serves as a revelation of the intensity with which the less privileged children long for toys and entertainment. Fortunately, almost all of them can compensate largely for this lack of such things. They are blessed with a vivid and wellnigh inexhaustible imagination whose magic transforms a stick into a horse, and a rag or two into a personality. And with the imagination is a fierce and jealous pride which makes excuses for the very poverty that spurs their dream capacity.

"My daddy's nicer than your daddy, and our things are better than yours," is the immemorial cry of childhood. The youngsters are forever taking up for their family and their families' belongings. To them, the parents are the authors and bestowers of every thing they own and enjoy, and they feel the necessity of keeping inviolate the power and glory of these most important elders. They do it, though often their boasting is a covering to hide their deep hurts. They carry the burden of establishing their equality with other children.

One thing for which they can not compensate is parental neglect. The world is all right and the king and queen are on their throne so long as they can go to the parental knee and, leaving off the braggadocio with which they have repelled the taunts of other kids, ask explanation of why this or that hard circumstance is so. But when this refuge is not at hand, when a sympathetic hearing may not be had at the altar, they are required to carry too heavy a burden; they are obliged to form their own theories about life and gropingly to arrive at the rules and standards.

It takes so very little harshness or hardness to dry up the immeasurable wealth of a child's confidence. And when that happens, tragedy occurs. One little girl may break into a playhouse that does not belong to her; another little girl may, later in life, violate society's conventions and laws.

We are told that this is an age of lawlessness and mad pleasure seeking. Are we to blame? Have we tried to combat it?—Mrs. Kreps.

INSULATE.

(Young Folks.)

Every boy knows that to insulate a wire in order to keep electricity from transfer, or leakage, it is necessary to cover it with non-conducting material. In other words, it must be separate from other conductors entirely.

But, in order that you may see how easy and how clear the meaning of a word may become when you understand its derivation, or know the story of how it came into our language and what it meant before it came to us in its form in the other language, let us look at the word for a moment in its original form and meaning.

The word insulate comes to us from the word insula. And what does the word insula mean? Simply, island. But what is an island? You know the definition, of course, but let us repeat it for emphasis. An island is a body of land completely surrounded, or cut off from land, by water.

Now let us look at the word insulate for a moment, and form a definition of the word from our knowledge that the word comes from insula, island, and our definition of the word island. It is easy to see by this comparison that the word indicates that the wire which is insulated is cut off from other conductors by being completely surrounded by non-conductors, just as an island is cut off from land by being completely surrounded by water.

Thus it is, that if you have felt that all this study of the derivation of words is useless, you may see that this kind of study has its place and would be of great benefit should you have to make your own definitions. And, of course, to know the story of any word makes the word more real and gives it more meaning for you. To know the history of a word makes that word a personal friend. How many word-friends have you?

As spring approaches, all of us may well recall Emerson's fine saying: "When I bought my farm, I did not know what a bargain I had in the bluebirds, bobolinks, and thrush; as little did I know what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying."—Dr. Poe.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

—A—

Clyde Genes, Byron Ford, Talmadge Frye, Ernest Honaker, Horace McCall and Ernest Rohr.

—B—

Glenn Enloe, Edgar Rochester, Otis Patterson, Ramsey Glasgow, T. L. Jackson, Jr., Rhyne Lowder, Elwood Webb and William Lloyd.

Room No. 2

—A—

Elmer Mooney, William Joyner Rose, Mallory Poe, Rudolph Paramore and Ed Williams.

—B—

Harry Allen, Walter Bates, Roy Swindell, John Bowers, Hewitt Collier, Cecil Godfrey and Woodrow Mitchell.

Room No. 3

—A—

Luby Wallace, Jefferson Albarty, Brunell Fink, Bill Goss, Grover Parks, Millon Lowe, Kermit Copeland, Ralph Clinard, Myron Tomaison and Courtney Russ.

—B—

Dalton Lanier, Raymond Lowery, Gibson Lanier, Nalon Austin, Clifton Brady, Carl Ballard, Everett Cavanaugh and Dewight Ewing.

Room No. 4

—A—

Jack Dillingham, Carl Kimsey, Fuller Moore, Harry Price, Cleveland Shaw, Fred Stilwell, Ray Seagroves Dan Wilson and Thomas Whitten.

—B—

Earl Faulk, Raymond Hinson, Leonard Stinson, David Sanders, Thomas Tedder, Lebron Vause, Homer Wyatt, Vernon Cox, Robert Chattin, William Jenkins, Alton Tart and Kelly Tedder.

Room No. 5

—A—

Manly Garret, Bennie Moore, Phil Gibson, Edmond Hodge, Obie Sims, Julian Tuck, Arthur Higgins, Arnold McCrary and Earl Calloway,

—B—

Henry Oldham, Clarence Whitten, Arthur Suggs, Garland Ruppe, Malon Hudgins, Arlie Maddox Carl Pettus, Lynn Jones, Earl Mayfield, Isham Haney, Rupert Strickland, Harvey Knight, Charles Missich and Gudger Burgin.

Room No. 6

—A—

DeWitt Duncan, Macdonald Montague, Thomas Hicks, Alvin Roberts, Palmer Bowen, Marvin Barnes, John Daughtery and Walter Quick.

—B—

Albert Orr, Walter Brown, Smith Baker, Bill Elliott, Archie Holt, Walter Ricks, Leonard Powers, Egbert Wall and Clarence Warren.

Room No. 7

—A—

Victor Evans, Ernest Davis, Lester Younts, John Williamson, John Nixon, Alva Littleton, Ed Pennell, Gus Riley, Leonard Clark, Alfred Denton, Will Avery, Mack Clayton, Lawrence Clayton, Virgil Rufty, Way Routh, Frank Harbert, Glenn Page, Russell Moore, Wallace Harding, Oliver Grimes, Cordell Smith, Ozell Willis, John Thompson, Gerald Nixon, Dorsey Wilson, Ray Chambers, Lee Bright, Leroy Daniels, Stephen Gibson and James Hickey.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Last Tuesday morning all the boys and officers had fish for breakfast.

Mr. T. H. Talbert and a number of boys have been hauling coal with the truck lately.

Letter writing day came around this week and all were glad to write their home folks.

Mr. Clark and a number of small boys have been raking leaves during the past week.

Jack Page, a member of the seventh cottage has been acting as night watchman during the absence of Mr. (Cap) Corzine.

Mr. J. H. Hobby, dairy manager and an officer of the eleventh cottage, made a short business trip to Gastonia last Tuesday.

Miss Vernie Goodman, executive secretary in the Superintendent's office spent a few days with her parents in Mooresville this week.

Mr. Walker and a few boys have been fixing the flowerbeds alongside the road. They will soon start planting the flowers.

It seems that this must be the season for sore throat. Anyway we have seen several boys going around without eating much, and less talking.

Last Tuesday Mr. Boger went to the school rooms and spoke to the boys about writing their letters neat and correct. We hope that the boys will profit by it.

The barn boys have been hauling telephone poles which the boys of the work force had cut. They have been repairing the telephone line between here and Concord.

Friday of last week The King's Daughters of North Carolina met here. Their main object was to discuss the enlargement of the Chapel, which is now too small for our student body. They looked over the School, being escorted around by Superintendent Boger.

Last Sunday Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, had charge of the services. He brought with him Rev. W. W. Peele, of the consolidated Methodist Church, at Charlotte. Instead of preaching a sermon Rev. Peele made a short talk. We were glad to have him with us and hope that he will come again soon. His talk was enjoyed by all present.

"Other Mighty Works of Jesus," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson He healed a woman who had been sick for twelve years, and also raised Jarius' daughter from the dead. The golden text for this lesson was: "Thy faith hath made thee whole."—Mark 5:34.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library.

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 10, 1928. No. 7

ALWAYS BEEN HYPOCRITES.

They are religious actors. In the Oriental grain field the tares look like the wheat, but they are not wheat.

Hypocrites may in many ways look like Christians, but they are not Christians.

There is a measure of similarity in outward appearance. But if you should probe within you would find a difference as great as that between day and night.—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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A UNIQUE INDIVIDUAL.

A few months ago a young man just coming of age fell heir to nine millions of dollars. He must have known that it would be his some day. Still, when it actually became his very own he was bothered to know what to do with it. At the time he was holding a position in a trust company bank, and drew a very small salary. When he had thought the matter over this is what he said: "I do not propose to let money dominate me. I propose to be free of the burden of it. I want to live my own life in my own way. I want to make good for myself. I do not want to be a rich man. I want to be an ordinary American, working out my own destiny."

And so he is still clerking in the investments, research and analysis department; acquiring knowledge of stocks and bonds, collaterals, industrial earnings, foreign exchange, and the like. In other words, this young man feels that life is more than money or what money can buy.

It always is, and more so to the Christian than to any one else. To us material things must play a secondary role. They must be controlled by the higher principles of faith and love and service.

MAN KEEPS ON APPROPRIATING.

When the Lord of Creation completed his initial handiwork in Tarhelia, and the waters had receded from the earth in these parts, He left an enormous legacy to Stanly County. They didn't know it. For years and years—something like a few centuries—the county was partially contented and even took pride in a measure with the reputation of being a primitive settlement in one of the poorest counties in the Piedmont of the Carolinas.

The late Sam Pemberton, S. H. Herane and a baker's dozen of others

of the citizenship made strenuous efforts to convince the public that Stanly county had not yet come into her own and should rally to the cause of making of the county what rightly was her own. Why, when the first promise of a railroad threatened that section, Sam Pemberton, to appease the opponents among the common citizenship, gave them to understand that the whole cost could be paid for with chickens and eggs—and Sid Hearne backed him up.

We need not look far back to see just one brick structure in the county-seat—and that a little brick meat house, not an evidence of pride or progressiveness but merely to overcome the ravages of rodents. See Albemarle and the whole county now! It is a marvel, but not yet what Providence out of bountiful goodness meant for those splendid people and their newcomers to attain. In a word, no county in North Carolina has blossomed as has Stanly, and the end is not yet in sight.

There are consecutive steps in this progress, each having its own special bearing and influence in the development and growth, something like this order: Sam Pemberton and S. H. Hearne pulling, boosting and agitating; the Yadkin Railway, waking up a peaceful sleep and unlocking possibilities: the exploring of the mountain peaks along the Yadkin by the late Mr. Hambley and bringing about the beginning of the Whitney project, which later was swallowed up by the Badin Proposition, an ambitious and monumental enterprise; then the Carolina Power Company harnessing wild, wasting horsepower in another great project; and even before these later developments, a genius went among those people.

The late and lamented James W. Cannon, the industrial captain, and a power of mighty and unerring vision, associating himself with John S. Efird and others, who sought to break the bands that bound a storehouse of undeveloped and latent possibilities, entered Albemarle. That was a thrill that made a great people sit up and take notice. Growing out of this combination one of the strongest and most important manufacturing plants in the South sprang up to put new life into a favored section.

Elsewhere in this number is another thrilling story of an unnamed future development. The News-Herald tells of the recent lease of Palmer Mountain, one of the beautiful sentinels that stand watch over the Badin Lake. The Badin folks, the story runs, would not sell the mountain, but did lease it to Mr. Charles A. Cannon for ten years, with the privilege of a renewal. Just because Mr. Cannon has not publicly announced what he intends doing with a whole mountain, gives the folks an itching curiosity.

We hold no brief for the young, energetic and wonderfully astute Mr

Cannon—a son, like the father, does things, and then will tell you about them if your curiosity is so consuming. The Uplift, however, has a notion which takes this form: Palmer Mountain will become an exquisite retreat for the rest and entertainment of the owner, family and his myriads of social and business friends (why run off to Blowing Rock, when the old Yadkin blows a bracing breeze all the while; and in the midst of major investments?) with naptha yatchs to play over the peaceful bosom of the lake; the wooded forest affording exercise and sport for young Nimrods.; fishing rods of the latest model and attendants that know when the fish are in a biting humor—but no golf, Charlie Cannon has not reached an age that makes the second cousin of old-time shinny interesting to him or even excusable.

Old Stanly, with all this wonderful, substantial development and growth in her midst, puts her in the frame of mind characterized by the late lamented Aycock, who predicted the State's future as a fine steed, "coming down the road, tail over the dash board, head over the moon, a-hitting of the ground at high places."

But just what the able and energetic Charlie Cannon is going to do with Palmer Mountain, we advise the good folks down on the Yadkin, which is now just paying for itself for all these years of great ease and idleness, to do what the radio announcer commands you: "Please stand by." Mr. Cannon in due time will show you.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL.

The train we were riding, says the editor of Young Folks, was winding through the rich valley that skirted a small river. It was toward the end of the day and the setting sun was giving the low hung, broken clouds a most gorgeous coloring. Each passing minute revealed something more beautiful. One thought each skilfully tinted panorama was the best, only to discover that something yet finer succeeded it. We were fascinated with the glory of the scene in the western horizon. The ever changing viewpoint because of the much curved track gave us diversified angles of advantage for seeing the beautiful that nature was spreading out so generously before us.

Suddenly our intent gaze was diverted by being forced to notice the utter indifference of the other passengers to all this beauty. Not one of fifty, or more, in the car seemed to have observed that a rare thing of beauty was hung low in the heavens for them to see. If they saw they

did not pay any attention. To them it seemed that nature's grandeur was just a passing matter of course. Some, we observed, were eagerly reading about a scandalous murder trial; others were chatting; a few were munching peanuts, while others did nothing more profitable than racingly chew gum. There was so much of the beautiful to be seen, but none was seeing it.

But many of us live like that. In a routine fashion we drive through the commonplace hours unmindful of the choicest advantages offered us. We fail to find the uplifting and the stimulating in printed pages because we are running in ruts as we read. There are opportunities for casual but rich associations, but we miss them, contented with the regular round of people whose thinking and talking never reach beyond the neighborhood happenings. Even the great challenges of God are disregarded while we push along in an every-day world that seems to get on without God. What chances we miss, beause having eyes we see not—having the beautiful all about us, but unappreciative of its presence!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

GREAT PEOPLE.

The world is full of generous people, who seek to make their possessions speak during life for the betterment of mankind and the glory of God. The able seem aroused more than ever to help along while they themselves may see and enjoy the fruits of their generosity.

Several instances of the kind have recently come to our observation. It's a fine story—such as The Uplift loves to pass along. We recall them as follows:

1. Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, one of the state's choicest ladies, has recently given $150,000 for the erection of a modern Sunday School building for a Presbyterian Church of her city;

2. Mr. B. N. Duke, of Durham and New York, a most generous contributor to various educational and uplift causes, has added $50,000 to the endownment campaign fund of Rutherford College;

3. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman Gray, leading and charming citizens of Winston-Salem, have donated a 442-front foot lot on Fifth Street for the erection of a million dollar Methodist church in Winston-Salem. The conservative value of the lot places it $250,000.

4. Just this week, out of the goodness of their hearts and obeying the urge of a beautiful deed, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cannon, have donated to Central Methodist Church, Concord, N. C., a fine pipe organ. This is a memorial to Mrs. D. B. Coltrane, the sainted wife of the treasurer of the

Jackson Training School, and the mother of Mrs. Cannon.

These gifts, applying to the church and to Christian education, speak the interest our rich are manifesting in the work engaging the faithful servant-leader of the Cross in our midst.

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HOW TO WIN.

The simplest and surest plan on the way to win is of course the best idea of all.

Just do what you are expected to do and do the thing a little better every day, then, when you are thoroughly qualified, you will be moved up.

Now repeat this simple plan of desirable and dependable service, and in time you will be the one that has the authority to move others along.

This is so simple, but so successful.

The person who thrills with the honor and glory of winning his own way through dependable service will some day get that "authority."—The Silent Partner.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

QUESTION OF MEMORY.

Some of the people who have the most notable memories started with distinctly poor memories. Indeed their memories were so untrustworthy that it became necessary to do something about it. If a memory is sufficiently faulty to drive the possessor to start improving it, the chances are that he will end by being an object of envy. Your memory can be as good as you care to make it. It will be as bad as you allow it to be. The confession, "I have a wretched memory," does not call for sympathy, but for censure.

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CENSURE IS BAD BUSINESS.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that by censure of others you prove your own superiority. The people who are loudest in their criticism of church members seldom live lives above reproach. Those who accuse all business men of dishonesty seldom exhibit any marked idealism.

It is much easier to find fault with others than it is to set a good example. Those who are putting all their strength into right living are not likely to waste energy in pointing out the short-comings of their associates.

GIVE AND TAKE.

(By Dr. Holland in Progressive Farmer.)

My Grandmother used to say, "Life is a matter of give and take." I sat by her and listened to her tales of romance of pioneer days. She said, "We could never have gotten through the hard places unless we had practiced give and take."

Some people never find out this truth. I doubt if any attitude of mind is so conducive to happiness as the broad principle of give and take with the people with whom we live.

Is it in the home? Well, where on earth is this principle more needed than in the intimate relationships of home life? Do not try to get your own way all the time. Let others have a little of the buttered bread. A husband is no longer a lord in his home. He has to take orders from others, and yield to the wishes of others. Wives need to practice this same virtue. Some one has said that the strongest water power in the world is a **woman's tears.** People who cry, bluff, or sulk, simply to have their own way ought to be spanked.

Children are not always wrong when they want things, or when they want to go out into company. Their rights do not always run riot. The rule of give and take is absolutely necessary in any home where children shall be able to go out into the world and take their proper places there.

I wish that we could get this principle more generally accepted in the church. The worst pest in a community is the self-appointed brother who settles all the policies of a congregation, without regard to the rights of others. Where there is divergence of opinoin, the majority ought to rule.

Jesus laid down the law of discipleship very clearly when He said: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

What a delight church membership would be, if everyone tried his level best to please and prefer others. Most of the so-called denominations in the church have been caused by the failure of certain men to give and take in matters of opinion and belief.

There is a story of two men who were standing in a field one night. One said, "I wish I had a pasture as large as the heavens." The other replied,"I wish I had as many cattle as there are stars." "What would you do with so many cattle?" queried the first. "I would graze them in your pasture." "Not without my consent," said the first. "If I had that many cattle, I wouldn't ask nothing of nobody."

A quarrel followed, and one man killed the other.

Of course, that is only a story, but how much wiser are we than those two foolish men?

God's law is, "He who gives will recieve also.

Hide not your talents—they for use were made. What's a sun-dial in the shade?—Selected.

EDITOR.

By R. F. Beasley, in Monroe Journal.

Weather-bound and accident-bound down here for a day or so, I am inclined to put in a little time in what old Bill Arp called ruminating.

And the first thing that I wish to say is that I am considering whether or not every man should not spend a while in jail. This is not because I think that every man is mad and deserves jail. In fact I am sometimes accused of thinking too well of people as a general thing. I know that there is plenty of down right meaness in the world. But my weakness is in feeliing that every man that I come in contact with is likely to be better than he gets credit for being. He may not be, but he can easily make me think he is.

But the point that I have in mind is that many a fellow who gets in jail deserves some sympathy and is not likely to get it. Getting in jail is mighty unpopular with many people. Hence, I am inclined to think that if one had to stay in jail a bit he would be more likely to sympathize with the other fellows.

It is the same way about automobile accidents. You have to have one in order to sympathize with the other fellow who has. I confess that I never had much sympathy for people who had automobile accidents. That is mostly because I had never had one of a serious nature myself. I never could understand how old T. B. was so depressed after he turned over a car on the Charlotte road some years ago and hurt himself right badly. He always seemed kind of scared afterwards. And when riding with me and old Liz would shake herself up a little he would always tell me to be careful.

Well, Well, I shall be careful hereafter, for I have had an accident. I will also have more sympathy for others who have them. In my pride and vaingloriousness I have always felt that people had accidents because they were too careless, took too many risks, or were too big a hurry. I felt toward accidents somewhat like they used to say about the evils of whiskey—if you let it alone, it will let you alone. But the prohibitionists proved that this was not true, for a man might suffer a great deal from whiskey without ever drinking any himself.

So I kinder felt that if a man had an accident it was his fault and he ought to have had better sense. Well, maybe he ought. But I could not sympathize with him till I had the experience. I can now. Hereafter when I say in the Journal that so and so took a summersett in his car, I shall be able to put more sympathy in my remarks than I used to. It used to be a sort of cold matter of fact business to say that Mr. Somebody, going through the country yesterday, fell off a fill and broke his leg and tore up his car. It seemed far away and of no concern to me. But it will be different here after. I will know just how that man felt while he was parachuting down the fill, and how all the sins of past rose up before his eyes when he hit the bottom and before he had decided that he was not killed. From now on he is a brother of mine and even if he was a little careless I shall not condemn

him.

I have had my accident now, and I know how it feels to take a combined nose dive and tail spin down a red hill and find yourself standing on your head and not knowing whether your wife or yourself were torn up, and then after deciding that you weren't much hurt, not knowing whether the thing would catch fire and roast you before you could be pulled out.

From now on, I am with T. B. on acciidents. I will not feel as hard about them as Mr. Ticknor does. And as I reflect that it is about the same way in all our human relations—lack of sympathy because we do not understand what a fix the other fellow is in—I am wondering if a term in Sheriff Cliff's hoosegow might also be good for me.

A fellow ought to get away from home now and then and get into a little trouble. He learns to appreciate a lots of things that he never thought much about before. For instance, there's the weather bureau. I never thought so powerful much of the weather bureau before. Kinder looked on it along with the groundhog and the almanac as a habit. You see it never did anything for me and I never ask anything of it. For two days now I have been on my knees to the weather man, and if you don't think it would help you to have to get on your knees to old Jo Jo, just try it. Get stranded away from home in a sea of mud, with rain before you and rain behind you and rain on either side of you, as the Rev. Isaac Wingate said about trouble and see if you don't call on Jo Jo for help. I am tied up here because every road in Georgia is a detour or washout on account of the rain. I am looking for the weather man to say when it will be fair. I get the Atlanta papers, the Savannah pauers, the Augusta papers, and the Macon papers, and read the weather reports to see when it will fair off. I have never called on Jo Jo before for aid, but am doing it now, it may be that I will some day have to call on the ground hog and so learn to appreciate his good qualities. The almanac I never will depend upon.

We put in Thursday morning getting from Augusta to Lyons. Here we got a good lunch and felt that it would not be so bad getting to Jacksonville, where we had started, and which is from here 159 miles. Eighteen miles out, pushing over a muddy detour, we rolled down a long red hill, struck an embankment, and turned our toes right straight up to the skies with all the bottom things in the car on top of us. That car turned over on its back and then it turned right across the road with its nose in the bank.

It was too quick for anything and if we had been killed we would never have known what hit us. Had it been an open car we would probably have been smashed. The closed cars now are made of strong material and while I am distributing my feelings of gratefulness around, I want to express some to the Dodge people for building strong bodies. Mrs. Beasley spoke first and of course wanted to know if I were hurt. "Not a bit, are you?" She was hurt, but said no. It turned out that her arm was fractured from which she has suffered a good deal. But she has had fine attention.

I would advise any one to stay out of this section of Georgia in wet weather till you get their roads more

improved, which they are doing. But if you are bound to come to Georgia in bad weather and have an accident, come right here to Toombs county of which Lyon is the county seat. You'll find friends here if you are in trouble.

As the meeting of a big Ohio car on the road caused me to turn out and be wrecked, and as the two men and two women in it never expressed a word of sympathy or solicitude though they stayed in the same hotel with us that night, I was never more inclined to be prouder of the fact that our folks down in this section of Uncle Sam's domains are still old fashioned, full of sympathy and helpfulness in times of distress.

After we managed to crawl through the window and get out from under the car some people had gathered and a man in working clothes said, "We'll get your car out and take you back to town and get a doctor." I thought it was funny that a wrecking crew was way out there eighteen miles from town, and I said, "That sounds good, but who are you?"

"We are the road people of this section." This gentleman was Mr. P. H. Scoggins, maintenance foreman of the State Highway Commission for this county, and he certainly made his words good. He and his men righted the car and to the amazement of everybody found that it would run. Capt. Scoggins drove it back to Lyons and sent us in his own car. If all the Georgia Highway men are like of Scoggins and his men they are equal to the North Carolina fellows, and that is enough to say about them. I could imagine how Capt. Howie or some of the other fellows up there would be doing the same for some stranger passing through North Carolina.

And everybody in this little town is the same way. At the Elberta Hotel, which is kept by Mr. Ware and his sister, Miss Ware, we have been treated so nicely and with such old time Southern friendliness and kindness that we almost forgive the weather man for not hastening things up a bit. Mr. and Miss Ware, who take care of a good many tourists, make their hotel a very delightful place. And Miss Ware happens to be well acquainted with Mrs. Beasleys brothers over in Alabama—and so "We lack nothing."

North Carolinians have settled all around here and this fact and the character of the country make me think of eastern North Carolina. The section was hit by the boll weevil and like other sections of the south that once depended wholly on cotton, is trying to wiggle out. Men from North Carolina are introducing tobacco, and the Tom Brooms of this section are doing a lot with getting stock and poultry started. They are shipping poultry and hogs from this point now.

One more thing that I have learned to appreciate. I always noticed how W. T. Casey, himself a Georgia cracker, pronounced the name of this state. Not at all like I do. He says "Jaw-jah," with a rest between the two syllables. That pronounciation of Georgia must be as distinctive of the Georgians as the way Grover or Aycock used to pronounce North Carolina was to us. Hurrah for "Jaw-jah!" She's got some mud just now but she'll be getting out of that in time. But she has the people with a heart. And that is what counts.

I have not written this piece because I think my accident is of any

more interest of importance than thousands of others, but to show that since I have had one myself I have got something to talk about, and something to feel about for the others. Its like it used to be with the woman who had had an operation.

"I tell you no man has a right to enjoy until he has proved himself strong enough to abstain from all enjoyment. Yes, he should not touch pleasure even with his fingertips before he has learned to trample it under foot.

"I almost believe we are all of us ghosts! It is not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that haunts us. It is all sorts of old, dead ideals, all kinds of old, dead beliefs, and so forth. They have no life, yet they cleave to us, and we cannot shake ourselves free of them—and then we are all so pitifully afraid of the dark."—Olsen.

STANLY THRILLED.

(Albemarle News-Herald.)

What will doubtless prove of much interest to Stanly county people in the near future is Palmer's Mountain, located some distance above Badin on the big lake. The Tallassee Power Company has executed a lease-deed for a period of ten years to Charles A. Cannon, of Concord. A clause in the deed gives Mr. Cannon the right to operate boats on the lake, fish, etc.

According to the deed it would seem that Mr. Cannon is going to build a magnificent summer home on this mountain at an early date. The deed sets forth that Mr. Cannon is to pay the sum of one dollar per year for the use of the said premises and also pay taxes upon any and all improvements which he may put upon the place.

At the end of the ten year period, he will be given the privilege of renewing the lease year by year. Or, if at the end of that time Mr. Cannon does not desire the property any longer, the Tallassee Power Company agrees to pay him a reasonable price for his improvements, or he shall be allowed to move them away.

Accordingly, the only logical inference is that within the near future a magnificent summer mansion will grace the Palmer Mountain, with nifty boats swaying at anchor on the lake at the foot of the said mountain. Doubtless, fine horses will be seen trotting about bridle paths in the early morning with countless young ladies and glentlemen astride there on.

This lease-deed is believed to mark the beginning of Stanly as a mecca for millionaires to spend their summers. There are plenty more mountains in Stanly county for countless other millionaires. Better get 'em while they are going.

DOUBTS AN AP AGENT.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill, in News and Observer.

"Too little attention," observed the sapient Mr. Shroeder, who serves humanity through connections with the Associated Press that amount approximately to the same thing as being governess to a dull and erratic child, "is paid by the newspapers to the want ad columns. They contain all sorts of things that could be made the basis of human documents, if you take the trouble to look through them regularly."

None of which moved me even mildly, whereupon Mr. Shroeder enlarged upon the want ad pages of not only this newspaper but in the journals published in London and Melbourne and Shanghai and in Constantinople. Every, he said, used them for all sorts of obscure purposes. Criminals of the higher order employed them for communication with their associates instead of trusting themselves to the snoopings of postmasters.

At the end of a quarter of an hour or such matter, I began to be greatly concerned over my years of neglect of the pages of this and other journals devoted to the dissemination of such mysterious matters as confidential communications between our more adroit safe-crackers, murderists, and other gentry who find lawbreaking a profitable industry. Mr. Shroeder began to tell me about a fashionable murderer he once knew who used the want ads exclusively for years and eluded capture.

Perhaps I should have waited until the end of the story but with the possibility of discovering all sorts of engrossing mysteries I was itching to be away to a secluded place where I might gorge myself upon two whole pages of want ads appearing in this paper Sunday morning. Maybe I might discover what blew up the undertaker's shop or who whipped Dollie Jones, or even who got the pair of pliers out of the Ruin. There was just no knowing what I might find out, once I got at the want ads.

At the end of two hours I have discovered that the fashionable diseases this spring will be epilepsy and cancer. I have discovered an alleged shortage of barbers throughout the earth, and the professors of this art willing even to instruct beardless youths in the mysteries of this profession. I have discovered dozens of bookkeepers who say they want to work and all sorts of depressing unemployment. I have found gentlemen who want to dig me a well of water.

But nowhere have I come upon any cryptic communications between astute criminals. Or, if they are being cryptic, they are being so cryptic that their communications look like honest dull offers of fabulous wages to persons with personality and other equipment suitable for peddling. Not even among the "Lost Stolen and Found" headings have I discovered anything more enlivening than a bull dog that appears to have been carelessly mislaid somewhere; and a modest reward to be paid for the return of a missing automobile.

The search seems futile until I come back to the personal column.

Convenient, perhaps, but not particuarly thrilling to a middle-aged bachelor of generally decorous habits. There are pieces about the fashionable diseases and cures therefor.

Further along there was a piece about some husband who wouldn't be responsible for any more debts contracted by his wife. He omitted all detail, leaving me sitting in helpless wonder about the poor woman. Apart from this terse announcement of the complete dissipation of husbandly patience there was nothing in the column to justify the enthusiasm of Mr. Shroeder. Among the jobs offered none save that of cooking in a hotel which I named years ago had any promise of interest.

But maybe Sunday is a bad day for the want ads. There are twice as many of them as on ordinary days. Tomorrow I shall read them again, and if they are as barren as they are today, I shall speak sternly to Mr. Shroeder for misleading me into the wasting of two hours that might have been devoted to gloomy meditations upon my ignorance about women, and to other matters.

IF JUST A WORD.

If any little word of mine
  Can make the day more fair,
If just a message, just a line
  Can ease the load of care,
If just a thought can bring you cheer,
  When things are looking blue,
If just a word can do, my dear,
  The things we think they do—

If any words that I can say,
  However poor they are,
Can push a single cloud away,
  Or light a single star;
If anything in any case
  Can turn your skies to gold,
And make the world a better place,
  The way that we are told—

If any message I can send,
  Or thought that I can write,
Can make you feel you have a friend,
  One faithful friend tonight;
If any message that you scan
  Can make your sky more clear,
The way that people say it can—
  Then here it is, my dear!

Douglas Malloch.

THE CHILD MAY SAVE THE DAY.

(The Sunday School World.)

Dr. George H. Bickley, of Philadelphia, has a favorite illustration on the power which even a little child may have in advancing Christ's Kingdom. It goes somwehat like this:

"Have you ever been to see a battleship launched? You know it is built up an inclined structure, generally wooden, called the ways. But holding the vessel in place, and to keep it from sliding into the water, are huge beams, which must be sawed away when the boat is launched. One day I was invited to see a large battleship launched at Cramp's Shipyard. The ways had been lubricated, or oiled, so that the ship might slide out easily, and the great beams had been knocked away, but it wouldn't move!

"There it stood, with everyone waiting breathlessly for it to go. The ones in authority did not know what to make of it, nor what to do. Suddenly a little boy was heard to cry out, 'I know how to make it go, mother.' Dashing out of the crowd, he went up to that big ship, put his shoulder against it, and shoved it with all his might. Soon the ship was seen to quiver, and down the ways she slid, out into the water! All that was needed was the extra help from that little boy.

"Perhaps you have often thought, 'What can a boy like me do?' or, 'What can a girl do?' in helping along some great work for Christ. But possibly every thing is all ready to go and is just waiting for the shove of some boy or girl. Let us remember the story of the ship and the boy's shove, knowing that Christ will use our little effort—if it is the greatest that we can give—to help in the advancement of His Kingdom."

PROSPERITY AND GOVERNMENT.

(The Citizen.)

Dexter H. Kimball, Dean of the College of Engineering of Cornell, is writing in The Christian Science Monitor on the problem of putting prosperity in the United States on a permanent basis. He suggests that if prosperity depended solely upon our power to produce the comforts and necessities of life the problem would be simple; but a great many other things have to be taken into account—for example, the enormous volume of luxuries and useless goods produced, the personal and industrial wastes which are so characteristic of American life, the difficulty of keeping production and consumption on an even keel, the fact that frequently we have over-production and want at one and the same time, and so on.

Professor Kimball argues that "our economic progress will be hampered so long as we cling to some of our ideas of democratic government." In spite of the fact, he argues, that the relationship between government and the maintenance of prosperity has become very intimate, men are as yet seldom elected to office because of their knowledge of industrial, economic and technical problems which have to be solved, especially in municipalities. He points to the spectacle of Congress wrangling for months over a farm-relief bill only to have it vetoed by the President as being economically unsound and also to Muscle Shoals which has been a bone of contention in Congress for years, although private enterprise would almost surely have solved the problem of how to put this great water power to profitable account.

Declaring that he is not arguing that legislators should be elected solely upon the basis of professional or technical knowledge, Professor Kimball does contend that we have put far behind us the days when life was simpler and when one man's opinion upon current topics was generally about as good as another's. We can not, he argues solve such problems as are now constantly being presented in this complex age by town-meeting methods. We shall continue to bungle until we devise some way of bringing the best professional knowledge to bear upon them, just as the great business organizations do. "If democratic government fails us," he says, "it will not be for lack of patriotism but because of our lack of ability to organize for the solution of these problems the same skill and intelligence that have created them." Government, of course, involves many elements which do not enter into business enterprises but there may be lessons which it can learn from business and some of these lessons must be applied if the mounting wealth of the nation is to be more evenly distributed and if the periods of depression which involve great hardships for many are to be avoided.

At the present time, for example, there are more millions seeking permanent investment in productive enterprises than ever before in the history of the world—so much money, indeed, that those who own it literally do not know what to do with it. We have had a period of feverish speculation in Wall Street which the

Federal Reserve Board has been trying to check; the banks of the country have much more money on deposit than many of them want, and yet unemployment exists and is growing. It is a curious situation.

Professor Kimball argues that periods such as we are now facing are the periods in which the bulk of the public works should be projected and carried on. North Carolina acted upon that principle when it embarked upon its great highway program seven or eight years ago and saw the merit of it. That is one way that the Government can help to stabilize prosperity. Another, more important at present, it would seem, would be a frank recognition that we have increased our productive capacity to a point where our interest in foreign markets is vital and that true statesmanship applied to this question of stabilizing domestic progress would appreciate how preposterous it is to base a foreign policy upon the outworn theory of American insularity.

LOVE'S WAGES.

The wages of love are small, so small,
You scarce might know they were paid at all.
A glance, a smile, or the clasp of hands,
The coin of a heart that understands;
A name soft whispered, a lingered kiss—
The wage of love is paid in this.

But oh, the magic such coin can buy—
The waking joy of a dawn-flushed sky,
Drudgery speeding on skylark's wings,
Songs in the heartbeats of common things,
And firelit shadows of evening bent
With peace and comfort and all-content.

The wages of love are small, so small,
Once scarcely could say that they cost at all.
Yet lives are lonely, and hearts still ache
In bitter lack for the wee coin's saks;
And many a silk-clad life of ease.
Would barter its purse of gold for these.

—Good Housekeeping.

SHARPENING PENCILS.

By Joan Monroe.

Do you like to write with a blunt old pencil? Of course you don't! You like a pencil with a sharp new point on the end. What do you do when your pencil point gets dull and you can't write because you have worn the lead away? You sharpen it, don't you?

The lead in a pencil is worn away by using. In the same way any movement of yours wears away your body house. Running, jumping, eating, talking, even blinking your eyes are all movements wearing away some part of your house. If you were to keep on moving without stopping, you would become so tired that you would hardly know what you were doing. If you still tried to keep on moving the body house would presently refuse to do anything for you, just as the pencil refuses to write when the lead is worn away.

You can sharpen a pencil with a knife or a pencil sharpener in order to get a new, sharp point. How can you get newness in your body house and sharpness in your brain?

There is just one splendid way which will make over your body house, sharpen all the fine points of your brain and make you ready to go on doing whatever you want to.

That is sleep!

Sleep is the great pencil sharpener of the brain—the great builder-up of the body house!

It is said that a baby grows more when sleeping than at any other time. That is true of all children until they have attained full growth. That is the reason why a baby sleeps almost all day and all night when he first comes into the world. He has so much growing to do.

Children from four to seven years of age need twelve hours sleep. A nap gets in a little extra time. Older children from eight to eleven need ten and one-half to eleven hours sleep. Do you get what **you** need?

You see, you need sleep if you want to grow. Growing, healthy boys and girls need a great deal of sleep. It is a pretty safe rule for the smaller ones to be in bed by seven o'clock, and the older ones by seven-thirty or eight. Never later than eight!

If you wake up feeling rested, alert, bright, ready to do anything, then you will know that sleep has been building over your body house and sharpening your brain. You are as fit as the lead pencil on your desk with the sharp, new point.

But if you have to be waked up —if you feel all tired and grumpy —if you say, "Oh, I don't want to get up," then sleep hasn't had a chance to finish its work. Some part of the body house is not rested or is not being built up enough. If you must get up at a certain time, then that means you must go to bed earlier. Somehow or other you must get that wonderful life-giving sleep.

When you get older and your body house is fully grown you won't need sleep to help you grow. But you will need it to mend the tired places in your house; to help to put new parts where there are only worn out ones; to keep your brain from getting so blunt that you can't use it

to think.

If you want sleep to do its best work then you must help, too. Open the window wide. Let plenty of pure, fresh air come in. Sleep can work twice as well in fresh air Don't curl up like a dormouse. Keep your back straight. Remember the walls of your body house are to be straight, not crooked. No pillow. Doing without it will make you straighter. Then, too, if your head is raised, the poor old heart will have to work much harder to send the blood into your head. The heart needs lighter work at night. So don't work it harder by using a pillow.

Suppose we count the things we need for sleep to do its best work.

Fresh air.
Straight position.
No pillow.
Plenty of time to sleep—at least eleven to twelve hours.

If you do all that, there is every chance that the body house will be as strong and sturdy, as keen and ready for work as the pencil you sharpened so nicely, ready for school in the morning.

There is a danger signal flaunting before our eyes in these modern times. It tells us the American home is adrift and likely to break on the rocks.
—Mrs. Kreps.

A NATURE STUDY.

The Marshville Home furnishes an object lesson in nature study—a rooster's capacity and what catches the interest of human beings and incidently advertises. Hear The Home:

How many grains of corn can a hungry rooster eat from 9 o'clock in the morning to 5 in the afternoon? Do people read advertisements? These are questions that R. P. Stegall can answer. Last week Mr. Stegall inserted a ten-inch advertisement in The Marshville Home stating that he would place at his store in Marshville a hungry rooster named "Lindy" Saturday morning at 9 o'clock and that a $5.00 pair of shoes would be given the person visiting his store and guessing nearest to the number of grains of corn said rooster ate from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. No other publicity was given the proposition. As a result, seven hundred people visited the store Saturday and put in their guesses, ranging from 6 to 9001 grains. Earl Thomas won the prize with a guess of 418 grains, the rooster actually eating 417 grains. J. P. Hargett was second with a guess of 415 grains. Miss Mary McWhirter, Ferman Little, Wallace Harrel and Bryce Griffin guessed 413 grains and Miss Lenora Stegall guessed 420 grains. Most of the guesses ranged from 250 to 800 grains.

HOME IS OPENED.

Eighteen little tots, coming from several homes in the Old North State were recently welcomed into the North Carolina branch of Junior Order Home. The advance guard of an army of children which in the future years shall march on to the institution just a few miles from Lexington, N. C., they came and before the sun had set they had made friends with a staff of experienced men and women whom "Daddy" Shufford has gathered around him to carry on the work of the home. They likewise quickly made friends one with another.

The formal opening of the home was unostentatious but impressive to the small group of men and women, some of whom had come to enter little boys and girls into the home for the period of training. The opening was not a public one because of the amount of work necessary to be done in placing children into their respective places and in carrying on the many other duties which befell the officials during the day. Later on a public opening will be held to which all interested people will have an opportunity to attend.

First to Come

Four little children, three girls and one boy, members of the same family, were the first to be received into the home. They were Paul, Colene, Beulah and Wilma Barnes from Taylorsville. Following shortly after came children from North Wilkesboro, Durham and other places. With but few exceptions the children entered the home happily but in one or two instances little boys and girls tears streaming down their little faces, and clinging tightly to their mothers, vehemently cried for home. Children's tears are soon banished, however, and but a few moments were necessary for the sunshine to come streaming from happy eyes and shown in laughter.

Tunison Acts as Host

J. D. Tunison, of New York, past national councillor and the guiding hand in the work which resulted in the erection of the beautiful home erected by the Juniors of this and other states, received the first children to arrive at the home. The little Barnes group, standing on the front porch of the administration building, were gathered into the arms of the New Yorker and in a few, well chosen words, they were made welcome.

Expressing his pleasure at the privilege of receiving the first children into the home, Mr. Tunison pointed to the day when it will rival the home in Tiffin, Ohio, in size and the scope of work done. He reminded his audience that in the not far distant future other children will be received and some of them will enter from other states. There are 180 children from North Carolina now sheltered in the home in Tiffin, he said, by way of showing that the Lexington home will be a haven of refuge for children from various states.

"Daddy" Shufford was introduced and he in turn presented the members of his staff of workers.

All Conveniences Provided

Five boys and 13 girls made up the group received the first day. Others were expected to arrive during the day but failed to do so. The girls are being provided for in

the Pennsylvania Dormitory while the boys have been assigned to the South Carolina Building. In each building the children have all the facilities of a modern and well appointed home. Comfortable cots, a sitting room, dining room and kitchen are located in each dormitory. Already they have taken on a homey atmosphere with toys, brought by some of the boys and girls from their homes.

Other children will be received in about one week. They are scheduled to arrive in groups of 25 each week and when the full hundred have entered, the doors will be closed to any more boys and girls for some months so as to enable the staff to get the home to working on the high plane expected of it.

LOST—Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with 60 diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—Horace Mann.

SPRING.

By Clyde Bristow.

At last we are about to get rid of "Old Man Winter." The ruler who is to oust him from the throne of the seasons is Spring. With all it's gloriousness it will seat itself on the throne and make the world into a domain of beautifulness. The hills and dales that have been so gray and dreary-looking will be attended to by this wonder-worker, and great improvement will be made in the scenery—right before our eyes!

Man will also change. With the coming of this season, he has the desire to keep at work. A great amount of energy seems to be stored in his system and he probably longs for that wonderful outdoor game of Baseball. On the field you'll find him most every day, too. He's out there to prove that he has the spirit of Spring. The effect of Winter has gone—and left a different person in its place. Then, in this glorious time we can tell difference in our own self and of our fellowman.

The messenger who arrives before Spring is the Robin. He is a plucky little fellow, too. Soon each morning you can hear him calling to you: "Get up, get up, Spring is here, Spring is here!" All through the livelong day he is singing that song of gladness. He tries to tell the whole world, too, he is so overjoyed.

This is the time for Spring cleaning, too. Husbands and helpers about the house, look out! All the parlor furnishings and other household furnishings have to be painted over or got in shape, rugs to be carried out to undergo a dusting that never has been administered to them since you worked all day on them last Spring.

All is well, when this season is here—so let us be content. God's will has it that we have another season for man to rejoice in. A season that fills him with delight and enthusiasm. Such is the way of life.

MOST VERSATILE GENIUS.

(The Citizen.)

Two or three weeks ago when this newspaper printed the fact that a memorial would be erected to the honor of Robert Henry, few people in this community appreciated who Robert Henry was. They should have known but they didn't. They should have known for no more versatile genius has ever lived in these mountains, no man the plain tale of whose varied achievements reads more like romance.

He was a witness to the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, his father being one of the chief agitators in that first movement for revolt against the tyranny of England. As a mere stripling he fought in the Battle of King's Mountain, where he was seriously wounded by a bayonet thrust. Some years later, while surveying the line between Tennessee and North Carolina with David Vance, grandfather of Zebulon B. Vance, he wrote a sketch of that famous battle and his manuscript was used by Dr. Lyman Draper in writing his celebrated book, "King's Mountain and Its Heroes." This manuscript, by the way, loaned to Dr. Draper by Robert Henry's son, was never returned but is now in the historical collection of the University of Wisconsin.

A mere catalog of Robert Henry's activities astounds the average man. He was the first school teacher, the first lawyer and the first doctor in Buncombe County, and had prepared himself for each profession by a course of study. In addition to these vocations he was a farmer, soldier, hunter, surveyor, land lord of the famous tavern or hotel at Sulphur Springs which he built, historian, author, pioneer, frontiersman and manufacturer. He lived to be 80 years of age, foretold the very hour of his death, and then when it came, like a good soothsayer, calmly laid himself down and died on the minute.

Surely such an illustrious man deserves to have his memory perpetuated. He lived under several governments—the English, the United States and the Confederate. When he came to Buncombe it covered all of these western hills and he saw it broken up into some dozen other counties, in about seven of which he lived. He died in Clay County where his remains have lain since 1863, the year of his taking off.

The Citizen has been signally fortunate in securing from Dr. F. A. Soundley, the lawyer and historian, the manuscript biography of Robert Henry, a work worthy of the author and of his subject. On this labor of love Dr. Soundley has spent many years. He has kindly given this newspaper permission to print his long essay, and has furnished numerous illustrations to accompany it. Great grandchildren of Robert Henry are also furnishing numerous memorials of their Grandsire, as he elected to be called, and these will be produced in illustrations with Dr. Soundley's text.

It is our candid opinion that Dr. Soundley has undertaken no worthier enterprise in his long and useful life than the resurrection of this great man's life from the ashes of neglect; and we are just as certain that we have offered to our readers no series of articles more worth reading or collecting for permanent record

THE HELPING HAND.

By R. J. Liber.

Something has happened to you that is almost too good to be true, and it seems hard to realize it as a fact. You spend the evening thinking about it and it is the last thing on your mind as you drop off to sleep. Then when morning comes, and you are beginning to awaken, you just can't remember why you are so happy, and you want to open your eyes and see what it is all about. Then you suddenly remember, and you jump up with a feeling of what a fine world this is. Did you ever experience such a feeling?

It makes you happy! But, did it ever occur to you to try and make some one else happy? And when you feel like that it isn't hard to see how you could make somebody else feel the same way. If you see a chap down on his luck and blue about it, it's really remarkable how easy it is to brace him up, and when you do a thing like this you can't help but feel better yourself.

Then, if there happens to be a day when you have been disappointed and, perhaps something you wanted very much hasn't come your way just stop and think how much worse off someone else is, and go and try to do something for him, it makes you see your own affair in a new light.

Some people believe that to be a Christian means to set up a lot of standards, and then going around scared to death all the time trying to live up to them.

Now it doesn't seem that way to me at all. In order to be a Christian a man must be square with himself and when he thinks he isn't being square with himself he should pull up and turn around. If he believes that there was someone whom men called Christ who was good and unselfish, he has a good start, because when he begins to believe that he can soon argue himself into believing that he, too, is better off to think about helping others.

We have all read that it is more blessed to give than to receive. A lot of people don't seem to believe this; but a truer fact was never stated.

If you are going to do anything in this world you will never accomplish it by learning how to cleverly point out the mistakes and failures of others. The big men of the world have never been iconoclasts. They have been workers and not critics. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault or to see the weakness of others, but if one is going to do anything it will never come from criticizing others. It will come from good, honest work on your part.

Every man has his own interests and it is only right that he should follow them. But, there is a world of difference between a selfish way of doing this and an unselfish way.

There are many who feel down hearted and blue because life in jail is not what they think it ought to be. If your fellow-man is inclined to take life too seriously, just give him a helping hand and try to drive his blues away.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

By Rev. J. E. L. Winecoff, in Charlotte Observer.

In a speech which Governor McLean delivered in Raleigh more than a year ago, according to our recollection, he said that the chief purpose in education is to build character; and he made a plea that teachers should be trained with a special view to this end, and then be chosen and paid salaries according to their gifts and accomplishments as character builders.

Who is there that can't say "Amen" to that? At the time, many papers in North Carolina and other States commented with approval on his speech. But mostly, they treated it as rather a new thought in education. The wonder is, that men and women of prominence and influence hadn't been saying things like that long ago.

The essentials are, character building and efficiency in doing it. But we don't see the leaders in our educational system generally catching the idea even yet. As General Bowley has said: "We have too many pedagogues in our educational system, and too few builders of men." In their zeal for mere learning they are givink to character building a secondary place, or no place at all—disconnting the essentials.

At State headquarters the certificates are issued and salaries fixed by men who are in no position to know the teachers or judge of their fitness for the important work they undertake. It is all based, not on what they have proved themselves to be worth as mind-trainers or character-builders, but mainly on academic and Summer school credits—that is, on what is supposed to be in their own heads, rather than on what they can and do get into the heads and hearts of school children.

If teachers have certain college and Summer school credits, it entitles them to certain salaries, whether they are efficient teachers or not. On the other hand, if they can't show all these credits, no matter what excellent teachers they may be, they must be satisfied to accept much smaller salaries, or quit the teaching profession.

So little appeal has been made to real merit and efficiency in actual teaching. What the leaders and fixers of salaries and courses of training have aimed at, is to bring pressure to bear on teachers and prospective teachers in favor of higher learning more than for mind and character training in their pupils.

But any one who observes teachers and their work, sees that it by no means follows that the most educated always make the best teachers. Some college graduates are failures when it comes to teaching, while many who hold no college diplomas are among the finest builders of youth into manhood and womanhood.

So, it is notorious that some who are in the schoolroom simply for the money they get out of it, have drawn higher salaries than some of the truest, most conscientious, hardest working and most valuable of teachers.

And we seriously ask, what sort of educational system do the men in authority hope to build up in such a way? What other business could succeed with so little consideration

for the real merit and efficiency of its employes? And how can an educational system do better than to encourage mediocrity or inferiority, if it doesn't bid for and specialy reward the best service?

If the teachers' rewards of salary and appreciation are to remain substantially the same, whether they excel or not, whether they build character or the reverse, whether their influence on boys and girls is the best or not so good, it will appeal most to the kind who care only to do enough to draw their salaries; and only the most conscientious souls—who love the work for the sake of the boys and girls whom they can develop, and are willing to swallow the unfair discriminations—will do their best.

We are not making an argument against college and Summer school training. On the contrary, we believe in both. But we do protest against making these the basis of reward to teachers, regardless of the actual service they render and the wholesome influence they exert. The only sensible test is the result of their work on boys and girls.

If teachers know enough and have culture and ability sufficient to teach the subjects they are employed to teach, and have the character to inspire young people with the truest and noblest ideals and aspirations—they are well qualified. How much or how little more they know, is of secondary importance; what and how mauch they do for boys and girls is everything.

In New Hanover County, according to report, they have a juster and more equitable idea of rewarding teachers than most counties have. There, the county superintendent, the county board of education and the local committees are having more to say; and they propose, in the first instance, to fix the salaries on the basis of academic and Summer school credits, but not so high as to leave no room for considerable raises; second, to raise them on years of creditable experience in teaching; and third, to raise them further on special efficiency. By this method they expect to encourage the best service.

The whole State would do well to take note of New Hanover County, and give the county and local officials more liberty in fixing salaries—who are in the best position to judge of what the different teachers are worth to the schools and to the boys and girls.

Is the ideal American, let us say, a one-hundred-per-cent-American or a seventy-five-per-cent-American?

I mean by this: Is the ideal American the citizen who begins and ends with a "my country right or wrong" theory of patriotism or is he the citizen who, convinced that American life is seventy-five per cent right and twenty-five per cent wrong, sets out to fight for the seventy-five per cent, and to fight against the twenty-five per cent?

Is criticism and patriotism incompatible?

Is there no halfway house between deification and disloyalty?

—Glenn Frank.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

(Charlotte Observer.)

In recent years The Observer has made discussion of the problem of the country doctor, taking the situation in Mecklenburg as an example of the disappearancq of this reliance of the rural people from the standpoint of health. There has been but little improvement in the situation in recent years—only the good roads and the automobile have improved it. One county—Tyrrell—has no doctor at all. Gates and Graham counties have only two doctors each, and there are but three in Dare. These are the outstanding facts in an article contributed to The University News Letter, by Paul Wager, who accompanies it with a table showing the number of doctors in each county last year, and upon which Wager bases an analytical study of the distribution of these doctors. There are 2,067 practicing physicians in the State and this gives one to the 1,401 inhabitants. Wager makes preliminary statement of the concern felt about the dearth of country doctors and sets forth that many communities that have long had a doctor in their midst have found that no young doctor is willing to take the place of an older physician who has retired. This is true, despite the fact that the automobile and good roads have made the lot of a country doctor much easier than it used to be. So keenly have some communities felt the loss that they have offered a subsidy to any good doctor that would locate in their midst. No aspect of country life—isolation, toil, monotony—is so depressing as the knowledge that there can be no prompt medical attention in case of serious illness or accident.

But there are compensatory features. No doubt it is true that there are fewer doctors living in the open country and in small villages than there once were. Many farms may be further in miles from a doctor than they were, but it is doubtful if they are further away in time. Wager reminds that 20 miles can be negotiated as quickly today as four miles a generation ago. Doctors prefer to congregate in the towns and cities, partly because of more desirable living conditions for themselves and their families, partly because of specialization within the medical profession, and partly because of their legitimate desire to be near a hospital. Yet, with doctors at each county seat, or major town, few farmsteads are more than an hours distance from a doctor. Most country regions are probably as well served as they ever have been. The exception are those counties which do not have doctors at the county seat, or have doctors who will not engage in country practice.

On the point of "distribution," Wager finds that the urban counties have far more physicians in proportion to population than the average rural county. Buncombe County, for instance, has 114 doctors, or one for every 679 persons. New Hanover, Mecklenburg, Gilford, Wake, and Durham all have a relatively large number of physicians.

The Wager figures show that on the whole, North Carolina doctors seem to be well distributed. In on-

ly a few counties does there appear to be a serious shortage. Of course, there may be a dearth of young doctors in some instances and hence the prospect of a shortage later on. The urban counties are credited with a disproportionate share of the total number of doctors, but it must be remembered that the patients of the urban doctors are not limited to city people. Country people are making more and more use of city hospitals and city physicians, particularly the specialists.

Wager's conculsion is that the distribution of doctors in the State may not be a perfectly balanced one. Certain areas may lack adequate medical service; certainly there are areas which are without adequate hospital facilities. But with a network of good roads covering the State, the situation is not so serious as would be the case otherwise. Doctor Rankin maintains that a better distribution of hospitals will result in a better distribution of doctors, for the hospital has become an essential element of modern medical science and doctors locate near hospitals. It is therefore encouraging to note the appearance of good general hospitals in many of the smaller towns of the State.

WHAT IS A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY?

American business is expected to serve nobly a democratic society of which the business is a part. The term "democracy" may be thought of as essentially an ideal or standard of social conduct. A "society," or group of individuals united by a common purpose and recognized by one another as associates, possesses the democratic ideal as a working standard when that society "aims to promote cooperation among its members and with other groups on the basis of mutual recognition of interests. This 'mutual recognition of intersest' points to the fact that democracy means a progressive humanization of the social order. Democracy is never a finished thing, but a process of continuous readjustment in the direction of a more extensive mutual recognition of interests."

The democratic ideal finds expression in business when employers and employees cooperate on the "basis of mutual recognition of interest," when business policies are generally regarded as worthy and acceptable only when such policies promote mutual well-being of business in its relationship with government, homes, churches, schools, and all forms of organized recreation and community life. As Professor Dewey has expressed it, "A society which makes provision for participation in its good of all its members on equal terms and which secures flexible readjustment of its institutions through interaction of the different forms of associated life is in so far democratic."

PERSONALITY ON FIFTH AVENUE

By Captain William Patrick.

Fifth Avenue, New York, has become in the last 20 years the mecca of insulate shoppers, the attraction of visiting diginitaries, the local of novels, and the inspiration of poets. But Fifth Avenne did not unconsciously achieve this position and "personality."

Wealth and dignity are not alone responsible for this success. A spirit indeed a personality, developed by more than 1,700 business men and residents of the section who are aware that civic-mindedness is a concomitant of business success, actually created the wealth and dignity.

Working with the slogan "Whatever is good for Ffith Avenue is good for New York," the Fifth Avenue Association sponsored movements for widening the street to 55 feet, for building restrictions against factories in that district and for discouraging "undignified" window and sign displays.

This association, first organized in 1907, is maintained by the dues of its members and it membership is divided into six classes. It has research, personal service, legislature, inspection and public relations departments. Each department maintains an eternal vigil in its respective field.

The business of the street is never given a back seat and this may be taken as a key to its success. During the Christmas rush season we had a directors' meeting. Our 36 directors were up to their neck in work, yet 34 were present. One was absent because he was abroad; another was ill.

STATE PRISONERS.

There were 778 prisoners received at the North Carolina state prison during the year 1927. This was almost double the number received five years ago and nearly five times the number received ten years ago. There has been a steadily increasing ratio of white over colored offenders. The figures for 1912 anl each fifth year since are as follows:

	White	Colored	Total
1912	73	112	185
1917	77	89	166
1922	209	188	397
1927	473	305	778

The average age of prisoners received in 1927 was 26.95 year. When it is taken into consideration that few are sentenced to state prison on a first offence it is apparent that crimes are being committed to a large extent by youths and young men. This suggests the importance of tactful and scientific treatment of juvenile delinquents. A little guidance given to an unadjusted boy may set him on the road to productive and honorable citizenship; neglect may result in a criminal career.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

A number of the work force boys have been planting potatoes lately.

Mr. Sappenfield and a number of boys have been chopping down last year's corn stalks during the past week.

The boys made their Saturday afternoon trip to the ball ground last Saturday. The large boys and a few officers played a game of ball.

Mr. J. G. Hudson, one of the officers in charge of the fourth cottage, has been confined to his room for several days, suffering from a severe cold.

The carpenter shop boys have been repairing some of the plows for the farm work. The barn boys will soon start preparing the ground for planting.

Virgil Shipes, a former boy of this institution and the printing force, was a visitor here last Friday. We were all glad to hear that he has a fine job and getting on fine.

We are glad to know that one of our old boys has the ability to write stories. We are glad to carry an article by Clyde Bristow in this number. Atta boy! Clyde, keep 'em coming.

Friday of last week, Dr. Cannon of Duke University, honored us by his presence here. Superintendent Boger escorted him around. He went to Mr. Johnson's school room and talked to the boys a while. He told of some of his school days experinces. He made a fine talk which was enjoyed by everyone. We were all glad to have Dr. Cannon here with us and hope to have him here again.

"Jesus and the Twelve," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson Jesns out His disciples to preach for Him. They went out two by two, and were not to take any money, only one robe, a staff and a pair of sandals. This was a very interesting lesson. The golden text was: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Mrs. Latimer, matron of the third cottage, has had a number of boys working around the cottage preparing the ground in front for her flower bed. They dug it up good and put lime down and covered it up to remain there a while before planting the flowers. Last summer several of the cottages tried to see who could have the prettiest flowers and lawn. Ready to go! Who's going to have it this year?

Recently a new tractor was purchased by the School. It was a McCormick-Deering by make. It is larger than the old, whereby enabling us to do heavier work. The first work done with this machine was done by Capt. Grier and Mr. Ritchie in leveling off the "little ball diamond."mond." A good bit of dirt

has been hauled off, the bumps knocked down, and now they are putting on the finishing touches. The small boys will appreciate all this, too.

Rev. Robert Arrowwood, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. Instead of preach- a sermon, he told the true story of Irving Bachelor, of New York, searching for a happy person. He searched among the rich and high standing class of people, but everyone was miserable over something. Finally, he found on old woman, poor and working hard for a living, in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, whom Irving Bachelor believes to be the happiest person in the world. This goes to show that money and social standing is not everything. His talk was enjoyed by all.

LITTLE STORIES OF COMMON WORDS.

By J. Edmund Brewton, in Young Folks.

It is interesting to note how many of our words are derived from the pursuit of farming. Delirious is one of these. As so many of our words, this one comes from the Latin. It comes from de, meaning from, and lira, meaning a furrow; that is, de lira, meaning one who goes out of the furrow in ploughing.

And thus comes to us the word delirious, meaning one with a wandering mind, or one who cannot keep his mind on any one thing, as the man could not keep his plow in the furrow.

Another word that comes to us from the pursuit of farming is geometry. Who first invented or cultivated the field of geometry cannot be said. It has been said that the Hindoos originated it but that is not certain. The person who said that the first geometrician was the ploughman placing out his field was probably nearer the truth than anyone else.

At least this would be indicated from the derivation of the word, which is from the Greek word meaning land measure.

Another word that comes from the pursuit of agriculture is our word fee, meaning a special service, as a doctor's fee, or a lawyer's fee, or a license fee. This word, according to Hargrave, comes from the Anglo-Saxon word, feoh, cattle. This word could easily be so interpreted when we think of the fact that cattle was one of the chief means of paying debts at one time.

So it is that certain pursuits influence our language as well as our life. And certainly, agriculture has played and always will play a great part in our life, and our language as well.

Even though you stir a nation of sacrifice all its appetites to its conscience, the result will still wholly depend on what sort of conscience the nation has got. In a stupid nation the man of genius becomes a god; everybody worships him, and nobody does his will.—Benard Shaw.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

)569

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 17, 1928. No. 8

CONTROL YOUR THINKING.

Think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. May God keep our hearts pure from that selfishness which is the root of all sin.—Charles Kingsley.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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PROVOKES TO VIOLENCE.

The love of notoriety and having a hound-taste for publicity are responsible for many most useless stunts. All right if the individual is made a better man or woman, or a contribution to the public good follows, it is at least excusable when a person punishes himself in doing a novel deed.

A music Professor in South Carolina agonized a piano and drove others to safe cover by pounding his instrument for several days. The Greensboro News sets off the said performance in this manner.

These contests that mean nothing except a strain on human endurance, that are as foolish as they are futile—it requires quite an effort to restrain the impulse to violent expression, to repress the desire to kick the furniture, smash something, using harsh words the while, when reports of these idiotic performances thrust themselves on your attention from the printed page. But if you had been present in that South Carolina town when the human automata pounding pianos for three days and nights, more or less, and had been compelled to stop within the sound of the pounding, the desire to commit assault and battery would have been fully justified, if not glorified, in free expression.

A MAGNIFICENT PLANT.

The First Methodist Church of Charlotte, a combination of two former numerically strong congregations, worshipped last Sunday in the completed church. The pleasure we received, and the real profit, by listening in on the radio was and is worth all the radio cost in the beginning. The Observer says over two thousand assembled for the Sunday morning service.

Bishop Mouzon, the presiding bishop of the two Carolinas, preached the sermon. We have a habit of speaking highly or complimentary of any

sermon on special occasions like this; but, frankly, the Bishop's sermon was of the highest order, profound, sound and searching; it was eloquently delivered, not a word going awry, even over the radio. That local pastor, Dr. Peele, catches one; what he has to say is direct and satisfying. His introductions were of great interest.

He called the name of the Presiding Elder, who took part in the service. He called him Dr. "Lit-a-ker." That puzzled The Uplift, for it prides itself over the possession of a wide acquaintance among the preachers of the state—we have trained ourself to like preachers—but we had never heard of a prominent preacher by the name of "Lit-a-ker," we concluded he must be a visitor. But The Observer, the next morning, removed the puzzle—it was Dr. Li-ta-ker, a name very familiar all over this section and the county teems with Li-ta-ker families. Dr. Peele will have to get used to the name that is ages and ages old in this part of the state.

But to return to the fine, new church. It is said to be one of the finest and most magnificent plants in all of Southern Methodism, only two others approaching it. It is certain that no other church building in North Carolina is comparable with this new church. The architect who designed it is an artist and a master.

WBT, the broadcasting station in Charlotte, was giving us the Bishop's sermon at the evening service. It was largely on sin as a theme—it was most edifying. When the doctor got down to where but few escaped under his treatment of the subject, WBT must have become uncomfortable and cut him off, and we missed the conclusion.

This uniting and consolidating of two prominent and strong congregations will furnish an object lesson for those who are deeply interested in the growth of the Kingdom on earth. They certainly have not been in the habit of proselyting in the past, and there is no necessity of resorting to such reprehensible and unethical habit in the future. Its business, as should be the business of all real Christian congregations, will be to go out into the highways and hedges and bring in the unchurched—that is the true mission of the church in action.

There has been much discussion of late as to the advisability of the consolidation of kindred denominational congregations. But we must not forget that where two or three are gatheren together "in my name there will I be." And where so many are united, the work will be correspondingly greater. If it is, then the movement proves a wise one; if not, then many are side-stepping their privileges and great opportunities. That's a won-

derful church plant of the First Methodist church of Charlotte, and there is every reason of believing it to be a mighty force for good.

The Christian church, in the eyes of the world, would be much stronger and free of uncomplimentary comments by the sinner out in the highway and hedges, if an organized ethical movement could be enforced to stop a growth of membership from other communities, rather than among the unchurched. That practice may be a kind of religion, but it is no akin to christianity. If it were not such a sad sight in the name of religion, it would be amusing to contemplate the activity at proselyting by one who has been an honored member of three different denominations in three different localities, governed entirely from an alleged social or commercial advantage. Such weakness is to be pitied, if not condemned.

Away with trifling with sacred things—the harvest is ripe for conscientious workers in His field.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

ACCUMULATION.

The beautiful snow, says Young Folks, was gently falling, each tiny flake too light and too small to do more than attract passing attention, or provoke exclamation of delight. But the minutes and hours swept on and the accumulated flakes became the one subject of conversation and the cause of great worriment to those responsible for providing transportation for thousands of people. Trains pulled by monster locomotives struggled and fell behind their schedules. Trolleys were almost helpless. Automobiles were abandoned. Man's plans were upset. The whole routine of things was badly interrupted. And it was all done by snow flakes, not by one, but by the accumulation of millions of them.

One little fact acquired amounts to little, but the accumulation of facts produces the body of knowledge. One little word spoken seems trivial but the accumulation of words constitute conversation, lectures, literature. One small act has small signfiicance in a developing life, but the accumulation of these acts result in conduct, in achievement, in fame.

Nothing dare be slighted as valueless in the round of living. Discouragement is out of place even if much of living is commonplace. An individual's share in the world's work appears quite worthless, but the accumulation of what all individuals contribute is doing the world's work. What must never be forgotten, if we would count for something, is that whatever is great is a composite of many things that are small. A great person is a result of a process of accumulation. Fame is made up of accretions,

a little added at a time. Fortunes are only accumulations of cents and dollars. National distinction is attained and maintained by the accumulated loyalties and distinctions of the citizens of the nation. Whether we seek for worth in self, or in nation, our part is to treasure each noble thought and word and act, for these added together give worth.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE ROMANCE OF SUCCESS.

Elsewhere in this number The Uplift carries a story of the success of two men—right from the financial ground up. We are indebted to the Shelby Star for this engaging story.

When a man comes into the world unattended by a silver spoon, mows down the obstacles that confront him and snaps his fingers in the face of toil and hardship, and with them all reaches Excelsior, he is to be counted a success. The story of one of these men is practically the story of the other. They are Damon and Pythias, in a measure.

The writer of this romance of success very properly told of one agency that contributed towards their success. In this age of materialism and the struggle for wealth, it is a fine thing to know that neither of them forgot their God. They seemed to have taken Providence into account in their lives. They furnish an engaging example.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A MOST CLEVER STATESMAN.

Governor Morrison spent a few hours in Washington, during the week. He was interviewed about the political situation. He had nothing to say politically or to give out. He seemed not to be interested, but he did tell the reporter and with great glee that he had back on his farm a fine, new litter of pigs. That was news in a place like Washington, where all is politics, scandal and mysterious government bonds that plays a part in a mighty ugly affair pulled off by a boasted Elder.

We appreciate the satisfaction the Governor manifested over the increase out on his rural estate. We understand it. It makes one feel good over these occurrences. We know for we are now rejoicing over 836 new chicks that we found a few days ago under our wooden hens. That beats talking politics just at this time.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A RESPECTFUL TOLERANCE.

The ladies at Raleigh, during the meeting of the convention of the State

D. A. R..'s, have planned to set up a memorial to the memory and life of a great North Carolinian, who long since passed on to other climes. He is William Gaston, the author of "Carolina."

In this period when we hear so much about the aspirations of a distinguished Catholic, who is said to be a candidate for the presidency of the United States—the public press full of pros and cons—it seems an oasis in a desert to find the women willing and brave enough to honor at least the patriotic name and deeds of a dead Catholic.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE LITTLE THINGS.

The little things, the humble things
  That we can do a day,
How much they mean to weary ones
  Along life's traveled way!

A smile, a word, a helping hand,
  Each seems a simple thing.
But oh, the wonder and the joy,
  To make one heart to sing.—Alice Thorn Frost.

IMMORTALITY.

It was a Summer's evening. Birds were singing from an entanglement of grape-vines that clung to a garden fence. Ducks were splattering in a brook that flowed by a little home which sat at the foot of a magnificent forest. But alas! all seemed smothered in a desolate solitude.

At least it was solitary on that evening, for death had knocked at the door of they who dwelt there.

One can hardly conceive a person being unhappy on such a glorious Summer evening. Yet in a little garden that resembled Paradise there sat two persons, and lilacs near their seats were being wet by the tears of an aged mother who seemed too grieved to hear the words of one that sat trying to cheer her.

The mother was weeping for a son who had lost his life through an accident. Who else could it be but the mother who would be doing the weeping? We can see the true meaning of this phrase is: "A mother's love follows us to the grave." Yes, and the memory of her loved one remains upon her mind forever.

It is mother who goes to the grave and puts there the bouquet of flowers. It is mother who remembers. She never forgets you though you have been cruel to her and repaid her with sorrow for her true love.

Therefore, my dear friends, it is your mother who looks forward to the time when she can see her loved ones in a fairer land. It is mother who talks of heaven, for shouldn't she think of a land of rest when you have made only sorrow for her in this life? It matters not how cruel you may have treated her, she still longs to see you. Why? It is because she loves you with an immortal love.

It is your mother who sings the hymn of a future reunion when she can meet the ones she loved iin this life.

It was the mother who sat in the garden, weeping, that sang the following:

They brought him forth, his life's blood dripped away,
'Twas in the evening night the close of day;
The setting sun glowed across the sullen sky
And meadow larks were singing from the field near by;
Then an echo from a distant hill with voice seem to say:
"Weep not my sorrow-stricken sons of earth,
The dawn shall bring with it a day of fresher mirth;
And he, the lifeless there, laid in a coffin white,
Has gone to dwell within a vale that is unstained by night."

GIVE EVERYONE HIS DUE.

"People who can never see anything wrong in their friends can seldom see anything right in those they happen to dislike. Prejudice is bound to be two-sided, and if we encourage ourselves in exaggerated estimates of our intimates, we are almost sure to make up for it by undervaluing those outside the church circle. Being fair, means giving everyone his due, friend or foe."—Argus.

ED CAMPBELL AND OGBURN LUTZ.

Via the Shelby Star we find the story of the success of two men that reads like a romance. Besides having what the street calls grit, you will notice that they are thoroughly identified with the church. Read the Star's story as follows:

In the Spanish-American war, a private operated a commissary, sold small articles to his mess-mates and got his first experience as a merchant which later led to one of the largest department stores in this section of the state. Coming home from the war he panned monazite in upper Cleveland, saved $300 and started his first business in a little shack of a building 18x28 feet. Today Mr. R. E. Campbell is senior member of the firm in a $75,000 store building, modern in every particular, and has for his junior partner, Mr. Ogburn Lutz, who as a boy helped him pan monazite and later became his clerk, then business associate.

Opening on Friday

Campbell and Lutz had a formal opening of the Campbell new building in Shelby recently. Pictures of the old shack of a store and the modern department store building are shown elsewhere on this page. The story of Campbell's magic success as a merchant during the past 27 years, his jump from 500 square feet of floor space to 30,000 square feet, from a $300 stock to a $100,000 stock, reads like a fairy tale.

While Mr. Campbell is the founder of the business, he is a modest man and shuns any comment about himself. He attributes whatever progress he has made to the untiring efforts and business integrity of his junior associate, Mr. Ogburn Lutz, and Mr. Lutz of course thinks it would have been impossible except for the experience and business poise of his senior, Mr. Campbell.

Ran A Commissary

Mr. Campbell, better known as "Ed," was a youth just passed into his twenties when the Spanish-American War called for volunteers. Uncle Sam didn't draft in that war. When volunteers were asked for, Ed offered himself. And he had a brother, Lee Campbell who also volunteered. Lee gave his life to the cause. While Ed was in service he seemed to have a natural tendency to "sell something," so he set up a commissary and dispensed goods to his fellow soldiers. He liked this first taste of merchandising and at the close of the war came home to his father and mother in Cleveland to get a foothold with which to start out in life.

Champion Cotton Picker

As a boy Ed was a "fiend for work." One prominent Shelby man who knew him as a boy says that Ed was one of the champion cotton pickers in the county. Back in those days of crude farming, Ed would walk on his knees through cotton rows all day long and before the sun left the horizon, he had picked 400 pounds. It was an effort to do that in fields that yielded only a half bale or less per acre. During the winter months he would drive to Fallston with cord wood which he sold for eighty cents a cord.

Monazite was a money crop in Ed's younger days so he worked the creeks of upper Cleveland with Mr. John F. Lutz, father of Ogburn, now his junior partner. Wet up to their necks Ed and Ogburn, (a little shaver then) didn't stop at cold weather, but kept panning for monazite as the creek beds were yielding a mineral that brought three to four cents per pound.

Saved First $300

By panning monazite Ed saved $300. It was a big sum of money then, perhaps the largest amount he ever had at one time. With that instinct to be a merchant and his commissary experience in Jacksonville, Fla., and Havana, Cuba, where the soldiers were stationed, Ed bought his first merchandise and set up his first store in Cleveland county. He didn't buy $300 worth, but kept enough to "discount his bills." In a little shack of a store 18x28 square feet in size, he started business at Camp Call near Union church. There he worked for nine years and his business grew until he built a larger store. In 1910 he came to Shelby and built a two story brick building on the site of the old T. K. Barrett home where he operated until the early part of this year, and the new and more modern department store was finished and occupied.

Discount Merchants

Campbell and Lutz are known as "discount merchants." Ever since Ed founded the store 27 years ago, he has never allowed a discount to pass. Wholesalers, manufacturers and jobbers say they made it a practice to pay promptly and get the benefit of any discount the firm was entitled to, even if it was as low as a half of one per cent.

Mr. Campbell was born in No 6 township and attended school at Belwood Institute and Piedmont. While the educational advantages were limited, he never quit studying when he left school. He absorbs rapidly, has a retentive mind and is a graduate in the "school of experience."

Other Store Interests

Campbell and Lutz own and operate a retail store at Lawndale under the same name. This store is in charge of E. M. Williams and Odus Royster. Mr. Lutz is half owner with Mr. Campbell in this enterprise.

A wholesale grocery house was started in Charlotte a number of years ago in which Mr. Campbell was part owner with W. E. Ferguson, operating as W. E. Ferguson and Co. He sold his interest to Mr. Ferguson and later Campbell opened the Merchants Grocery Co., a wholesale grocery in Charlotte with L. W. Petrie as partner and manager.

Wide Business Connections

Mr. Campbell is a man of large business affairs and various connections. He is a director and vice president of the Cleveland Bank and Trust Co., a director of the Eagle Roller mill, a director of the Cleveland Building and Loan Association, a director of Eastside Cotton mill, a prominent Baptist and Mason. He was married to Miss Bessie May Yelton and has two daughters, Helen and Elizabeth.

OGBURN LUTZ

Back in the days following the Spanish-American war, when Ed Campbell came home from Cuba, Ogburn Lutz, junior firm of Campbell Department store, did his first

work with Mr. Campbell. Young Lutz was just a strip of a boy, too small to do a man's job, but willing to do all he could, nevertheless. Mr. Campbell and John F. Lutz, father of Ogburn, worked monazite together in the ditches of upper Cleveland. Monazite was bringing a good price for those days, three or four cents a pound. That was following "war times," when a dollar looked as big as a cart wheel.

Down in the ditches, wet up to their necks, young Lutz and the war veteran, panned monaziate together. Hard work and strict economy enabled them to accumulate a little sum of money, which set Mr. Campbell up in business. He had just $300 when he started for himself at Camp Call. But that is more of a story to be told about Mr. Campbell and his phenominal rise in the mercantile world. This incident is mentioned because it was the first experience they had together. Little did they dream when they worked together in ditches that they would later be partners in one of the largest department stores in this section of the state.

Worked And Saved

Ogburn Lutz started as a clerk in the store of J. L. Suttle for the princely sumof $20 a month. Clerks nowadays get that much for a week's salary, but Ogburn saved his money and by the aid of a scholarship, paid his own way for a year in Trinity College. He went back his sophomore year but before the term was out, his father died, and Ogburn being the oldest boy in the family, was forced to come home and play the part of the bread winner for the family. After a year on the farm he came to town, and accepted a "lucrative" position as clerk in Mr. Campbell's store.

No Job Too Hard

From clerk to partner in seven years is the story. He must have had the qualities that make for promotion to have risen so fast. While a clerk he never worked by the clock. No task in the store was too hard to tackle and he stuck to it until the job was finished. He was not so particular that he would fill only the position as clerk in the department where he was expected to work, but he would help in any capacity he could, and many a night he worked long after the others had gone to keep the stock straight and the books posted and the correspondence up to date. Only business could take him out of the store during the day and only a tired body could take him home at night for a few short hours of rest and refreshing sleep.

Work in Harmony

Consequently Mr. Campbell took him in as a partner on the first of January, 1920. Campbell and Lutz make a fine team. They work together with perfect harmony. Neither tries to burden the other. Not since Mr. Lutz was married, has he taken a vacation. When he came home from his honeymoon, he went to work and has been constantly at it since, except for a few days business trips. And his vacationless years are not because his partner did not want him to go. He enjoys his work more than a vacation.

Mr. Lutz was born in No. 6 township, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lutz. He attended school at Belwood and finished the last three grades in Shelby where he

graduated from high school, going to Trinity College for a year and a half. He was married to Miss Annie May Webb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Webb, of Shelby and has four fine children, John and James (twins) Marjorie and Nancy Ann, and a splendid mother who makes her home with him.

Active in Church

Outside of his store duties, Mr. Lutz has only one hobby. He is prominent and active in church affairs, being a member of the board of stewards of Central Methodist church, a member of the finance committee and a teacher in the junior department of the Sunday School.

When Sunday comes, all business thoughts and cares are laid aside and he is then as diligent in religious affairs as he has been through the week in business matters.

PROSPERITY—FOR THE MAN AT THE TOP.

(New York World.)

The researches of the National Industrial Conference Board show that in recent years about two out of every five corporations engaged in manufacturing have either made no money or have incurred a deficit, and that for each hundred dollars which the successful concerns have earned the unsuccessful ones have lost $32. The net result is on the credit side of the ledger, but the figures present a picture of a prosperity which is unevenly distributed. The public has been mislead by the large profits of a few gigantic corporations President Edgerton, of the National Association of Manufactures, says that "the common run of manufacturers of America today are in about as happy a condition as their fellow-producers, the farmers.

In 1925, according to the National Industrial Conference Board, 95 concerns reported incomes of $5,000,000 or more. Their earnings in that year were 25 per cent greater than in 1923, whereas the remaining 89,000 smaller concerns showed a loss of 11 per cent from 1923. The 95 largest concerns represented but little more than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the total number, and yet they earned nearly one-half of the total net income of American industry.

Evidently our industrial prosperity is the prosperity of the big fellow. For his small competitors the going has not been so pleasant. This is borne out not only by income returns but also by the high rate of business mortality among the lesser companies. The Coolidge administration has consistently adhered to the theory that the way to make the country prosperous is to take care of the man at the top. Arrange things so that he can make money and the rest will take care of itself. We are now beginning to see how this works. Even Wall Street raders have learned that a bull market cannot be indefinitely prolonged by General Motors alone.

THE AUTHOR OF OLD NORTH STATE.

By Gertrude S. Carraway.

A marker to the memory of William Gaston, eminent North Carolina jurist and orator, will be unveiled this month in Raleigh on the Morris Plan Bank Building, which occupies the site of the Raleigh office in which it is said that Judge Gaston wrote the State anthem "The Old North State."

The tablet will be unveiled during the week of the State D. A. R. conference in Raleigh by the Caswell-Nash chapter, D. A. R., of Raleigh, of which Mrs. V. O. Parker is regent. It will be presented by Mrs. W. R. Powell and accepted for the city of Raleigh by Josephus Daniels. The songs "America" and "The Old North State" will be sung at the brief exercises. Mrs. E. C. Gregory, of Salisbury, State D. A. R. Regent, will probably be among the distinguished guests.

Gaston was one of the most distinguished sons of Carolina, a loyal patriot and citizen, Judge of the Supreme court, Member of Congress and able orator. A county and city in the State are named for him. Suggestion has been made that his statue be placed in the vacant niche in the National Hall of Statuary in the Capitol at Washington.

"His life was an eminent success, a succession of brilliant achievements in civil life, won by genius, character and assiduous labor, without the adventitious aids of revolutions or arms," R. B. Creecy wrote of Gaston.

"Personation of intellectual intelligence.
" "A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where ever God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

William Gaston was a native of New Bern, N. C., born there September 19, 1778. His life was saddened by an unusual tragic experience when he was three years old.

His father, Dr. Alexander Gaston, a native of Ireland, and a prominent literary figure, had settled in New Bern before the Revolution and was an ardent patriot. While retreating with his wife and two small children from a band of tories, he was killed in a boat on Trent river on August 20, 1781. His wife and children witnessed the shooting and death from the wharf.

His mother was a woman of great character and ability, an earnest Catholic, with two objects in life: preparation for a better world and the training of her children in "wisdom's ways." Her success is evident from the lives of the two children, William and his sister, who became the wife of Chief Justice Taylor.

When asked as a little boy how he always managed to stand at the head of his class, he answered, "There is a reason but if I tell you, you must promise to keep it a secret and do as I do. Whenever I take up a book to study, I just say a little prayer my mother taught me that I may be able to learn my lesson."

Often he thus paid tribute to the training and example of his mother. "The proudest moment of my life," he said, "was when I communicated

the information to her that I had not only graduated, but with honors."

His early education was under her personal care. When only 14 years old, he was sent to the Catholic college at Georgetown. His health required him to study at home for some time under Rev. Thomas P. Irwing. In the fall of 1794 he entered the Junior class at Princeton college. At the age of 18 years he was graduated with the highest honors of that institution.

Gaston then studied law with Francis Xavier Martin, then of New Bern, later author of a North Carolina history and judge of Louisiana. He was admitted to the bar in 1798, and rapidly attained a position of prominence.

When 22 years old, he was elected a member of the Senate from Craven county. In 1808 he was named a member of the House of Commons from New Bern and was chosen speaker. After re-election, he retired from the General Assembly. In 1813 and again in 1815 he was elected a Member of Congress, and attained notoriety by his able opposition to the administration and his interested stand on many important questions of the period.

After his second term, Gaston did not run again for the office but preferred to devote his time to his law practice. In 1827 he permitted himself to be elected to the House of Commons in the State Legislature from New Bern, to take the place caused by the resignation of John Stanly.

Again he served the following year and in 1835. In this latter year he served in the Constitutional Convention. He was one of the leading figures there amid a galaxy of great men. His masterful address on the proposed 32nd article which would have disqualified Catholics from holding State offices was considered one of the greatest efforts, covering the best parts of two days. He himself was a Roman Catholic, largely responsible for the establishment of the church at New Bern, the first in North Carolina and he has since been frequently called "The Father of Religious Liberty in North Carolina."

As Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina Gaston served loyally and efficiently. "The manner in which he discharged his important duties; his profound and varied literature; his extensive legal knowledge; his severe and patient research; his polished and clear compositions, render his opinions from this exalted tribunal, not only monuments of legal learning, but models of elegant literature," wrote Col. John H. Wheeler.

His address at the University of North Carolina at the commencement exercises in 1832 is also conceded to be a literary and oratorical masterpice. It is ranked with the greatest speeches of the nineteenth century and has been recommended for study in schools.

During the early part of 1844 he suffered from difficulty of breath and chills. On January 23, on duty on the Supreme court bench he became faint and was taken to his room. He recovered and that evening seemed better than usual, telling numerous anecdotes to friends.

Speaking of a Free Thinker in religion, he concluded, "A belief in an all-ruling Providence, who shapes our

ends and will reward us according to our deeds, is necessary. We must believe and feel that there is a God All-Wise and Almighty.''

Rising from the bed to emphasize his statements, he felt a sudden rush of blood to his head and he fell back dead. He was buried in historic Cedar Grove cemetery in New Bern, where his tomb is still considered one of the main historic spots of the section.

Gaston had been married three times before his death at the age of 65; to Susan Hay, of Fayetteville; then to Hannah McClure who left a son and two daughters; and afterwards to Eliza Ann Worthington, of Georgetown, who died in 1819, leaving two infant daughters.

The General Assembly in 1845 passed resolutions in memory of Judge Gaston, In a lengthy preamble eulogizing ''one of the most distinguished of our citizens'' the resolutions said n part:

''In all the varied stations of importance to which he was called by the confidence of his fellow-citizens, he devoted with untiring energy all the powers of his mind to the promotion of the public weal. As a man he was exemplary in all the relations of life; a devoted husband, an effectionate father. As a statesman, he was pure and patriotic; the honor of his country was the chief object of his heart. As an advocate, he was faithful and zealous. As a judge, he was learned and impartial; and he died, as the whole of his life had been spent, in the service of the State .....Truly was it said by one who knew him long and knew him well, 'He was a good man and a great Judge.' ''

As author of the State anthem, Gaston is important in North Carolina:

''Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live, we will cherish, protect and defend her;
Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness, whenever we name her.
Hurrah! Hurrah! The old North State for ever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good old North State!''

In writing of Gaston, the historian Greecy said: ''In any associations he was truly a great man. I speak of him not as a lawyer, not as a judge, nor a statesman, nor an orator, writer, philosopher, or poet; but as a great representative man; representative of the excellences of his race, the dignity of learning, the beauty of virtue; and worth of integrity and honor and uprightness of character; the Christian graces, the kindly sympathies, the fraternal impulses of life, which alone impart to man his real manhood, and make him a reflex 'Image of his Maker'.''

The yolk of the egg will last in the stomach of the newly-hatched chick for three days, so that the young bird should receive his first light feed on the fourth day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

By Clyde Bristow.

Did you know that a lot of folks wouldn't want their own way, if they could get it?

* * *

Twin chicks, hatched from one Rhode Island egg, is reported from Parsons, Kans.

* * *

There were young intellects back in 1890—but then they were called "smart alecks."

* * *

Why are people like most automobile wheels?

Because they are tired.

* * *

The squirrel is a thrifty fellow—he saves, and yet does not have a bank account.

* * *

Did you know that the first daily newspaper was started in Philadelphia, September 21, 1784?

* * *

Occasionally some fellow climbs so high that he roosts above everybody else—then he begins to get lonesome.

* * *

It has been said that: "tongues are rather bothersome sometimes." There we can agree, it is to the victims of gossip.

* * *

If the housewives of the United States were paid for their services at the rate of $15 a week, the payroll would amount to about $17,000-000. annually.

* * *

Charles A. Brown is the oldest printer in North Carolina. He is also one of the 20 oldest in the United States. Mr. Brown now lives in Siler City, N. C.

* * *

Now I'll ask one: What is the difference between a train and a ship? "'A train travels on land and a ship on water," answers one.

"That is true, but why is it when goods are sent by train it is called a shipment; and when it is sent by boat it is called a cargo?"

* * *

A recent writer who claims to have made an examination says that one verse in every four in Matthew, Mark and Luke has to do with money or covetousness; that one verse in every six in the New Testament has to do with money or covetousness; that one-half of all our Saviour's sermons have to do with money or covetousness.

* * *

A soldier went to his colonel and asked permission to go home and help his wife with the spring cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," the colonel told him, "but I've got a letter from your wife, saying that you are of no use whatever about the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go, but at the door he turned and said to the colonel: "Colonel, there's two persons in this army that handles the truth carelessly, I'm one of them, and I'm not married.

* * *

Mrs. Gavin Johnson of New Or

leans is now telling us to add another uncaught "meanest man" to the list.

While Mrs. Johnson was kneeling at the altar of her church she didn't even suspect that she was kneeling beside one of the "meanest men" in the world. She was praying that her husband, who was out of work, might find a job.

When she left the church she found that the fellow-worshipper had picked her pocket of the whole wealth of the family—$13.

THIS OLD CLAY HOUSE.

By S. J. Monch, of Cleveland, Ohio.

When I'm thru with this old clay house of mine,
When no more guide lights thru the windows shine,
Just box it up and lay it away
With the other clay houses of yesterday,
And with it, my friends, do try if you can,
To bury the wrongs since first I began
To live in this house, bury deep and forget,
I want to be square and out of your debt,
When I meet the Grand Architect Supreme
Face to face, I want to be clean;
Of course, I know it's too late to mend
A bad builded house when we come to the end,
But to you who are building, just look over mine
And make your alterations while there is time;
Just study this house—no tears should be shed,
It's like any clay house when the tenant has fled.
I have lived in this house many days all alone,
Just waiting, and oh how I longed to go home!
Don't misunderstand me—this old world divine,
With love, birds and flowers and glorious sunshine.
Is a wonderful place, and a wonderful plan,
And a wonderful, wonderful gift to man,
Yet, somehow we feel when this cycle's complete,
There are dear ones across we are anxious to meet,
So we open the books and check up the past,
And no more forced balances, this is the last,
Each item is checked, each page must be clean,
It's the passport we carry our Builder Supreme,
So when I am thru with this old house of clay,
Just box it up tight and lay it away,
For the Builder has promised when this house is spent
To have one all finished with timber I sent
While I lived here in this one, of course it will be
Exactly as I here have builded, you see
It's the kind of material we each send across,
And if we build poorly, of course 'tis our loss.
You ask what material is best to select?
'Twas told you long since, by the Great Architect,
"A new commandment I give unto you,
That ye love one another, as I have loved you."
So the finest material to send up above
Is clear, straight grained timber of Brotherly Love.

THE YEAR FOUR THOUSAND AND FOUR.

By E. S. Dreher, in Charlotte Observer.

Fossil stone owned by E. S. Dreher, Rock Hill, S. C. It was found and broken open by him when a student of Roanoke college, Salem, Va., when his class in geology was on a field excursion on Mason's creek, six miles north of the town

Prior to 1650 A. D., the year 4004 B. C., was of more importance in reckoning time than the year 4003; but almost over night it became the most tremendous date in history. Something of great significance must have happened at that time to turn the thought of the whole civilized world to 4004 B. C. Something had happened, a book was published in which a Biblical chronology was set up fixing the creation of the world on that date, and supplied dates for almost all the chief events in sacred history. The date of the flood was placed at 2348. The reasoning by which these dates were determined seemed so conclusive that they were generally accepted as entirely, finally and infallibly correct for all time. It was at once assumed that there was no world before 4004, that the whole of creation as recorded in the Book of Genesis took place on that date, and that nothing has ever been created since then.

Age Of The World

Speculation as to the age of the world has occupied the thoughts of men from the earliest time to 1928, and page after page and book after book have been written on this engrossing subject, but the age of the world has never been determined, and never will be with any degree of certainty. No wonder, then, that a book that claimed to fix the date in a certain year created a great sensation; the thoughts of men were agitated over this wonderful thing, the date on which the world was created. In spite of the care and knowledge which went into the making of this chronology, there were some minds that could not accept these conclusions; they, however, were in a small minority, in a short time the dates of the chronology were introduced at the proper places in the Bible and published on its sacred pages. After that they became a part of the scriptures and no man dared contradict them without incurring the anathemas of the church and endangering the salvation of his soul; such a man was branded as a heretic and hopelessly lost. It is the same today; the world is exactly 5,932 years old according to the scriptures, or what we take for the scriptures. That date of 4004 at the top of the column of marginal references is final and fatal, if we accept it as final.

The purpose of this article is to try to show that 4004, B. C., is not an integral part of the sacred scriptures inspired by God, but only a conclusion reached by a mere man in his library, a man such as we are, with much less information and knowledge to draw upon in making his calculations. If this is true, one may believe that the world is a mil-

lion years old without discrediting the scriptures, without endangering his soul, without denying the power of the Almighty.

In, But Not Of

There are some things in my Bible that are not of divine origin: to enumerate; the preface, the marginal references with dates at the top of the column and notes in them, the subdivisions into chapters and verses, and helps to the study of the Bible. These items are in, but not of the Bible, as the word of God: they may all be eliminated without impairing its validity or authenticity. Many Bibles are still published with one or more of them omitted altogether; they are included in the Bible for our information and convenience; and this has been done by uninspired men in an effort to make it easy for us to read the Bible, and understand it as far as we can.

The book referred to in the opening paragraph of this article is "The Annals of the Old and the New Testaments," by Rev. James Usher, a bishop of Ireland, and was published between the years 1650 and 1654 A. D.

It is a singular thing that a man who has so profoundly influenced the civilized world for more than two centuries should be so little known to us today. Comparatively few people have heard of the name of Bishop Usher, nor do they know that he has done their thinking in part, for them during this period. Bishop Usher should be better known, hence I shall make no apology for liberal quotations from the International Cyclopedia which gives almost a page to his biography.

"James Usher, archbishop of Armagh, and by common consent the most learned prelate that ever adorned the Irish Protestant church, belonged to one of the oldest Anglo-Irish families, and was born in Dublin, January 4, 1580; died March 21, 1656. At the age of 13 he entered Dublin college, where his predilection for history soon revealed itself. Having resolved to devote himself to the service of the church, he proceeded, after the solid fashion of the times, to read up the entire literature of ecclesiastical antiquity—a task which occupied him from his 20th to his 38th year. In 1601, he was ordained deacon and priest. chosen to the chair of divinity, a post which he held for 13 years.

Almost A Puritan

In 1615, he was appointed by convocation of the clergy held at Dublin, to draw up a series of articles relating to the doctrine and discipline of the Irish Protestant church, in which the doctrine of predestination and reprobation (of which Usher was an unflinching apologist) found prominence. These and other views, such as that bishops were not a different order from presbyters, that the Sabbath should be strictly enforced, that no toleration should be granted to Catholics, laid him open to the charge of Puritanism; but as his loyalty to the principle of monarchy was undoubted, he suffered no diminution of the royal favor; on the contrary, King James promoted him to the bishopric of Meath in 1620; and in 1623, constituted him a privy-councilor of Ireland. Two years later, he was raised to the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the kingdom, the arch-

bishopric of Armagh, and in his official capacity 'vigorously' opposed the toleration of popery and the spread of Arminianism.

"When the Civil War broke out, Usher who was in England at the time, espoused the side of the king, refused to sit, when nominated, among the assembly of divines at Westminster at Oxford. When the fortunes of the king (Charles I) began to decline, Usher left Oxford; his property and revenues in Ireland were seized, and after a residence in Wales and elsewhere, he came to London in 1647, where, in spite of his royalist sympathies, he was chosen by the benchers preacher of Lincoln's Inn, a post which he retained till his death. Cromwell, who had a great respect for his learning, ordered his remains to be interred with great magnificence in Erasmus chapel in Westminster Abbey.

"Usher was a man of doubted ability and of enormons erudition, pious and free from worldly ambition but he lacked force of character, real insight and intellectual power, hence though pronounced by Dr. Johnson 'the greatest luminary of the Irish church,' he exercised less influence over contemporary events than the humblest of Cromwell's Ironsides. Nor can it be said that posterity is very deeply indebted to him for more than the example of a virtuous and studious like."

Usher was a voluminous writer and the author of many books, the two best known being "The Annals of the Old and the New Testaments," and "Chronologia Sacra." After his death, a collected edition of his works was published in 16 volumes.

Although Bishop Usher "was a man of undoubted ability," I can find nothing in his life or his record that should tie me down to 4004 as the date of the creation of the world. The biography given above says nothing about inspiration or living guidance in his writings it reads like the biography of any other intellectual man, and it means no more than that to me.

On my mantle piece is one of the most beautiful fossil stones in existence: it is full of shells in perfect condition, and as the stone was broken open longitudinally these shells made projections on one side which exactly fit into depressions on the other side. I found this store when I was a studnet at college at Salem, Va. I was told by my professor that it was very old, thousands of thousands of years having gone into its making long before 4004. For many years I could no look at this masterpiece of architecture in stone without saying to myself, "either it or the Bible is wrong." Now I know better; it was not the Bible, it was not the Scriptures that brought about the conflict; it was Bishop Usher's date, which was established by the calculations of a man who was no more inspired in what he wrote than men of today are inspired. Now I can look at this stone and let my mind run as far back beyond 4004 as it wants to go and yet keep in perfect harmony with the teachings of Genesis insofar as they touch upon the time limit of creation, 5932 years ago, according to Bishop Usher, but now much further no one is able to say.

It was a great moment in my spiritual life when I first learned

not many years ago that 4004 had nothing to do with the creation of the world, had nothing to do with my belief in theScriptures, had nothing to do with my faith in God There is in my mind now no terrifying and destroying conflict between science and the Scriptures; my mind body and soul are calm and composed on this point. This conclusion is full of comfort and hope to me.

It is my earnest hope that these simple words which I have written here may help some troubled soul along the road I have traveled, too, to find at last at the end a brighter and better day. This is why I have written them.

HEROISM IN MIDDLE AGE.

(The Citizen.)

From Washington comes the inspiring story of Mrs. Odessa V. Glover, now fifty-five years old. When she was forty-five, the happy current of her life was changed, throwing her on the rocks of disaster and need. Her husband became an invalid unable to work, she had two daughters to support, she had no money, no job and no preparation for any special line of work. One day the mistress of a beautiful and luxurious home busy with her social and household duties, she was the next day a woman burdened with responsibilities and empty-handed.

But Odessa Glover was equal to the challenge. She took a Civil Service Examination, passed it and got a job as a clerk in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. She kept her family together. She worked hard during working hours in the office. She studied and took on extra work. She rose in the service and won increases in pay. Now she is Chief of Section K of the Insurance Division, has a force of clerks under her and is responsible for all the work called for in looking after the needs and requirements of 200,000 policy holders.

"I've studied hard and worked hard," she told a newspaper reporter, "but I feel that any other woman of average intelligence could do what I have done. When you have to do a certain thing, you do it. That's all." She made the statement in reply to the reporter's wonder that she had been able to rise in the service while maintaining her home, completing the education of her older daughter and, at present, putting the younger through Bryn Mawr.

And what she says is so worth while because it is so true. Odessa Glover is a heroine, but the inspiring thing to other women, and men too, is that "any woman of average intelligence" could be equally successful. Human nature is not poor stuff after all. It has its resourcefulness, its power and punch. Surrender to adversity is the exceptional not the usual. Let the stricken individual want "to do a certain thing," and accomplishment follows. All that is needed is the will to drive body and brain to the desired goal.

WIG-WAGGING.

By Thornwell Haynes, in The Citizen.

So the world has turned upside down again. The Prince of Wales appeared recently at a Haig memorial fund meeting wearing a morning coat with—horrors of horrors!—turned-up trousers.

If a little thing like the turning up or down of an inch and a half of a man's trousers can turn the world upside down, it is time to begin asking the why of such power.

* * *

We can understand the answer of the married man when asked whether he thought more of his wife or his trousers. He said: "Well, there's this about it—I can go to a public function without my wife."

And so, doubtless, could the Prince of Wales, if he had one. But to go with his trousers turned up when heretofore fashion had decreed they should always be turned down! Immediately the cable and telegraph were busy and fashionable society everywhere began asking for the second and third cup of tea!

* * *

Simon says "Wig-Wag!"

Now, when Simon says "Wig-Wag," everybody wig-wags.

And Simon is not the trousers nor the color of the trousers nor the shape or the texture of the trousers. Simon is the Prince himself—the power that makes the world wig-wag.

The amount of wig-waging is in inverse ratio to one's greatness; that is, the more wig-wagging a man does, the smaller he is.

You've seen these toys which touched with the finger, begin to nod and nod. It's because they are wooden. All that any one wants to know about a man is that he's wooden.

* * *

Not far, then, have we progressed beyond the savage. Poor ignorant, primitive man believed that what he wanted could be obtained by imitating what he wanted. If he wanted it to rain, he flung water into the air; if he wanted to kill his enemy, he made an image of him and hung it on thorns; and to worship his god, he offered gifts to an idol, the imitation of his god.

Thus, all of us want to be a Prince or wield the power and prestige of a Prince. We do not throw water into the air to gain our wants, or hang our enemy upon thorns. We wig-wag. That is, we are now ready to wear turned-up trousers with a morning coat.

* * *

I heard a lecturer speak once of a mill town. A town in the far-aways days when cotton mills first came South.

This one was situated in the country—way out on a river where there was water power.

It was a dirty, slovenly little town. But it had a church.

Every Sunday the owner of the mill would get up in church and say, "I ain't never studied books, but—" then he'd go ahead and tell some wonderful, very wonderful stories.

* * *

Mr. Brown—we'll call him that Mr. Brown had a son. And we'll call the son Percy. And all the while Mr. Brown was declaring he had no education himself, he was

declaring Percy should have one.

So, the son was sent to school; then to college, and then to the university, and he wig-wagged with all of his teachers and professors. Became a real "Yes-Sir" fellow. Full of all sorts of 'ologies and bowing as a wooden toy to every delicate touch.

* * *

It was a great day for Dad and for all the mill people when Percy returned from "getting his education." And there was a holiday on that day.

* * *

We'll stop a moment to say it was sad about Percy. His hands were so white and his face so pale!

Wasn't his fault, mind you. It was his kind-hearted old Dad's fault.

You see he had bought everything for Percy—handed it to him, as it were, on a silver platter. And in this manner he had stolen his son's most precious possession — Percy's right to be great.

The only way he could be great was by service, but Percy, as the lecturer said of him, just went through that big university as a steer from the plains of Texas goes through an Institute of Packing-nology in Kansas City.

Everything was handed to him. The only exercise he had was in closing his hands when things were put in them.

* * *

Only a few years later the mill had another holiday. They buried the old man.

Afterward Percy sat in the office where the old man had sat. Then in less than three years the mill went ker-smash! And so, there was another holiday.

Finally, there came another man. Fairly young man. As well as I remember, his name was Bill Whackem.

Bill was no wig-wagger. No turning up his trousers because the Prince of Wales turned up his. And no one ever heard him saying "Yes-Sir, Yes-Sir" when he didn't mean it.

He was an orphan and had always worked for what he got. He hadn't been ruined by his Daddy giving him everything. Lots of wise knocks he had taken from Life!

* * *

This was the reason, when the mill went broke, Bill was appointed receiver. It wasn't any accident.

And he put the wreck together, set the wheels again to turning, and the looms to weaving.

Soon there were rose-gardens all about the people's homes.

Simplest thing in the world. Bill was no wig-wagger. He knew.

A MASTER OF SLOGANS.

Saturday evening's papers carried stories from Chicago telling of the death of Mr. G. Herb Palin, who was, the obituary said, the highest paid slogan-writer in the world. It is creditable, though we always have been excessively curious to know the largest amount ever paid for a slogan, and to whom it was paid, and what it was. The obituary did mention that Mr. Palin was the author of "Safety First" and "Eventually—Why Not Now?"—New York World.

THE ELECTRIC TOUCH.

(Charlotte Observer.)

It is now no longer considered bad form to talk big of North Carolina, for the Menckenites have been put to rout. On the countrary, it appears to be the thing to jump in and see who can talk the loudest in praise of the State, its accomplishments and its prospects for the future. So, The Observer, long-time sinner in the "boosting" business, makes bold to draw on The Public Service Magazine for lifting up the new light on the agricultural and mining prospects in the State. That publication reports a transformation now under way in the two particular industries, each of which has been inviting this very process. The progressive reaching out of electric power is the agency back of this transformation. Public Service notes that from eastern North Carolina, primarily an agricultural region, come constant reports of the ever-widening scope of electric power service and the new forms of enterprise that are made possible. From western North Carolina comes the announcement that electric service is to be carried into every community; and the mining industry in western North Carolina is an infant just about to discard its swaddlings.

A few days ago State Senator E. S. Askew, hailing from the rich agricultural section of eastern North Carolina—from Bertie County, to be exact—made this statement:

"With the extension of power transmission lines, the wide range of its distribution is especially noticeable in the east, which can go forward as a manufacturing section. It has more raw materials than any other part of the State. There are innumerable opportunities for small plants to utilize agricultural products in many ways."

The concluding words of the Senator's statement are most significant —"to utilize agricultural products in many ways." One wonders sometimes just how many potential manufactured products now either go to waste or are sent out of the State as raw materials only to be shipped back as finished products.

It has been said that there are a dozen or more products of ordinary field corn and even the corn-stalks that might be manufactured in North Carolina just easily and cheaply as in some Northern or mid-Western State. Think of the feed stuffs that could be ground and compounded for poultry and cattle. Governor McLean has preached dairying for eastern North Carolina. The raising and manufacture of dairy feeds should and could be made a tremendous related industry.

And then there are the timbers of eastern North Carolina. The articles to be manufactured from woods of this State are too numerous to catalogue. The peanuts and the cottonseed and all the tobacco of eastern North Carolina and all their by-products offer limitless possibilities for "small plants" and big ones, too, for that matter.

There is also another thought in connection with Senator Askew's statement: everywhere those "small plants" spring up and establish connections with the power lines, right

there is another nucleus for the distribution of lights and power into the rural sections. By that means agriculture itself will be benefited and life on the farm made more attractive.

The program of expansion in western North Carolina, as outlined by the Carolina Power and Light Company is tremendous in its import. Electricity is being sent into the mountain regions where it has never been known and new and powerful lines are being built into the mining territory about Spruce Pine, Burnsville and Marshall and into that wonderful country west of Asheville. "Into the rural sections," says Charles S. Walters, vice president of the Carolina Company.

There are riches untold in the mines and quarries of western North Carolina. There are also millions of dollars now being sent out of the State because raw materials and not finished products are being shipped away. Products of the mines could and should be manufactured in North Carolina just as could and should the products of North Carolina's farm land.

As to the outlook in the mining areas, The Burnsville Eagle says: "It is believed that with the completion of the lines, numerous new industries, which have only been waiting for adequate power facilities will make arrangements to begin operation soon at Spruce Pine, Burnsville and between here and Marshall." It is noted that The Eagle says those industries "have only been waiting" for elecrtic power.

But power is now being sent to the mines and to the agricultural sections. Power has revolutionized every industry it has touched; it can do the same for these two great industries in North Carolina.

YOURSELF IN YOUR ENEMY.

The other day we listened to a poor fellow rave and rant about his enemies. He had brooded and thought of his enemies, mostly of whom, no doubt, were imaginary, until they had risen up a great host to pester and destroy him. As he went on we thought of that well known statement of Longfellow:

"If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility."

Yes, if that same fellow could just take a peep into the the soul of his worst enemy, he might find there one pretty much like unto his own —a soul that suffers, and loves and hates and feels—one which has ambitions to do well, to serve, to help. We are, after all, pretty much alike and the fellow who gets a bitter hatred in his heart should try to look into the soul of the object of his hatredand his malice, for there he would find himself, and his hatred might grow into real brotherly love and sympathy..—Stanly News-Herald.

ORIGIN OF SMOKIES.

Who named them the great Smokies?—that knowledge has been last. The name was probably given to them by some unknown pioneer, perhaps by one of the celts, or Angles or Scots who two centuries and more ago trekked into these mountain fastness, and whose progeny to this day speak a language rich with fragments of the ancient tongues. Nobody knows.

The Indians now call them "Guk-sus-tee," but that is only their translation into Indian of the English "The Great Smokies." The Indians had no name for this range which is soon to become a national park. They named the parts, not the whole. They named each valley, each ridge, each bald peak.

"Hoss Couldn't Stand"

Horace Kephart has recorded that the native whites do not speak of "The Great Smokies" but of the "Smokies." "Now and then," he says, "they use the word in the singular, as when a bear hunter says: "I've seed the wind blow on top o' Smoky till a hoss couldn't stand up agin it'."

To the average North Carolinian "The Great Smokies" are little more than a name. To the rest of the nation they are hardly that. An occasional botanist, or minerologist has gone in search of specimens. An occassional mountain lover has gone in lured by the mystery and the fascination of the scenery. And by the vast quiet.

The solitude! Lumbermen have been lured by the prodigal wealth of virgin timber. But the mystery, and the scenery, and the flora still remain, almost untouched. Centuries of natural growth stand there undisturbed waiting for man to come behold and wonder.

There are chasms and coves where white man has never penetrated, so far as is known. There are unnamed peaks. There are scores of wild flowers and native plants and roaming animals upon which few men have laid an eye. In 1791, Bartram the botanist, entered these rich mountains in search of specimens. In 1821 the United States sent men in to make a survey. From then until now Michaux, Gray, Buckley, Mitchell, Guyot, Kephart and Mason have searched them over and revealed their wealth. And soon they are to become accessible to all the world—a Park in which natures flora and fauna will be preserved for posterity while enriching the lives of the present generation.

In this group of mountains there are seven Peaks higher than the famous Mount Washington. They are: Clingman's Dome, 6,600 feet; Mt. Guyot, 6,636 feet; Mt. LeConte, 6,600; Mt. Collins, 6,400; and an unnamed peak west of Mt. Guyot, 6,300; and Jones Knob, 6,300 feet. There are seven unnamed peaks just 6,000 feet. There are more than a dozen over a mile high.

Wealth of Plants

And from the gushing streams, laurel and rhododendron bordered, in the shaded valleys, to the almost bald heights, there is a wealth of tree and plant life, which Asa Gray declared, surpassed anythnig he had found in all Europe. There are gnarled old trees which have looked

down upon the scene for more than 1,000 years. There are giant white pines more than 200 feet high. There are tulip trees 7-8 feet in diameter. Low down there are sycamores, elms, gums, willows, persimmons, and chinquapins; and on up farther along the slopes there are beech and birch basswood, magnolia, cucumber, butternut, holly, sourwood, box elder, ash, maple, buckeye, poplar and hemlock; as well as chestnut, striped maple, aspen and red cherry. These are but a few of the better known trees. Botanists declare that there are 120 species native to the Smokies, and that it is the richest collecting ground in the United States.

This rich region is mysterious and unknown just because it has always been inaccesible. There are no roads through it. Nobody lives in it, save a very few descendants of the old pioneers. There is only one town, Gatlinsburg, at the top of Mt. LeCompte. Mountaineers have followed the old Indian paths.

But many men have been lost in the dense undergrowth in the covers. Robert L. Mason in his book "The Lure of the Great Smokies" records instances of several experienced woodsmen, who have become so confused in the tangled masses of laurel and rhododendron that they have actually become hysterical and thrown their compasses away.

As soon as the Park work goes forward all of this will be changed. On the great divide, running from Indian Gap to Tennessee river, a distance of about 35 miles, it is planned to build a scenic highway which will average between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above sea-level. This central artery will be connected on each side of the park to North Carolina and Tennessee. Trails will then be blazed into the interior and along the winding trout streams in the lowlands.

Words are as swift as arrows. Language is mankind's greatest art. Words are among our most powerful agents. The Japanese have this provrb, "The tongue is barely five inches long, but it can slay a man five feet tall."

Boys, flying kites, haul in the white winged birds—

A thing you cannot do, when flying words."

A gentleman told me that when he was married he had a cruel tongue and also a sensitive-souled wife. He began to school himself in tongue curbing. Today he is a man of the most kindly speech, and his wife is happy and contented. He said, "I was such a fool that I did not even know I was breaking my wife's heart."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." The book of James says, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."—Dr. Holland.

THE COST OF AN INSULT.

When W. K. Vanderbilt was the financial king of America, one day a poorly dressed but clean looking young man stepped into his office with a bundle under his arm. Approaching the rich man, he said, "Mr. Vanderbilt, I have an invention here which I should like to sell you."

"I have no time for fools," curtly answered Vanderbilt, and pointed to the door. But that rude remark to an unpromising young man that day, cost Vanderbilt more millions than he ever got together during his whole life. The young man was George Westinghouse, inventor of the Westinghouse Air Brake; and he expected to sell the patent for ten thousand dollars. And yet the invention made of Westinghouse and his company more money than the combined Vanderbilt fortunes.

It's also true that an insult cost Napoleon his empire. When Napoleon had about conquered Europe, and was making plans to invade England, Robert Fulton approached him with his plans for steam navigation. He wanted to sell his invention to Napoleon, but his supreme egotist spurned the offer and drove Fulton from his presence.

With such a wonderful invention in his possession, Napoleon could have constructed a fleet of steamers that would have maintained his power in Europe and possibly subjected England.

When John Wanamaker was building up his great business enterprise in Philadelphia, he had in his employ a smart young man as traveling salesman. This young fellow had never seen Wanamaker; and so coming into Philadelphia one day from a trip, observed an old gentleman leaning against the Wanamaker building. Taking him to be some menial doing the rough work around the building, he commanded him rather harshly to take his traveling bags out of the carriage and show him to the office of Mr. Wanamaker. The old gentleman obeyed without a word, took the bags and led the young man to the elevator. Reaching the fourth floor, the two stepped out of the elevator into Wanamaker's office. The old gentleman went to his desk and looking up said, "Young man, present your account. I want to give you a check. This company can't use you any longer." The "old gentleman" was Mr. Wanamaker himself.

Plans are under way for the establishment of a mammoth yarn mercerizing plant at Badin with Charles A. Cannon, of Concord, and the Hampton Manufacturing Company of Clover, S. C., as builders, it was learned from authoritative sources here yesterday.—Charlotte Observer

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have been replacing the old screens with new ones in the cottages lately.

Last Tuesday two men came by and refilled all the fire extinguishers. We are glad this has happened. as it is much safer in case of fire.

Mr. Sappenfield and a number of boys have been painting the pavilion. Some workmen have been making a few repairs, too. This will improve the looks wonderfully.

We are glad to see some of the flowers, which so much work has been put on, are now beginning to sprout. If all goes well, it wont be long before we will benefit from them.

A number of boys have been fixing a road to the old "Fisher Place," as it is known among the folks here. This will shorten the trip to and from the school considerably.

The boys of the afternoon school section did not go to the ball ground last Monday on account of bad weather. They sure missed their their "playtime" a lot.

Mr. Lisk has been repairing the incubators. Probably getting ready for another "run." We hope he has good luck, as he did with his last setting.

One day last week a boy was asked: "Have you ever seen a board walk, a cigar box or a horse-fly over the river?" He said: "No," to everyone of them. Stop and think real hard. How many have **you** seen?

Rev. C. H. Trueblood, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. The subject of his talk was "The Power of Books." It was enjoyed by all present.

Last Saturday afternoon when the boys went to the ball ground, a little "practice" game of ball was played. Messrs. Godown and Lisk were the opposing pitchers. The boys did not do so very well, as they are a little stiff after a winter's rest and they are out of practice. It wont be long before they will be able to to get around after the "old pill."

We have not said anything about the dairy boys in these columns for some time, but they are on the job just the same. In charge of Mr. J. H. Hobby, they do all the work that can be found to do around an ordinary dairy. They are up at five o'clock in the morning, milk, then clean up. After dinner they clean up the bottles, feed and prepare for the next milking. They are busy practically all the time, but they seem to like it very well. All the boys and officers are supplied with plenty of good, fresh, wholesome milk all the time.

"Jesus Feeds the Multitude," was

the subject of last Sunday's lesson In this lesson Jesus fed five thousand men, besides women and children. After He had preached all day, the crowd was hungry. A small boy had five barely loaves and two small fish, which Jesus blessed, broke and then passed out to the multitude. After all had finished, twelve baskets full were left, which teaches us not to waste any more than is necessary. The golden text was: "I am the bread of life, he that cometh unto me shall never hunger; and he that believethe on me shall never thirst."

DICKENS AND THE LAW.

(New York Times.)

The Lord Chief Justice of England has been sitting in review of the case of Bardell vs. Pickwick. His conclusion is that the knowledge of the law displayed by Charles Dickens was extraordinarily minute and accurate. Lord Hewart declares that in all the report of the trial Dickens made no mistakes.

It has often been wondered why Mr. Pickwick himself did not take the stand and deny the scandalous charge that he had in a cryptic way sought the hand of Mrs. Bardell in marriage. But the Lord Chief Justice points out that if Dickens had permitted this, he would have been "thirty-eight years ahead of the law of evidence." At the time when he wrote, in 1831, many classes were barred as witnesses, including "any party individually named in the record," or persons "in whose immediate and individual behalf any action may be brought or defended." It was only by successive stages that the law was amended so as to get rid of that absurdity.

Lord Hewart admits that there were certain things in the Pickwick trial which would seem irregular today. Thus the lawyers cross-examined their own witnesses. Moreover, not a little evidence was admitted that was irrelevant.. But the Lord Chief Justice recalls with satisfaction the saying of a distingushed barrister: "I never object to leading questions because they are the only sort I can ask, and I never object to inadmissible evidence, because the only fair way of trying a case is upon evidence which is inadmissible."

Once men could get some privacy in barber shops. No more. "The only place I can get privacy now," says Bishop Furse, of London, "is in my bath room. I now live in trepidation at the coming of the day when by television my morning ablutions at St. Albans will be reflected on a screen in New York for the entertainment of the American public." Will it be entertainment?

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., No. 9

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AN OLD LAW.

There is an old law, not made by man, which, if disobeyed by man, will bring its own punishment. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Must we not realize that no man nor community of men may definitely harbor inharmony of mind, and not bring the inevitable results to pass in his own experience and that of others?

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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CAN A SOUTHERN MAN WIN?

If the party is inclined to pay compliments this year, or is disposed to run a Southern man on "principle" or "in protest," why go to it The State would raise no protest against such course on such grounds. But if it has any expectation of winning, then the party must choose a candidate who might win.

Our optimism is enormous. Hope keeps us afloat, but these are not potent enough to enable us to visualize a Southerner in the White House the next dozen years.—Columbia (S C.) State.

A NOVEL STUNT THAT CAUSED A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.

The first time in the political history of North Carolina a certain stunt has been pulled off. It was executed by Editor Santford Martin of the Winston-Salem Journal.

This stunt consisted in writing about forty requests to forty prominent and alleged prominent democrats, asking if they would support Governor Al Smith for the presidential nomination. It has been a matter of public knowledge that Mr. Martin is bitterly opposed to the New York governor and is doing all that he can to prevent his nomination.

This may be a part of the machinery to be employed in accomplishing his great desire, and in all probability Mr. Martin knew pretty well the views of those whom he addressed, and, of course, being an astute politician and terribly in earnest about his cause, selected those that would best fit into his scheme.

Mr. Martin has been criticised for what some called rather uncomplimentary; but he has not sinned against the proprieties. He had a per-

fect right to do what he did. No one was compelled to answer his inquiry. The advertising growing out of this is worth to his paper all that it cost. Why complain?

Of course, many people are influenced by the wisdom and position of "leaders" but we find in this period of our growth that the average man comes to his own conclusion. As long as the average democrat wants to win he will lean to him that is capable, looks like a winner and is a winner—the average man judges the future by the past.

There is no use to be critising editor Martin for his activity. He is enthusiastic, earnest and goes about matters that interest him like "a house on fire." A Raleigh correspondent even expresses surprise that up to this writing Governor McLean has not sent in an answer to brother Martin's catechism. He doesn't have to; and why offer any critism?

This clever, though odd, stunt of Mr. Martin will neither defeat Governor Smith or nominate him—it is just a little enlivenment of the situation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

BIG TIME IN NEW YORK.

Monday evening was the time of a big event in New York. The Woodrow Wilson Foundation had a banquet. It was for a specific purpose, aside from the eats.

The occasion was primarily to present to Col. Lindburgh an award for his great contribution to the cause of peace in the form of a $25,000 check and a gold medal. That modest and courageous youngster deserves it and all the fine things said at him and about him.

There were letters from high officials of Mexico, a speech by a high dignitary of Cuba, among them was a letter from Governor Smith expressing his great regret that official business prevented his personal attendance. His letter was read—it sounded high class and statesmanlike. When the toastmaster announced his name, the applause was so prolonged and stormy that it all but busted the tubes in our radiola. But that was in New York, and they always applaud Al Smith in those quarters.

But the dignity characterizing the delivery by John W. Davis of the awards was most engaging. His speech was scholarly, serious and profound. What a great president he would make—but a minority party must go into the battle of ballots with a leader that is known from one end of the country to the other and the other side must be short its usual millions for campaign purposes.

Concluding this entertaining program over the radio was the speech of

acceptance by Col. Lindburgh. He did not hesitate to accept the awards, but he was mighty gracious. The colonel can fly lots better than he can address an audience—but the handclap that greeted him was terrific. What a glory surrounds a hero!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HAVE TO WAIT ON COMMISSIONS.

The refusal of the U. S. Senate to confirm the nomination of Mr. Esch to continue on the Interstates Commerce Commission is no surprise. It might benefit conditions if some more of the present commission had to run the gauntlet.

The more we see of the work of commissions with so much power submitted to them—and sometimes even assumed—the less we think of the democracy of the business. Before this is in type, something may occur, but doubt it.

For weeks the public has been awaiting the decision of the Interstates Commission relative to permission to the P. & N., to construct a much needed electric line, for which substantial evidence of its necessity has been lodged to convince any body that has the spirit of prompt service in its being.

Probably the Commission is delaying the important decision to get from beyond the power of any legislation of the present congress. This government business by commission is becoming a sorry and expensive business.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A GREAT VISION AND STUPENDOUS SERVICE.

Dr. H. A. Royster, a distinguished surgeon of Raleigh, helped to carry on the Jackson Training School when it was in its swaddling clothes. He was the board's first secretary.

The Uplift has perfect reason for admiring this most lovable and capable gentleman. He had just enough newspaper experience when quite young to be of valuable service to him. The other day the Raleigh News and Observer quoted Dr. Royster as follows:

> "Medical men must be more altruistic than members of any other profession—here they are trying to prevent the thing from which they derive their living," observed Dr. Hubert A. Royster, appropos of the new periodical health examination of the State Board of Health.
>
> "The fire insurance men seek to prevent fire, but they gain by that. The ministers preach against sin, but that brings more people into their church, and I have never heard of a lawyers' organization for

the purpose of preventing crime,'' Dr. Royster said.

The purpose of the examination, Dr. Royster explained, is to promote individual health.

''It is most important to learn to live. Anybody can die,'' he asserted.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

BEARING TESTIMONY TO HIS GREAT WORTH.

The Board of trustees of the Wilson city Public Schools have, by unanimous vote, changed the name of its magnificent High school building to the Charles L. Coon High School. That is a fine act.

Under the direction and superintendency of this wonderful executive and able teacher, who called things by their name at all times, never carrying water on both shouiders, and who saw the needs of the child rather than that of friends or acquaintances, the public schools—City and County—occupy a leadership in the state.

What a pity the other counties of the state did not have men in charge of their school affairs with the vision and determination, even bravery, of the late Dr. Coon. Educational matters would today be in finer and better shape.

GROWTH OF THE HIGH SCHOOLS.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Twenty years ago in North Carolina there were all told in the State about 200 high schools, or schools, public and private, doing high-school work, the total enrollment of these schools being about 10,000. At the present time there are more than 800 public high schools in the State, the number of graduates last year was greater than the total enrollment twenty years ago and the total enrollment at the present time is almost 100,000. There are nearly 10,000 Negro children in high school at the present time, the Negro high-school situation being now "about where the white situation was fifteen years ago."

In nothing has North Carolina made greater progress than in the extension of the benefits of the high-school system to take in the entire state. Tables printed by State School Facts show that from Cherokee to Currituck there is not a county in North Carolina in which any boy or girl can not now secure a high-school education. The figures show, too, that the boys and girls of the State are welcoming this opportunity. Since 1920 the enrollment in the white high schools has increased from 33,000 to 81,000, average daily attendance from 24,852 to 68,845 and the number of graduates from 3,710 to 10,587.

It is significant that high-school enrollment has been growing fastest in the three highest grades in the rural high-schools, the eleventh grade having shown an increase of 78.2 per cent for rural schools and 22.3 per cent for city schools. "The effect of the State-wide school-building program," it stated, "has caused these rural boys and girls to remain in schools longer and in some cases even to return to recently constructed modern buildings where greater advantages could be secured than the little old ramshackle wooden structure built for one or two teachers afforded. This in itself is evidence of the opportunities offered the youth of this State by these modern and well-equipped school buildings. The change is being met by these rural youths. They are literally pouring into the high schools established all over the State."

For the session of 1926-27 there were in North Carolina 818 public high schools, 6 high-school departments in State normal schools and 72 private institutions giving high-school instruction; and of the 818 public high schools 542 were accredited or standard, 507 of this number being white and 35 colored schools. These schools employ more than 4,000 teachers and they are doing a work the effects of which are almost beyond calculation. It is almost increditable that the total public high-school enrollment twenty years ago this year was 7,144 while the enrollment for 1926-27 represented an increase of 7,653 over the year before. Every year in the past six years the enrollment has shown a growth as large as this or larger.

If this is not a modern miracle, what is it?

A THRILLING EPIOSDE.

By Nell Battle Lewis.

Tom Bost and I were discussing at what episode in the life of Jesus we'd rather have been present if we could have. Mr. Bost said that he'd rather have been there when Jesus read the Scriptures in the synagogue at Nazareth, and I think that's a good chocie.

Nazareth was Jesus' home-town, where he was the prophet without honor and where, as in the rest of Galilee, he could perform no miracles "because of their unbelief." There he was simply the carpenter's Joseph's son who had worked in his father's shop and whom everyone had known from birth. The Gospels imply that his fellow-townsmen were very skeptical of the reports of his power which came from the neighboring country. Probably while he lived among them they had noticed nothing extraordinary about him except, perhaps, that he was sweet-tempered and diligent. True, there had been a story that when he was twelve years old he had argued brilliantly with the doctors of the law in the temple at Jerusalem, but, no doubt, this was dismissed as merely an exhibition of precocity.

Mr. Bost said that probably for years and years the priests had been reading the scriptures in the Nazreth synagogue in a commonplace and uninspired way, simply as a matter of routine. But something remarkable happened when Jesus read them that day. This, from Isaiah, was what he read:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

This was all that Jesus read But the Gospel of St. Luke goes on to say:

"And he closed the book and gave it again to the minister and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

"And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

That must have been thrilling—no wonder the eyes of all were fastened on him! This passage which for years the priests had been reading like parrots was suddenly electric and glowing with life. So long a dim prophecy, it suddenly became a beautiful fact, proclaimed by the subject of the prophecy himself, serenely confident of his mission.

And this was the "meek" Jesus! Odd that a person so gloriously bold should ever have been considered meek.

"The Wit of the Carpenter"

The foregoing example of the difference between the real Jesus and the Jesus of general interpretation reminds me that in The American Mercury there appeared some time ago a very interesting article on "The Wit of the Carpenter." Although it has never been emphasized, Jesus was witty—not humorous. There is no evidence of his humor in the Gospels. But evidences of his

wit are numerous. Mentally he was very keen. The Scribes and Pharisee, always eager to confuse him, never caught him unawares. He was fine at repartee. Always, when his enemies tried to trap him, he ended by trapping them.

ONE VOTE SAVED JOHNSON.

(News and Observer.)

In a review of Judge Robert W. Winston's "The Life of Andrew Johnson" in the New York Times, Charles Willis Thompson says that "having some knowledge of the way things are done in Congress, my belief is that if Edmund G. Ross, of Kansas, had not supplied the necessary vote to save the nation from disgrace some other Senator would have." He adds, "Ross saved the country from the obloquy of posterity and it ruined him both politically and financially; he died poor and a virtual outcast." Mr. Thompson says there is a Valhalla of politicians and it is larger than most people think.

Mr. Thompson may be right, but probably not. Every Senator who voted for Ross knew he was casting a vote for his own political ending and thereby showed noble courage. "When I voted not guilty," said Ross, "I felt that I was literally looking into my open grave."

There is an incident connected with the 1916 election which is connected with Ross that has a North Carolina angle. When the polls closed in 1916 Hughes had carried Indiana, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut —all the old-time pivotal States— and his election was conceded. Then came the news that the California vote was very close. Then that all the vote had been counted except the big Los Angeles vote. There was delay there. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, said in Washington to friends: "When I ran for Governor of California, the vote of Los Angeles was held back as now. Then it was stolen to deny me the office to which I was elected. They'll steal it again if they are not watched and frightened." Therefore, with all diligence the poll-boxes were watched and there were ballot box crooks, they dared not repeat the trick. At that time Matthew P. Synder was mayor of Los Angeles. He was a native of Yadkin of Forsyth county, North Carolina. He had married the daughter of Senator Ross, whose vote saved Johnson. Synder was a Democrat and had been elected on a Citizens ticket as a protest against bad Republican rule. It was fortunate that he was in command. He gave orders for policemen and watchers representing both parties to keep the ballot boxes and at every place there were armed Democrats ready to compel a fair count. Mayor Synder did not close his eyes for 48 hours. If a subservient partisan mayor had been in office, the result in California in 1916 might have duplicated the fraud in the year Lane was counted out of the governorship. Mrs. Synder, daughter of Ross, shared her husband's determination and had her father's grit.

IS THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER A BENEFIT OR AN INJURY?

By Rev. S. B. McLean, in Presbyterian Standard.

This subject, which was assigned to me by the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Charlotte for discussion, seems to imply the possibility of both good and evil results from the publication and distribution of Sunday newspapers, and in effect it resolves itself into the inquiry. Which is the more potent, which outweighs, the good or the evil? As the institution known as "Sunday" is involved, presumably it is to be answered with reference to the Bible, the final authority on any question pertaining to the Sabbath day, rather than upon any basis of human expediency or wisdom. From this viewpoint, the question assuredly admits of but one answer, and that is, that the Sunday newspaper is a net injury of incalculable proportions to our civilization and to the progress of the race toward Godliness. If we postulate God and the Bible as His truth, then the above answer must be made unhesitatingly and without equivocation. No adequate or consistent construction or interpretation of the fourth commandment will admit of any other conclusion. When the Lord speaks, "Let all the earth keep silence before Him." He has spoken with no uncertain sound concerning His holy day. Let it not be forgotten that, whatever may be our views as to its observance, the Sabbath finds its origin in God's Word. No successful denial of that can be maintained. If, however, God and the authority of His law as revealed in the Bible are to be denied or ignored, then there probably is no reason why the day of the week designated as "Sunday" should not by common consent or arbitrarily be chosen by newspaper publishers and the public generally as a day in the week when larger editions of such publications, special supplements or magazine sections shall be published, when vastly more money is spent and made upon them, and when more than the usual time is devoted to their perusal.

If, however, the existence of an all-wise, beneficent and sovereign being called "God" be once admitted and that the book called "the Bible" is the expression of His revealed will for mankind, prominent in which is the Decalogue or ten commandments containing a summary of our duty toward Him and toward our fellow men, and that the publication, distribution, reading and use of Sunday newspapers is in violation of or disobedience to one of those commandments, then the question under consideration answers itself, for it follow ipso facto that a violation of His positive law will bring its own evil upon those who are subject to it. So our inquiry resolves itself into the question as to whether or not the publication, dissemination and utilization of Sunday newspapers is a violation, or is in disobedience to that commandment or declared will of God. I maintain that it is clearly so and will endeavor to cite some reasons as a

basis for this conclusion.

General Assembly on Sunday Newspapers

Before personal arguments are presented in detail in support of the position above indicated, excerpts from past deliverances of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States are given as follows in the years mentioned, viz:

In the year 1886: "Whereas, we, a court of the Lord's house, believe that the Christian religion and Christian civilization rest largely upon the proper observance of the Sabbath day; and whereas, we believe that the running of Sunday railway trains and Sunday editions of newspapers are two most potent agencies for destroying the sanctity and proper use of the day; therefore

"Resolved, That the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States condemns in most emphatic terms the publication and reading of Sunday editions of newspapers and the running of all railway trains on Sunday, and earnestly advises all our people not to read newspapers of Sunday editions, nor to patronize in any way Sunday railway trains."

In the year 1890: "As to Sunday newspapers, this General Assembly would occupy no uncertain position. The Sunday newspapers are eminent influences of evil and only evil. They employ their operatives on God's day, thus allowing no rest on the Sabbath; they flood the land with promiscuous literature; they send it forth on the Sabbath and for Sabbath reading. This Assembly protests against the members of Christ's Church in any way or to any extent giving countenance or support to these papers."

In the year 1893: "Whereas former General Assemblies have, in emphatic forms, condemned Sunday newspapers as a great evil in our land, without distinctly singling out all the various phases thereof; and

"Whereas it is unquestionably true that multitudes of our church members and officers take and read and advertise in these papers on the Lord's day, and many of our churches have their services advertised in them, and many of our ministers furnish notices of religious services to reporters on the Sabbath, which they are aware will be prepared for the press on Sabbath evening for the Monday papers; therefore

"Resolved, 1. That this Assembly solemnly declares that all the above mentioned acts are wholly inconsistent with our position as avowed friends of Sabbath observance, and, unchecked, will inevitably result in lowering more and more the Christian sentiment of our people on this vital question.

2. That we do most earnestly and affectionately warn all of our church officers and members against all complicity in the evils referred to, and entreat them to refuse to countenance or patronize Sunday papers as the only consistent course for Christian people who regard the Lord's day as one great bulwark of our holy religion."

In the year 1897: "The Assembly urges the officers and members to abstain from assisting in any way the desecration of the Sabbath day by offering news or reports for either Sunday or Monday papers, and refers

to the past deliverances of the Assembly on Sabbath observance as sufficient.''

Reasons Urged for Sunday Newspapers

Many will consider discussion on this subject as a loss of time, regarding the Sunday newspaper as so well established in American life as to admit of no doubt or question as to its feasibility, or desirabllity and usefulness. Public sentiment doubtless is almost unanimous concerning the desirability of it, and if the question was submitted to a vote of the people, probably a large majority of them would favor its continuance.

It will be readily granted that many reasons may be assigned in favor of it, but the writer believes that in the main they will not bear close analysis.

Some of the reasons that may be urged in favor of the Sunday newspaper are that they furnish to the public news of the times of all sorts, they furnish entertainment, instruction and amusement. They bring information as to the markets, they furnish a medium of advertisement in the public world, and there are other features almost too numerous to mention.

As an adjunct to the week-day paper, there is a Sunday supplement or magazine section, which is looked forward to by many, and which in itself serves to add interest to the usual week-day edition. While there are some undesirable features in most of the editions of daily newspapers, yet, taken as a whole, the daily paper is a medium of communication and information which stands alone, and one cannot conceive today of doing without it. As dsirable as it is on the six days of the week, ordinarily termed ''week days,'' the question under consideration is, ''Is the Sunday Newspaper a Net Benefit or an Injury to the Public?''

Possibly many are accustomed to consider the question of the Sunday newspaper merely from the standpoint of whether it is right or wrong to engage in reading the Sunday paper on the Sabbath day, but that does not by any means cover the question. We must first consider the means and manner of its preparation, publication and distribution. It may be urged that much of this work is done or begun before the beginning of the Sabbath day, and while it may be true that it is begun beforehand, it is very rarely, if ever, the case that it is completed before the beginning of the Sabbath, and if it be done or carried on only in part on God's day, then it is just as much a wrong and violation as if it were done altogether on His day. If it be once admitted that such preparation, distribution and use of secular news is a violation of the Sabbath day, then there is no longer any room for argument as to whether or not it becomes an injury to the public. As a matter of course it follows that whatever God has forbidden carries with it its own condemnation and injurious results.

Sunday Newspapers Published for Gain.

While our people are becoming more and more lax as to the observance of the Sabbath day, and the civil law for its protection is more and more ignored, yet we have not reached the point where the public generally condones the carrying on of business promiscuously on this day,

and this being true, the general public attitude toward the Sunday newspaper is highly inconsistent. It is just as much a business as any other remunerative occupation. A desire for gain is its primary purpose, and the Sunday edition represents the biggest business of the week, both as to preparation, outlay and income, calling into employment more men for its preparation, and neccessitating more labor for its delivery than any other edition.

From the hard-worked editor to the humble news boy, who wants to honor the Sabbath, but who, through seeming necessity and the mandate of the public, must deliver his lot of papers or stand and sell them on the Lord's day, we find men bowing to the will of the millionaire publishers, who, for their own prestige and fortune, ignore the God of creation.

Such has become the sway of the Sunday edition that most business men prefer to use it as an advertising medium in preference to that of any other day, and those who are looking for the advertisement of some desired article or commodity are found scanning the columns of the Sunday newspapers more assidously than those of any other day.

The claim is often made by the advocate of the Sunday paper that it carries much valuable matter, including historical articles, sermons, and data of various kinds, which are beneficial to the reading public. In answer to this it may be said that, generally speaking, many things in other lines of activity could be done on the Sabbath day, which would appear to be for good, but as the Bible sanctions only works of necessity and mercy, we must hold that would be otherwise good is wrong in the last analysis, and while the effects may not appear immediately injurious, yet following them out of their logical conclusion reveals not only the power and goodness of God, but His wisdom. Even if it could be held that the publication and dissemination of what is essentially good in the Sunday paper for consumption on that day would not be wrong, yet there is so much in the Sunday editions and Sunday supplements which is altogether objectionable as to more than offset the possibile good that might come.

Editors and publishers know that people generally have not time or the inclination during the week to read or even glance over the great mass of matter presented in the Sunday editions, and so they, in effect, invite the public to trespass on God's time by doing what they cannot or will not take time for doing during the week.

Sunday Newspapers Encourage Neglect of Bible

The Sunday newspaper conduces to ignorance of the Bible, because the man or woman who labors through an up-to-date Sunday edition afterwards has little inclination for God's Word, for several reasons—he is tired mentally, satisfied, dazed, his thoughts are filled with business, markets, pleasure, a comtemplation of crime, society news, sports, an assortment of advertisements, personal items and all sorts of extra ad infinitum—everything in fact except what the God of the universe enjoins us to read.

It may be conceded that some publishers and editors are conscientious in thinking that they are doing the

public a service in furnishing them what they consider a high class Sunday newspaper, which will entertain or amuse them, and possibly prevent them from doing other things whicih should not be done on Sundays, but the fallacy in this is that God does not direct us to choose, especially for others, the lesser of two evils, when the right way is plain and open. That responsibility is not with us. "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Instead of finding the Word of God and suitable Sunday literature in evidence in the average hotel lobby or living room in the private home we find such places cluttered with the crisp sheets of the all-pervading Sunday papers.

In small towns men and women may be seen going to the post office before the church service to get the Sunday papers, and bringing them to church in their pockets, or going from the church service to the post office, and carrying their papers home only to forget the good impressions made by the worship of God

Children are being brought up on the funny paper rather than on the Catechism. Many will say that the Sunday paper is educational, even cultural, and others would go so far as to call it a great twentieth century blessing. Such views only serve to emphasize how insidious has become this widespread evil, which is undermining much of the good done by the churches and the Sabbath Schools.

Much of the extra money spent on Sunday newspapers would no doubt go into the church treasuries otherwise.

Many will say that the position herein taken and reasons advanced are out of date, or even fanatical perhaps (and the expression of such views may possibly be taken as constituting lese majeste in some quarters) and it will be urged that "times change and men change with them," but it can not be denied that principles of right and wrong never change, or that God and His Word are the same yesterday, today and forever.

Opposing Sunday Papers Unpopular

Under any fair construction of the Fourth Commandment, the business of publishing and distributing Sunday newspapers is just as much forbidden as any other business. A Sunday newspaper undertakes to create, or has the effect of creating, a false standard, in that it assumes a right accorded to no other enterprise, claiming in effect a sort of eminent domain over the Sabbath day. What editor would have the hardihood to say that any and every other kind of business should, if it so desired, carry on its regular operations upon the Sabbath day, and yet, any other position would be inconsistent with his own business?

Comparatively a few years ago, the Sunday newspaper was looked upon as an innovation. Now it is expected as a matter of course, following the rules as to other encroachments upon divine inhibitions, first hesitant, then at ease, then bold, and finally defiant.

Not only is the Sabbath violated in the publishing, distribution and reading of the Sunday newspapers, but as a rule the preparation and publication of the Monday edition also takes place partially at least

on the Sabbath day.

At best the publication and distribution of Sunday newspapers is a compromise with the wrong, and such compromises today are largely responsible for the dearth of real spiritual life and service in the church.

A few years ago one of the prominent daily papers of North Carolina refused to publish a Sunday edition, taking the position that it was a violation of God's law, but that paper was seemingly afraid of losing its prestige and power, however, and has bowed its knee to Baal along with the other great dailies of our state.

We have much in North Carolina to be proud of, but suppose that all of the great dailies had followed the lead of the one above referred to in keeping the Sabbath day, would we not indeed have something of which to be justly proud in our great state today?

Duty of the Christian Minister

What is the duty of the Christian ministers in regard to this widespread evil? Shall we say, "Ephraim is joined to his idols: let him alone," and shall we join in by giving out on the Sabbath news for publication on the Sabbath, or by giving out on the Sabbath news for publication on Monday, or shall we "cry aloud and spare not?" Shall we fold our hands and say, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," or shall we declare the whole counsel of God and leave the results with Him? Shall we stand by amid the rapidly changing conditions of our times, conscious that true and tried ideals are being shattered around us, exclaiming with primitive wail that it would do no good to protest? Shall we blindfold our eyes, and stultify our intellects, or shall we stand clear, refusing to be drawn into the vortex of present-day loose thinking and shattering of true and tried ideals?

Charlotte has two splendid daily newspapers. If they should lead a reform even at this late day, and refuse to publish Sunday editions, what a power for righteousness would be exercised in our good city, and in the Old North State.

THE CITY PROVINCIALS.

There is provincialism and provincialism, for we are all creatures of environment in some degree The city folks refer condescendingly to the ignorance and prejudice of the provinces. At the same time the city people may be, and often are, as restricted in vision, as incapable of seeing beyond their own boundaries, as the most rural of the rural —sometimes more so. In fact one is inclined to think at times that provincialism comes to flower in the big cities because the urban dwellers believing they know, are utterly unable to realize their limitations. In other words, they know not and know not that they know not, while the backwoodsmen, with all their ignorance and prejudices, are more capable of realizing their lack.

AS YOU LOVE YOUR STATE, HOLD ROBESON.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill, in News and Observer.

Neither of the men had never seen the other. Neither had even been born when history began to interest itself in their two houses 52 years ago, and to link their names together for such time as people can remember the grim first week in August, 1875. Concerned about their own concerns, neither had, perhaps thought more than subjectively about the exchange of telegrams between their fathers long before either of them were born.

But the old timers had not forgotten, and although Colonel Billie French has been dead for a long time and although General William Ruffin Cox, weighted with years and honor, has been for near a decade a receding memory, the old timers, when they saw these two sons pass each other on the streets with the casualness of strangers, they were moved to do something about it. Introductions were made, photographers were summoned—and in this fashion the immoral "hold Robeson and save the State" telegram becomes news again.

It happened in Lumberton last Tuesday when Brigadier General Albert L. Cox, department commander of the American Legion, prospective National Commander and prospective governor of North Carolina, and son of General William Ruffin Cox went to Lumberton in pursuance of his duties as commander and there encountered Daniel Duvall French, quiet and unassuming business man and substantial citizen, and son of Colonel W. F. French who held Robeson in the grim first week in August, 1875, and saved the State.

Weeks like that grim first week in August 1875, somehow seem not to happen in history any more, and historic telegrams are not sent about them. North Carolina was then engaged in titanic struggle for the preservation of its civilization. It had become the most bitterly fought campaign in the history of the State, with the champions of white civilization fighting with their backs against the wall with their lives at stake.

Earlier in the year, controlling the legislative machinery of the State, the white democrats determined to call a constitutional convention that would undo the worst of the Carpetbag constitution passed seven years earlier. There was division in their counsel, and many of the leading democrats of the day were fearful of the risks assumed in calling for an election of delegates to the convention, designated for the following September. There was opposition not only in the ranks of the republicans but within the ranks of the democrats as well.

Fifty years ago the democrats were called conservatives, and the republicans were the radicals. That was the beginning of a generic term that still clings to them in the State. The conservatives, feeling they could risk a convention with safety, passed the necessary legislation, and the gage of battle was drawn. So assured were the conservatives of their hold

upon the State that they nodded in their campiagn for the election of delegates, and as July wore on toward August, they suddenly realized they were engaged in a losing, if not lost battle.

General William Ruffin Cox, member of one of the State's oldest families, some time commander of a heroic brigade in the Confederate armies who had led the last charge before Appomattox, and a man of commanding magnetism, was chairman of the executive committee directing the conservative campaign. Partisan newspapers of the time do not record the name of the directing genius of the radical forces, but he must have been keenly astute in political strategy.

Summarizing the situation when the election was but five days off, General Cox and his counsellors, were confronted with the fact that, according to the very closest calculations, the conservatives were going to lose control of the convention by two votes. The radicals claimed more, but the conservatives figured their strength down to 61 members while they themselves could lay claim to not more than the remaining 59. The situation was grave. Confidently they had demanded a constitutional convention, and now they had lost it.

For weeks the State had been subjected to a veritable drum fire of oratory. General Ransom led the forces of the conservative orators. In the remotest townships the battle raged, but here in Raleigh the conservatives knew they were beaten. They needed two votes and they didn't have them. Again and again they canvassed the situation, but at no place in the line did there appear a vulnerable point in the ranks of the radicals. The conservatives had lost the convention, and by two votes. The election was set for Thursday, August 5, 1875.

Once chance remained. Robeson county had two votes in the forthcoming convention. Down in that county the chief of the conservatives was Colonel Billie French. General Cox had known him during the war, then but ten years behind them. He was county chairman, and had reported that Robeson county looked hopeless. The radical element, helped by an overwhelming negro vote, combined with the estranged Indians who had not then come to be called Croatans, apparently had a death grip on the county.

In desperation General Cox sent a telegram on the eve of the election. "As you love your State, hold Robeson," he said to Colonel French. And then he waited. Election day passed amid scenes of the most intense excitement. Wake county went into the camp of the radicals. County after county went to the radicals and checking up the reports as they trickled in General Cox observed that the results were tallying precisely with his pre-election estimates of the situation. Unless something could be done in Robeson, the cause was lost. The radicals would control the convention and do even worse things than they had done in 1868.

Election day ended, and the next and still no word from Robeson. Desolation settled upon headquarters. The radicals rolled their tar barrels into Nash Square preparatory to the celebration. General Cox was about to go home, defeated

and disheartened when a messenger came with a telegram. He opened it listlessly, not daring to hope that it contained anything reassuring. All news had been bad news that day. The telegram was laconic:

"Lumberton, August 7.—Sinclair and McEachin have been declared elected by 179 majority. W. F. F."

That was all. But it was enough. Robeson had been held. The convention was saved. The Conservatives claimed 61 votes in the convention. Two nights before the election of ex-Governor W. A. Graham had been conceded but that night the tidings from Robeson brought news from New York that Governor Graham had died of heart failure. The jubilating newspapers got out heavy black type and went into mourn- It threw the convention back into doubt that was not terminated for weeks, and by the vote of an independent conservative.

Thirteen ballots were taken with a deadlock for the control of the convention. Judge Settle presided during the balloting and then wearied of the task, turned the chair over to the independent conservative Edward Ransom. Mr. Ransom voted for himself as a compromise candidate and became the chairman of the convention. It sat for 31 days, but because of the closeness of the balance of power, nothing revolutionary was done.

Before the convention was ended the Cox-French telegrams became famous. The traditional quotation of the message has been distorted somewhat, perhaps to more nearly fit the meaning of it. Colonel French held Robeson, though by what means none have ever known definitely. The seats of the delegates were contested but they were finally seated. It is still regarded as one of the political miracles of the day, and by it Robeson got itself a traditional name in the party councils.

Last Tuesday General Cox and Mr. French, sons of the two men who were the principal figures in this dramatic week, met for the first time, looked at each other without comprehension for a moment, and then clasped hands warmly. The tradition endures, come back into vigor belatedly, perhaps to be handed down from generation to generation among the significant tales of the State's history.

A REMARKABLE CLOCK.

There are about 5,000 clocks in the Government offices about Washington, according to A. F. Springer, who runs the shop that repairs them.

The prize of all Government clocks is the property of the War Department. It tells the time of the day, the day of the month, the month of the year, the week of the year, the week of the month and the changes of the moon. Each four years it performs the mechanical marvel of recording the 29th day of February.

The mechanism was patented by a Prof. Gale, of Boston, before the Civil War.—Wall Street Journal.

CELLAR AND GARRET.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

Coming across the Square yesterday morning, agitated by the probability that I might not be able to get a place of shelter before another deluge was loosed from what must have been April clouds moving across the firmament beyond the gloomy, irascible March fog that hid them from me, I saw a robin contending with an earth worm that had poked its head through Mr. Terry's grass, lured no doubt by the deceitful warmth of the rain.

Quite without any logical reason I wanted to write a piece about the robin. I stopped to look at him, forgetful of the fact that at any moment I might be overwhelmed by a downpour of rain. Why pieces are written about robins when they come adventuring up from wherever it is they pass the winters I do not know, unless it be that they are symbols of some sort, stirring deep-rooted primitive instincts that are as old as the race.

There he stood, with his wings dropped down a little, with beads of rain on his slightly ruffled feathers, tugging at the obstreperous worm. Evidently the worm had wrapped the other end of himself around something under the ground, determined not to give up without a battle. The robin dropped both wings against the ground, sort of propping himself for a final yank at the worm. He pulled again and the worm, determined even in death, cracked under the strain. My robin departed in triumph, with about half the worm festooned over his beak.

Into one of the oak trees he bore the flapping worm, and with one engorging gulp the worm disappeared. One would have thought that all the worms in Mr. Terry's grass would have ducked back into the earth when they saw portions of one of their most prominent neighbors borne off by the robin, but apparently they are a stupid lot and none of them profited by his unhappy experience. Twenty yards further along the robin was back, patrolling the grass, with his head cocked over, looking for further worms.

Why there should be enmity between the squirrels and the robins I am unable to guess, but before the robin had found another worm a truculent old squirrel, badly in need of a new coat, had come down out of a tree and dashed spitefully at the robin. The old creature was pot-bellied from eating so many peanuts brought him by sentimental visitors, and no doubt resentful too because he had not been able to pass the winter in Florida. What practical use he could have made of the robin even if he had caught him is more than I know.

The robin bounced away. And then the clouds lost patience with my loitering there and let down sheets of water. The last I saw of the robin as I ran decrepitly for shelter, he had found another earth worm and was tugging away at him. If I got to the office without being drowned I would write a piece about robins and spring. There were crocuses poking their heads through Mr. Terry's grass and furtive persons were plucking at them. I would

write about them too. And maybe a little about spring.

When I got here and through with the morning ritual, I discovered that somebody else had already written a piece about robins, and a very much better piece than I likely could write. Apparently writing pieces about robins at this season of the year has become widely practiced. Part of the ritual is reading the editorial page of the New York World and right in the middle of it I come upon this piece about robins, borrowed by the World from the Ohio State Journal.

After reading it twice I almost wept because I had not written it myself. My parishioners are invited to join me in my lachrymations, comforting themselves with the satisfaction that somebody did write it.

"Our robin has come back. Day before yesterday he arrived from the South and called to us that he was here, and then went off for the day to make some arrangements. But yesterday morning he formally took possession of the backyard, the grapevine, the bird bath, the lawn and all, sitting up on our telegraph wire and singing softly to us.

"Some years our robin comes back too early; cold winds and snow come and our bird bath freezes over. We try to keep it thawed out with warm water, to which our robin takes kindly, thawing out his little insides as often as every half-hour. One time he even brought his frozen looking mate. One especially crimpy spell of weather we strewed ground up suet around the bird bath in lieu of the delayed angleworms, but our robin isn't of an inquiring disposition and never found out what we had scattered so lavishly was edible, and he almost starved in the midst of plenty.

"We often wonder who owns our robin when we don't. We'd like to think that he was careening and caroling among date fronds and alligator-pear blossoms in some sunny Hebrides, but from what we've read of robins, we suppose he's merely existing in Kentucky or Tennessee. waiting until time to come to Ohio and us. We'd like to think, even, that he had sense enough to spend th winter in in Aunt Maggie's backyard in Chattanooga, because we know she has a bird bath that she keeps thawed out, but the world is a big place and Aunt Maggie is a little person, so probably he never found her, though we still hope that he is hers when he isn't ours, both for her sake and his."

FIGURE THIS OUT.

It is estimated that, despite the arrangement which inserts a leap year day once every four years and drops three for each period of four hundred years, the Gregorian calendar is gaining forty-four minutes a century, so that another day will have to be eliminated about the year 4844. Is the calendar leading the sun a merry chase, or is the sun still one jump ahead of the mathematicians?—Christian Science Monitor.

MAMMOTH DAM FLOODING THE VALLEY.

(Albemarle Press.)

Stanly county is destined to become a great playground center for vacationists, it is believed, since the waters from several hydro-electric projects have backed around the foothills of the mountains on the eastern boundry and left scenery that is as beautiful as can be found anywhere.

The Norwood Dam Filling.

The Norwood dam, the mammoth construction project on the Pee Dee river, 11 miles southest of Albemarle, is filling up with water what will eventually cover approximately 7,000 acres of land and will back water within a short distance of the lower dam of the Tallassee Power company at Badin.

This dam was started nearly two years ago and is nearly completed. It is the third largest structure of its kind in this section of the country, and cost approximately $10,000,000. It covers nearly as much territory as the huge Bridgewater dam, in the western part of the state, which is considered the largest artificial lake in the south.

Gates All Closed.

The gates were all closed Monday of last week to start the impounding of the water into the lake, which will require several weeks to completely fill up.

The hydro-electric power to be produced by the turbines will produce 83,000 horsepower and this electricity will be used by many major industries in this section of the state.

Already what remained of the old Swift Island bridge which was in the limelight several months ago during the experiments by noted engineers and the United States war department, has been completely covered up.

Lake One Of Largest.

The lake which is now rapidly filling will be one of the largest of the chain in this state. The chain practically makes the Yadkin and Pee Dee river (which is the same, the name being changed from Yadkin to Pee Dee at the Swift Island bridge) into connecting lakes from the Yadkin river bridge at Spencer to High Rock, Badin, Norwood to the Blewitt's Falls dam near Rockingham. This section will then have a string of artificial lakes among its mountains which will offer beautiful scenery second to none.

The waters are rising at such a rapid rate that tenants are moving from their homes and burning them as they go, reports reaching here from Norwood say.

Citizens Enthusiastic.

Citizen of Albemarle and this section in general are enthusiastic over the prospects of converting a portion of the huge lake front into a park to be located near the Morrow Mountain section. A park on the Morrow Mountain will give Albemarle a need, with both fishing and bathing attractions.

Many Built Cottages.

Just what are the plans of J. M. Morrow, of this city, sole, owner of the Morrow Mountain, can not be learned at this time, but it is believed that since the water has backed up around the foot of this beautiful mountain and created such beautiful scenery, many summer cottages and lodges will be built on the lake front. Already some improvements have been made in this mountain, but to date no extensive improvements have been announced.

Because of the number of lakes about this territory, it is believed that the water will not fluctuate as in the other lakes, and that the shore line will remain the same.

Several days ago Charles M. Cannon, wealthy textile magnate of this state, leased for a period of 10 years the Palmer Mountain, which is several miles north of the Morrow Mountain. He has not announced his plans as yet; but it is rumored that he will likely build a summer home on the Palmer Mountain, which is surrounded by water, and spend his summers in Stanly county instead of the Blowing Rock section.

Stanly is destined to become a great play ground center for vacationists, it is believed.

THE SHENANDOAH PARK.

(Asheville Citizen.)

From Harrisonburg, Va., comes the announcement that the Shenandoah National Park is within $100,000 of the goal of $4,000,000 needed to acquire the 372,000 acres of Blue Ridge Mountain land fixed by Congress as necessary to create a national park in Virginia along with the Great Smoky project in this State and Tennessee.

As in the case of the Great Smokies the Government is ready to take over the lands which are to be embraced in the Shenandoah National Park as soon as they are paid for. The Virginia Legislature has appropriated $1,000,000 for the park and two years ago $1,050,000 in money and mountain lands was subscribed privately. It is stated that a little more than $900,000 of this subscription has been paid in and as soon as the remaining $100,000 has been collected assurances have been given that outside interests will match the money provided for in Virginia just as has been done in the case of the Great Smokies.

It is gratifying to know that the Shenandoah project is so near completion. The two undertakings go naturally together and the success of the Shenandoah Park will help to popularize the Great Smokies by making still more beautiful this approach to the park here.

To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is paradise.—Hare.

AVOID THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

(Chatham Record.)

Paul was a wise man and one of the wisest things he ever said was to avoid the appearance of evil. Motive and act may be one thing, but appearance altogether another. Accordingly, it behooves every man to guard his reputation by observing the conventions. And when it comes to official acts, those conventions are defined by law, both for the protection of the officials and for the protection of the people.

Of all American institutions that of the jury is one of the most sacred, and most vital to the interests of the people, and the law has hedged it about with practically every protection possible. Necessarily, authority to adjudge the fitness of citizens for jury service had to be placed somewhere. It has been placed in the hands of the county commissioners, but the law has prescribed the methods and time when that authority is to be administered. Every two years the commissioners are directed to revise the jury box. that is, to clear it of names of the dead and to unfit for service, and to place in the box the names of good and qualified citizens whose names have not been in the box. After this is done, all the rest is to be left absolutely to chance. The law directs that a child shall draw the names from the box that all opportunity for manipulation shall be removed.

Now, when officials, whoever they be, and whatever their motives, undertake to canvass, scrutinize, eliminate, misread, or otherwise interfere with the list of names drawn by the innocent child, they do it at their own and the people's peril. And the intent of the hedging about of the drawing is so plain that any official convicts himself of lack of commonsense if nothing else if he disregards the hedge, the safe-guards surrounding the drawing of the jury. The names in the box after the revision are presumably, and are, if the commissioners have done their duty, the names of citizens competent for jury service. Of course some will die within two years; some will move out of the county, perhaps; some may become disabled in mind or body; but in the natural course of events this will be only a small percentage during the following two years. Accordingly, if the very old Nick's name should be drawn from the box, let him be listed, and if the Sheriff knows how to get service upon him, let him be summoned, though he would more than apt be there anyway. It then becomes the privilege of the litigants personally or through attorneys, to challenge his Nickship if he is considered unavailable for their purpose. If the name of a dead man should be drawn, let him be listed, and if the sheriff is zealous enough to look him up and summon him, let him do it; the judge will, however, certainly excuse his absence. If a physician's name was worthy to be put in the box, it is worthy to be drawn, and it is the privilege of the

physician to excuse himself or serve. If a sick man is drawn, let him be summoned; he may be well when the time for service comes, while one of the well men at the time of the drawing may be sick or dead.

It is naturally assumed that all drawn cannot be expected to serve, and a margin should be allowed. If only twelve men are wanted, it is usual to draw the names of say, 15 or 16; if 30 men are wanted, then usually 35 or 40 are drawn; but as it is not absolutely necessary to have 18 men for the grand jury the smaller number should serve to provide both juries.

Any scrutiny and assorting after the names are drawn by the child opens the way for the most horrible abuse by any unscrupulous men who should by chance have the drawing in charge. Moreover, such interference by honest and upright men, under a mistaken sense of duty, may lead to involvements that menace their good name. Chance is a fickle goddess, and when the law is not observed strictly may play astounding tricks upon well intentioned men.

BELLS OF OLD.

(The Classmate.)

Bells have almost passed out of existence in modern America, but in Europe they are much more common —relics of the days when clocks and watches were unknown and it was necessary to mark the events of daily life. In England, for example, there was an "oven bell," which was rung when the lord's oven was ready so that all the tenants who dwelt on his manor might come and bake their bread. Church bells are common in Europe even today, announcing the beginning and end of religious services. In some English villages a bell was rung each day to announce the dinner hour.

The curfew, which comes from the French words, covure fue, meaning to cover the fire, was originated by William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. The ringing of the curfew at eight o'clock was the signal for all people to put out their fires for the night. In a few English towns today the curfew is still in use as a signal to storekeepers to shut up shop. In America it is sometimes heard in large cities where it serves as a nine o'clock warning to children under sixteen, who are supposed to be off the street by that time.

The bell in Saint Pauls Cathedral, London, is rung only when there is a death among the royal family

Another famous old English bell is the one at Oxford, which sends out exactly a hundred and one peals at nine o'clock every evening. The number symbolizes the original student body when the university was founded. Its ringing is the signal that the college gates are being closed and all students are expected to be in for the night.

YOUTH AND AGE.

(Federal Council Bulletin.)

Youth and age must understand one another. Age is alarmed at the so-called radicalism of youth and youth is quite impatient with the alleged conservatism of age. Youth even asserts that "age has organized itself into a closed corporation for the preservation of the idiocies of conventionality." Age, on the other hand, feels that youth has moved too far from the moorings of the past. A reapproachment must be effected between the two or danger lies ahead. Youth and age must understand one another.

Look for a moment at the world from the eyes of youth. These younger critics of things as they are, affirm, not without reason, that society has been cast in the mould of maturity. Youth feels that age is largely responsible for the social sins of our time. Take the matter of war for example. The millions of youth who died in the World War died because their fathers had fail- to keep the peace. With equal emphasis these young people declare that the fires of racial prejudice have been lighted, in a majority of instances, by adult hands. In the realm of religion, youth finds that it is among the older ecclesiastics where our battles of controversy are thickest. It is said that those who would weave fabrics of abstruse theory around the simplicities of religious faith are generally men past middle life. The responsibility for political corruption and diplomatic blundering is also laid by youth at the door of age. Protesting against these things, a considerable number of young people have been meeting in conferences of late to pass resolutions on world peace, racial amity and religious co-operation.

Youth must be reminded, however, that scores of older folks are giving themselves heroically for the curing of these social diseases. There are many men and women, who, despite their years, are under the sway of the prophetic impulse. Many of today's pioneers have crossed the imaginary line between youth and age. Our young people would do well to recognize this.

At the same time it is true that adults are running the world today. The machinery is in their hands. They must therefore be willing to accept the responsibility for the the way in which it is being run.

Youth has many things to learn from age. Young people cannot rightly expect that men and women of mature life will entirely ignore the lessons of experience and rush pell mell into the Utopias of adolescent youth. There are some things which cannot be accomplished in a day. Making the world over is one of them. Men have been stumbling over their mistakes for ages. They cannot regain their equilibrium immediately. Progress is not an artificial creation. It is a growth attended by hardships and achieved through sacrifice and suffering. Youth must learn to leave some things to God

and the future. Evolution and not revolution is the process of correction. One can be a revolter without being a revolutionist. The knowledge of this preguant truth comes as an afterthought of advancing years.

As a matter of fact, youth and age must work together. Honesty of conviction and sincerity of purpose must be assumed on both sides. Youth must be more sympathetic with age and age more generous with youth. The sanguine hopes and courageous daring of prophetic youth when joined with the wisdom and experience of prophetic age will yet bring into existence that nobler world which exists in the

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OUT OF PRACTICE.

The tourist is funny. He tries to "do" a foreign city in twenty-four hours, though he has learned little about his own city in twenty-four years.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A SOUTHPAW VICTORY.

(New York Herald-Tribune.)

A sinister concession yet a sensible one, is noted in the public school news. Pupils "strongly left-handed," are to be permitted to write with the left hand. Their preference is not merely to be tolerated. They are to have instruction as thorough as that of their dextrous companions so that they may write as fair a script.

For the relief of the southpaw youngsters psychologists probably are to be thanked. Although they do not know precisely the cerebral normal to the few as right-handedness normal to the few right-handedness is to the great majority, they distrust interference with the natural bent. It is out of fashion now to regard left-handedness as an example of atavism most prevalent among criminals, the insane—and geniuses. And this inborn trait carries no stigma and nobody knows what subtle damage may be done by alteration, parents and educators are less determined than formerly to revise it.

Free play for the portsiders enriches sport. Fancy the loss to baseball if pitchers of the tribe of Benjamin "chosen men left-handed." were out of the game. And who would be the home-run king if Mr. Ruth were a star-board batter? Tennis and billards have had left-handed stars. Golf has produced none of the first magnitude. That is strange; but all phases of these lateral partialities in manual skill are admittedly mysterious.

The indulgence of left-handed writers in the schools will prevent the disturbance of mental mechanisms for the sake of unessential conformity with the common habit. It will also save much time and painstaking effort spent usually with poor success in teaching a lame dexerity.

OLD GEORGE.

By Esther Ellis Reeks.

Of the first twenty years of the life of Old George, I know nothing. My first knowledge of his history begins with 1897, when he was bought by the owner of the Eldora stage to be used as a lead horse on that vehicle. His previous owner then gave age as twenty, and when the seller of a horse admits that he, the horse, is twenty, one can be pretty sure that he is not a day younger.

But for all his twenty years, George as he was then known, had few equals. There was a gold rush on at the mining camp of Eldora and two rival stages made the trip to and from there daily from Boulder, at the foot of the mountains. They would meet the 9:50 train each morning, load up their passengers and be off. It was nip and tuck to see which could reach the mouth of the canyon first, for beyond that the road was single track and the last one to start had no chance to pass his rival. George was a winner, and his owner used to boast that with him in the lead he could make the halfway house, ten and a half miles up, where horses were changed, in less than an hour —which is going some for a four-horse stage on an up grade with a big load.

That sort of thing is hard on a horse, but George stayed with it for seven years, though after the boom died out the work was easier. At the age of twenty-seven he showed the effects of the life so seriously that he became known as Old George and was sold to a man who was mining near the half way house but had a wife and five children living in town.

He was considered wonderfully safe for the children to drive, and once, when there was no one else to send, Grove, the seven-year-old son, made the trip alone with him to the mine for his father. The boy always thought that he did the driving, but we suspected that Old George had a different opinion.

The family was quite fond of the horse and meant to be good to him; but as the father was away most of the time and the mother always busy, he was left almost entirely to the care of the children. Consequently, I fear, he sometimes suffered for lack of proper attention.

In 1908, my father, who had retired from active business, had a chance to do some photographic work for a concern that was building a large power plant in the canyon. To do this he needed a horse with which to visit the various camps, but could not afford an expensive one. The owners of Old George were going away and were in a quandary as to what to do with him. It occurred to us that he might be able to do the work we would require of him.

We were not sure, but to find out we took a "bond and lease," to use the vernacular of the region, on him. That is, we paid five dollars for the use of horse, buggy and harness for one month. If, at the end of that time, we decided to keep the outfit, we were to pay twenty more and it would be ours.

When father got the horse home and looked him over he decided that he was not such a worn out animal

after all, if only he had the right sort of care. The first thing that he did was to give him a god currying, the second was to put him on a diet of fine-ground corn chop and third-cutting alfalfa—when he was not on fresh grass—as he had no molars with which to chew. At the end of a month he looked like a different beast, and acted like one, too.

For three years we used him in the mountains, many times going to all sorts of all-but-inaccessible places with him. He had a decided mind of his own and liked to be allowed to use it, being, as my father said, "a horse of experienc," but his judgement was usually good and he was obedient when we insisted that he follow ours.

In the fall of 1912 we moved to town. We expected to have no real use for a horse there and we knew one would be expensive to keep. George had not been strong that summer, and before we made the move brother had suggested that it might be wise to end his life as mercifully as possible and bury him in the shadow of the hills. The suggestion, however, was not carried out. The way in which our father received it was entirely too personal. Most of that winter the horse was ailing and every morning we would go to the barn wondering of we would find him still alive.

In April, we decided to go on a "ranch," a five-acre tract in alfalfa and garden ground. By that time George had somewhat recovered from his trouble and we began hoping that he might live another year and be able to do what we would require of a horse until we were a little better fixed financially. Our hopes were realized. As soon as he got on green alfalfa he took a new lease on life.

For four summers we used him for all the work except cutting the alfalfa and doing the spring plowing, including the peddling of vegetables four times a week. In winter, when less was required of him, he developed a love of running away. This always frightened those who did not know him, but was a great joke with the family.

After four years of ranching, we again moved to town. For two years after this George earned his keep at odd jobs, part of which he served as delivery horse for a little grocery store close by. During the summer of 1917 he tired so easily that we seldom used him, but gave him his freedom in a little pasture of vacant lots. Feed was high that fall and we really felt we could not afford to keep him, but he seemed too much like one of the family for us to consider doing anything else.

One the morning of December 8 my father fed him as usual. He was in good spirits and the two had a little play. At one o'clock, when we went to the barn, we found him dead in his stall. All his morning grain had been eaten and much of his hay. Evidently the end had come suddenly.

His had been a long life and a good one. Even today he has many friends who still think of him lovingly. He was full of intelligence, kindness, and real humor. If ever a horse could see a joke, he could and if ever a horse could laugh, it was he. If ever a horse could be trusted, too, it was Old George.

In this generation the automobile

has crowded out the family horse, and, thereby the children are the poorer. For to have known and loved a horse like George has been a real element, in the past, in the making of many a fine character.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. T. H. Talbert and a number of boys have been cutting hair during the past week.

The barn boys have been hauling coal around to the different cottages lately.

Our job press feeders have been busy lately printing some boys' letter heads.

On account of the bad weather last Saturday, the boys retired to the cottages and amused themselves at reading and playing various games.

Mr. Black has been sick and Mr. Clark has been teaching the boys of the former's school room.

Grover Parks and Frances Cooper, members of the second cottage, were paroled last week.

Several hogs were slaughtered last Monday, and all the boys and officers had a "mess" of fresh meat and sausage.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have been making doubletrees for the use on wagons and plows.

There are 75 little pigs, from eight to ten weeks old, down at the barn. Looks like we'll have plenty of sausage next winter.

Rev. T. F. Higgins, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He made a very interesting talk which was enjoyed by all.

The boys of the work force have been building a bridge on the new road that leads across to the old "Fisher Place." When this road is finished, it will shorten the route for the boys who are working there.

Paul Crutchfield, a member of the thirteenth cottage, who had his hand injured in the dough mixer at the bakery sometime ago, is now back at the school and getting along fine. Crutchfield lost his two middle fingers, being caught in the mixer while in operation.

About two dozen new milk crates were purchased last week. They had been using wooden ones up until these ones were bought, but these are a new kind, made of heavy wire. They are better than the old wooden ones, as they are not likely to break the bottles and we believe that they will last longer.

THE IRONCLADS.

(New York World.)

It is a nice piece of Americana that has been contributed by James H. Carey of Camden, N. J., who was a member of the crew of the Monitor during the battle with the Merrimac, and who declared that his ship gained decisive advantage when she turned the fire hose on the enemy, so that the southern gunners could not aim their pieces. Such stories are the very life of history. Of course, truth compels us to say that we have searched through various accounts of the battle and we fail to find any mention of this piece of strategy, or even any intimation that the Monitor had a fire hose. In fact, her crew seems to have had a dreadful time of it operating the mechanism that turned the turret, so much so that there were times when they did not know starboard from port, so that it seems highly unlikely that they had any time for fancy touches involving a fire hose. But, as we all know, a story need not be rejected on that account.

If you have on your book-shelves a detailed account of this battle, by all means take it down and read it. It is exciting stuff, and in some curious way humorous. Recall that the appearance of these ships made every navy in the world obsolete at once. Recall that either of them could destroy any other ship afloat. From the outside looking in they were invulnerable. But from the inside looking out, to judge from the stories of those on board, they were palsied invalids hardly able to stagger from one port to another. The Merrimac, which had been sunk once before she was raised and fitted with armor, had engines that were so wheezy that she could barely make five knots an hour. She handled badly, so that she required 40 minutes to turn around. The weight of the iron on her made her ride very low, so that she drew 22 feet of water and could hardly be manoeuvred without running aground. Once, indeed, she did run aground.

The Monitor was worse. She had hardly left New York on her way south before it was found that she was quite unseaworthy. Every big wave rolled beautifully over her low low deck and sent tons of water sloshing into her pilot-house and her gun-turret, whence it descended in streams on the engines, dousing them. Before the morning of the battle the crew had not had any sleep for forty-eight hours—not from worrying about the Johnny Rebs but from trying to keep their tincan on a shingle afloat.

Yet when these two paralytics squared off at each other it was the Battle of the Century, make no mistake about that. They were the logical contenders, and everybody knew it, from Washington to Paris and back, via Richmond.

The creating of a thousand forests is in one acorn.—Emerson.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Gp 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C. 1928. No. 10

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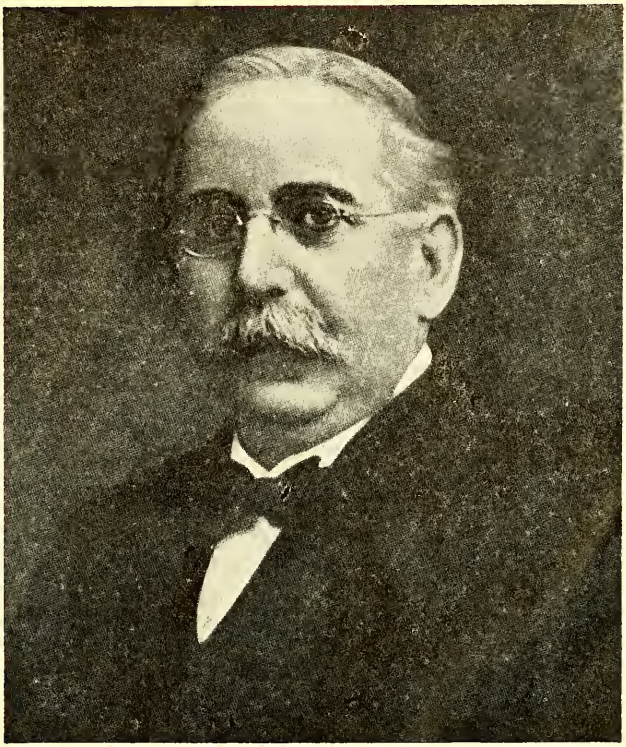

1863 JAMES P. COOK 1928

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

JIM.

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year has gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine—we were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name;
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim
Just to show him I am thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner, yet miles away—
Here's a telegram sir, "Jim died today."
And that's what we get and deserve in the end,
Around the corner a vanished friend.

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

JAMES P. COOK

It is with an overwhelming sense of loss that The Uplift goes to press. In the passing of its originator and editor it suffers, in every sense of the word, the loss of a father. Created for the purpose of arousing public interest in a great cause, The Uplift pages have told the story of the life and growth of the Jackson Training School from its beginning. Today a great institution, outstanding in the state and nationally recognized it stands a lasting monument to the efforts, the unceasing love and interest, and the influence of the founder—James P. Cook. His was a dynamic and colorful personality, an intellect that was swift and keen, a vision that was broad, a sympathy that was deep, and a purpose that was true. All of these he gave without limit to the child of his brain, the Training School. No activity at the school was too slight to command his immediate and personal interest. He touched many phases of public life—educational, political, literary and social. But the force that dominated all of these was his unselfish determination to establish in the state a means of lending a helping hand to erring and unfortunate boys. That he lived to see his efforts so splendidly crowned with success is the comfort of those who are so swiftly and unexpectedly bereft of his guiding presence.

CONCORD MOURNS DEATH OF JAMES P. COOK

(Concord Daily Tribune.)

Concord and this entire section of the State mourn the passing of James P. Cook, 65 years old, who died suddenly from a disease of the heart at his home, 'Chuckatuck,'' on the Mt. Pleasant road Thursday night at 9:30 o'clock.

Mr. Cook had been in failing health for some time and for the past several days he had complained of feeling badly. It was not supposed, however, that his condition was critical and his death was a shock to the entire countryside.

Hundreds of prominent citizens of Concord and this entire section of the State gathered at the suburban home of Mr. Cook, for the funeral services at 11 o'clock, Saturday. Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of the St. James Lutheran church, of which Mr. Cook was a valued and life-long member, conducted the services. He was assisted by Rev. L. D. Miller, pastor of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church.

Glowing tribute to the usefulness and vision of the builder was paid by Mr. Thomas in a farewell sermon at the home. He eulogized the deeds and activities of Mr. Cook appropriately and concisely.

Active pall-bearers were: Jesse C. Fisher, assistant superintendent of Jackson Training School, T. L. Grier, J. Lee White, J. H. Hobby, Leon Godown and W. W. Johnson, all officers of the training school founded by Mr. Cook.

A special escort of six representative boys of the school, chosen by the officials, were honorary pall-bearers.

The boys of Jackson Training School stood with bared heads as the body was lowered into the grave.

Members of choirs of several city churches assisted the St. James Lutheran choir in rendering hymns that were favorites of Mr. Cook during his lifetime.

Scores of floral designs, sent by friends and relatives from many sections of the State, completely covered the grave in Oakwood. The flowers first were arranged around the bier for the funeral services at the home and after the service at Oakwood were banked on and near the grave. Conspicuous among the floral designs which covered the bier, was a beautiful blanket of white carnations and pink roses which came as a token of love and admiration from the school. All work was halted at the training school as a tribute to the ''father'' of the school.

R. R. Clark, J. F. Hurley, Harry P. Deaton, A. C. Honeycutt, J. D. Bivens and J. B. Sherrill attended the services as representatives of the North Carolina Press association and the local Kiwanis club, of which he was a charter member, was represented by President Rowlett. Several members of the board of trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, in whose behalf Mr. Cook labored for many years, were present, headed by D. B. Coltrane, treasurer of the board

James P. Cook was born at Mt. Pleasant on January 12, 1863, the

son of the late Matthew and Mary Costner Cook. He was married to Miss Maggie Norfleet on October 19, 1892, and is survived by his widow and by one sister, Mrs. Margaret Wingard, of Concord.

Mr. Cook's name is one of the most illustrious in that comparatively small group of welfare workers generally conceded to have been men of far and unfaltering vision; of energy and force to apply toward any worth-while political or social cause.

His most noteworthy achievement, and there were many in his long and useful life, was his contribution to civilization in foundng the Jackson Training School, which, under his guiding hand, grew from a single cottage, opened in 1909, to a total of sixteen cottages and seven other important buildings at the time of his death. He saw the child of his brain grow from an enrollment of one pupil, who, appropriately enough, entered the school on Mr. Cook's birthday in 1909, to the present total enrollment of 496.

Nine of the sixteen cottages at the school were erected solely through the efforts of Mr. Cook. After the demand for added room, following the widespread approval of his idea, he appeared personally before the commissioners of Guilford, Durham, Gaston, Rowan-Iredell, Forsyth, Robertson and Rutherford counties and so impressed them with his talk on the good work that could be done with their co-operation that each county appropriated sufficient money for a cottage. Appreciating Mr. Cook's untiring efforts, the State granted enough money for the other cottages and buildings. A Mecklenburg county cottage was built from popular subscriptions raised by Mr. Cook in Mecklenburg county.

Since 1907, Mr. Cook had devoted most of his time to affairs at the institution that he founded. Not long after the organization, he published the first issue of "The Uplift" and continued it as a monthly voice of Jackson Training School until a short time ago, when he changed it to a weekly. His editorials have been quoted over the entire nation. He had formerly been editor of "The Standard," a paper published in this city during the latter part of the 19th century. He was chairman of the board of trustees of the institution from its beginning until the hour of his death.

Mr. Cook had long been prominent in political and civic life of this State. He was at one time, superintendent of public instruction in Cabarrus county and later represented Cabarrus and Mecklenburg counties in the State Senate. He received his education at the old North Carolina College at Mt. Pleasant.

A life-long member of the Lutheran Church, Mr. Cook was instrumental as a member of the board of trustees, in providing Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute with new buildings several years ago.

The loss of the distinguished welfare worker is a distinct loss not only to this section, but to the State. He was a gentleman and scholar; his great vision has reclaimed many lives to humanity. To the wayward youth of this State, he has been a saviour.

The man is dead but his work is a fitting tribute that will ever be a memorial to one of the most upright and far-sighted characters this State has known.

GOVERNOR McLEAN PAYS TRIBUTE

"I was deeply pained and grieved to learn, on my return to Raleigh, of the death of my old friend, James P. Cook, of Concord," said Governor A. W. McLean.

"I doubt if the youth of the State has had a better friend. It was Mr. Cook who conceived the idea of a school for wayward boys who have transgressed the rules laid down by society, a place in which they could be given proper and adequate training along constructive lines and, by thus utilizing their youthful energy, turn it into channels that might produce reformation.

"Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys, near Concord, is the result of the love for humanity, especially the youth, and the desire to help the less fortunate among them, of James P. Cook. He not only conceived the idea of such a school, but worked and talked and strived for it, at a time when such activity was not popular, until he brought the citizenship of the State to a realization of its duty to the boys who are inclined to be incorrigible. The place of the school is now secure The buildings and the spirit engendered there will be living monuments to the man who has just passed to his reward.

"Mr. Cook was a great civic leader, a splendid citizen and a fine Christian gentleman. He was all of that, and more, but we shall always have occasion to remember him particularly for his invaluable contribution to the cause of the boyhood of North Carolina."

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

JAMES P. COOK, A BUILDER

Concord Daily Tribune

James P. Cook, whose death Concord mourns, will not be forgotten. Prominent in the political and civic life of the State, Mr. Cook will be best remembered as the father of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, an institution dear to his heart and an institution owing more to him than to any other individual or agency. It can be truly said that the Jackson Training School is the child of his brain, for he conceived it and then spent years building it. The school will stand through the years as a monument to him.

As an editor, publisher and politician, Mr. Cook gained state-wide reputation as a public spirited citizen. He was interested in all phases of civic life and he gave generously of his time and talent to those projects which seemed to him of vital importance to the State. He was at one time superintendent of public instruction for Cabarrus County, at another time represented his district in the State Legislature and during Gov. Craig's administration was made president of the N. C. R. R. In all of his appeals to the public as a prospective candidate he received generous support. Of late years he

liked best to work and toil for the boys at the Training School. Cottage after cottage was erected there through his personal evangelism. He spread the gospel of rehabilitation for the youths who had erred, and so poignant was his argument, so impressive his appeal, so magnetic his enthusiasm, that he saw the school develop from a one-cottage institution to one of the most important and biggest under State control.

Through the columns of The Uplift, the school's weekly publication, Mr. Cook reached the hearts and minds of hundreds of persons who came to feel a personal interest in the school. He thought of the boys and their welfare continuously. He wrought devotedly and effectively, and to him the State owes much.

We like to think of Mr. Cook as an able writer, as a capable politician and as a true friend and Southern gentleman, but best of all we remember him as a builder; the creator of an agency that gives wayward boys another chance; the benefactor of the youths of today who will make the men of tomorrow.

AN ENTHUSIAST FOR HUMAN SALVAGE

Greensboro Daily News

The chief enthusiasm of James P. Cook in the latter decades of his life was the Stonewall Jackson Train-School. He evinced a deep satisfaction in the demonstration of the salvable value in the material sent there and of the ability of the State to recover that value. Results secured by the first small-scale work could have been due to peculiar quality of the material used in this social clinic, or rare abilities in the supervision, or in some measure to both. But the small institution grew into a larger one, more men and women were required to handle and teach a greater number of boys. And it seems to have been a process of proving over and over that the bulk of the white boys of the State who do not fit into the public schools and are too bothersome to society to be left at liberty is well worth such a process of milling, and it is nothing like a miralce to find people having the right talents for this work. No one was more familiar with the whole work, from the time it was but a theory, through its experimental years, the steps of expansion, than he; and he seemed to find it good.

After the institution had found itself and begun to produce results highly satisfactory to the communities from which youth were sent, the state could not be induced to add to the equipment fast enough to enable the institution to give a really practical service. It may have been Mr. Cook who advanced the suggestion that the big counties build on the premises units of their own, to be operated by the State, thus obtaining, among other advantages, that of a proved system of administration. He came to Guilford with this suggestion, at any rate. It was adopted, it enabled this county to take full advantage of the Training School, and showed other counties a way out of their difficulties.

One good man might return the State a profit in money on what it has expended in the building and operation of this institution which Mr. Cook founded and which remains as his monument. The spiritual and moral values of the salvage of youth

are past computing; but there are already a host of sturdy citizenry, bearing worthily their part in the work of the State, to answer the question whether, economically, it is worth while. Without the training and restraint he got at Jackson, the reasonable expectation was that each would turn out a criminal, a social liability. Some would not have done so, in fact. And since the reform school is used mainly in the nature of a last desperate resort, it follows that many are sent there who have no salvable value.

It is a work exceedingly wonderful, this which to the State will always suggest the memory of J. P. Cook. Whoever has had any part or responsibility in the handling of "normal" children, boys who never do quite land in the police toils, can realize something of the wonder of what they do at Jackson.

JAMES P. COOK

Charlotte News

The man who furnished the starting genius for the establishment of the Jackson Training School, at Concord, James P. Cook, is dead, and the State mourns the going away of one who converted a personal passion into a practical Commonwealth institution.

Mr. Cook saw out beyond the range of cold, prosaic ordinariness in government and suggested the picturesque and the imaginative as a function for it to undertake with that class of boys in North Carolina with whom the most of us generally see no need to worry—the youngsters who are unmanaged at home and unmanagable in school who seem bent on going to hell in spite of all that can be placed in their way by the better influences of society, and who represent a type that the State had, before Mr. Cook's dreaming of dreams, stood complacently by, and let slide.

What his vision, what his faith in the last native remnant of instinctive respectability that is in boyhood, what his determination to save them amounted to, can be written and is being written daily in the lives and labors of young men who have come out from his institution yonder, and are taking their places alongside their fellows in the gainful and decent occupations of society.

But of far more value than any commercial estimate that can be placed upon the services of such as these has been the inside miracle working among these lads of the institution, that which has been going on in their spirits under the tender, tactful solicitude and guidance of Mr. Cook. He fanned the flickering flames of manhood in his boys and witnessed the bursting forth of the fires of gentlemanliness and, in some instances, of genius itself. He kept his own faith strong in them when that of others had given out; he wrought with those with whom none others would labor and he salvaged for society ruins and wreckages of lads for profitable and for purposeful lives among us.

Great must be the reward of any man who does so Christly a piece of work as this!

JAMES P. COOK

Winston-Salem Journal

In the death of James P. Cook,

which occurred Thursday, North Carolina lost a citizen of manifold achievements. He was perhaps best known for his connection with the Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord. He founded this school and was closely identified with it ever since its establishment. In this school scores of boys were trained in the principles of good citizenship and the ideals of sound Christian character. The school breathed such a spirit and the environment was such that seldom did a boy who was sent there run away. And if he did run away, he was likely to return of his own free will.

Mr. Cook was interested in newspaper work and was connected for some time with a paper in Concord. He made journalism a part of the work and interest at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. This interest emerged in the form of the "Uplift," a weekly paper issued by the students of the school. The "Uplift" came to have a large circulation in the State. It is packed with human interest material dealing with the boys who are in the school. It reflects the work that is being done at that institution with accuracy and with a success that could hardly be attained in any other way.

The State has lost not only a worker of industrious habits and fruitful record, but also a personality of rare charm and inspiring mien.

JAMES P. COOK

Mooresville Enterprise

Death has claimed probably the best friend this writer ever had in the passing of James P. Cook at Concord last Thursday night. At a time in life when the uncertainties of youth beset the pathway and a boy finds everything unsatisfactory, this big hearted, generous man said to us one day, "I want you in my office." The proposition was so sincere and the appeal so great we accepted the offer of employment without hesitation. For five years we were intimately associated with Mr. Cook, serving in every capacity in his office, then the Concord Daily and Weekly Standard. Those years were frought with a great deal of uncertainty for the employer and the employed. However, with the same determination he put forth in other undertakings, he made the paper "go," until he sold to John D. Barrier in 1895.

Mr. Cook was a native of Cabarrus county, son of the late Matthew and Mary Costner Cook, of Mount Pleasant. He was educated at the old North Carolina college, in its heyday, one of the foremost institutions of its kind in North Carolina ranking equally with the university. After teaching school in the county for several years he was made county superintendent of public instruction, and established a preparatory school for boys, being associated with B. E. Harris. Later these men entered the newspaper business, having bought the Concord Standard, published by W. D. Anthony and J. M. Cross. It was during the earlier period of Mr. Cook's newspaper work that he conceived the idea of an institution for the correction of incorrigible boys and advocated the establishment of a reformatory, a place where youth could be corrected of their evil tendencies rather than be placed in jails and on chaingangs and given a chance

to become useful citizens later on in life. He met with very feeble encouragement at the beginning, but he had a vision which was never dimmed by unsuccessful attempts. He kept the faith and used every opportunity to advance his cause. In 1907 the legislature heard overtures of Mr. Cook, backed by numbers of the good and gracious women of the State, who pleaded for the establishment of a "reformatory," and it was then that the great State of North Carolina made a small appropriation for the cause, and instead of a reformatory, "The Stonewall Jackson Training School for Boys" was created. The dream of this man of vision was beginning to dawn upon the citizenry of the State, and with constant activities for a goal, the Stonewall Jackson Training School is the monument that stands to his credit. The Statesville Daily of Saturday sums up the result of the work of this man in the following: "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes, will outlive the memorial which James P. Cook erected to the service of humanity. Through the ages the name of the man who has passed from mortal ken will be inseparably connected with the Stonewall Jackson Train-in School for youth. He achieved immortality in service to his fellows. Unborn generations will hold in grateful memory the name of the man whose inspiration and vision established, and whose love and devotion has so successfully administered, an institution that has transformed the lives of hundreds of wayward youth, and will yet transform thousands."

In 1892 Mr. Cook was married to Miss Maggie Norfleet, of Suffolk, Va., who survives. In the thirty-five years of their married life the two passed along the pathway with unerring step. She caught the vision and put the same zeal and efforts into the realization of the great institution that her husband did. They had their hearts in the saving of boys for the future manhood of the State. It was a wonderful sacrifice. Mr. Cook would not capitalize on his opportunities, and served as the chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors of the institution without price. His reward was the satisfaction of living to see the fruits of his labors in hundreds of young men throughout North Carolina who are now living clean, upright and Godly lives.

It was a great privilege for us to call him our friend. He has been more than a friend to us. His counsel was frequently sought and his advice was always given with the affection of a father to a son. He was human just like other folks and had his shortcomings, but the bigness of the man and his broadness of vision and helpfulness to others were characteristics that compelled esteem even from those who did not agree with him. He was gentle, kind and true, but a foe to be reckoned with. We will miss him.

The Uplift, a publication printed in the mechanical department of the school, was a creation of Mr. Cook. The motto of that little weekly was "lift up the fallen," which carried a message of salvage to the uttermost parts of the State. It would be a fitting tribute to his efforts if Mrs. Cook could be induced to carry on with the Uplift.

Mr. Cook for many years traveled as southern representative of the Uni-

versity Publishing Company of New York.

Funeral services were held at the suburban home Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, hundreds of persons being in attendance. R. R. Clark, J. F. Hurley, Harry P. Deacon, A. C. Honeycutt, J. D. Bivens and J. B. Sherrill attended the services as representatives of the North Carolina Press association and the local Kiwanis club, of which he was a charter member, was represented by President Rowlett. Several members of the board of trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, in whose behalf Mr. Cook labored for many years, were present, headed by D. B. Coltrane, treasurer of the board.

The services at the home and grave were brief, Mr. Thomas using the ritual of the Lutheran church. The St. James choir sang several of Mr. Cook's favorite hymns. There was no funeral eulogy.

All work was halted at the training school as a tribute to the "father" of the school. Six students from the institution were honorary pallbearers and officials of the school were active pallbearers. Of the floral designs which covered the bier a beautiful blanket came as a token of love and admiration from the students of the school.

A BUILDER OF MEN

Asheville Citizen

In his long and useful career James P. Cook, who has just passed away at his home in Concord, served the public in many and varied ways; but the thing for which he will be remembered, that which stamped and confirmed him as a leader, was the work which he did in the establishment of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. It would not be possible to calculate the value of this institution to North Carolina, not only in what it has actually done itself but in the lessons it has taught, in the inspiration it has furnished.

The Jackson Training School, founded to salvage youth, shipwrecked or threatened with shipwreck, was Mr. Cook's creation. In season and out of season he fought for it and under his persuasive efforts it "grew from a single cottage, opened in 1909, to a total of sixteen cottages and seven other important buildings at the time of his death" and from an enrollment of one pupil to the present total enrollment of 496. He was never satisfied with results. When he had succeeeded in securing nine cottages and was still in need of additional room he went from county to county, appearing before the commissioners; and his appeals were answered, a number of counties building cottages of their own at the school.

A true pioneer, a man with a vision, Mr. Cook's heart was in this work of reclaiming wayward boys and seeing that they got a fair chance in the world. His faith stirred faith in others and helped bring about a new conception of the public's obligation to an element of its population which in the past had been treated only with neglect. His little magazine which he printed, The Uplift, became one of the most readable and widely-quoted publications of its kind in the country, one to which many turned with assurance of always finding something that was stimulating and thought-provoking.

There were numbers of men in North Carolina better known than James P. Cook but not many, we think, who will be more truly missed.

A BENEFACTOR TO HIS RACE

Concord Observer

J-ust when life seemed so sweet
A-nd when we called him great,
M-ust he be called to meet
E-very mystery of death and fate?
S-o noble were his deeds and themes.

P-lanned he His School for Boys—

C-hild of his fondest dreams—
O-ur friend now Heaven enjoys.
O-h, we hold his memory dear,
K-ind friend, let fall thy tear.

On Friday at his home near Concord there passed away suddenly one of Cabarrus' most useful and valuable citizens. He had been in declining health for over a year. This illustrious citizen was James P. Cook, aged 65 years. He was born in Cabarrus and had always lived here. For years he taught school, was superintendent of the county schools, was editor of The Standard, was State Senator, was farmer and last but higher than all other things, was the founder and builder of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys. He also edited The Uplift, in the interest of this school. This great institution is a monument to Jim Cook, as he was called by all. It was the darling of his heart. For it he lived and toiled. When in the after years when the benefits of this school will be sung in song and told in story and emblazoned in marble, sweet memories will return to this man who today lies in his tomb and who made it possible. Mr. Cook was indeed a benefactor to his race. It is sad that he must die just when his life's labors were just crowning his name and his fame with glory. He will be missed not only here in his home section but all over the State. The thousands of boys who have gone out into the world as fine citizens from this school will bless his memory forever. Some time ago we told Mr. Cook that he needed no monument when he passed over the river, that his monument had already been built in Jackson Training School and that it would perpetuate his memory forever. He appreciated this sentiment and this is all the monument desired. We remember well some 25 years ago when he was editor here that he did more to stimulate education and belle letters in this section than any other man. No one with a message or a literary production of merit ever was refused a hearing in his paper. He was a gentleman to high and low. He loved humanity. And in the biggest and broadest ways which lead to the greatest good to the greatest numbers he has done more for our State than any other son in years. The next legislature should change the name of this school to "The J. P. Cook Training School," and let it stand forever as his monument.

TWO REAL MEN PASS

The Shelby Star

The news columns of the paper today record the passing of two men with hearts of gold. Men whose places just every man cannot fill when it comes to the true principles and requisites of real men who bettered

the world they lived in by living in it.

One death is particularly close to Shelby—that of Walter Fanning, a man whose popularity attained that of loyal friendship with every acquaintance. The other death, leavinging a void in the semi-public life of the state was that last night of James P. Cook, of Concord, head of the Stonewall Jackson school for boys and a Southern gentleman in every noble sense of the word.

Shelby with its list of fine men has known few more noble characters than Walter Fanning. Big-hearted, loyal, courteous, kind and with it all cheerful in the face of misfortune and contrary workings of fate. In his business life, a life wherein he set and kept the principles of service above self, in his church life and as president of the big Hoey Bible class, and in his personal life, hundreds of Shelby and Cleveland county people loved and admired Walter Fanning. No man could help but do so if he had within him a spark of admiration for a man who seemed destined to be a friend of other men and able to bear his own burdens uncomplainingly. To the bereaved family and close business associates, The Star extends its sympathy, but with them we sorrow today because one does not meet a Walter Fanning every step or so in life. And this is no idle, inane tribute. All Shelby, every person who knew Walter Fanning, expresses that sentiment in grief today.

When Jim Cook died at Concord, gray-haired old fellow with his faith in humanity, the boys of North Carolina lost their best friend when their mothers are excepted. Years hence his message delivered to North Carolina will ring true. That message was: "There are no bad boys." In pleading for the wayward boys of the state, scores of whom he reformed and started on the road of success he used that message to explain that some boys may not have the chance of others, but that the heart of every boy is fundamentally pure. North Carolina should pay high tribute to his memory but the real monument he leaves is found in the lives of the youths he made a chance for.

MENDING YOUNG LIVES

News & Observer

James P. Cook, who was buried in Concord Saturday, was a live editor, a progressive educator, a useful Senator and a puble-spirited citizen, but his great contribution was as trustee and leader in the establishment and expansion of Jackson Training School. The mending of the lives of youths there was his passion and, the growth of that institution was due in large measure to his zeal and interest.

A GREAT LOSS

News & Observer

In the death of Mr. J. P. Cook of Concord and of Mr. R. L. Brown of Oxford, the State has lost two men who were filling no small place in the benevolent work in the commonwealth. Mr. Brown was long superintendent of the Oxford Orphanage and died in the harness. Mr. Cook devoted many years to the development of the Stonewall Jackson Training School and also died in the harness. Neither could have wished to die otherwise.

J. P. COOK, FATHER OF A NEW SENSE OF STATE OBLIGATION

Raleigh Times

The late J. P. Cook was that rare type of man who has the power of working objectively toward a moral ideal. Like thousands of others he saw the courts and the jails and the roads dealing with immature boys as though they were hardened criminals. Like thousands of others, his spirit revolted at the sight and the knowledge. Like thousands of others, he declaimed that the practice, law or no law, was unrighteous, cruel, barbaric and should be obsolete. All this rolled out of the mouths and thus off the chests of the thousands. J. P. Cook kept it in his heart. He proceeded for years to make it his hobby and himself something of a nuisance to the easy-going. He had his way in the end, at personal sacrifice, at infinite cost, but for the everlasting benefit which his principle has established.

The Stonewall Jackson Training School is his monument. He literally forced the training school for wayward boys into existence. We know nothing of its statistics, but the whole State knows that it has done its practical part toward helping materially toward social justice in the salvage of numerous youths who, but for it, would have been enemies of society. There is no possible rule by which to measure its results in happiness and in rescue. To the Jackson Training School and the lesson it illustrated there has been for years a steadily advancing support and belief, which it has encouraged. Such an institution might, and doubtless would, have come in time. Cook, if he did not first see the need, was the first man in the State to bend himself and his life to its provision.

PASSING OF A STALWART

Lexington Dispatch

With the death of James P. Cook, father and friend to the wayward boys of North Carolina the Commonwealth loses one of its stalwarts. In the social, political and religious field he alike was stalwart in the faith of righteousness. He took an active interest in public affairs, an interest that was marked to a great degree by the desire to render service rather than to be served.

As a useful member of the newspaper profession in North Carolina his loss will be felt. In his quiet way he had contributed much to the thought of the State. He edited for a number of years a unique little publication called "The Uplift," printed by the boys at Stonewall Jackson Training School. He had the knack for finding good things, for sifting the wheat from the much chaff, and in this publication he published much that indeed was good. The thousands who have been regular readers of The Uplift each week will miss him indeed, not so much for what he contributed himself in an editoral way—though this was done very ably—but for his service in passing on to them many things really worth while.

But the big idea that James P. Cook left in the heart of North Carolina is the sense of public responsibility for putting the feet of youth on the right road instead of waiting

until they have gone too deep in the mire to be reclaimed. His hope for the wayward boy and girls is now incorporated into the permanent policy of the State.

JAMES P. COOK

Monroe Enquirer

James P. Cook, founder of the Jackson Training School, died suddenly at his home near Concord last Friday. He was 65 years old. Mr. Cook was an excellent citizen and for the past number of years had edited The Uplift, a weekly magazine published in the interest of the institution which was so near his heart. While Mr. Cook was known as a political and religious leader, he was best known as the active head of the training school, the State institution for wayward boys. He served continuously as chairman of the board of trustees from 1907 and nine of the 16 cottage homes at the school represent his personal efforts. Born in Mount Pleasant on January 12, 1863, a son of Matthew and Mary Costner Cook. James P. Cook attended public schools of the county and then entered the old North Carolina College at Mt. Pleasant. He served for several years as superintendent of public instruction for Cabarrus and was a member of the Lutheran synodical board, instrumental in enlarging Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute several years ago.

A NOBLE MAN PASSES

The Durham Sun

James P. Cook is dead. The news brings regret to the hearts of North Carolinians. Death touched him on Thursday, and he "fell on sleep."

James P. Cook, the man in whose brain was born the idea of the Stonewall Jackson Training School for derelict boys, and who lived to see the pet child of his useful mind reach the point where it is doing splendid work for humanity, has laid down his work amidst its success. But his work, and great achievements, will live on after him.

An honorable and useful career, for nearly half a century, has closed. In all the relations of life he was a gentleman. He was modest and retiring in his disposition. He was a royal-hearted man; full of noble impulses and generous sympathies. As educator, editor, legislator, benevolent manager, he had the characteristics of accuracy of preparation for all he desired to say or do; a just appreciation for the opinions of others; and a lovable personality which made itself apparent on all occasions. He laid his armor down untarnished.

The Jackson Training School is a living monument to his memory, and will go on as the years pass, in making glad hearts, and building a useful citizenship. J. A. R.

JAMES P. COOK, BUILDER

Salisbury Post

James P. Cook, who died at his Concord home Thursday night, was a constructive worker. To review the life of the man one must see that he was a constructive force, and the result will be lasting as it has been far reaching. Mr. Cook was a native of Cabarrus county. He was educated at the old North Carolina

college and began his life teaching—constructive work of a high order. He was closely related to the schools of Cabarrus, having taught a high school in Concord and served for a time as county superintendent. The last time this writer talked to him at any length, he expressed a degree of impatience at the rather slow progress being made in the development of the local schools of his native county.

As a further step in a constructive career he established the Concord Standard. While teaching a school in Concord he and Brevard Harris, associate, took over the paper partly established by others, and made it a constructive force in Cabarrus county.

Mr. Cook's big job was the establisment of the Stonewall Jackson school just out of Concord. How well this writer remembers his fight over several years period to get it going. He laid the foundation for it by a telling educational campaign, and his faith and his success in getting a number of his friends to stand by him led to the consummation of his heart's desire.

In this piece of work he was met by sarcastic opposition. It was ridiculed by some who ought to have been standing by their good friend in furthering the worthy undertaking. Through it all Jim Cook never lost faith or courage. When he was trying to locate it on a small State allotment, some of us were trying to locate it in Cabarrus, where it was located and where it, above all places, should have been located. That it went through when it did and as it did was due to the courageous faith and determination of this Cabarrus man who set it in his heart to see the thing through. Look at the institution today.

This great institution has been such a wonderful success because the man who was responsible for its establishment was also responsible for its character. Its policies were established on right principles for dealing with young life, and out of these grew institutional character which assured a far-reaching success. It became a blessing to the state and to thousands of lads because Jim Cook had a vision for the school and gave it that character which must come from a dedicated life. The spiritual values possessed by the school came in the large from the man who laid down his life for it—we may say this, too, we believe.

JAMES P. COOK

Statesville Daily

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes," will outlive the memorial which James P. Cook erected to the service of humanity. Through the ages the name of the man who has passed from mortal ken will be inseparably connected with the Stonewall Jackson Training School for youth. He achieved immortality in service to his fellows. Unborn generations will hold in grateful memory the name of the man whose inspiration and vision established, and whose love and devotion has so successfully administered, an institution that has transformed the lives of hundreds of wayward youth, and will yet transform thousands.

Mr. Cook lived and died in the

county—Cabarrus—in which he was born. He was educated in his home county, at Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute, an educational institution of prominence in former days. He taught school in early life and was for a time superintendent of schools for Cabarrus county. Turning his attention to newspaper work, he established a weekly newsppaer in Concord, The Standard, and then issued a small daily paper. It was while editing this paper that Mr. Cook was impressed with the fact that boys who fell into evil ways were left to destruction. They were treated as common criminals, sent to jail, the chain gang or State prison because there was no other place for them. They didn't have a chance. To salvage this material, to give those who had good in them an opportunity to make good, Mr. Cook dedicated his service. He began an agitation that resulted in the establishment of the training school, and ever afterward he devoted himself to the upbuilding of that institution. There were discouragements. The public had to be educated, converted, you might say, to the idea. It was a good idea many admitted. But asking the State to assume control of wayward children, educate and train them, was something new. The thoughtless held that the duty of parents. Little thought was given to children who had no home training and could have none. The children must suffer for the sins of the parents, be punished for their misfortunes. But Mr. Cook held fast to his course in the face of discouragements. By personal work he enlisted the aid and sympathy of persons of means and secured donations to supplement the meagre support given by the State in the early years. In this way, and through the enlarged support of the State as the worth of the institution took hold on the public mind, Mr. Cook lived to see the small beginning grow into a great institution—the State's greatest institution, counting the value of the work done. Not only is the credit due Mr. Cook for the founding of the training school, but in large part its success; is due him. As chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors he continued to give the school his personal attention to the day of his death. He edited the school publication, The Uplift, widely circulated and read not only because of what it represents, but because of its merits.

In addition to his other public service, Mr. Cook served as State senator from his district and was chairman of the joint legislative finance committee. His public service aside from the chief service of his life, was worthy. But the school stands as his monument and a greater could not be built. Some time the State would have established an institution like that. But it was Mr. Cook who brought it into existence years before the idea would have taken hold. Meantime, hundreds of boys who have been transformed into useful citizens, would have been lost because no hand was stretched out to save.

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

So said Abou Ben Adhem to the angel. Others helped Mr. Cook, others have contributed much to the successful work that has blessed the

State. The late Walter Thompson, of Statesville, was the first superintendent of the school and gave himself freely to its upbuildings. But in the vision and the zeal that never flagged, Mr. Cook's name, like Ben Adhem's, led all the rest. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him.

"THERE ARE NO BAD BOYS"

Stanly News-Herald

"There are no bad boys," was what Col. J. P. Cook, who passed away at his home just this side of Concord, last Thursday night, believed. That was his claim, that was the doctrine on which his work was based. "There are no bad boys" doubtless rang in his mind as he saw young boys who had, mostly through lack of proper training and on account of bad environment, stepped just once from the straight and narrow pathway to be forever disgraced and humiliated and discouraged and lost to themselves, to their parents and the State. "There are no bad boys," doubtless thundered in his mind as he saw youthful criminals, little more than tender children, wearing the felon's stripes. He loved boys, he was the friend of those wild and misdirected ones. He believed in the so called boy when all others had apparently lost faith in him. He went up and down the State with the plea, "There are no bad boys," until Jackson Training School was founded at last by North Carolina, declaring that the boy whose energies had been misdirected must have a second chance. Col. James P. Cook was the father of that institution, and as we stood with bowed head and hat in hand as the casket containing his earthly remains was borne past us out of his home last Saturday morning and saw that escort of six of the Jackson Training School boys whom Cook's life has saved from wreck and ruin, we wondered if in truth that was not the most honorable escort which could have followed the great man's body as it was borne away to its final resting place. And would not J. P. Cook really have felt more honored to have that escort accompany his remains on that occasion than the finest regiment of troops which Carolina could have ordered out in his honor. Furthermore, will not Jackson Training School for wayward boys be his self-built monument, more lasting than marble?

"There are no bad boys." Can any but the great believe and act on that doctrine? With such a belief as his guiding star, does anyone wonder that no more truly noble son ever breathed the pure Carolina air than James P. Cook, friend of the friendless—helper of the helpless, the man who believed that "There are no bad boys."

J. P. Cook never built any great factories. He never held any high office. He never taught any great school. He never preached any great sermons, but he did snatch hundreds of wayward North Carolina boys from the precipice and start them out towards good citizenship, and today, as leading business men, lawyers, farmers, doctors, bankers and followers of other occupations in the pursuit of splendid citizenship, these hundreds saved, stand as a great

monument to the man who said "THERE ARE NO BAD BOYS."

JAMES P. COOK, THE BOY'S FRIEND

Mecklenburg Times

The boys of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and other counties, and especially the boys who have few real friends, have lost a friend who was a friend indeed. He was James P. Cook, father and head of the Stonewall Jackson Training and Industrial School located between Charlotte and Concord.

He loved the boys whom few others loved, the boys who had gone astray and had no one to guide them except the police and the hand of the law. They were nearest his heart, and he had a large and tender heart, and he wanted to take them into his care and train their hands, minds and hearts so that they may become honored and useful citizens. And he did make citizens out of hundreds of those who were known as "bad boys."

And though Mr. Cook is dead, he has with devoted and affective work, built for himself a monument that will stand through the years and he will not be forgotten.

A LEADER GONE ON

Marshville Home

James P. Cook, founder of the Jackson Training School, died suddenly at his home near Concord last Thursday night. He was 65 years old. Mr. Cook was an excellent citizen and for the past number of years had edited The Uplift, a weekly magazine published in the interest of the institution which was so near his heart. While Mr. Cook was known as a political and religious leader, he was best known as the active head of the training school, the State institution for wayward boys. He served continuously as chairman of the board of trustees from 1907 and nine of the sixteen cottage homes at the school represent his personal efforts. Born in Mount Pleasant on January 12, 1863, a son of Matthew and Mary Costner Cook, James P. Cook attended public schools of the county and then entered the old North Carolina college at Mt. Pleasant. He served for several years as superintendent of public instruction for Cabarrus and was a member of the Lutheran synodical board, instrumental in enlarging Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute several years ago.

PROMINENT CITIZEN PASSES

Chatham Record

One of the most lovable and most useful men of the State is dead, J. P. Cook, of Concord. But he has left a monument in the Training School for boys. Those who have read the Uplift, whether they knew Mr. Cook personally or not, could not have failed to be impressed by the benevolence of his spirit and the evidence of a fine mind and staunch character. It will be difficult to find a man who can succeed him as editor of the Uplift, while the "bad" boys who gather at the Training school will scarcely ever have another so good a friend.

THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAMS — EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY AND LOVE WERE RECEIVED FROM ADMIRERS AND FRIENDS OF MR. COOK THROUGHOUT THE STATE:

Salisbury, N. C.

Love and sympathy from the Relief Circle of Kings' Daughters.

Asheboro, N. C.

You have my sympathy in your great bereavement.

R. R. Ross.

Raleigh, N. C.

Sincere sympathy and loving thought in your great sorrow.

St. Lukes' Circle,
Kings' Daughters.

Greenville, N. C.

With love and deepest sympathy in your great bereavement.

Hortense F. Moye.
Pres. N. C. Branch, Kings' Daughters.

Durham, N. C.

You have our deepest sympathy in this sad hour.

W. E. Stanley and Staff.
Welfare Department.

Wilmington, N. C.

The Whatsoever Circle, of Wilmington, extends to you their heartfelt sympathy in your loss.

Mrs. Shoemaker, President.

Southport, N. C.

In your great sorrow you have my heartfelt sympathy.

Maggie Wescott.
Pres. Endeavor Circle, Kings' Daughters.

Charlotte, N. C.

Our love and heartfelt sympathy to you in your sad bereavement.

The Charlotte Circle,
Kings' Daughters.

Burlington, N. C.

Expressing our great grief. Love and tender sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Morrow.

Greensboro, N. C.

Your loss is our loss. We grieve with you in your great sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam I. Parker.

Morganton, N. C.

Deeply grieved by news of my friend's death. Sincere sympathy.

Beatrice Cobb.
Editor Morganton News-Herald.

Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. Folk joins me in expressions of deepest sympathy.

Alexander Webb.

Salisbury, N. C.

Deepest sympathy and love from each one of us.

In His Name Circle,
Kings' Daughters.

Durham, N. C.

Accept our sympathy in your great sorrow.

Madames Baldwin, White and Steiner.
The Kings' Daughters.

Raleigh, N. C.

The Corporation Commission joins me in expressing sympathy in your bereavement.

R. O. Self.

Shelby, N. C.

Sympathize deeply with you in the loss of your distinguished husband. The whole State will miss him.

O. Max Gardner.

Durham, N. C.

We have heard with profound sorrow of the death of your distinguished husband, and hasten to express our sympathy. Mr. Cook has rendered a lasting service to his generation in quickening the public's sense of responsibility to unfortunate members of society, and his memory will be held in growing esteem by the beneficiaries of his good work.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Everett.

Statesville, N. C.

My heartfelt sympathy. A multitude of friends and the State share your loss.

R. R. Clark.

Monroe, N. C.

Gertie and myself express sincerest love and sympathy. Sorry impossible for us to come.

J. D. Harte,
Pastor Baptist Church.

Raleigh, N. C.

My wife joins me in sincere and deep sympathy. I had long entertained affectionate regard for your husband, who rendered the State valued service.

Josephus Daniels.

Rockingham, N. C.

The members of the Silver Cross Circle of Kings' Daughters, Rockingham, feel that they have lost a friend and wish to assure you of their deepest sympathy in your great sorrow.

Easdale Shaw.
Lucy P. Russel.
Amie Lowdermilk.

Greensboro, N. C.

Please accept my sincere sympathy and that of the press of North Carolina in your dark hour of bereavement. The fourth estate has lost a

wise and trusted leader; the publishers, a true and loyal friend. We all loved Mr. Cook and our hearts are bowed down at his passing.

A. L. Stockton, Pres.,
N. C. Press Association.

Greensboro, N. C.

With great sorrow I hear of the passing of your distinguished husband. The State has lost one of its most valuable public servants. In this, your darkest hour, I wish you to know of my sincerest sympathy.

J. E. Latham.

Salisbury, N. C.

The death of your distinguished and beloved husband brings sorrow to my heart. We have been so long friends and working on the same lines, the care of the wayward boy. He gave his life to that cause. I send you my warmest love and deepest sympathy. May God bless and comfort you.

A. H. Boyden.

Greensboro, N. C.

The Greensboro News extends most heartfelt sympathy to you in the loss of your husband. He has contributed much to North Carolina, and we are consoled by the fact that the Stonewall Jackson Training School in which he was so interested, can carry forward on account of his great sympathy and interest in the unfortunate boys of North Carolina.

Greensboro Daily News.

Salisbury, N. C.

Have heard the sad news with deep sorrow. Mr. Cook was a constructive Christian character and his life was spent to great and lasting good. He served faithfully and well, and the State and the cause of Christian manhood have been advanced greatly. My wife and I extend heartfelt sympathy, and pray God's blessing at this time.

J. F. Hurley.

Raleigh, N. C.

Upon my return here tonight, I received the distressing news of your husband's death. I hasten to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy in your great bereavement. In Col. Cook's death, the state has lost a splendid citizen who has made an enviable record of useful and constructive service. I regret that an important engagement in Snow Hill tomorrow renders it impossible for me to attend funeral.

A. W. McLean.

"The big man at the last is the man who takes an idea and makes of it a genuine success—the man who brings the ship into port."

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM A NUMBER OF MR. COOK'S MANY FRIENDS:

Charlotte, N. C.

In my work for the Jackson Training School I had learned to know Mr. Cook well, and to know him was to love him.

Sincerely,

Louis H. Asbury.

Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Cook was one of my ideals of a benefactor of mankind. His great work will continue to grow as time passes. He was truly a Christian gentleman.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. Shelton.

Morganton, N. C.

The Stonewall Jackson School is his monument and I am glad the State as a whole has recognized his great service. I am mindful of all that, but most of all I remember that he was my friend.

Most sincerely,

Beatrice Cobb.
Editor Morganton News-Herald.

Wilmington, N.C.

Every one that knew Mr. Cook loved and admired him. And the Kings' Daughters of North Carolina have lost a great friend. But to show our love and respect to him we must help carry on the work at the Training School which he had done so much for.

Your friend,

Mrs. C. J. Kelloway.

Raleigh, N. C.

I was shocked to hear of the death of my old friend, Mr. James P. Cook. He did a wonderful work for God and humanity in this State.

May a kind Providence sustain you in this loss, not only to yourself, but to the entire State.

Sincerely,

Heriot Clarkson.

Salisbury, N. C.

We all knew Kiwanian Cook and of course to know him was to love him, so we feel that we share in the loss that will be felt by his family, the City of Concord, the State of North Carolina and most especially that fine Institution, the Jackson Training School.

Words are almost useless to express the feelings that come from the heart, so we will ask that you please count us among those who also want to pay tribute to a man who was a real Kiwanian many years before the Kiwanis Club was started.

Sincerely,

J. O. Craig, Secretary,
Salisbury Kiwanis Club.

New Bern, N. C.

I have known Senator Cook for many, many years. I never knew a more correct, sincere or dependable man in my life nor do I delieve we had any more useful man in the State. He was entirely sincere, patriotic and capable and knew how to make the world better and gave to the State a long and useful life. Many people will rise up and call him blessed.

Most of men do not create any new thing but he was an exception. He created the Jackson Training School which will do good all down the ages.

A. D. Ward.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Cook was one of the outstanding men of North Carolina. A man of highest personal character, splendid intellectual endowment, unselfish in his service to the public, and in fact a most upright man in every respect.

From the time I first entered public life I was pleased to regard him as one of my most valuable and intimate personal friends. I am greatly touched and grieved by his very sad and unexpected death.

With my best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

R. L. Daughton.

Statesville, N. C.

Mr. Cook has been all the days of my young manhood as a father or elder brother to me. I have never possessed a truer and more lovable companion and friend. He deserves to be and will be numbered among the immortal men of this earth, for though gone from among us, his services and his work shineth and speaketh forever. I am sad and lonely for his passing.

I am,

Sincerely Yours,

Zeb. V. Long.

Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. Charles E. Boger,
Concord, N. C.

Dear Mr. Boger:—

I want to thank you for sending me telegram about Mr. Cook's death and funeral. We are certainly going to miss him. He started a fine piece of work at the Boys' Training School, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for this piece of work.

I am sorry I could not get to the funeral, but was tied up here so that it was impossible for me to leave at that time.

Yours sincerely,

E. P. Wharton.

Mooresville, N. C.

To The Uplift:—

Am sending you the small tribute to Mr. Cook. I did not go into many details of our association, but merely touched the high spots for the public. No one will or can realize the loss to me personally and to the State at large in the passing of this

noble man. He gave me my first opportunity to develop and his friendship was constant through all these years.

With kindest regards to all, I am truly,

H. P. Deaton.

Dallas, N. C.

Mrs. James P. Cook,
Concord, N. C.

Dear Cousin:—

I have this morning read of the calamity of the death of your worthy husband and my greatly esteemed cousin. In a way he was the product of Dallas and a man that would be an eminent credit to any community in which he might choose to live. I am eighty years old, and have seen some of the world and have never seen a more worthy man. I count myself fortunate to be acquainted with such a man and tried to pattern—though much older, the many virtues of Cousin Cook. It seems strange that the good Lord called him to come higher—when he was so great an example and needed worker among his fellowman. In your bevearement, accept my deepest sympathy and console yourself with the certain hope that he enjoys all the good things prepared by the good Father in Heaven.

Most sincerely yours,
L. W. Hoffman.

Charlotte, N. C.

My dear Mrs. Cook:—

I take this opportunity of expressing my admiration for Mr. Cook.

As you know, from 1907 until 1915, when the institutionn became firmly established in the affections of the people of North Carolina, largely through Mr. Cook's unselfish and untiring efforts, he and I attended every Legislature together at some time during its sessions to prevent constant threats of cutting down of appropriation. At these various times I came to understand as never before how completely his heart and soul were wrapped up in the success of the school.

In an article which I am having written for the press on another subject, I am making the statement that there is no better school of its kind in the United States. This I believe to be true, and no one who would be fair to your husband's memory, could deny that while there were many other noble people who gave unselfishly of their money and effort, Mr. Cook was the main directing force in the expansion of this great work.

My wife joins me in expressing the hope that you are bearing up well and are sustained by the comforts of our holy religion.

Very respectfully yours,
E. R. Preston.

Philadelphia, Pa.
Mar. 21, 1928.

Hon. James P. Cook,
% Jackson Training School,
Concord, N. C.

My dear Mr. Cook:—

I have just noted the fact that "The Uplift" is now a weekly journal. It is certainly a most commendable enterprise connected with a worthy institution, The Stonewall Jackson Training School.

It has been quite a few years since it has been my privilege with you to visit this school in its early beginnings. I was interested in it then and I follow its development through The Uplift with special pleasure. It is certainly from an educational and an industrial point of view a splendid thing for the boys in the School, to have the opportunity to print and publish such a periodical. Your material is also always of a superior character and is in itself a wholesome and elevating influence among the students. Of this I am very sure.

I recall also with great pleasure my opportunity to have been the guest in your home and to get at first hand information concerning the growing and the gathering of cotton. It served as an opportunity for me to pass on some of the things which you told me, and which I learned by observation, to the readers of Lutheran Young Folks.

Indirectly I have also learned of the splendid new church that you are now erecting. You have my best wishes and please accept my own personal greetings and congratulations to yourself, to The Uplift and my kindest regards to Mrs. Cook.

Yours cordially,

W. L. Hunton.

(NOTE—This letter was received after the passing of Mr. Cook; from Dr. Hunton, editor of "Lutheran Young Folks," a magazine published in Philadelphia.)

THIS LETTER WAS FOUND IN MR. COOK'S POCKET.

Long Beach, Calif.
October 14, 1927.

Dear Jim Cook:—

I have recently returned from a long trip which encircled the continent—eleven thousand nine hundred and sixty-one miles—from Maine to Oregon—through the South; through New England; going to Boston—hitting the high places and some of the low places in the flood swept district of the South—but turning up here and today am making arrangements to make another thousand mile trip—going to San Francisco for ten days. Business calls me there.

But, I read in your paper the proposition that I was "on the way" —and you expected to shake my hand.

Let me tell you my dear boy that I stopped in Concord—I passed your wonderful group of buildings known as the Stonewall Jackson Training School—and was informed that you were out of the city. I was enroute to Charlotte where Clarence Keuster had staged a little dinner party for me—I could not tarry over the night —so in sadness we drove on and wondered why Plain Jim Cook did not materialize on the scene.

But he didn't. I never saw him. He never saw me. But we have seen each other! by God, and reverently it is spoken—we have—so let it go at that.

So that you cannot miss this. Kipling made it plain when he said:

Saul he went to look for donkeys,
and by God he found a kingdom!
But by God, who sent His whisper, I
had struck the worth of two!

And again I say, reverently, while we may have missed each other on this journey which I have taken—missed each other personally, the hand clasp was there—the joy of a meeting of old friends, of tried friends—although in physical form neither you nor I appeared. We shook hands, Jim, when I passed your magnificent array of buildings; buildings housing the kidlettes who are yet to be men and who only wandered half way astray—and your wonderful insight in wanting to build a home for the wayward Youth and not for the hardened criminal; your long fight for a better chance for the kid who did not know and who did not understand, came back to me as we rode past your realization of a magnificent dream with redoubled force, and I said to my innermost and subsconscious self: Jim Cook has builded better than he knew—Jim Cook's name is forever and indelibly stamped on the the pages of North Carolina and the World's history—as a man who cared and a man who dared to do.

We will shake hands again, some time, Jim—perhaps beyond this mist and daze—but when we do, we will recall what we tried to do and will be glad of it.

Yours in the Faith,

Col. Al Fairbrother.

"Men are rich only as they give. He who gives great services gets great returns. Action and reaction are equal, and the radiiatory power of planets balances their attraction. The love you keep is the love you give away."

JIM COOK IS DEAD

By C. W. Hunt, in Mecklenburg Times.

I have lost one of the best friends I ever had, and when James P. Cook, chairman of the board of trustees of The Jackson Training School, Concord, passed out, his work so well done, finished, the school, the church and the State lost a valued citizen. And the saddest part of it all is he went so suddenly, with no time to tell any of us how it was, but as he lived, the high born, high bred, loving man he was, so he died, and all is well.

It is not given to many men to dream a great State dream and live to see that dream come true; and it came true because he had faith in humanity and preached a new day for boys with a poor show. His work to begin with was uphill for some years, but difficulties only made him the stronger, and he made men catch the enthusiasm he had, and caused men to see the light he saw, and come to his aid until the great State caught the light and began the real work of making such a place as Jim Cook had dreamed was possible.

When he first began his main dependence was the Kings' Daughters, and private subscriptions. Then he got out and interested county commissioners and leading citizens that the thing for them to do was to build a cottage to take care of thirty boys, so that the boys falling by the wayside from their own counties might always have a place of shelter, a home and an education. A chance to be men.

I first met Jim Cook away back when he edited The Standard, at Concord, nearly forty years ago, and since that time he has been my friend, and it has been my pleasure since the beginning of the publication of The Uplift, to contribute some of my musing to its columns; and it was only a few weeks ago he published a reminiscence from me and made pleasant mention of it editorially, and in the humorous vein he used with very few who wrote for him. As I understand he edited The Uplift without pay, and was liberal is his appreciation of those of his friends that helped in the work of love; for it was purely a work of love. That little magazine, is read and appreciated by a large circle of substantial citizens who take little part outwardly in either civic, church or state work; and it was at Christmas time that these made themselves manifest, when Jim Cook called for Christmas for boys away from home and parents, that these men showed their appreciation of its Editor, James P. Cook, in a response out of all proportion to what might be expected; and to show a still deeper appreciation the amount grew larger with the years. All for the reason he was the head of the institution, that was the culmination of the wonderful dream he had dreamed.

All too often men of ability sit and opine that things are as they are. But Jim Cook had a vision and Providence had so situated him that he had the time and limited means to go about such a work, and which he carried to such a completion

as to have even surprised him in his most optimistic moments. And another thing that interests me and all men reaching the age I have, is the fact that all this was done after he was fifty years old, approximately. He took the high ground that there were no bad boys, naturally bad; but that they were the creatures of circumstance, creatures of environment; that with proper environment all boys would make men worth while. Men laughed at Jim Cook for his optimism, but he was eternally right and proved it over and over again, thus bringing to his help men of all stations of life. And why? Because a man with a vision showed them that prison is no place for a boy of tender years. I am told his awakening came by accidently dropping into a court room, and there saw a boy sentenced to live with hardened criminals.

I am wondering who can fill his place and have the backing Jim Cook had? I am wondering too, who will prepare the matter and write the editorials for The Uplift? The printing office is well organized and will work right on. I know it will go easily. If physically able, his splendid widow, Mrs. Cook has the ability to carry on. Let us hope she will. And I am sure all who ever helped in this work of love would take even a keener interest for her sake.

It was my privilege to attend the funeral and drop a tear at the bier of him whom I loved in this life. The great loads of floral tributes spoke as words do not of the love men and women held for James P. Cook. I felt and appreciated the appropriateness that a great crowd of boys could form a semi-circle around the plot as his body sunk to rest in mother earth. Such a crowd of representative people! How I wish he could have seen what men thought of him in death! We have placed his body in the gorund, but his work has just begun! The civic righteousness he set in motion here can be measured only by ETERNITY.

HERE FOR COOK FUNERAL

(Concord Daily Tribune.)

Quite a number of prominent people from various sections of the State were here Saturday for the funeral of James P. Cook. The services were held at 11 o'clock and interment in Oakwood cemetery.

Among the out-of-town people here were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hurley, Col. A. H. Boyden, Mrs. R. V. Brawley, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cook, of Salisbury; Solicitor Zeb V. Long and R. R. Clark, of Statesville; Dr. C. A. Misenheimer, Rev. Mr. Creigler, V. J. Guthrie and B. L. Baker, of Charlotte; J. D. Bivens and A. C. Honeycutt, of Albemarle; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Deaton, of Mooresville; Will Parker, of Charlotte; S. I. Parker, of Greensboro; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boger and family, of Newton; Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Boger, of Albemarle; A.

L. Brown and J. L. Boger, of Kannapolis; Mr. and Mrs. John Rutledge, of Kannapolis; Dr. J. L. Morgan, of Salisbury, President of the North Carolina Lutheran Synod; J. B. Robertson, of Chapel Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Norfleet and family, of Norfolk, and Will Alexander, of Charlotte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hunt, of Charlotte; Rev. Charles A. Phillips, of Mooresville; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman, of Mooresville; Herman Cone, of Greensboro; Paul Whitlock and Mr. and Mrs. Charley Parker, of Charlotte.

Mr. Cone and Mr. Whiltlock are members of the board of trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and they attended the services with D. B. Coltrane, of Concord, also a member of the board, and C. E. Boger, superintendent of the school.

L'ENVOI

By Rudyard Kipling.

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried.
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an eon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-leauge canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a setting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Things as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp 364

THE UPLIFT

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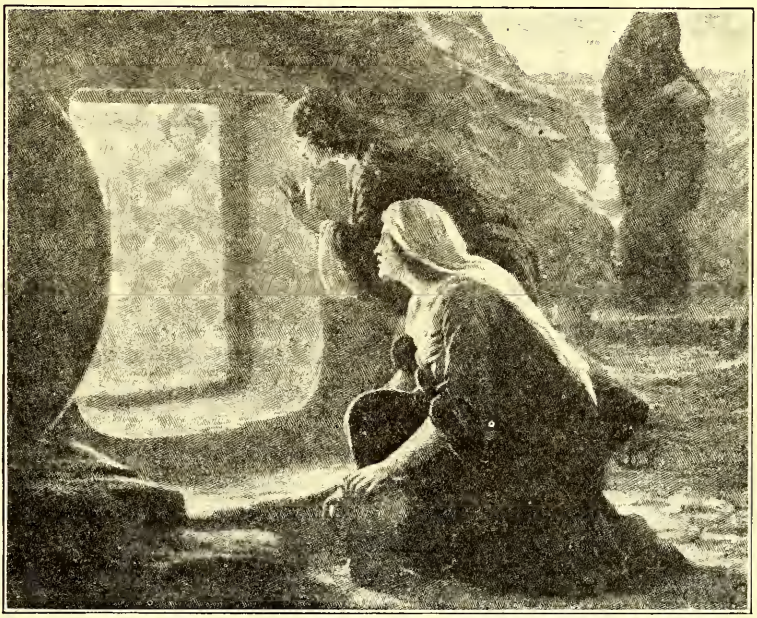

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who died once, upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffered to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

"CHRIST IS RISEN."

"Once a year, we are told, an impressive scene occurs at the famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The time is Easter morning just before dawn. The church has been dark since Friday to remind one of the death of Christ and His sojourn in the grave. Now the dark church is filled with silent worshipers, all with unlighted torches. The street outside is full also. There is not light; not a sound. It is as if the darkness of a lost world without Christ was there. Then suddenly out of the sepulchre the archbishop comes with a lighted torch, saying, "Christ is risen." Torch after torch is lighted from that of the archbishop, and then each torchbearer kindles the light of others, repeating, "Christ is risen." Then the people stream out into the street bearing their lighted torches and lighting others and others until throughout every street of the dark city torches are moving and voices are repeating the glad words, "He is risen."

To every one of us whose torch has been lighted, lies the duty to light the torch of some one else, teaching that "Christ is risen" and that He lives today. Thousands of people whose torches are unlighted are walking the streets today in darkness."

Remember, if we light just one torch, the world will be made stronger for Christ. That is our privilege, because we are intended as a guide for the blind and a light to them in darkness. Living on this side of Calvary we see how wisely God has planned for us. "And if Christ be

not risen, then is our preaching in vain, and your faith is also vain.''

The only way to immortality is in losing oneself in the effort to make righteousness prevail in the world. If a broken thread is detected let us not halt even to mark time, but in the faith most especially preached at this blessed resurrection season endeavor to live for the enrichment of other souls—the way to salvation is through the empty tomb.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

EDUCATING THE PARENTS.

''Dr. Ernest R. Groves, research professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina, went up to the national capital recently and, in an address to the Congress of Parent-Teacher Associations there, laid down five ''don'ts'' for perplexed fathers and mothers which, if obeyed throughout the country, will work a miracle of mercy and guidance for our flaming youth.

''Don't,'' says Dr. Groves to the parents, ''try to take your children out of life or protect them from life. They have to live in 1928 and 1938, not in the '90's or '80's.

''Don't train them negatively. Don't say 'Now if I can only keep them from doing certain particular things, they'll be wholesome and normal.' It's what they do, not what they don't do, that is important.

''Don't forget that sooner or later your children will do as they want to do. Remember, we are at the mercy of our desires, if our desires are unwise; train your children so that their desires will be right desires.

''Don't try to make their training fit the standards of 1928 or any other time. Try to build in them abiding qualities which will permit them to adapt themselves to new circumstances.

''Don't let them get the idea that values have been lost from modern life, that nothing is safe or secure; that morality has been thrown overboard and every man is his own master.''

In those brief paragraphs are the law and the gospel by which boys and girls can be so formed and strengthened for the battle of life that they will put up winning fights. Parents are apt to forget that the youth of today must learn life in order to deal with life; that they can not give a good account of themselves if they are shielded from the facts of daily existence until the time comes for them to stand on their own feet.

Parents complain that the children are rebellious, out of hand and too forward. But the children instinctively feel the truth of the situation, which is that, if they do not cultivate self-reliance and form the habit

of thinking for themselves, they will be tragically handicapped when they can no longer rely upon the shelter of the home. The parents' job is to help the children equip themselves to meet the new conditions, not to weaken and stultify them by trying to hold them in ignorance and in an an "innocence" which is, in reality, helplessness before the assaults of temptation."

In discussing the morale of the many boys at some time, and the homes from which they came, the great lover of the wayward youths, J. P. Cook, has been heard many times to remark, "how blessed it would be if there were a Training School for parents, yes, I feel sure there would not be such a demand in North Carolina for the Jackson Training School." A parent has compromised himself or herself in the sight of a child to say "don't" and at the same time feel licensed to "do" the very thing that was forbidden. It is the sweet picture of home and the still small voice that makes strong the weak and gives courage to those of the adolescent age when temptations seem strongest. There is a store of subconscious influence learned at the mother's knee that will serve one well when the very human soul seems to be rent asunder, and one is all but yielding to the influence of this jazzy world.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A NEW GAME.

As nearly everyone knows, the Jackson Training School boys have hosts of friends throughout the state, who have the welfare of the boys at heart and are constantly on the lookout for opportunities to make them happy.

It has been said that "in the Spring, a young man's fancy fondly turns to thoughts of love," and we are not questioning the validity of the assertion, though we can see no reason why the other three seasons should be closed to the amorous young swain. We do know, however, that with the coming of Spring in all its beauty and splendor, every real, hundred per cent, red-blooded American boy feels the call of the great outdoors, and his thoughts just naturally turn to some form of outdoor recreation, and the Training School boy is no exception, when it comes to playing a game of any kind.

On one of those balmy Spring days we have been enjoying recently, there gathered down in our neighboring city of Charlotte, a group of business men—big-hearted, public spirited citizens—who, recalling their marble-shooting, kite-flying, ball playing days, decided to promote something new in the way of sports at the Training School. After discussing various

games, they reached the conclusion that a big game was needed, one in which from 50 to 75 boys on each side could participate at the same time.

This group of men, headed by Messrs. V. J. Gutherey and B. L. Baker, promptly "dug down" and $250, the purchase price of a huge push ball was almost immediately forthcoming.

We don't know much about this new game, but we do know that is is a "whale" of a ball, being twelve feet in diameter, and will furnish amusement and recreation for a large number of boys, who would otherwise have to sit on the side lines and watch just a few of their companions at play.

This most kind and generous act on the part of our Charlotte friends is greatly appreciated, both by our 500 boys and the officials of the institution and should they visit the school at some future time and see how the youngsters enjoy this game, we are sure they would feel amply repaid

A full list of these fine fellows who have helped solve a great problem of additional recreational activity for the Summer will be published in full in a later edition of The Uplift.

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THE D. A. R. CONFERENCE

The Twenty-Eighth Annual Conference of the D. A. D's held in Raleigh of last week is now counted as an event of the past; but many interested readers kept in touch with the activities, as well as the spirit of these patriotic women while in session.

Many discussions were entered into that possibly seemed to need the attention of these patriotic women, and we commend them for their interest in the betterment of citizenship, but in diagnosing any case one should keep in mind a remedy. The Uplift suggests that the greatest American institution is the home, the corner stone of civilization every where, and it is largely the responsibility of woman to teach by precept and example such qualities—religion, brotherly love, honor, thrift and a modest life, so that the home fires may be kept burning brightly. When these very essentials of strong character are acquired by the children in the home they are well prepared to resist the temptations of this jazz-merry world.

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THE REAL "BILL" SPEAKS AGAIN

There is one among our many friends who is greatly interested in the boys. This friend is rather a quite sort of chap, who has a habit of mak-

ing unannounced visits to the school and bestowing some favor when least expected.

On several occasions in the past, he has left copies of high class literature for each of our family of nearly 500 boys. Something, which if carefully studied, will be a source of great benefit to them when they again take their places in society.

Our friend "Bill" has again spoken, not in words, (for as has been previously stated, "Bill" is a quiet chap) but in deed. Out of the many fine things he could have done for the welfare of the boys at the School, he selected one that the officials have often wished could be done. This time he provides Bibles, one to be presented to each boy upon being paroled from the institution.

Following his example, is it too much to hope that some friend or friends will provide a Bible for each boy now at the School?

We are truly indebted to our friend William Barnhardt and once more we tender our sincere thanks and appreciation, through the columns of The Uplift.

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SOUHTPORT, N. C.

We all know that Southport is a barbor of safe refuge for those who sail the high seas; and we who have mingled with Southport's good people realize that not a finer people exist elsewhere.

Some of the people who for many generations have done nothing but "throw out the life line" to those in distress are just naturally a brave, sympathetic and hospitable people, therefore, we feel safe in saying that when "The Ara," the palatial yacht, of William K. Vanderbilt, with the distinguished owner, and other guest on board, landed in Southport one day of last week he received a welcome that perhaps was informal, but genuine.

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A CANADIAN D. A. R.

Once upon a time..... No, this isn't a fairy story. It really happened during the D. A. R., convention here last week. A young lady from Kinston, aristocratic and beautiful, was visiting our store and Mr. Partin managed to engage her in conversation: "You're from Kinston, you say?" "Yes!" "Are you a D. A. R.?" No!" she replied; "I'm sorry, but I'm a Canadian." There's a compliment somewhere—but where?—News & Observer.

The above clipping brings to mind an incident that occured in Charles-

ton, S. C., during the General Convention of the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons.

The King's Daughters in Charleston are legion, and during this Convention, of 1924, delegates assembled from all of the states including delegates from Canada. The Charleston King's Daughters, like all Charlestonians, proved royal entertainers. One outstanding guest at this 1924 Convention was Miss Annie Brown, president of Canadian Branch of King's Daughters, of Toronto Canada.

At an informal reception, one of the many courtesies tendered the King's Daughters, some lady introduced Miss Brown as Regent of Canadian D. A. R's.

Miss Brown, who was overcome with mirth, accepted the introduction in good faith, and remarked as she blushingly passed down the receiving line, "I surely feel that I am in the hands of my friends."

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The following telegram was inadvertently left out of the last issue. On account of the very high esteem held for Mr. Cook by its sender and the very close relationship existing during his busy life, we are running same in this issue.

> "Wire received. It is a great shock. Express my deepest sympathy to Mrs. Cook. Am sorry I cannot get to funeral, the State has lost a great and good man and I have lost one of my best friends."

B. R. Lacy.

RESOLUTION IN MEMORY OF JAMES P. COOK

Whereas, in the death of Brother James P. Cook, the members of this club know that they have lost a true friend, one who always had the interest of the Kiwanis Club at heart, and one who ever worked for its advancement and improvement. He was always deeply interested in carrying out the motto of this organization "We Build," and the practicing of the Golden Rule. Civic activities and movements was his second nature, and he always lent a hand for any upbuilding of this City, County and State. He attended regularly all meetings of the club and was always ready to contribute to the entertainment and edification of its members, and

WHEREAS, we feel that his place as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training and Industrial School, and as editor of The Uplift, will be difficult to fill. His work was of the constructive character, and his life in his later years was in demonstration of the fact that the boys who were sent to the school were of a salvable character. He worked with this single aim in view, and that he demonstrated that he was right is evidenced by the highly satisfactory results attained by the institution and

WHEREAS, Mr. Cook was an onward-looking editor, a live legislator and a progressive educator, but his chief work was the making of men out of boys whose lives had been threatened with shipwreck, and whose feet were set upon a rock. What this faith and vision amounted to can be seen in the lives of young men who have emerged from this institution to take their places beside men who are doing things making the world better for having lived in it.

Therefore, be it resolved by the Concord Kiwanis Cllub:

First—That the Kiwanis Club of Concord has lost a valuable and active member; that the City, County and State has lost a public servant, whose benefactors will reap the harvest from the works planted by Brother Cook.

Second—That that to his widow, who was indeed his helpmeet, and who was so thoroughly sympathetic with his work, we extend our deepest sympathy.

Third—That a page of the minutes of this club be dedicated to his memory, that a copy of this Resolution be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, that a copy be sent to the widow and that a copy be published in The Uplift and the Concord Daily Tribune.

John Sherrill.
Fred Youngblood.
Albert Palmer.

If you do not wish His kingdom to come, do not pray for it; but if you do wish for it, you must do more than pray for it—you must work for it.
—John Ruskin.

WITH LOVING APPRECIATION OF OUR BELOVED JAMES P. COOK, FATHER AND FOUNDER OF JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

We feel keenly, the untimely taking away of this grand old man and public benefactor. "His glory was in redressing human wrong."

And in the fine fibres and deep fires of this nature were inter-woven those qualities of liberal heartedness and courage to meet every obstacle with the fortitude of a Spartan.

He sought not the high places of the rich. His hand was ever reaching downward to lift the discouraged to a higher plane.

His kindness to the poor was unconquerable.

He had every quality that is essential to the happiness of mankind. We have lost him, he is gone.

And now we earnestly invoke the high Ruler that his mantle fall on some consecrated man, or woman, who will wear it honorably for the upbuilding of this, his sacred idyl.

Reverencing and cherishing it ever as expression of the trail he, as a pioneer, blazed for the youth of North Carolina.

King's Daughters' Circle,
Jackson Training School.

In 1811 George Peabody, then a poor boy, attempted to travel barefooted from Baltimore to Washington. But walking in the crystallized sand cut his feet and they began to bleed. He came to an humble house containing four rooms, at which he stopped and asked for water to bathe his feet. The host, an old man, became sympathetic and interested and suggested to his son that he give this stranger a pair of shoes and the young man gave him his best. Peabody said: "Give me your name and place a price on the shoes and when I earn money I will send." The young man replied: "Do not ask my name, do not tell me yours keep the shoes, I want the privilege of entertaining a stranger." Years passed, he who played the host became steeped in poverty, while he who had been the guest had become a millionaire and philanthropist. His benefactor had moved and he had been unable to locate him.

One day Mr. Peabody discovered that his friend was in New London, Conn., eking out an existence, waiting on fishermen. He took those shoes, which he had kept, secured gold coins of largest denomination minted and packed them full, wrapped them in bank notes of equally large denominations and sent them in a rough wooden box by special messenger to his friend. He was reminded that he had entertained an "angel unawares."—Selected.

FURTHER COMMENT ON MR. COOK'S DEATH

JAMES P. COOK

Albemarle Press

That man who spends his life in the uplifting of his fellow man may never know how much he has accomplished but he may be assured that when he has passed on they will rise up and call him blessed. James P. Cook worked with boys during his lifetime, and since he understood boys he was able to wield a powerful influence among men, because, in truth, men are nothing more than grown-up boys. He was successful in his work with groups of boys who had minds and a will of their own, and for that reason had to be guided along life's pathway with a loving but stern hand. A man who can work successfully with any group of boys deserves much praise, for it takes a number of distinctive qualities which are rarely found in any one man.

It is possible for a man to amass a fortune in many lines of business. He may build tremendous factories, lay out and develop cities, throw huge spans of concrete and steel across roaring streams, he may lay miles of rails over which long strings of cars thunder each hour, and yet he may fail to rear a son of whom he might justly be proud. Such a fact seems strange in a sense, and yet it is true. Builders of railroads, cities, an nations are needed, but in such a nation some one must build men of character who are to carry on the work which these builders have started. James P. Cook was doing just such work, and he was building the most valuable structure of all, Character.

JAMES P. COOK

Charity and Children

The death of Mr. J. P. Cook at his home in Concord recently, removes from the scenes of a life a fine citizen. The outstanding achievement of his busy life was the establishment of the Stonewall Jackson Training School to which he was deeply devoted and gave to it much of his time and interest. He was a good newspaper man and his work on The Uplift, the organ of the Training School, was particularly fine. He loved his friends and was loved by them. Mr. Cook is survived by his wife who was his helpmeet indeed and loyal to her husband in all his work. We extend to her our tenderest sympathy in her deep bereavement.

JAMES P. COOK

The Rutherfordton News

In the death of James P. Cook, of Concord, last week the State lost a valuable citizen. The writer has known Mr. Cook personally for a number of years. We learned long ago to love him. He was an educator and writer and friend to the young manhood of North Carolina.

He was the "father of Jackson Training School." He worked and

traveled for this good school at his own expense. He never gave up his labors until he saw his dream come true of "giving underprivileged boys a chance to make good."

Many in this section will recall his address at the Baptist church some years ago on a Sunday night in which he said: "It's a crime for small boys to loaf on the streets late at night." It was this speech that had much to do with Rutherford county erecting a cottage at Jackson Training School. Rutherford never made a better investment in her history than when she built this cottage.

In the language of the immortal Shakespeare, we might say: "The elements were so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, he was a man."

JAMES P. COOK PASSES

N. C. Christian Advocate

Suddenly at his home near home near Concord, N. C., last Thursday, March 22, James P. Cook answered the final call at the age of 65. He was the friend of the wayward boy. He was the leading spirit in the founding of the Jackson Training School and up to the hour of his death its unfailing and influential friend. His name will ever be linked with this great and constantly growing institution that gives the boy, who has started wrong or more accurately has been started wrong, a chance to make a man of himself. And it is succeeding admirably in its appointed task.

Mr. Cook has for a number of years edited The Uplift, a weekly periodical published by the Training School. It was a paper of unusual interest. The editor not only wrote interestingly upon a very wide range of topics, but he was a past master in making selections from other papers for his journal. A man was very stupid who did not look forward eagerly to the coming of The Uplift. His work as editor was highly appreciated in this office and his departure from earth comes as a personal loss.

AN ECHO FROM NEIGHBOR AND PASTOR

Atlanta, Ga., Mar. 28, 1928.

I have always honored Mr. Cook as a man of sterling worth, and especially for the great noble work he has accomplished at Stonewall Jackson School. How he loved those boys. If I were to write an extended appreciation of Mr. Cook's life work and friendship, I would say everything that has been said by the Reporters, by the Editors and by Governor A. W. McLean. None of them has said but the truth, and they have said it well.

I shall always cherish the memory of this good man, always refer with warranted pride that I not only knew, but was intimately associated with the founder and builder of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. I know that many are saying, "What will the Training School do without Mr. Cook?" This question will rise again and again. But the answer will be found in the fact that the spirit, the indominatable, presistent spirit of Mr. Cook, his intense love for those unfortunate boys of North Carolina is builded in the institu-

tion; and from those magnificent grounds and buildings his spirit and love will breathe forth, permeating the state, and that which he begun in faith and fostered through these years will live on forever.

Dr. C. P. MacLaughlin,
Former pastor of old St. James Lutheran Church, Concord.

AS A MAN THINKETH

Stanly News-Herald

The last issue of The Uplift edited by Col. J. P. Cook, who wrote '30'' on his last piece of copy Thursday evening, March 22nd, and went home and lay down to everlasting sleep carried on the front page the following, in black faced type:

''There is an old law, not made by man, which, if disobeyed by man, will bring its own punishment. ''As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'' Must we not realize that no man nor community of men may definitely harbor inharmony of mind, and not bring the inevitable results to pass in his own experience and that of others?''

We may claim that the old law is obsolete, but as surely as the world exists, ''As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,'' and as long as men exist and think, that law will remain as completely in force as when Adam allowed his charming helpmeet to persuade him to partake of that bad apple on the fateful day away back when the world was new.

LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND

Charlotte, N. C., Mar. 6, 1928
506 N. Graham, St.

Mr. James P. Cook,
Concord, N. C.

Dear Friend:—

Hope I am right in addressing you that way. Have begun to wonder what has become of you. I used to always anticipate your trips on my train, and am saving you a seat any time you choose to come, which I hope will be soon.

I am making daily trips Charlotte-Taylorsville, and have better trains and better schedules, but few passengers. Good roads and automobiles have taken them away from us.

No special news—just felt like I wanted to say something to my friend —think of you if do not see you.

Your friend,
Claude S. Morrison.

''Am saving you a seat any time you choose to come, which I hope will be soon.'' Health did not permit J. P. Cook to accept the seat on the train of this veteran conductor, but the letter was read with much appreciation and with an anticipation of some day meeting his old friend.

The final call came, ''am saving you a seat,'' on the evening of March 22nd, and without a murmur, or hesitation his soul took its flight.

THE GIVING OF THE ONE TENTH

By C. W. Hunt

Do you tithe? If so, do you give one tenth of the gross income, or the one tenth of the net income? If you had no net income, it requiring all you made to pay expenses, would you be required to give anything? Which is the proper basis, the net or the gross? Is there a difference between what a merchant or manufacturer takes in, gross, and that of the man who is hired and receives a salary? Should the man who gets a salary take one dollar out of each ten for God, or should he pay the living expenses and then tithe? Should the manufacturer figure his gross income and tithe it or should he sift out to the net and then tithe? A mooted question, but many of those who have tithed have been wonderfully blessed, yet I am firmly of the opinion that if a man went to tithing expecting, and for the sake of being prosperous, he would never get anywhere. I do not believe God would prosper a man who wanted prosperity because he was giving. It is a very large subject. If interested one should get some literature on the subject and give it a thorough reading and decide what the basis of the tithe is.

I suppose all who read this will be able to recall that the thing of tithing, taking out the tenth for God, came to us through the Bible as God was dealing with Israel. That was a law of Moses, rather God's law given through Moses, when Israel was a pastoral people, and referred to the crops they grew and the cattle they raised: "Bring the tenth into the storehouses." It is a pity that great numbers of people could not have heard Dr. Percy R. Knickerbocker, Knoxville, Tenn., tell his experience; rather his observation of men whom he has brought to see the need of giving the tenth to God and to charity, when he was in Charlotte recently. He told of a banker friend, whom he had talked with and persuaded that it was his duty. He went at it, and he had a considerable income. He told Dr. Knickerbocker that one thing after another went good for him; that he had rented one house for $20,000 a year that has stood vacant for years. There are hundreds and hundreds of men known to those who study such and make it a study, who have been wonderfully blest. I know a man in Charlotte who has been wonderfully prosperous, and has in a few years accumulated a large fortune, who gives the tenth, and many charities get checks from him without the asking, never knowing that it is the tithe of this man. Mr. F. R. Cates, a member of Dr. W. W. Orr's Tabernacle church, Charlotte, organized a tithers club in that church, and I am told there is not a smoother working church in all the land, and that there is money for all needed charities and work. This man can help you, possibly, if you think you want to know more about it. But do not go at it for the sake of or expecting to make money, for money's sake. Whatever else you may think about the old Mosaic or Jewish law being binding on the church or its members today, here is one that has not failed to bring blessing when adhered to.

ALARM IN ARABIA.

(Baltimore Sun.)

Thrust like a huge wedge between Europe, Africa and Asia, the Arabian penninsula seems destined by its unique geographical position to be a source of trouble. Location within its borders of both Jerusalem and Mecca, shrines of world-wide and mutually hostile religions has long served to emphasize the natural difficulties of the area. So has the curious nature of the country, for the most part barren desert with fringes of fertile land along the seacoast and in the valleys of its great rivers, Jordon, Tigris and Euphrates.

From these waste places of Central Arabia, familiarized to many people by the writings of Doughty and Colonel Lawrence, tribal forces are again threatening warfare against the people of the civilized fringe. Such raids and invasions have gone on from time immemorial, and certainly were never checked under the nominal sovereignty exerted over this region by Turkey in times past. But in recent years, while the assumption by Great Britian and France of mandates over the richer and more civilzed periphery of Arabia, the nomad chieftian cannot go on the warpath as a matter of course. He has no longer merely the power of his neighbors to consider but also of distant European capitals.

Unrest among the Arabs under mandate, particularly against the French in Syria, has not yet been entirely smoothed away. But the present trouble is of a different nature. Independent chiefs plan an invasion of territory where Great Britain has, albeit very willingly, accepted responsibility for keeping order. And as a result it appears that the mandate system will show the mandatory power as active in protecting its wards as it has heretofore been accused of being active in exploiting them.

A man once dreamed that he was swept into the glory world, and he was delighted to think that he had made heaven at last. Then an angel came to him and said, "Come, I want to show you something." He took him to the battlements and said, "Look down yonder; what do you see?" "I see a very dark world." "Look and see if you know it." "Why, yes." he answered; "that is the world I came from." "What do you see?" "Why, men are blindfolded there; many of them are going over a precipice.' "Well, will you stay here and enjoy heaven, or will you go back to earth, and spend a little longer time, and tell those men about this world?" The man awoke from his sleep, and since then he has said, "I have never wished myself dead since."

—D. L. Moody.

AMERICANS WALK ROAD JESUS TROD

Many Americans took part in the devotional walk made today by hundreds of Christians, including delegates to the International Missionary council, along the six-mile road which Jesus Christ and his disciples traveled to Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday nearly 1900 years ago.

It was a curious gathering of humanity that streamed along the modern asphalt highway which covers what was a dusty road when trod by the Saviour and his followers. In addition to the Christian pilgrims were many quaint, old world Jews in velvet garbardins who were hurrying to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover.

Moslems Along

Christians and Jews alike rubbed elbows with Moslems from all over Palestine who are pouring into Jerusalem for their annual pilgrimage to the reputed tomb of Moses and festival of Nebi Musa.

At the head of this motley crowd starting out from Bethany, was a modern automobile which seemed strangely out of place.

Delegates to the International Missionary council participated in the pilgrimage under the leadership of Dr. McInnes, bishop of Jerusalem. Opening services were held on the hill overlooking the home of Martha and Mary, and short halts were made at various points of interest.

View Holy City

Passing the tomb of Lazarus, then by the road circling to the south end of the Mount of Olives, the marchers gained their first view of the holy city's ancient walls. Then the procession descended the Mount of Olives and passed through the Garden of Gethesemane. Here hymns were sung and scriptures read by Dr. McInnes. Finally the delegates entered the city across the Kidron valley.

It took nearly three hours for the main body of the crowd to reach Jerusalem although on ordinary occasions it can be reached by bus in 20 minutes. As the procession neared the holy city, other Christian bearing palms in imitation of the crowd who welcomed Jesus, came out to meet them.

The Conference's Official Announcement

By the courtesy of the Foreign Missions Conference of North Carolina America we are in receipt of a bulletin headed, **World Missionary Gathering at Jerusalem.** We quote its opening paragraphs as follows:

"This spring beginning March 24 and continuing for fifteen days, two hundred men and women, representing Christians of every nation and race, will assemble on the Mount of Olives, outside Jerusalem, for an enlarged meeting of the International Missionary Council. This council is the direct successor of the Continuation Committee of the World Missionary Conference held in Edinburgh in 1910.

Its membership has been enlarged for this third meeting by increasing the representatives from so-called mission fields, two-thirds of whom are to be nationals of the countries from which they come.

"The opening session will be held at 8:00 P. M., Saturday, March 24, and the closing session on the even-

ing of Easter Sunday, April 8. All regular or plenary sessions will be held in the German Sanatorium on the Mount of Olives. This splendid building is the property of the Auguste-Viktoria Institution, which has generously placed certain rooms at the service of the International Missionary Council for the purpose of its meeting. Arrangements have been made by which all members of the council will live together on the Mount of Olives throughout the fifteen days of the meeting. Special hotels or dormitories are being erected for this purpose. The delegates will have all meals in common in the dining room of the sanatorium.

"No mere western program to evangelize the world brings these leaders together. Synchronously, Christian leaders around the world have sensed a peculiar need at this time for international council. The declared purpose of this meeting is 'to gain help in regard to those needs which are felt to be deepest and most pressing in the hearts, lives and work' of articulate Christian groups around the world. In other words, the Jerusalem meeting promises to define afresh in terms acceptable to this generation and consistent with conditions and demands in every great geographical area is well as in every area of human relationship, the aim, character and scope of our foreign missionary enterprise.

"Among the subjects to be discussed are the following:

"(1) The Christian Life and Message Today.

"(2) Religious Education.

"(3) The Relation Between the Younger and Older Churches.

"(4) The Christian Mission in the Light of Race Conflict, Industrial Developments and Rural Needs.

"(5) International Co-operation.

"All these subjects require for their adequate treatment the contributions of all nations. Well-chosen groups in the different countries have been meeting for months in advance to discuss these subjects in order that the delegates to Jerusalem may come together stimulated and prepared for intelligent discussion by some of the keenest thinkers in all parts of the world."

Faith came singing into my room,
And other guests took flight;
Fear and Anxiety, Grief and Gloom
Sped out into the night.
I wondered that such peace could be,
But Faith said gently, "Don't you see,
They really cannot live without me?"

—Elizabeth Cheney.

EFFLUENCE AND AFFLUENCE.

(Lutheran Young Folks.)

"Influence is the effluence of our affluence." So said one of our scholarly and popular speakers before a Y. M. C. A., audience recently. The subject on which he spoke was, "The Overflow of Personality." As the words of that brief but significant utterance came flowing in over the radio I very naturally wondered what he meant: "Influence is the effluence of our affluence." He said something like this by way of explanation: "Effluence means an overflow, a pouring forth; and affluence means wealth, riches abundance. Hence influence is the overflow, the pouring forth of the wealth the abundance of personality."

How that definition of influence does help. We catch hints of meanings that were not apparent before.

In the first instance it does impress us with the necessity of enriching our personalities. There is a wealth that cannot be held in the hand, or flung across the shoulder in the form of gorgeous robes. It goes deeper than these. It deals with the very substance of the soul. It deposits its treasures in the heart. Its legal tender takes the shape of character. A rich personality and affluent personality, is a possibility and altogether worth while. It is a type of wealth that cannot be taken from us. The more of it we give away the more of it we have left.

It is hardly necessary to say that such an affluence will have its effluence and the result is an influence of the most potent character. Any one who is fortunate enough to possess a rich personality will make others rich; indeed, he cannot help enriching all with whom he comes into contact. This is not to be interpreted as meaning none others exert an influence. We have no choice as to whether we shall have our shadow fall on others or not, whether for evil or good. But all of us want to impress others for good. If we hope to live in the lives of our associates after we are gone it must be our prayer that this transmission of influence shall be on the side of godliness.

"The world will be redeemed; it is being redeemed. It is being redeemed by its enterprises, workers, inventors, toilers—the men and women who do the duty that lies nearest them."

COMING DOWN MY CREEK.

By Harry Stillwell Edwards.

This is the story of Hannah Bell, told in few words. It begins back in the last year of the great war between the States, when Hannah was eighteen; just the age of the boy she loved, handsome Jack Colley. Everybody called him that; or just Handsome Jack, for brevity.

Hannah was a proud, imperious, headstrong girl, with a temper beyond all control. It was freely predicted in the little town where Hannah lived, that she would lead her husband a wild life, and Handsome Jack was commiserated, when it became evident that she had marked him for her own.

But Handsome Jack had a temper, too, though he was a lovable nature, and a general favorite. So folks just sat back and waited for the conclusion of the romance. It came. There was a violent quarrel between the lovers, and Handsome Jack departed into the Confederate army in time to get himself badly wounded, before Appamattox. Nursed back to health by a little Vriginia girl in Petersburg, he came home, avoided Hannah, returned to Virginia, married his nurse and made his home there. He and Hannah never again met. He died early, followed soon after by his wife, and left one little girl baby. This child grew up, married, and one day found herself and her three year old boy, at White Sulphur Springs.

Now, Hannah Bell, unmarried, grew to old age, a sour, bitter malevolent woman. Her tongue was the scourge of her home town. People feared her as they would a plague, and hated her with a cordality almost enthusiastic. But Hannah held an impregnable position. She was rich; foolishly rich. She had managed her plantations with uncanny skill, and loaned money at eight per cent to less gifted people until she came near owning half the county. And on top of this, Fate ironically sent oil spouting up on certain Texas lands left by her father. Rich? She literally rolled in wealth.

So, while the home town cursed her for a venomous, spiteful, foul-tongued old woman, it did so beneath its breath, presenting a smiling face to her at all times. Many towns are that way in the presence of money.

I think that Hannah's home town did her an injustice from the start. No one therein considered the psychology of the woman in connection with her romance. They should have looked deeper. She was really in love with Handsome Jack to the extent, almost, of insanity. Had he afforded her opportunity, she would, in the end, have given herself to him with an abandon that meant slavery. It was the recoil of her great emotion that wrecked her, and found an outlet in hatred of those who hated her. For she had never for a moment been decevied. She knew the town hated her and rejoiced in her disaster. She became an enemy of her race, seldom leaving her old Colonial home. She drew back into its shadows, and spread her net like some piosonous old spider, to trap the unwary. And how she did trap them, in the years of their poverty and want!

But if Hannah Bell hated men and women, the hatred was as nothing compared to the loathing she felt for children. In all her long life her arms had never held a baby nor her hand rested on a curly head. Her own children had died within her; their ghosts had driven her almost to madness. Her silent anguish found relief in enmity to childhood and innocence; the more that these were beyond her power to assail. It was perversion of sex and motherhood and spiritual death.

Or it would have been spiritual death, but that the daughter of the little Virginia wife found herself at White Sulphur Springs, one summer and daily confronting a wretched old woman sent there on a last gamble for life. The woman, holding a gold-headed cane and wearing an ancient silk dress and lace cap, sat alone in her porch rocker, day after day. No one spoke to her; none knew her. She herself seemed to notice no one. Then, the little mother sat beside her, and proffered her friendship with all the grace and sweetness of long lines of gentle men and gentle ladies. She was met by a baleful stare, which disturbed her not, since she did not fathom it. Her soft voice flowed on in courteous phrases until her little boy toddled up and laid his hand on Hannah's knee. With a slight shudder the old woman drew back and then the eyes of boy and woman met. Slowly a smile dawned upon the little fellow's face and he raised his arms to be taken. As though drawn by an irresistable force the hands of the woman extended and the little fellow lifted to her lap. And still their eyes clung—the brown and blue. The aged, wrinkled lips quivered as she turned her face at last to the young mother; "Are you Jack Colley's daughter?" The question was the faintest of whispers: "Oh, no; Jack Colley—Handsome Jack, they called him, was my grandfather!" She smiled up happily over the memory. The eyes of the other were closed. The wrinkled face lifted.

People said that Harriet Newell's life was wasted when she gave it to mission, and then died and was buried far from home—bride, missionary, mother, saint, all in one short year—without even telling to one heathen woman or child the story of the Saviour. But was that lovely young life wasted? No; her name has been one of the strongest inspirations to missionary work and her influence has touched thousands of gentle women and strong men as the story of her consecration has been told. Had Harriet Newell lived a thousand years of quiet, sweet life at home she could not have done the work she did in one short year by giving her life, as it seemed, an unavailing sacrifice. She lost her life that she might save it. She died that she might live. She offered herself a living sacrifice that she might become useful.—J. R. Miller.

FIVE CENTS A DAY.

(New York Times.)

Expenditures for public schools, as reported by the Department of Commerce, seem large in the aggregate, but when they are reduced to the daily amount for each individual, even in the cities where the cost is relatively higher, the general average is less than five cents a day. At a price of a street-car fare these cities provide the instruction without which a republic can hardly hope to endure or a democracy to function. It might be reckoned as a form of insurance which a civilized nation maintains for its own collective protection. And it is of interest to note that what is spent yearly for this purpose is approximately what is paid yearly by individuals in life insurance premiums; for the total expenditure in 1924 for public elementary and secondary schools was 87.32 per cent of the amount paid for insurance in that same year, though in the state of New York it was only 64.23 per cent.

If five cents per capita per diem seems a small outlay even for so essential a purpose as paying what Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, President of the English Board of Education, called "the eternal debt of maturity to childhood," it seems even smaller when the total is shown to be only a little more than one-half of one per cent of the economic resources or tangible wealth of the states—or three-quarters of one per cent if all schools, public and private, are included—less than four per cent of the total yearly income and only 11.19 per cent of the accumulated savings deposits for all the states. Another comparison, based upon estimates made by the National Education Association (in 1924), shows that the total expenditure for public elementary and secondary schools is but 32.94 percent of the amount spent in the same year for "certain luxuries"—these luxuries being "soft drinks and ice cream, theatres, candy, chewing gum, tobacco, jewelry, perfumes and cosmetics."

The statistics permit the broad generalization that the material resources of the nation as a whole—whatever may be true of certain areas—can easily provide for the present outlay, or even a larger one if efficiency requires. Moreover, it is demonstrable that school expenditure increases the economic power of the country quite out of proportion to the contribution made by many other public expenditures, which the very lack of sound education makes necessary.

"Man's business is to work—to surmount difficulties, to endure hardships, to solve problems, to overcome the inertia of his own nature: to turn chaos into cosmos by the aid of system—this is to live!"

ANTIBODIES

(The Citizen.)

Blue Blood is all very well, but antibodies are better.

Five men drink from the same well. Four develop typhoid; the other escapes. Two men use the same public telephone. One catches influenza; the other doesn't.

The man who escaped typhoid had in his blood little typhoid antibodies, and as soon as one of these little typhoid antibodies sees a typhoid desease germ he jumps on it with both feet and whips it to a frazzle.

The man who escaped influenza in using the telephone had little-influenza antibodies which spend their lives watering at the mouth for a fight with influenza germs.

Crowned be he who has the antibodies! Away long centuries ago, somewhere perhaps in China, a chap who had recovered from a slight case of smallpox threw away his shirt.

At once an old Chinese philosopher had an idea. He took the shirt and made his little son wear it. Result? Although an epidemic of smallpox broke out all over the country and everybody caught it and most of them died, it never touched the little boy. He was immune.

Of course, you wouldn't wear just anybody's old shirt. Neither would Louis Pasteur, the great French chemist. But he wore the idea. And he made a lovely garment of it; for ideas, the right sort of ideas, are more beautiful than a great number of shirts, even silk shirts.

He took a very weak culture of cholera germs and inoculated several hens with it. They sickened, just as his wife, probably, told him they would; and then they recovered, just as probably she told him they wouldn't. And ever thereafter try as either she or he or both would, they could not make the hens catch cholera.

Then—or shall we say it was when the old Chinese philosopher picked up the shirt?—began the discovery of antibodies. And now we can be supplied with a vaccine or serum of typhoid antibodies, smallpox antibodies, diptheria, rabies, plague, cholera, lockjaw, scarlet fever and measles antibodies and be temporarily or permanently free from any one or all of these diseases.

These antibodies are our first line fighting force, and beyond this line disease can not come.

Which reminds us that Pasteur's father fought with Napoleon. Perhaps with the Imperial Guard. And that was a line through which the enemy never passed—not until they destroyed it at Waterloo.

But the son when he inoculated the hens discovered a truth which will never be destroyed. It will benefit humanity more than all the battles all the Napoleons of the world ever fought.

Chemists and bacteriologists have not yet discovered antibodies for pneumonia, tuberculosis, or infantile paralysis.

Against these we still have no immunity.

But some day, perhaps next week, some old philosopher is liable to pick up a cast-off garment.

FURS AND FURRIERS

By T. S. Stribling

A man sorting squirrel skins in a dingy Twenty-sixth Street window caught my eye and eventually drew me inside the store. He had about a bushel of skins on a wooden bench. He would snatch a fur from the pile pass his palm back and forth over it, and lay it on one of twelve heaps at the other end of the bench. The rapidity with which he graded the furs was interesting. They all looked alike.

"I didn't know squirrels were blue," said I, for all the pelts were a slate-blue, "and besides, I have never seen a blue squirrel coat."

"They are Chinese squirrels," explained the furrier, "and they will be dyed before they are used. Nearly all furs go to the dyer."

"How about that leopard skin over there on the box?" I queried. "I shouldn't think you could touch dye to such a richly oramental fur as that."

The furrier looked at me and smiled.

"We have given it some assistance too." he nodded.

"You don't mean," I crieid, "that those spots have been tinkered with!"

"Well now, with that particular leopard skin," said the furrier, "the spots were really an afterthought. That leopard skin started out in life as the hide of an Italian sheep. It got ambitious, however, had its wool straightened by an electrical process, then it was sheared to the length of leopard fur, and the spots were printed on in Leipsic. Here you can see the Leipsic trade mark on the skin side." And he turned it over to show me.

"You see," went on my furrier a little more seriously, "when a certain fur comes into fashion, cheaper grades are demanded by folks who are not millionaires, and the furriers have to produce them. We make leopard and beaver and ermine out of sheep. We also imitate ermine and weasel from goat. One of the oddest imitations I ever knew in the fur trade came about between ermine and weasel. Now as a matter of fact, ermine and weasel come from the same animal, the weasel. In the summer the weasel is brown striped, and is called weasel; in the winter its fur turns white with black ticks and it is called ermine. For years there was no demand at all for weasel, while ermine brought fabulous sums. Then some bold cloakmaker turned out a few models in weasel, and after a time weasel caught the style. The result was that it jumped higher than ermine, and all of us furriers took our white ermines and dyed them into brown weasels. I have always thought that was the most honest imitation the fur trade ever offered to the public. Of course, for the cheaper trade we dyed goat skins into weasels. After all, what we call style in furs simply gives us furriers the design and color which the public prefers for its sheep and goats during the season. You know the majority of people cannot afford to pay a fortune for a coat, but they don't want to be out of style, either; so the frisky goat grazing on

tin cans in Harlem eventually serves his mistress with a new sealskin muff, and everybody is satisfied."

"How do you dealers get your raw skins?" I inquired. "Are they sent in by trappers?"

"The fur trade has a very peculiar method of distribution," explained my friend. It is carried on almost entirely by auctions. There are just four great fur centers in the world where these auctions are conducted —London, Leipsic, New York and Seattle. Each of these centers has four auctions a year—spring, summer, winter and fall. Of course, if a man has half a million dollars' worth of furs he may not want to wait for an auction to sell. The needs of the fur owners are attended to by the auction companies. The fur owner can send his furs to the company's warehouses, and an appraiser will appraise their value, and the company will advance the owner about five-sixths of their value in cash; then when the furs are sold, the company reimburses itself."

"I suppose you have your good years and your bads years in the fur business?" I suggested.

"We are subject to more ups and downs than ordinary business," admitted my companion. "You see, we depend entirely upon style. If we stock up on beaver and the style happens to be fitch, then all we can do is to put our beavers on cold storage and keep them for five or six years until beaver is stylish again. The worst year we furriers ever had was in 1920. That was just after the war, when America had all the gold in the world in her purse. We furriers thought that fur prices would jump to the skies, and they did. Everybody was buying. The day laborer would buy a silk shirt for himself and a sealskin coat for his wife. Then, if you remember, the wealthy people suddenly refused to buy silk any more; thereupon the day laborers followed suit, and the bottom went out of the silk market. The same thing was true of furs. Nobody wanted furs, because everybody could buy them. So right in the midst of unexampled prosperity our furs became valueless. Hundreds of furriers failed in business. All banks containing furriers' accounts were hard hit; and the banks still remember that landslide, because today the New York banks are not soliciting furriers' accounts. We have a bank of our own—Frederick Huth and Compony—but the rest of them let us alone."

"How many furriers are there in New York?" I inquired.

"There are about a thousand of us. The fur district extends from Twenty-third Street to Thirty-ninth, and from Broadway to Seventh Avenue. That's about fifty square blocks."

"Will you tell me," said I, "how long did it take you to learn the fur trade? How did you start making a furrier out of yourself?"

"I began as a nailer in a fur-cloak factory," smiled my friend. "You know, when a fur coat is made, the pattern is laid out on a board and the furs are wet and stretched and nailed around the pattern. When I work-at this I studied the quality of the furs under my hands, and I spent my evenings in the New York Public Library reading about furs. There is a whole library on the subject. I meant all the time to get out of the manufacturing end of the work

if I could. It is very unhealthy work. Fur cutters have a predisposition to contract tuberculosis, because they are continaully breathing bits of fur and dust. Also, as nearly all furs are dyed, they run a continual risk of blood poisoning.''

''Well, my employer sent me on errands all over the fur district, and I fell into the habit of asking the sweatshop men what furs they needed for the day. Then if I saw what they wanted, I asked the fur owner to credit me for a half and hour until I could run back to the cloakmaker with the furs and bring the owner his money. So you might say that I just gradually inched my way into the fur trade.

''After a couple of years when I had got together a little more than two thousand dollars(I went to a fur firm and rented a desk in their office for seventy-five dollars a month. Then I had a telephone and my name on the door, and I felt I was the biggest fur merchant in New York. My friends would telephone me orders and I would go out and find what they wanted.. Finally I got to keeping a few furs on hand and moved into a store of my own. So here I am now, thirty years old, with a one-room store on Thirty-seventh Street. I did a hundred and seventy-three-thousand dollar business last year. That's about an average furrier's business here in New York. Of course, there are million-dollar corporations in the fur trade, and there are also youngsters just starting in, running around the streets with a goat skin in one hand and a hope of selling it for a profit in their hearts; but I am only an average furrier.''

''What per cent profit do you make on your turn-over?'' I inquired.

''From ten to twenty-five. I cleared something over twenty thousand dollars on my business last year.''

The wealthy owner of a large business concern in Sweden had been a poor boy in a country district tending cattle. One day he wanted to to be away, and asked his sister to tend the cattle for the day, promising to let her hold for a day a small coin, current there, worth less than two annas, to be returned at night. She consented. The very sight of money was a great rarity to her. So she spent a long, hard day tending his cattle and holding the bright coin, and returned it again at night, quite content with the day's pay. Long years afterward the brother was telling the story. He had grown very wealthy. He had allowed the love of money to crowd out the Christ passion, to which he was not a stranger. He told the story to my friend with great glee. Laughing at his sister's childish simplicity. My friend said quietly, ''That is all you get; you hold your wealth to the end of the day of your life, then you give it up and have as little as before, and the whole of your life is gone!'' And the man's startled face showed that he quite understood.—S. D. Gordon.

WESLEY, THE MODERN

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

The more we know of John Wesley, the more modern does he become. Devout souls cry, "Back to Wesley and to Wesleyan Methodism," it would be more accurate to say, "Forward to Wesley and to the life of the warmed heart."

Wesley fostered Sunday Schools and efforts at religious training in the pioneer days of a movement that has assumed such giant proportions; Wesley speculated in the field of science before science, so revolutionizing in every field of human investigation, had gained it prestige in the present world of science; Wesley began work for the relief of the poor and for a better social condition in England long before the present stress on a social gospel.

For years we have been in the heat of a discussion that knows slight abatement. Sometimes the issue has raged about religious training or no training; again, the issue has been science or religion, and the relationship of the two, then, again, the social gospel or the gospel of the individual has held the field. At times, all of these issues have called for the best the gladiators had to offer. Usually, one issue has been sharply set over against the other. Which shall it be? Science or religion? The social gospel or the individual?

We have gone through it all, with many conflicting elements still in the field, but the tendency is to recognize certain generally accepted agreements. These may be noted:

1. We have about agreed that science and religion both have a place in life and both have set up housekeeping together, each contributing to the welfare of the other. It is no longer science or religion, but it is now science and religion, one and inseparable.

2. We have agreed that the individual and the social elements are the two phases of our Christianity as it has to do with the individual and the group. Christianity is both individual and it is social. It is not one or the other; is it one and the other.

To belittle the social gospel is to advertise a want of intelligence; to discount individual renewal is to commit the same offense. Jesus sat on the well with a Samaritan woman until she felt the power of the personal touch; he commended the act of a Samaritan man who helped one in need until every man who is down has felt the uplift.

3. We have agreed that training and the renewal from above are both essential to the uplift of the race. The edcational process has failed so often that its most enthusiastic devotees are not so sure. Left without training, the immediate acts of God seem to fail. Somehow both must go hand in hand.

These issues of science and of historic criticism and of the social gospel which have assumed such proportions in recent years did not fill a large place in the days of John Wesley. We find, however, the tendency at present is to stress the things that Wesley stressed and to make the main issue one of the spirit rather

than of the letter. Advocates of training, enthusiastics for historic criticism, salvationists by social redemption and scientists without a vital religion, all are inclined to agree that something most essential happens within when the heart is warmed. The experience of a Wesley becomes of supreme moment. The spirit counts for more than the letter. The literalists are having a hard time. The rituals and dogmas and traditions of both ancient and modern Pharisaism are secondary to the new life and the new love. Opinions count for little; the spirit is everything. This is what John Wesley said to the eighteenth century; he has the same message for the twentieth. How modern is Wesley! Would that we might catch up!

TYRANNY OF SLENDERNESS

Gilbert Seldes in The North American Review.

"The martyrs of the starvation diet have frightened the dieticians a little, but the tyranny of a slender figure persists. It is, in fact, part of the contemporary religion of self-development which issued from the aggressive portions of New Thought and from the religion of success. A slender figure is an asset of personality, like a good memory, a knowledge of the world's best literature, a command of French, knowing which fork to use, and a sweet breath. Like these equally purchasable commodities it is not the outward manifestation of an inner truth; it is simply something put on—or put off.

"The high moral standards of the older systems of diet would condemn slenderizing as sheer counterfeiting; it is, in fact, a symptom of the new, but equally arduous, morality of the Ego. Like almost all of the older systems, it has no place for taste; systems, it has no place for taste; like them it has produced the most disagreeable of dinner companions. When the family of Bronson Alcott dined out they gnawed at apples and advised their hostesses to cast out putrid meats, substituting bowls of sunlight and Platters of Platonic ideals; the modern fanatics moan for a lamb chop and a slice of pineapple and curse the day the potato was found to be edible. The absence of wine and the presence of dieters has made dining a purgatorial exercise."

WINNING FRIENDS.

If you want friends you must be genuine and sincere in your interest in other people's lives, their interests, their fortunes and their misfortunes.—Albert E. Wiggan.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher made a quick trip to Whiteville last week end.

Letter writing day came around last week and all the boys were glad to write to their home folks.

Under the supervision of Miss Goodman and Mr. Johnson, the boys are practicing some special music for the Easter service.

As the first quarterly ran out last week, new ones were given the boys. We hope that this quarter will be as interesting as the last one.

Now that the weather is getting warmer, the small boys will soon be going barefooted. A fine idea, as the shoe shop boys will have less work to do.

Mr. R. H. Walker, a member of our staff, who has been confined to his room for several days, is rapidly improving and will soon be back on the job.

Ernest Rohr, Marvin Thomas and Paul Crutchfield, member of second, tenth and thirteenth cottages, respectively, were paroled last week and returned to their home. They have our best wishes for success.

Nearly a truck load of shrubbery, generously donated by George Canno, a former employe at the School, will make a valuable addition to the beauty of our campus, and we wish to assure him it is greatly appreciated.

Captain Rex Shaw, Recruiting Officer of Fort Bragg, was at the School last week, and several of the large boys are expecting to go there for a month's training. Several went last year and have reported a fine time. We wish these good luck.

We wish to thank Mrs. J. W. Cannon and Mrs. G. B. Lewis, of Concord, for the magazines they recently sent us. These two good ladies are deeply interested in our boys and are especially anxious that they have good reading material and have contributed generously upon several occasions.

Through the kindness of the members of the First Baptist Church, of Charlotte, and of the local circle of King's Daughters, we receive fifty copies of "Charity and Children," each week. This neat looking paper is published by the printing class at the Baptist Orphanage, Thomasville, and we all enjoy reading the interesting articles it contains.

When you ride over our campus and see Iris borders on numbers of our lawns, you may wonder where so many Iris roots came from. Just to keep any one from spending their mental energy so unnecessarily, The Uplift is carrying this item, giving the name of the donor as Mrs. J. W. Cannon. One whose love and interest has been shown in many substantial ways.

Mrs. Cannon, we thank you for this as well as all your other gifts.

Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He preached in his usual interesting manner and the sermon was enjoyed by all. An additional feature of the afternoon's program were the solos rendered by Mrs. H. G. Gibson. She sang "The Palms" and "Jesus Is All the World to Me;" and was accompanied by Mrs. Leslie Correl, piano and S. Kay Patterson, flute.

HONOR ROLL

Room No. One

—A—

Clyde Pearce and George Stanly.

—B—

Byron Ford, Ramsey Glasgow, Sam McIntyre, Ernest Rohr, Elwood Webb, Edgar Rochester and Boyce Steadman.

Room No. Two

—A—

Hewett Collier, Robert Glasgow, Albert Massey, Mallory Poe and Howard Riddle.

—B—

William Rose.

Room No. Three

—A—

Jeff Albarty, Luby Wallon, Brunell Fink, Colon Clapp, Jacob Smith, Ralph Clinard, Carl Ballard and Kermit Copeland.

—B—

James Prunett, Isaac Bartley, Gibson Lanier, Milton Lowe, Stanly Tripp, Clifton Brady, Dalton Lanier, Nolon Austin, Shirley, Courtney Russ, Myron Tomaison and Edd Massingill.

Room No. Five

—A—

Ben Chattin, Lawrence Grimes, Arlie Maddox, Phil Gibson, Manly Garret, Isaac Franklin, Obie Sims, Julian Tuck, Arthur Higgins and Carl Norton.

—B—

Edmond Hodge, Claude Whitaker, Bennie Moore, Henry Oldham and Clarence Whitten.

Room No. Six

—A—

Milton Manning, Walter Brown, Egbert Wall, Edward Bright, Reid Jackson, McDonaldd Montague, Everett Wheeler, John Price, Arnold Cecil, Fred Conner and Franklin Smith.

—B—

Albert Orr, Walter Ricks, Leonard Powers, Hubert Hines, Smith Baker, Lester Wall, Richard Wilder, DeWit Duncan, Ernest Walters, Henry Tarlton and Montford Glasgow.

Room No. Seven

—A—

Clyde Kivett, Virgil Rufty, Glenn Page, Carl Griffin, Duval Ashe, Oliver Grimes, Cordell Smith, Ozell Willis, John Thompson, Gerald Nixon, Marvin Cook, Ray Chambers, Lee Bright, Parlie Boone, Gus Riley, Victor Evans, Ernest Davis, Lester Yontz, Herchel Crews, Blanco Will-

iams, Ed Pennell, John Williamson, Horace Felder, Leonard Clark, Alfred Denton, Will Avery, Grover Thompson, Jesse Binge, Ray Terris, Clyde Shelton, Russell Ferris, J. B. Williamson, Reece Rose, James Mason and Ray Jenkins.

A LAUGH

A laugh is just like music,
  It freshens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with light
  And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
  And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
  For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
  It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
  The ills of life depart,
And happy thoughts come crowding
  Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
  For making life sweet.

—Exchange.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C. 1928. No. 12

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MOTIVES OF LIFE

"Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
As long as ever you can,
As you journey once down the road of life."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

BOARD HOLDS REGULAR MEETING

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, held in the office of the School, April 5th, 1928, was one of sadness and a sense of a deep feeling of irreparable loss in that it was the first meeting since the passing of the faithful, efficient and loyal chairman of Board of Trustees, Mr. James P. Cook.

Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, Vice-Chairman of the Board, in taking the chair, spoke beautifully and feelingly of the faithfulness and loyalty of Mr. Cook who had been the chairman of the board of Trustees sinces the establishment of the School. She brought out the fact that though Mr. Cook became feeble in body, though he had often attended meetings of the Board suffering pain, yet no word of complaint was ever heard and no excuse for absence was ever offered on account of sickness, pleasure, business or weather. The distinction was his, of having attended every meeting of the Board during the nineteen years of its existence.

The following resolutions of appreciation and respect were offered by Mr. D. B. Coltrane and were unanimously adopted by the Board.

> We, the members of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School feel a keen sense of loss in the death of Mr. James P. Cook, whose sudden demise on March 22, 1928 cast a gloom of sorrow over the entire School and community, extending over the State wherever the School is known. In fact, he will be remembered wherever the splendid and unselfish work done for this School is known.
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> As Governor McLean has so well said, we doubt if the youth of the

State has ever had a better friend. It was Mr. Cook who conceived the idea of a school for wayward boys. He not only conceived the idea of such a school, but worked and talked and strived for it at a time when such activities were not popular, until he brought the citizenship of the State to a realization of its duty to the boys who are inclined to be incorrigible. Mr. Cook was a man of quiet dignity who loved the School almost as his own child. The Board of Trustees will cherish the memory of the man who has meant so much to the School, and we wish to express the high appreciation we feel for the splendid service rendered. We silently and sincerely sympathize with his loved one in the loss of a loving husband, yet we bow to the will of the Almigthy Father.

Therefore, be it resolved:

First—That in the death of Mr. J. P. Cook our School and community has sustained a real loss, one that will be deeply felt.

Second—We deeply sympathize with his wife who has lost a devoted husband whose devotion never lagged.

Third—That his optimistic spirit and undaunted courage will inspire us to perform the duties coming before us with renewed effort.

Fourth—That we express our heartfelt sympathy to every member of the School from the smallest boy to the oldest employee, at the passing of one who has at all times thought, worked and prayed for them.

Fifth—That a copy of these resolutions be sent his wife and a copy spread on the minutes of this Board.

Mr. L. T. Hartsell, of Concord, N. C., was unanimously elected as chairman of the Board of Trustees. In taking the chair made vacant by the death of Mr. Cook, Mr. Hartsell said that he could not help but feel the honor conferred upon him by this action of the Board, yet he felt, too, the great responsibility that this honor carried with it. In assuming this responsibility he could but say that he would give his best thought for the good of the School, and would always put its business first.

Mr. Hartsell was also elected as chairman of the Executive Committe. The Board ordered that The Uplift be continued by the School as a weekly publication until its regular meeting in July.

The able manner in which The Uplift has been edited and the might of the facile pen now silenced forever, makes this a great responsibility upon the School. In assuming same, it knows full well its inability to carry on as has been the manner of its able and efficient editor and only in the sense that the small surrounding mountains accentuate and bring out in bold relief the loftiness and beauty of the high peaks, do we assume, at all, to carry on the publication of The Uplift as per order of the Board.

The Board ordered that a memorial service, commemorating the life and service of Mr. Cook, be held; the details of arrangement of time, and program

were placed in the hands of the Executive Committee.

Last year in December, Mr. Cook was approached as to the advisability of having a founder's day programme on January 12th, 1928. This date being the 19th anniversary of the opening of the School and the 65th anniversary of his own life. His reply was: "Wait until the 20th year has passed." January 12th, 1929 will be the twentieth year of the life of the School.

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NATURE'S LESSON

Spring has come in all of its freshness, beauty and purity. This thought is impressive as we look out over the green clean hills after the cool April showers, and very beautiful after being touched by nature's coat of verdure.

The whole scene suggests that this is the season to clean-up and paint-up. Example is far reaching. Remember if you paint and clean up your home your neighbor possibly who is not so interested in this work will catch the same spirit, and the final result will no doubt be an attractive and interested community in hygiene; because fresh paint not only adds beauty but is one of the essentials to maintain community hygiene.

There have been many successful campaigns put on in Cabarrus, now let the next one be a clean-up and paint-up campaign for the reason that it ranks first as a defense against disease.

"The New York Department of Health is finding paint so effective in fighting disease germs that it is largely abandoning fumigation in rooms in which the interiors are painted, and is now simply washing the painted surfaces.

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APPROVES PLANS FOR CHILDREN'S WARD

Plans for the children's ward at the Mecklenburg sanatorium have met with the approval of Superintendent McCain, of the state sanatorium, R. Neal Hood, chairman of the Mecklenburg board of county commissioners, said yesterday upon his return from a trip to the state hospital where the children's section was inspected and several aiding ideas obtained.

Mr. Hood was accompanied to the state sanatorium by Louis H. Asbury, architect, who has completed temporary plans and is now making the final draft and arranging specifications. Work is to begin as soon as the plans and specifications are completed and the bids can be advertised for the contract let.

The children's ward is to be constructed with funds to be made available through the Duke endownment which are expected to amount to appromimately $26,000. The addition is to cost about $20,000 leaving

about $6,000 for other improvements at the hospital.—**Charlotte Observer.**

The children this time are the beneficiaries of the Duke endownment fund. Is this great benefactor dead? No, his spirit liveth.

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INBRED

Another case of scrupulous sanitation recorded. This instance is dated back prior to the Revolution, or perhaps some time later. Brisbane records that "George Washington did not believe in handshaking and stood at receptions with his hands behinds his back and bowed."

Handshaking amongst Virginia gentlemen during this period of history is just a normal condition, innate, and we do not believe that Washington was an exception to the class, but an example in his time to his followers.

Sometimes a physical condition will make you shy about shaking hands, rheumatism for instance, but impossible to make any one who knows the customs and manners of the Cavaliers believe that Washington refused to shake hands for health reasons, or through fear of exchanging germs.

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HE MAY RUN THAT READETH

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." Every paper that carries the news of the sudden and shocking passing of some conspicuous figure, or otherwise of one not quite so widely known, both in state and nation, therefore, the above scriptural quotation is timely.

In our own community lately all realize the death toll has been heavy, including those from the new-born on to the class passing the three score and ten, the shock was felt, and it was but human to ask: "Why?"

The state felt keenly the passing of Judge W. M. Bond, of the Superior Court; but The Uplift is glad to have the opportunity to note that his last official act was one of justice tempered with mercy in showing a sympathetic compassion for a hoary headed father whose wayward son had strayed into the toils of the law.

Chauncey M. Depew, an international figure, who on April the 5th, died in his 94th year, and whose life seemed finished, but up to the last he showed unflagging interest in all phases of life. His kindly humor, and as an after dinner speaker he was universally recognized along with the best the country ever produced. Many of us of maturer years can not recall just when the name of this great man, termed now an American Institution, came into our lives.

This resume is food for thought, we know not what to-morrow holds in

store for us.

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A NEW BOARD MEMBER.

Governor McLean announced last week the appointment of Luther T. Hartsell, Sr., of Concord, to the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, to fill out the unexpired term of the late James P. Cook.

Mr. Hartsell is senior member of the law firm of Hartsell and Hartsell, and for many years has been one of the State's leading members of the bar. He is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina.

His services to the school in the past have been felt in many ways. Acting in the capacity of legal adviser, drawing up all deeds, and representing the institution in a number of habeas corpus proceedings, Mr. Hartsell has always given his best, but most conspicuous among his endeavors in our behalf are the efforts he put forth as a representative of Cabarrus and Mecklenburg counties, in the State Senate. While there he always supported any legislation that would aid the Training School in carrying on its great work.

We feel sure this appointment will be heartily endorsed, not only by the people of this community, but of the entire State.

(Found on Mr. Cook's desk)

THE FELLOW WHO'LL TAKE MY PLACE.

Here is a toast that I want to drink
To the fellow I'll never know.
To the fellow that's going to take my place
When it's time for me to go.
I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be
And I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man."
In a way that he'd understand.

I'd like to give him the cheering word
That I've longed at times to hear;
I'd like to give him the warm handclasp
When never a friend seemed near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work,
And I wish I could pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place,
Some day when I have gone.

Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made,
And note all the battles lost,
Will he ever guess the tears they cost,
Or the heartaches that they caused?
Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil
To the underlying plan
And catch a glimpse of the real intent
And the heart of the vanished man?

I dare to hope he may pause some day
As he toils as I have wrought
And gain some strength for his weary task
From the battles I have fought.
But I've only the task itself to leave
With the cares for him to face
And never a cheering word to speak,
To the fellow who'll take my place.

Then here's to your good health, old chap,
I drink as a bridegroom to his bride,
I leave an unfinished task for you
But God knows how I've tried.
I've dreamed my dreams as all men do
But never a one came true,
And my prayer to-day is that all my dreams
May be realized in you.

And we'll meet some day in the great unknown,
Far out in the realms of space,
You'll know my clasp when I take your hand
And gaze in your tired face.
Then all failures will be success
In the light of the new found dawn.
So to-day I'm drinking your health, old chap,
Who'll take my place when I'm gone.

Author Unknown.

COMING OF THE BROWN THRUSH

By C. W. Hunt

That long tailed, long billed, brown bird, known to many farm boys as the "Thrasher" but properly called the brown Thrush, arrived from its winter home, somewhere in this great old world, almost exactly with the first day of the month. Possibly further south it has been on hand some days, but its coming to the section of northern South Carolina and southern North Carolina, it is due at the first bursting of the buds, and I am not sure if its coming is not varied by the event of the bursting buds, but it is here, and as usual mated and comes here mated.

We boys on the farm killed and robbed this bird's nest as religiously as we killed snakes, for it was accused of being equal to the crow as a puller of young corn to get the malted and sprouted grain at its roots; and the charge is possibly true for there was lots of corn pulling along the hedgerows and eges of the woods where the Thrush was wont to build its nest. Since those interested in bird life became more active the Thrush is properly in the song bird class; in fact at times you would mistake the singing Thrush for a mocking bird when its joy is complete, the nest made and a brood of young in prospect.

The Thrush builds in low bushes, never over five feet from the ground, at times on the ground if a sheltered place is handy and to its fancy, but more often in low brush. Here in the woods where the writer lives, they seldom wait for a leafy bower, but begin the work of nesting, the making of a nest, before the leaves are out. The nest is not a very artistic affair, but large and roomy. They lay four eggs, in color, just about like turkey eggs, and of good size for a bird; and generally raise all four of the young. One year a pair nested within fifty feet of the dwelling and raised four, which could fly sufficiently to get away before theye were seen being fed by the mother bird, who taught them to fly and to find food in the underbrush before venturing into the open yard. One day I found one of these in the empty cage formerly occupied by a mocking bird, the door of which had been left open. I let it out, but conceived the idea of trapping the whole brood so the grandchildren could see them. Putting some bread crumbs in the cage, the next day I found all four in there, and the mother bird disturbed by the fact they were caged and did not know how to get out the open door. Later they were liberated and went their way. There is one pair about the home yard each year, and there is generally two pairs, the second further away. One year they built on the ground within thirty feet of the house against the roots of an uprooted cedar tree of some size, and the small granddaughter was often carried there to see them in the nest. One morning she came out and was taken to view the birds, but the nest was empty, and I did not think they were old enough to be moved by the mother bird. Within a few feet of the nest was coiled a very large copper-head snake, which was dispatched with a shot gun, and as I turned away there lay another

copper-head snake, almost as large as the one just shot; it too, was killed, but they had not eaten the young Thrush; and they must have fallen to a prowling cat or a screech owl, there being many of them in action at night, at that time; but they made a noise that was too "Hair-raising," they were thinned out to the minimum.

The big brown Thrush is a stately bird. I enjoy watching it build a nest or see it digging grubs with that long and pointed bill. It comes with the budding leaves and leaves us as suddenly as it came when the first frost is felt in the air. Where? I wish I knew. Perhaps it and the cat-bird which comes with the leaves winter in the same climate. Many people confuse the "Swamp-robin" with the Thrush. The swanp-robin is smaller, has a shorter tail and a greenish cast on its brown feathers, but the same poca-dot breast, in fact it belongs to the Thrush family, but it has a silvery song that not even a mocker can imitate. It lives here in winter, seeking the deep woods. I know of no bird I had rather hear sing its song before sunrise than the Swamp-robin. The brown Thrush is more active, large and has different habits.

MENDING YOUNG LIVES

James P. Cook, who was buried in Concord recently, was a live editor, a progressive educator, a useful Senator and a public-spirited citizen, but his great contribution was as trustee and leader in the establishment and expansion of Jackson Training School. The mending of the lives of youths there was his passion, and the growth of that institution was due in large measure to his zeal and interest.—News and Observer.

Editor's Note: The Prison News mourns the death of James P. Cook, who has spent such a useful life in mending young lives at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. With much interest we read this publication, "The Uplift". His editorials were always inspiring. We are sure that he has gone to a great reward for surely no man ever lived on this earth who was more deserving of a Heavenly Home. We will miss him, but we feel sure that his most capable assistant, Jesse C. Fisher, will be able to pick up and "carry on."—The Prison News.

THE VANISHED MISER

(Asheville Citizen)

He is gone from here, disappeared, become for years as extinct as the diplodocus before his absence was noted—the old time miser. He is scarce remembered; the youngest generation know nothing of him.

And yet time was when Asheville and every considerable town in this section had its miser. He was an institution like the village drunkard and so was distinguished from other people, even if his looks did not set him apart. The children's books pictured him and he was a favorite figure for popular chromos—ragged and semi-starved that he might save to add to his precious store of coin.

The picture showed him in some secret place gloating over his accumulation of silver and gold, fondling the coins, holding them up and letting them fall to hear their musicial tinkle crooning to them as a mother to her child, startled by unexpected sounds. Always there was a bag for the treasure and it was hidden under the hearth or in a sliding-panel recess.

Where went the miser of this section and when did he go? As well ask when and where went the electric light bug or the old-time boot-jack no one knows. But some guess. One guess is that the miser came to realize that his gold and silver idols had feet of clay—or of some cheap metal. They had ceased to be as powerful as they were when he turned miser; they would not buy nearly as much; other people who had no collection of gold discs were really richer than was he.

And so, says theory, the miser seeking to buy in the cheapest market turned his money into wild-cat oil stocks, wireless telephone fakes, and bonds in companies which promised imminent wealth from extracting platinum from rancid cheese or big dividends from banana farms in South Dakota. It is these securities which are the treasures of the present miser, 'tis said—it is the hope that they will go to par which upholds him, and since he knows that sophisticated thieves will not steal them he no longer hides them under the hearth. His treasure changed, miser has also changed his dress and manner—he may even own an automobile.

"Training in moral character is more important than academic training," Governor McLean added, warning the young colored people against neglect of this basic requirement and foundation for good citizenship. "If you have not learned that it is wrong to lie, steal and practice immorality, then your academic training will be worthless. I realize that this is more difficult for members of the colored race, because of economic and other conditions, but it is an essential and indispensible part of your training. I advise the teaching of the moral code in North Carolina schools, even if we cannot teach Bible because of the problem of church doctrines."

TRUE NORTH CAROLINA SPIRIT

(Jacksonville Times-Union)

Not many days ago a citizen, Mr. Phillip S. Henry, of North Carolina, offered to President and Mrs. Coolidge the use of his residence on Beaucatcher Mountain, near Asheville, during their vacation in the coming summer season. A few days later, and in order that the President might have a choice of residences, Mr. Fred L. Seely offered his residence on Sunset Mountain, overlooking Asheville, for use by the nation's chief executive during the summer months when, usually, the President finds it convenient and agreeable to be out of Washington. Both offers are now being considered, as is indicated by Washington dispatches.

The good example that North Carolina is setting in the matter here referred to is that as soon as it became known generally that there was even suggestion that President and Mrs. Coolidge might be invited to make North Carolina their place of abiding during the hot weather period, and that the vicinity of Asheville had been designated as the particular place for establishing the summer White House everybody in North Carolina began writing urging acceptance of one or the other of the Asheville invitations. There was no appearance of rivalry, as of other cities and towns in that State inviting the President to become the guest of this, that or the other place. The North Carolina delegation in Congress united to urge the President to accept the Asheville offer that was most satisfactory to him. The Governor of North Carolina, from his official residence in Raleigh, wired the President that he, the Governor was "pleased" to learn that you (the President) are considering the matter of spending your summer vacation this year in Asheville,' 'and assured the chief magistrate of "a hearty welcome in our State," should he decide to come there for rest and recreation.

Thus the people of the entire State of North Carolina appear to be unanimously in favor of Asheville being given the honor of entertaining the President during his vacation time. This is a fine spirit to manifest, by the people of North Carolina or any other State, for that matter. It indicates that when something worthy is to be done, jealously is put aside. rivalry is forgotten, and there is pulling together for the attainment of the desired object. A scramble, a bidding for the President's favor, by a number of cities or communities not only would have been unseemly, in this instance, but likely would have prevented consideration by the President of any North Carolina locality for maintaining the summer White House.

If the President finally decides to come to Asheville, his descision will be made largely because the people of North Carolina were so unanimously in favor of Asheville being selected for the purpose indicated. And if it should come to pass that Asheville will be honored in the selection of the Presidential vacation place, all the State of North Carolina will share in that honor and in the prestige that attaches to being host to the highest official in the Nation.

North Carolina people, therefore, let it be repeated, are setting a good example of working together for the attainment of a common purpose, for being without jealousy, one section of the State with another, and for being happy as can be, no matter what the outcome of their united endeavors.

The great voice of America does not come from the seats of learning. It comes in a murmur from the hills and woods and farms and factories and the mills, rolling and gaining volume until it comes to us from the homes of common men. Do these murmurs echo in the corridors of the universities? I have not heard them. The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal sympathies, and join a class—and no class can ever serve America. I have dedicated every power there is in me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolutely democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same sympathy, that pulses through the whole great body politic.—Woodrow Wilson.

WOMEN LOVE BEAUTY

(Morganton News-Herald)

Mrs. Hutt, who is the capable edtor of the woman's department of The Progressive Farmer, never fails to have something inspiring in her section each week. In her page last week the key sentence seemed to be that "Women always have had beauty in their souls." One story she told to illustrate how women cherish beautiful things was one told her, she said, by the daughter of a Methodist misister.

As with all Methodist minister's families, this girl's childhood had been spent in moving from place to place.

Never did they move, however, Mrs. Hutt relates, without taking a bunch of the white iris roots that the grandmother had given the mother when she left home a bride. Always she left some behind. Always in taking some she felt that she had a piece of home and beauty with her. "I suppose that in the parsonage gardens all over Virginia white iris blooms make a spot of glory because of the gift one mother gave her daughter. Now, we are very much like that. It may not be a few iris roots we leave behind but whatever any individual goes, whosoever's life she touches, she leaves something there '—is Mrs. Hutt's observation.

KINGS MOUNTAIN TO BE NATIONAL PARK

(Gastonia Gazette)

That is cheering news which comes from Washington to the effect that at last, after several years of effort, Representative Bulwinkle has induced Congress to take the first step looking towards the establishment of a national military park embracing the battlefield of Kings Mountain. The bill, which makes an appropriation for a survey and inspection of the battlefield by the war department, passed the House recently and it is almost certain of passage by the Senate. Representative W. F. Stevenson, of the York district in South Carolina, has been co-operating with Rep. Bulwinkle in this important matter and the public is indebted to both for the success attained in at last bringing to the attention of the nation this long neglected battlefield.

Kings Mountain was the turning point of the Revolution, so recognized by historians. As such it should be set aside as a memorial to the brave men of the mountains who here met and defeated the British forces and saved America from foreign domination. It was a critical period in our history and nothing but the grim determination and the indomitable will of these hardy pioneers turned the tide of battle in our favor at this historic spot. It should become, and doubtless will, the great historical show place of the South.

Some years ago through the efforts of Congressman E. Yates Webb, the government appropriated $30,000 for the erection of a monument on this battlefield. It is a splendid piece of work. The older monument, dedicated on the one hundredth anniversary of the battle, October 7, 1880, when John W. Dainel, of Virginia, was the orator and when thousands of people gathered there for the event, is also there, occupying one of the highest spots on the battlefield.

Passage of this bill indicates an awakened interest in this important matter and establishes a strong prospect that within a few years this famous spot will be adequately equipped by the government and will be known the country over as one of our great patriotic shrines.

Representative Bulwinkle deserves the thanks not only of his district, but of the entire nation for what he has done is this direction.

Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know; it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness.—David Starr Jordan.

A NEW DAY FOR WOMAN

By James P. Cook

The day of the barlow knife and the ox-cart has passed. McCormick has long since made the sickle a joke; and the Wright brothers, on the sands of a North Carolina sea-coast, made good Joe Caldwell's propehcy that "man will soon fly." The hand-cards, the spinning wheel and the clumsy, wooden loom, the proud companions of our dear old grand-mothers have gone to the attic or been lost in the glorious march of invention and creation. In their places there has come, from the mind of men that which can accomplish in a given period what a thousand of grand-mothers could have wrought. It has done even more than this—it has re-located the favored site for the cotton manufacturing industry and made the South a strong competitor for the honor of first place.

Wherever you look, in whatever field of endeavor or in learning, there has been a marvelous change. It has come upon us so gradually, so logically, in obedience to certain laws and forces which men have encouraged and invoked, that the transition from one period, not many years ago, to what greets us to-day is a revolution, startling and sublime. I am glad that the timing of my coming among you makes connection with this glorious period in our civilization, our development and innumerable opportunities. It is no little thing, however proud we may be in living in this auspicious period, to so think, act and serve to justify the privileges that are vouchsafed to us, and in the finality, to be able to render the account of a good steward.

In this riot of good things we have inherited from the efforts of those gone before us—in this atmosphere where opportunities are slopping over—there is danger of losing our equilibrium, danger of taking for granted, danger of "going-to-sleep-at-the-switch, and the danger of not seeing that in this period man has reached the very highest point in all history of equality before the law and access, unhindered and tempting, to any field of activity that suits his taste. The family record does not govern it, as in the past. Opportunities and spheres of service are no longer governed by whether your ancestors came over in the Mayflower, or arrived last year. Democracy, a long time just a pleasing theory, something to talk abbut and grow eloquent over has arrived.

This democracy, about which we hear so much, is a wonderful theme. Democracy in action and not just a theory has made a record. Though men ever since the lowly Nazarine came into the world to snatch it from eternal doom, in varying degrees, have paid homage to woman; but, in reality, in most countries and for most of these long years, she has been treated more as a slave and not the equal of man. As civilization developed and extended itself into broader fields, as men come to read the Bible more clearly and to rid them selves of inherited prejudice and ac-

cepted falsities of former years, woman began to approach more nearly the position in society and state, which her superior character, her peculiar charms, her matchless loyalty and her astounding power of endurance warrant. It not so much the workings of chivalry on the part of man, as I make bold to assert, but it is more the outcome of her patience, her endeavor, her ability. As far back as 1647, Margaret Brent demanded a seat in the Maryland Assembly as the representative of Lord Baltimore; later the wife John Adams asked that woman should be recognized in the Constitution, and Hannah Lee Corbin protested against taxation without representation; but not until the economic changes of the nineteenth century did the demand for equal political, industrial and educational opportunities make lordly man give an inch.

It is a far cry back to 1848, when the first Woman's Rights convention met at Seneca Falls, in New York. It is even a far cry back to 1869 when The National Woman's Sufferage Association and The American Woman's Sufferage Association were formed, which in 1890 united. Since 1869 women have possessed sufferage upon equal terms with men at all elctions in Wyoming; and Colorado since 1893; Utah, since 1896 and the same with Idaho. North Dakota has had two state superintendents of education, and who is there that is bold enough to doubt that a higher state of democracy in the conduct of the great educational cause in our own beloved state would be attained under the direction and leadership of a sensible, God-fearing woman? In many other states and municipalities the right of sufferage has been extended to women under certain conditions and for certain causes; but she only attained her full rights as a perfect, all-round American citizen in 1920. Though justice was long delayed and democracy remained hobbled for years, when the shackles were removed from our mothers, our sisters and our sweethearts (old enough to vote) it was an occasion for great rejoicing—it was indeed an epoch—and there are no signs yet that the homes will be broken up, that motherhood will become unpopular and that government will be wrecked. The prophets of these catastrophes are happily riding to a fall; some have admitted their error; and the balance are courting a forgiveness such as woman knows how to bestow on arrogant man, finally made penitent and suing for peace.

For the past twenty years most strenuously has woman been written about, discussed, criticised, analyzed and diagnosed from every angle. She has held the first place in the news columns, not always to her credit but in such a way as to admit no doubt of her power, strength and influence in the activities of life. Woman has been discovered and she has discovered herself. She knows now her power and her skill and her capacity. She is marching straight toward rulership and leadership—not in smaller things as has long been her wont, but in the big things. Woman with the franchise, woman in business, woman in literary pursuits, woman in office-holding, woman invading all the lines heretofore monopolized by the male, woman bursting the fetters of tradition, independent, bold, determined and doing as she likes, with or without shocks—that is the realization of the age.

It is here.

Need there be serious fears. I wot not. The pessimist sees society dethroned, government destroyed and the charm of womanhood dissipated in the marts of trade and the contests of the day. Here and there under the long period of inequality before the law and the hush orders, woman has demonstrated in unquestionable manner her power of analysis, and stood by her convictions with a sustained courage. Though it was a fearful lie yet natural lie, having taken some isolated cases as the prevailing condition, Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fired more than half a nation's population and hired hirelings from foreign countries, put bloody Gettysburg and awful Appomattox on the American map. Though just a teacher in New York, Susan B. Anthony, of Quaker parentage in Massachusetts, in her great social welfare propaganda, directed most ably the movement that has resulted to-day in the enfranchisement of the American owner. Though just a woman, Clara Barton, philanthropist, put life and breath in the great movement known as the American National Red Cross society, whose humane record is the joy of suffering and unfortunate humanity the world over. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, just a woman, hammered at the door of strong drink, strengthened her line increased her followers, until Prohibition has become the constitutional law of the land, and men no longer make strong drink out of grain and fruit but resort to the base and filthy things to make drunk men who hate government, despise decency and who disgrace orderly society.

Innumerable examples can be cited of the far-sighted, heroic and history-making activities of woman, wherein she has shaped great causes and led humanity into a better atmosphere and put it to nobler thinking and acting. But we refrain. The crustiest Doubting Thomas has evidence of woman's capacity for exercising all the privileges of a free and full citizenship.

While we rejoice in justice, though delayed, being done. And felicitating the women on the new order and congratulating the leaders in all activites of society and government in the acquision of the labors and the interest of the women, we must encourage them to accept fully the responsibilities of the new relation. Southern women—God bless them—will be proned to let their modesty, timidity and reservedness, which applies to no other sections in the degree prevailing in the South, to hold back in the exercise of their new rights. They must be encouraged—not for their sakes, but for the good of a common country. Shall they let a simple home duty, such as having a hot meal for the former lord and master, or the making out of a pan of rolls prevent them engaging in the battle of ballots. There is another day for bread making—there is but one day wherein to do a telling service for the common weal.

Shall we placate the educational requirements in the case of the qualification of the women voter? No—a hundred times no. The women did not crawl before the powers to secure her right of sufferage—she fought for it and won on merits. She gave no quarter and she asks none. The educational qualifiication should be vigorously invoked in the case of all males, and the women, asking no favors not accorded to oth-

er citizens will demand that the law shall apply to them. Growing out of this new relationship, the necessity arises for more attention being paid in our public schools to the science of government of which our women now have but a smattering and the average public school teacher but little more.

Let us demand that our public teachers know the offices and officers in the state government; let us demand that every teacher be able to make clear to her pupils the functions of the legislative, judicial and executive departments of our state—how else, I pray you, can the rising generation, male and female, reflect dignity upon their citizenship?

It is not the new woman that has arrived. She is our mother, our sister, our sweetheart, still, but justice has at last been accorded her in the adoption of the nineteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution. You may discuss as a solace to your exploded wives, her foibles, psychology, dress, yearnings, moods, reactions and all, but woman is just as much of a citizen of this American union to-day as the biggest man in the land, and—I am proud of it; aren't you?

It is well for a man to respect his own vocation whatever it is, and to think himself bound to uphold it, and to claim for it the respect it deserves.—Charles Dickens.

SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME

(News and Observer)

In his charge to the grand jury in Randolph Judge James L. Webb stressed the fact that obedience to law must begin at home. "If the children are taught obedience in the home and in the schools, trained in the proper Christian atmosphere," he said, "there would be less law violations."

About the same time Judge Murphy, of Detroit, speaking before a Woman's Club, said: "The solution, if we are to keep crime down to the minimum, is not in law but in developing in the heart's and minds of the people those ideals and capacities that teach self-control." That is the task of the homes, the schools and the churches."

Such wise counsel cannot be stressed too strongly. Without discipline in the home, and in too many it has broken down, self-discipline later will be often wanting. But there is duty also in the courts and in government. Laws against gambling and drunkenness and houses of ill fame are essential and call for officials who will enforce them courageously and honestly. One trouble is that some of the public functionaries have fallen down as well as some of the parents. Fathers are too often ready to pass the buck to the schools and law while judges and officials seek to secure an alibi for their faithlessness by putting all the blame on parents.

HOW THE ROBIN GOT HIS RED BREAST

By Ina Long Perry

No bird is better known or better liked than the robin. In late winter, when the snow begins to melt the children watch for him. Suddenly one day he makes his appearance, swinging on the bare branch of some tree or hopping on the ground among the melting drifts. His yellow bill and flaming breast, like a jacket of scarlet, give the first note of color to the barren land.

It is only in early spring, when the sun shines on it, that the robin's breast looks red. Later in the season it is very dull-looking, as though it had been washed and faded by the summer rains, during which its owner likes to sit and sing. In reality it is of a reddish brown color, but the breast of his cousin, the English robin, is a true red.

There are many legends of how the robin got his red breast. Some of the most interesting of them have come from the old world. They were handed down from the days when birds and their habits were believed to play a large part in the life of man. Some birds were believed to be of a helpful nature; others were considered unlucky. The robin has always been considered a cheerful fellow, loved by people of all ages.

With the exception of his bill, the robin in olden times was said to be of a grayish-black color. He was told that he must remain that way unless he did something worthy of receiving a reward. Year after year, summer after summer, he waited and watched for a chance to to do something to earn the promised reward, but could find nothing. Finally, just as he was about to give up in despair, one Friday in early spring his chance came. It was after a great storm. Lightning flashed across the sky, peals of thunder rent the air, and a strong wind blew. There was a great trembling of the earth; the mountains shook. Darkness covered the land, although it was not time for night to fall. All nature proclaimed that a great catastrophe had befallen the world. Presently the light began to return to the earth When the clouds parted, the robin flew abroad to sing once more to the world his joyful song. As he flew to the top of a hill overlooking the city, he saw nailed to the cross a man, the Saviour of the world. On his head was a crown of thorns. To relieve His suffering the robin flew near; with his bill picked out a sharp thorn and flew away. Again and again he returned, each time picking out a thorn, until all of the sharpest ones were removed. Because the robin had pity in his heart and because he did what he could to relieve the suffering of the Saviour, it was said that his breast was changed to red.

Another legend, somewhat similar, was that the browinsh red of his breast was an indication that he had tried to staunch the flow of blood that oozed from the wound in the Saviour's side.

A Northern legend says that each

day the robin carried in his bill to the "lake of fire" a drop of water for someone confined there. Because of the great heat it is claimed that he scorched his breast.

Whittier has made use of this old Swedish legend in one of his poems. He says:

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets fall on the souls of sin,
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in."

Although we do not believe that any of these legends are true, it is interesting to know what people thought about the robin in olden days, and to find that he always had such a reputation for doing good. When he comes in the springtime, chirping about the door in his friendly way, one can feel that he is living up to his reputation of trying to bring cheer and comfort to others, and can give him a hearty welcome.

REASON FOR LIVING

(Young Folks

If we were to pass among a dozen people and ask them why they are living and for what they are living we would probably get a dozen answers. Should it be so? Should there not be some one fundamental and controlling reason for living? Or are the problems and the purposes of life so evenly balanced that we might choose any one of them and attain unto a goal that is worthy of our best gifts? Has there been no unanimity of feeling as to what a useful and successful life really is? One might conclude so after looking at any number of people and discovering the motive that is impelling them.

But it is not true that however far men may fall short of it that there is a pretty general concensus of opinion that he lives best who has found some place in his life for definite services in behalf of others? It is to these men we most gladly pay homage. They are the ones we remember longest. It is their deeds we recite when we wish to hold aloft to the rising generation the principles that ought to govern conduct. When a person says that he is living to make a name for himself, or to put his business on a firm foundation, or to amass a fortune, or even to support his family, he is not saying all that ought to be included in the motive that drives him forward.

It is in place to quote here a thoughtful saying from Margaret Deland: "We've no business to die till we can leave the world a little better for our having lived in it." There is something within us that insists we shall reach out toward that measurement. It is not a question as to how old we are, or how long we might wish to live; it is a question of quality of service that will prove a blessing to somebody.

APPOMATTOX AND STONE MOUNTAIN

By H. H. Smith

On April 9, sixty-three years after Lee surrendered at Appomattox, the figure of General Lee, astride his horse, "Traveler," carved on the side of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga., will be unveiled. The statue of Lee measures 130 feet from the hoofs of his horse to the crown of his head, and is said to be one of the largest carvings in the history of the world.

Great men show their true greatness in the hour of adversity. Let us turn for a moment to that memorable day in April, 1865: Fitzhugh Lee gives the following account of General Lee's farewell to his soldiers at Appomattox: "They pressed up to him, anxious to touch his person or even his horse, and copious tears washed from strong men's cheeks the stains of powder. Slowly and painfully he turned to his soldiers, and with voice quivering with emotion said: "Men, we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more.' "

The next day he took formal leave of his army and issued his farewell address. In this memorable address he stated that the army had been "compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources," and that he had "determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose services have endeared them to their countrymen." "You will take with you," he said, "the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself. I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Dr. Wm. F. Hatcher, in his book, "Along the Trail of the Friendly Years," as an eye-witness, gives a vivid picture of General Lee's return to Richmond after the surrender of Appomattox:

"But I saw another sight in connection with Richmond's fall which I confess thrilled me a thousand times more than all the glory of the victorious armies of the Republic. It was a spectacle that broke upon me most unexpectedly; it came while the heavens were black with storm and the streets were wild with flooding rains.

"What I saw was a horseman. His steed was bespattered with mud, and his head hung down as if worn by long traveling. The horseman himself sat his horse like a master; his face was rigid with self-respecting griefs; his garments were worn in the service and stained with travel; his hat was slouched and spattered with mud and only another unknown horseman rode with him, as if for company and for love. Even in the fleeting moment of his passing by my gate, I was awed by his incomparable dignity. His majestic composure, his rectitude and his sorrow, were so wrought and blended with his visage and so beautiful and impressive to

my eyes that I fell into violent weeping. To me there was only one where this one was; there could be only one that day, and that one was still my own revered and cherished leader, stainless in honor, resplendent and immortal even in defeat, my own, my peerless cheiftain, Robert E. Lee.

"In that lone way, in the midst of rain and more, with no crowds to hail him, with no resounding shouts to welcome him, with no banners flapping about him, did he come back from disastrous war. But, ah! we did not know. Conquered and solitary he was, but yet he wore invisible badges of victory; he carried spoils of honor and conquest which could never fail, and in every step of his staid moving he was marching forward to take his place in the balance courts of universal fame."

THE SQUIRREL'S NEST

By Ruby Denon, in Our Dumb Animals

Sometimes we think that birds are the only wild creatures that build nests, but we are forgetting a large number of our near neighbors. The pretty gray squirrels that become so tame in the city parks are really famous nest-builders. I have seen them at work gathering branches and carrying them into the tree-tops for a summer home while many people passed quite near them. They show no fear of the curious crowd, but keep steadily at their work.

The summer home of the squirrels is a very important place, for it is to hold the tiny baby squirrels until they are big enough to go about. So the parents fashion this nest with much care. They lay a foundation of coarse twigs, which they cut with their own sharp teeth. Inside this outerlayer of sticks they place several layers of coarse leaves; then they line all with strips of bark cut very finely. Over the top they place a roof of leaves, arranged like shingles, to keep out the rain, and at one side they leave a little round doorway just large enough for their own use.

The baby squirrels are very small, and having no fur, they look like baby rats and mice. They grow very fast, however, and soon look more like their pretty gray parents. The nest in the top of the tree makes a good home unless some one bothers them. In case this happens the babies are quickly moved to another place for safety. When an unwelcome visitor approaches the parents hurry away and remain at a safe distance until the trouble is over. but they take no second chance, for the babies are moved before another visit can take place.

In the winter the squirrels like a nest in a hollow tree. Sometimes they take possession of boxes built for birds. When none of these can be found they build a rough nest of dry leaves high in a tree-top. They are not so well built as the summer homes, but they serve to protect the little creatures from the storms and cold.

THE WILSON HUMOR.

By William T. McElroy

The late President Woodrow Wilson had one very attractive trait which has often been overlooked by those who have written of his life and work. The trait has been described by one of his friends of boyhood days as "the Wilson humor". It was a faculty with which he often delighted his audiences, whether they were composed of undergraduates of the university over which he presided for many years or of those who were more interested in political than in intellectual matters.

"The Wilson humor" was chararteristic of both the late President and his distinguished father. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, the father of President Wilson, was for nearly fifty years one of the the foremost ministers and educators of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Tall and dignified in appearance and quiet in manner, he was saved from austerity by his genial disposition and by the engaging twinkle that was hardly ever absent from his eye.

At times in conversation, and sometimes in his pulpit addresses, the humor would flash out. But it was in debate that his ready wit and his ability to see the humorous side of a situation were most apparent. If his wit was sometimes a little barbed, it was due rather to his appreciation of a clever play on words and ideas than to any intention to hurt. This trait, happily, the famous son did not inherit, or if he did, he kept it under careful control.

One illustration of the spontaneity of the elder Wilson's humor is found in a story of him which has often since been attributed to other sources. While he was pastor at Wilmington, N. C., one of the members of his church, noticing the well kept condition of the horse the minister was driving, said: "Doctor, how is it that your horse is so sleek and fat, and you are so skinny?" "That's easy," was the prompt reply. "I feed my horse, but my congregation feeds me."

The inheritance of "the saving grace of humor" was a valuable one to Woodrow Wilson. In his lectures to the student body during his long service as professor and president of Princeton University, he often drove home a fact or an idea with an apt bit of humor, to the great delight of his hearers.

Later in his political career, it was invaluable to him. Often he used it in his introductions to "capture" an audience that was opposed to his party or to arouse one to new life that had grown a bit weary of political discussion. It was one of the things in his public appearances that amazed those who critized him as "the scholar in politics" or as "the professor on the political platform." They felt—did these critics—that he would fail to win popular approval.

But he proved them poor prophets. Wherever he went he was listened to with eagerness. His gift in the use of telling phrases, his clear presentation of political ideas and ideals,

and his humorous aside won every audience he addressed. Again and again he demonstrated that there was at least one "professor" who could hold his own in the political arena—and give pointers to the old campaigners as well.

The humorous turn of Mr. Wilson's mind was illustrated in his fondness for limericks. In the days of his political campaigning this form of verse was enjoying widespread popularity. When his political opponents so far forgot themselves as to criticize his personal appearance he would set his audience off into a roar of laughter and applause by reciting his favorite limerick:

"For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
The ones out in front get the jar."

Nor was this dignified college president, Governor of a great State, historian and essayist, and later President of the nation, above writing an occasional limerick for the amusement of himself and his friends. In the quiet home at Princeton, with a guest or two present and taking part, the family circle would enjoy an evening composing 'nonsense limericks". Several composed by Mr. Wilson have been preserved, one of the best being:

"No matter how grouchy you're feeling,
A smile you'll find is quite healing;
It should grow in a wreath
All around the front teeth,
Thus preventing the face from congealing."

Few men of his generation bore greater burdens than did Woodrow Wilson during the closing years of his life. It is gratifying to those who admired him in his lifetime and who revere his memory that he was sometimes able to ease the burdens by a bit of humor.

COMPENSATION

The universe pays every man his own coin, if you smile, it smiles upon you in return, if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, criticise and hate and you will be censured, criticised and hated by your fellow men. Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust,and confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness, love begets love. Resist and you will be resisted.—N. W. Zimmerman.

SATAN, THE WAR DOG, THAT SAVED A TOWN

By Martha Smith, in Industrial School Journal

"Somewhere in France," and not far from Verdun, a little village occupied a very important position in the allies' line. It was held by a garrison consisting of a few hundred French soldiers who had orders to hold on until they were relieved. The enemy had succeeded in cutting them off from their friends in the rear, but they fought on bravely alone For days they had hindered the German advance, answering the enemy's batteries with a steady stream of shells.

But now their ammunition was giving out, and there was no way of getting more, for the enemy was in possession of every road. Worst of all, the Germans had managed to plant a battery on the left in a position from which it could pour a deadly fire into the French town. Owing to the shortage of shells, only a weak reply could be made by the garrison. If the latter could only let the French army know the position of that battery, it might be silenced in time. But there was no way of letting it be known. The telephone and telegraph wires had been cut; the last homing pigeons had been destroyed by a twisting shell, and every other means of communication was destroyed.

With the French garrison was a famous dog trainer named Duval, from the war dog school at Satory. He had been sent to the front with two dogs, Rip and Satan, both in the messenger service of the French army. Rip, a soft eyed Irish setter, was killed in action soon after his arrival, and Satan had been left with the French troops two miles in the rear of the now isolated town where his master was stationed.

Satan was an ideal messenger dog, swift limbed, intelligent and absolutely fearless under fire. He was black as night, a mongrel by birth, but a thorough-bred by nature. His father was a champion English greyhound, and from him he inherited his speed. His mother was a working Scotch collie that had won more than one silver cup at the sheep dog trials in Scotland.

Satan loved just one man in all the world, and that man was Duval. Together they had walked several times over the ground which now stretched between them, and Duval knew that if their friends in the rear had any message to send, Satan would bring it if it could be brought. So every little while he would raise his head caustiously and look over the shell torn ground, hoping to see his dog. At last he started forward with a cry, "Here comes Satan! Satan!" At first his companions could see nothing but a black speck moving toward them from the distance. But presently the black speck took the form of a dog—a black dog wearing a gas mask and skimming the earth as he came. As he raced over the rough ground and leaped the shell holes, some of them men declared he was flying—that they even saw his wings. But the ground was fairly smoking under the enemy

fire, and no one but Duval believed that even this great speed and courage would save him from death. Perhaps they were right, for down he went as a German bullet found its mark.

Duval saw him as he fell, and saw him stagger to his feet again, confused and faltering. Taking his life in his hands the man leaped to the top of the trench wall in full view of the enemy, and heedless of the bullets which sang around him, shouted at the top of his voice: "Satan! Satan! Come, for France! For—!" A bullet cut him down.

But Satan had seen and heard, and with a frantic yelp of pain or joy, no one could tell, once more he was into his stride. On three legs now, and with the fourth swinging loose at the hip, he moved swiftly toward his goal. As he swept into the town, a dozen hands caught him, and from a metal tube on his collar they took a message which read: "For God's sake hold on. Will send troops to relieve you tomorrow." It was signed by a well known officer whose word could be relied on, and a cheer went up from the weary men. But how could they hold on? How was it possible with that German battery withering them with its fire? But the metal tube containing the message was not all that Satan had brought them. What some of the men had mistaken for wings on his shoulders were two little baskets, and in each basket there was a homing pigeon frightened almost to death.

An officer took a message pad of tissue paper and wrote upon it. "Silence the battery on the left." Then he added some figures showing the exact position of the battery. The message was folded and placed in a small aluminum capsule, and that was attached to the leg of the pigeon. A copy of the message was entrusted to the other bird, and both were tossed into the air.

Away they went as if they knew the importance of their work, and the men in town watched them as they sped toward the French lines far away. Then a score of German rifles cracked, and one of the little messengers fell earthward with a mist of blue-gray feathers in his wake. But the other pigeon passed through the hail of bullets unhurt, and flew straight to his loft, where an alert young officer caught him up. The anxious men of the garrison did not see their message read, nor could they hear the sharp, terse order given to the waiting gunners. But the deep roar of the big French guns which smothered with bursting shells the German battery on their left, and they knew that Satan and the pigeons had helped to save the town.

Even the cleverest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil sharpned by any woman; if you have witnesses, you will find she did it with a knife, but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth.

—Mark Twain.

RISE OF THE RUMANIAN MASSES

Christian Science Monitor

Rumania is a large, rich and beautiful land in southeast Europe, inhabited by over 17,000,000 people of Latin origin. For the last half century it has been governed by two kings, Carol and Ferdinand, by a very influential family, the Bratianus, and by the leaders of a few political parties, small but powerful. Up until the end of the war most of the peasants, who comprise not less than 80 per cent of the population, were in a state of semi-serfdom deprived of land and the right to vote and utterly dependent on a few landlords, industrialists and bankers. They were ignorant, timid and submissive, with the mental attitude of dependents. Politics was in the hands of a small number of rich, educated people, often of foreign origin, and partisan politics consisted largely of bargaining among astute and gifted politicians who were supported by small aggressive parties.

Now, however, the situation has changed. There is no king but a rather feebly regency. The most powerful representative of the greatest family is also gone. And coincident with this sudden diminution in the enormous prestige and authority of the royal and political dynasties, there has appeared a vigorous movement among the peasants and workers and the inhabitants of the recently annexed provinces. There has been formed a great "united front" of all the elements which until now have been economically and politically disfranchised. These masses have come under the leadership of a number of individuals, of an intellectual type and actuated by high ideals. Thus there is being launched a "crusade for democracy," and frequent reference is made to the "New Rumania."

They have become so formidable that the leaders of the government party have repeatedly tried to appease them, by offering them places by bargaining with them. The Prime Minister has even gone so far as to offer to share everything with them on a fifty-fifty basis. But he has been refused. It is this fact that has disclosed a new situation. Political bargaining has failed. The leaders of the opposition groups refuse to be appeased, to be silenced by high positions. The masses continue to make demands. They imperiously seek to get control of the government and talk of the sovereign rights of the people. Inarticulate peasants in 10,000 little villages, unlettered workmen in factory and workshop, teachers, professors and youth inspired by alluring slogans are marching in a long parade. After centuries of submission, the people are presuming to oppose their superiors who in songs, folklore, traditions and experience are presented as their masters and fore-ordained leaders.

All the good is not on the side of the "people" and of "progress" and of slogans. All the evil is not on the side of ancient institutions and the favored minority and things as they are. The road ahead is a middle road and has many, many curves. But still, a great, new, pow-

erful, incalculable and dynamic factor has entered Rumanian politics That is the Rumanian masses, who dwell in little houses, live limited lives and have always been used to obey, submit and bear.

The old idea of romance: The country boy goes to the city, marries his employer's daughter, enslaves some hundreds of his fellow humans, gets rich, and leaves a public library to his home town.

The new idea of romance: To undo some of the mischief done by the old idea of romance.—Seymour Deming.

WORKING CLOTHES

(Young Folks)

As one walks up and down the streets and in and out of offices, shops and counting rooms he sees many kinds of working clothes. We will admit that the clothes should be adapted to the kind of work we are doing. The man in the ditch would not wear that would be becoming the president of a bank. The young woman would not wear the same dress in the kitchen that she does when she goes shopping.

Jesus once said that there are interests in a man's life that are of far greater concern than what he wears. There is nothing in slovenliness to be admired. On the other hand there is such a thing as paying too much attention to what one puts on. The fact of the matter is that the person who lives to dress cannot have room in his thought for any other major interest. He is not worth all he should be to his employer. What he does is only a side issue, while what he looks like consumes large portions of his time that should be given elsewhere.

The quality of the work we turn out, no matter what position we hold has prior rights. There is more in this statement than the matter of honesty, important as that is. Such an understanding of our place and work is essential to the making of character. A slovenly appearance is bad enough, but a disorderly mind and slovenly habits are ten times worse. There is an inner orderliness, a cleanliness of soul, a scrupulous honesty with ourselves, that has a large claim upon our time and thought. There is more to manliness than a new suit of clothes. Character runs deeper than appearances. A beautiful exterior may hide much that is not square and straight. There is no feeling superior to that which comes from the knowledge that what we are at heart matches the best that we can put on. There is no particular reason why we should lift one interest so high as to neglect others. What we should do is to build them all into an orderly whole, giving each its rightful place.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

A number of the work force boys have been cleaning up the terraces around here recently.

We have been busy in the shop during the past week printing application blanks for the Caswell Training School.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby went to Winston-Salem for last week end. We understand that they attended the Moravian Easter services while there.

Mr. Hudson and a number of boys have been sifting coal behind the different cottages, to separate it from the dirt.

All the boys are looking forward to the coming of the great push ball, which we hear is to be sent to us. We all hope that it soon arrives.

On account of the bad weather, the boys retired to the cottage basements last Tuesday, and amused themselves at reading and playing various indoor games.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have just finished putting in screens at the dairy barn. They are now ready for the "grand rush" of insects.

A great many writers have been writing a good bit about spring and the robins arriving. Looks as if somebody got fooled. Last Tuesday morning the thermometer had dropped down to 37. Well, maybe its only a short cool spell—let's hope so, anyway.

Last Tuesday eight boys were taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital in Charlotte to have their tonsils removed. We hope that they will soon be able to be with us again.

Mr. Sparrow, an electrician from Charlotte, was out here last week repairing the electrical equipment on one of the Linotype machines. It is now working O. K.

Mr. House and the bakery boys were busier than usual last Saturday baking cinnamon buns for our big "Easter feed." We all received half a dozen of these delicious treats and wish to thank Mr. House and his bakery force for their trouble.

Superintendent Boger's children had a little Easter egg hunt over at their house last Saturday afternoon. There was quite a bunch of youngsters present. Theye were served ice cream, cake and cinnamon buns as refreshments.

Instead of the regular Sunday School session last Sunday morning, a special Easter service was held in the auditorium at nine o'clock.

The service was opened by singing special Easter Hymns; following this the entire student body, led by Edgar Rochester, recited the 24th chapter of Luke. The next, musical number, "Floats a Golden Chime," was sung by Bill Goss, Clyde Evans and Jacob Smith, three of our smallest boys,

the school singing the chorus. This trio of youngsters rendered this song in a very creditable manner.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgin, pastor of the Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, preached a very interesting sermon on "The Resurrection." Taking his text from Job 14:14: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Mr. Higgins very clearly pointed out to us, that if we strive to live as He who on this day overcame death, we should have no fear of the tomb.

The auditorium was beautifully decorated with tulips and other Spring blossoms.

The record of reading books in Raleigh is not all that would be desired. This is particularly true of grown-up. The average daily number of books taken from Olivia Raney Library last year was 390, of which number 250 came from the children's department and only 141 from the adult department.

If the parents do not read more, how long will their children honor them with association.—News and Observer.

AN ODD RAT TRAP.

By T. F. Benjamin.

Native boys of Manila, and other cities of the Philippine Islands, often make good wages by catching rats. Of course, they really don't catch the rats with their own hands, but use a species of harmless snake which they send into rat holes. These odd animal rat traps resemble the common American garter snake, except they are much larger and strong enough to tackle the most vicious rodents.

The boys coil one of these snakes around their arm or neck and walk along the resident streets while continually calling out in Spanish, "I catch rats! I catch rats!" It is interesting to watch the boys put their "traps" to work after they get the job of cleaning out the rats in a house. Catching the snake by its tail, a boy unwraps the twisting reptile from his arm and when it stops squirming he puts its head into a rat hole.

Presently, there are loud squeaks and the sound of a lively scuffle, so the boy knows that he has a "bite."

The snake is long enough for the boy to hold it by the tail while the rats are being caught, and this makes it easy for him to pull both the snake and its prey from the hole. When the boy thinks that he has captured all the rats, he calls the lady of the house, and she pays him four cents for each of them.

Although the snakes are very fond of rats, they are only allowed to eat the last rat caught at the end of the day. This is necessary because if the reptile eats a rat in the morning, it will not attack another one for several hours. By feeding it the last rat caught, the snake is always ready for work the next day.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

p 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 21, 1928. No. 13

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FACIAL AESTHETICS

"Wonderful and beautiful is the sparkling dew-drop which reflects to the admiring gaze of man the glory of the rising sun. But more beautiful and more wonderful is a human face which, as it turns itself to the world, reflects the beauty and the glory of the Son of God."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

"Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy, done to man, is done to me.
Never more thou needest seek me; I am with thee everywhere,
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and I am there."
—HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE RECEIVING BUILDING IN OPERATION

What is known as the Receiving Building was opened at the School in January of this year.

This building is equipped for the accommodation of twenty boys in its main dormitory. There are also five separate rooms in this building for the isolation of boys who may develop some contagious disease by reason of exposure before coming to the School. It has its own dining room, kitchen, sitting room, basement and quarters for those in charge of the building. All boys admitted must go to the Receiving Building and remain there for two weeks, after which time they are distributed to the various cottages. The boys in this building are kept separate and apart from the other boys and there is no possible chance of any new boy communicating a contagious disease to our five hundred other boys. Should one develop any disease while in this building, he is at once removed to one of the isolation rooms and is kept there until his complete recovery. All the

other boys in this building are held until such time as danger of infecting others is past.

Their stay here for two weeks gives the opportunity to make blood tests, to vaccinate against small pox, typhoid fever and to be looked over generally.

In order to carry on the operation of this building, boys can only be admitted on special days. These days are the 1st and 2nd of the month, and the 15th and 16th. Should either one of these dates fall on Sunday, only one admission day is had. Since it has been the custom of the School in the past to admit boys at anytime, it appears to be hard to get the co-operation of those committing boys to send them only on special days. Since this building has been in operation several clerks of courts of the State have brought boys on the 25th of the month when at the same time they have with them a letter from the office stating that boys can be received only on the 1st and 2nd of the month and the 15th and 16th.

This is a very important matter to the School and this article is being carried in The Uplift in the hope that it may help to secure full co-operation of those who commit boys to aid us in our efforts in safeguarding the boys under our care.

The School has always required a health certificate before admitting a boy and still does, but no doctor is able to determine whether a boy has been exposed to some contagious disease at the time of the medical examination. His health certificate may be perfect, yet within a few days after arrival he may develop scarlet fever, mumps, measles, etc. Such has happened more than once in the life of the School. All of us distinctly remember a certain boy having come from one of our largest and richest counties, bearing a health certificate from one of the county's leading physicans, yet within less than ten days, this boy had broken out with measles and exposed the entire School. Before the infection could be checked, one boy died, five or six had pneumonia and hovered between life and death for weeks. Four hundred more were in bed with the measles and the cost to the State in this one instance ran into the thousands of dollars. The Receiving Building properly carried on will eliminate the recurrence of such a calmity.

In the light of these facts this article appears for information to those whose duty it is to send boys to the School, and just news to the general public.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A DUTY

Judge John M. Oglesby, of Concord, has a vision, and he sounds a time-

ly warning when he calls to the attention of the citizenship of North Carolina, a christian duty, the necessity of giving a helping hand to the criminal of either sex when freed from the jail, the penitentiary or institutions of correction.

This is looking far into the future, but many great reforms have been worked by the dreams of men or women who have the courage of their convictions, and speak out in public. As a club man, Judge Oglesby commends the civic organizations in performing a worthy service, both charitable and philanthropic; but, he continues, "with the single exception of the governor's appeal to civic clubs to interest themselves in rehabilitation, no agency has attempted to bring criminals back to right living." Possibly some day the civic clubs will awaken to the call, and realize they can play a great part in administering mercy to the unfortunate. A battle is half won when a decision is once reached with a unity of purpose.

"Mecklenburg County is an exception," he said, "because it can boast of an industrial home for women, and a Crittenton home doing a wonderful work."

By way of information Charlotte can also boast of a King's Daughter Circle, made up of a band of christian women, from all churches, known as the Big Sister's Circle and each member co-operates with Judge Williams, of the juvenile court in giving first aid to young girls who have strayed into the toils of law. This circle during its short life has done a far reaching work.

The Uplift appreciates that Judge Oglesby took time in his busy life to pay high tribute to the work being done among the boys at the Jackson Training School so splendidly functioning under the supervision of Superintendent Charles E. Boger; and his closing remarks were: "This work, as J. P. Cook, who gave his life work for the school, has said, 'it is just begun. The appropriation is totally inadequate.' "

Can we afford to stand aloof with skirts drawn tightly around us for fear of personal contamination when realizing a woman was healed by simply touching the "hem of His garment?"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

IT IS KNOWN AS THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

It is always necessary to keep history straight so that in case of future reference there will be no confusion as to giving facts to those who follow us.

We feel sure that the error was not purposely made but just happened

because of the lack of proper information.

The following was given to the press: "This wideley quoted organ (meaning The Uplift) was originally established as a monthly by Mr. Cook, but was changed into a weekly SHORTLY before his death." Now, for the sake of accuracy we take pleasure in giving out to the many readers of this paper the date of its publication as a weekly, June 1921, seven years ago this June; and during that time every issue appeared—only one publication a year omitted and that was at the Christmas season for the purpose of giving the print-shop force a holiday.

The attention of the public was also called to the above quotation by the caption "REFORM SCHOOL" in big head lines, that was noticable to those of us who are accustomed to saying the Jackson Training School with real affection. We know, too, that there is an aversion among the officials of the school, and Board of Trustees to having it spoken of as a Reformatory.

The old boys who have enjoyed the splendid influence of teachers and officers, and felt the kind touch of the superintendent's hand, do not hesitate to acclaim their love for "old Jackson" as they term it, and why take the joy out of life? To be permitted to say "I am from old Jackson" eliminates the sting.

Suppose it were your boy, is a question each individual should ponder?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE PASSING OF A GOOD WOMAN

It is a good world. This is sincere conviction, and neither the revolt of Flaming Youth, the agitation of the Foolish Forties, nor the revelatons of all and sundry Investigating Committees can shake it. It naturally follows that there must be a great many nice people, folks who live as well and as helpfully as they can. Kindness and sympathy are essential qualities of religion, and a good many people really do have religion. Then, courtesy and tact are necessary to almost any posistion where one must deal with the public. And who can deny that life has become a public affair in this day and generation? But even so, there is an occasional person who stands out from the background of good, pleasant people because they have the rare ability to be a Personal Friend. It is hard enough to be a personal friend to those of one's own flesh and blood at times. But to be able to take people in general and so lose yourself in your interest for them that you really experience with them the joys or sorrows that may be their lot —this is something that few people can do, and those few have a multi-

tude who are ready to rise up and call them blessed.

Just such a person was the late Mrs. Sarah Misenheimer of Mt. Pleasant, known to hundreds of boys and girls who have gone to school in that little town as "Aunt Sallie." It is worthy of note that a woman who was so successful in making her life one of beauty and service spent little time on what we are often pleased to term "accomplishments." It is not recorded that she ever made a public speech, or tried to write about anything, or played the piano, or sang, or that she had any idea of a career beyond that of making a home for her three attractive daughters. She had what the world needs more than any of these—the capacity for helpful and loyal friendship and the ability to inspire young people to do things. Her affectionate pride in their achevements, her sympathy and ready wit and her faith in them have made life a better thing for many who sincerely mourn her passing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

PUSH! PUSH! PUSH!

In a recent issue of The Uplift, we promised to publish the names of that aggregation of marble shooters and kite flyers who have grown into fine business and professional men without losing that spark of boyhood that keeps them in tune with boys in general. This spark has never allowed them to forget the "kick" a boy gets from athletic sports, and recently it flamed so high that they made it possible for the boys of the Training School to have a large Push Ball—a fact that makes the boys long for summer and keep a weather eye on the big athletic field. The list follows:

John L. Dabbs, Thomas Hayes, Rufus Johnson, Fred E. White, John F. Durham, W. C. Dowd, Jr., John M. Scott, Albert Summey, Dolph M. Young, John M. Harry, Ernest Ellison, E. E. Jones, J. H. Little, Sid McAden, Odom Alexander, G. W. Patterson, W. L. Brooks, David Ovens, Frank Hovis, George W. Graham, J. L Spencer, Frank F Jones, Paul Efird, J. B. Efird, J. Caldwell McDonald and V. J. Guthery.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

TULIP TIME

The coming of Spring with its swelling buds, its bursting bulbs, its sprouting seeds, is a season of anxiety and anticipation. The bulbs that have been placed within the bosom of the earth by the lovers of flowers are anxiously watched for the first evidence of the power of Spring to bring forth from the insignificant bulb a flower that attracts and holds the admiration

of those who are true lovers of the beautiful. Tulip Time is on at the School. Expectations are being realized. Spring has done its work. The myriad of bulbs that have been planted, some in rows, some in beds, and some in circles are sending forth their flowers, and the riot of colors shown on the campus is truly beautiful. The red, the pink, the rose, the purple challenge your discrimination to select the most beautiful. Within two days fifty dozen were cut to bring joy to the sick, some gladness to the hearts of loved ones and beauty and loveliness to the home. 'Tis no cause for wonderment that the young swain beholding the exquisites coloring of these lovely flowers would feel that inner urge to make glad the heart of the object of his affections with an armful of such natural beauty. Though many dozens have been plucked to satisfy this peculiar longing, yet there are untouched buds waiting to fall before the wielder of Cupid's darts.

The School makes a specialty of flowers and places emphasis on tulips. It has been said that no man can be a bad man who really loves flowers. Association with the beautiful helps to transform badness into goodness. Anyway, the folks at the School love flowers, and rejoice to find our campus filled again with beautiful, rich, silent, appealing tulips.

Lovely flowers, Sweet flowers,
"Fairies of the Spring;
Only those who love them
Know the joy they bring."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

SIGNS

The old saying is that all signs fail in dry weather, but from observation it seems that signs fail it matters not the status of weather. Some farmers declare that the time for planting corn is when you hear the first whippoorwill, and others maintain when the dog-wood begins to bloom that it is an unfailing sign that winter is over and the planting of corn is in order.

The dog-wood is now in full bloom, and the whippoor-will in his monotonous song bursted forth fully three weeks ago—but to-day's weather even makes the young folks shiver.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN HEART

By C. W. Hunt

The man who wrote: "Hope springs eternal in the human heart," wrote wiser, perhaps, than he knew. We see it illustrated more clearly today amid bursting bud, flower and bloom than at any other time of the year, as all nature is in upheaval that it may reproduce and from seed time make a harvest. Not only the trees and the shrubs and seeds sprouting forth, but the birds are calling to their mates and a fit place for a nest is being sought. That is "Of the earth earthy" side of the picture and as if to make it all the more impressive Easter has come and gone, commemorating the resurrection of Him who gives light and life, the spiritual side; and as we lift our hearts to and bow our faces down before Him, the God of all the earth. With all these before mortal man, is it any wonder the farmer plows and plants that the world may be fed? That gardens are made that there may be succulent food? That flowers are planted that the earth may be made more beautiful, where His Spirit dwells in the hearts of human beings.

That is a fitting prelude to a discussion that may cause me to say something that has been said before, here or elsewhere, namely: that the "Hope springing eternal in the human heart" that manifests itself so much as spring comes. Men who have been practically idle all winter get out to plow and to plant. Why? Because through "Hope springing eternal" they see a harvest later for the energy and labor expended. Yesterday as I passed along the highway a poor old black man with a poor and simple plow and a poorer horse, was turning up the sod of an old and worn out field that has refused to make any one a crop since 1915, and cannot produce a crop now, though rains fall every few days, yet this poor mortal finds something within, something irresistable, and he plants when, in reason, he ought to know his work will be for naught; for that poor soil will not produce anything to remunerate him for his time and labor. It is that "Hope Springing." And as I sped along I said to myself: if planting time was after the sun runs high, and has dried out the moisture stored there all winter and spring, there would be less planted, especially in such soils as I have mentioned above; in fact there might be famine facing some with even more productive lands. Now all land is soft; it plows delightfully and men have that hope for a harvest that makes them plant liberally; more than could be the case if they had to wait for the heat of summer.

And thus it runs through all the earth, and on till we die in the hope of the resurrection morning. That hope that the rain will fall, the sun will shine; that faith that makes us believe that God cares for his creatures and food and raiment will come if we labor and wait. Judgement may be poor; wisdom may be lacking in the planting, yet the simple faith, the springing hope sends some

on in quest of harvest that to some it will be nothing. Youth emphasizes that hope more than age. Age has seen the pitfalls, has fallen into some of them and that hope that springs eternal has not that exhilaration and clearness, but it is there. Both youth and age live in hope; would die and pass out discouraged but for that eternal springing in the human heart.

The great Apostle Paul, said in a climax: "Now abideth Faith, Hope Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity" (love), but I do not know if love, as great as it is, means more to the human heart than hope. How dismal but for hope! And hope and faith are inseparably linked. We have faith in our friends, that they will prove true. We hope those we love will be faithful. The meaning is almost the same.

And the work goes on, as man takes on new life at the springing up within him of that which carries him through and saves him to repeat next year that same task of planting in spring that there may be harvest and the plan of Him who made it all can go on forever.

It is said that a sure cure for hiccoughs has been found. It is 2,000 years old, but has never been known to fail yet. Tickle your nose with something and sneeze. If you sneeze once or twice even the more violent hiccough is sure to go. This cure was advanced by Plato when Aristophanes had a bad case of hiccoughs. It worked then, and it will work now, no doubt.—Exchange.

CHANCE

(American Boy)

A lot of fellows complain they haven't a chance to make a name for themselves. Because they have the wrong sort of jobs, or get started wrong, or haven't enough money, or some other reason. But that is what learned Hindoos call the bunk. If you're a good man you can make a name for yourself whittling shingles with a jackknife. If you are a big enough man you can elevate shingle-whittling to a great art and earn a world reputation. We know, because the other day we heard a fellow play on the guitar. To most folks a guitar is a joke. You would never think of a man's giving a high-brow concert on one—a concert that would be attended by the critics, who would go away and write pieces about a great genius. But he did. And they did. Now, suppose this fellow had said in the beginning that he could play nothing but a guitar and had no chance. What, he might have asked, can a guitar player do? But he didn't ask anything. He just went ahead and made himself the finest guitar player that ever lived—and now he is honored and famous, and, what may not be so nice but is eminently practical, he is growing rich.

STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

By D. W. Sims, General Superintendent

In the face of heavy rains in the eastern and central parts of the State and snow in the western part, there were 615 delegates in attendance upon the Annual State Sunday School Convention which closed in Concord last Thursday night, after a three-day session. The delegates were fairly scattered over the State, coming from as far east as Lenoir county and as far west as Macon and Swain counties. Those who attended the convention pronounced the program one of the best ever presented at a State Sunday School Convention in North Carolina. The addresses by both the out of State and the in State speakers were considered unusually fine.

The closing session of the Convention on Thursday night was said to be the best of all. This session was featured by the pageant, "The Coming of Truth", given under the direction of Mrs. H. S. Williams, of Concord. A number of people, among them some who had seen pageants presented in many parts of the world, said that this was one of the most complete things of the kind they had seen anywhere.

The annual meeting of the State Executive Committee of the North Carolina Sunday School Association was held in connection with the Convention, and the report of the General Superintendent, D. W. Sims, showed much progress in the work during the past year. During the year the employed workers of the Association helped in County Sunday School Conventions in all the 100 counties of the State, 99 township conventions and institutes and one special County institute. In these meetings 2,370 Sunday Schools were represented by 722 pastors, 1,284 superintendents, 6-547 teachers, and approximately 36,-120 others. In addition to the county and township meetings, 10 county-wide conferences were held for the young people from 16 to 23 years of age, in which 319 Sunday Schools were represented by 2,130 delegates. The state workers also helped in 52 meetings of other kinds, and held 50 conferences with special groups of Sunday School workers.

Reports from various counties over the State showed continued development in efficiency of the County and Township Sunday School Associations. During the past year 680 Township Conventions and institutes were reported held throughout the State, and that unusually good results had been obtained from the work.

J. B. Ivey of Charlotte, was reelected President of the State Association. Other officers elected were T. W. Costen, Gatesville, President of the Eastern Region; John B. Wright, Raleigh, President of the East Central Region; C. M. Van Poole, Salisbury, President of the West Central Region; Thomas P. Pruitt, Hickory, President of the Western Region; E. B. Crow, Raleigh, Treasurer.

The following Executive Committee was elected:

L. W. Clark, Chairman, Spray. J. W. Atkins, Gastonia, T. A. Avera, Rocky Mount. John J. Barnhardt, Concord. S. W. Black, Bryson City. J. M. Broughton, Raleigh. Chester A. Brown, Asheville. Herbert W. Coble, Burlington. J. L. Dabbs, Charlotte. Josephus Daniels, Raleigh. C. F. Finch, Thomasville. J. H. Fogler, Mount Airy. Clyde R. Hoey, Shelby. Nelson Jackson, Jr., Tryon. Hubert C. Jarvis, Asheville. C. F. Lambeth, Thomasville. R. H. Lewis, Oxford. C. H. Livengood, Durham. E. R. Mixon, Washington. F. F. Myrick, Greensboro. F. C Niblock, Concord. C. M. Norfleet, Winston-Salem. C. S. Starbuck, Winston-Salem. Robert L. Strange, Wilmington. A. E. Tate, High Point. R. G. Vaughan, Greensboro. C. S. Wallace, Morehead City. W. L. Ward, Ashboro. Mrs. H. A. White, High Point.

THE GIRL WHO IS REFINED

She thinks of others before herself.
She opens and closes a door quietly, instead of bursting through.
She is always on time when it is her duty to be.
She is gentle in her manners.
She speaks well of others, especially of the absent.
She is considerate of older people.—Young People's Paper.

A CHINESE OLD MAID

(Youth's Companion)

In China, where marriage is regarded as the one right and proper destiny for all women, maiden ladies of an age beyond the twenties are practically unknown. The only one whom Mrs. Elizabeth Enders met, as she relates in her recent book, "Temple Bells and Silver Sails," was, however, a very charming example. A pleasant day had been planned for the American upon a houseboat with Chinese friends.

"Mr. Wu brought his sister and young daughter to accompany us, and they were both quite beautifully dressed for the occasion. The somewhat elderly sister wore a dove-colored coat, and black satin skirt, her little bound feet encased in pointed, heavily embroidered shoes, and her hair dressed with jade and pearl ornaments. She was so very gracious in her manner, and looked after all our comforts so assiduously, that, in spite of the fact that we did not speak each other's language, I felt absolutely at home with her all day.

"Afterwards, I was told the reason that she was still unmarried in spite of her middle age. In her early childhood she had been affianced to a little boy of ten, and just before the time of their wedding he had died. So, after the funeral, in spite of the fact that she had never even seen him, a wedding ceremony was held, in which the spirit of the departed youth became her husband, to whom she had ever since remained faithful."

So, after all, her one Chinese "old maid" was a widow!

RONSKET'S RESERVATION

By Eva R. Baird

"Why not Ronsket?" asked Mrs. Cummings.

"You mean Ralph's Indian friend?" asked her husband doubtfully. "Oh, he doesn't need this sort of thing, and I don't believe the Association would accept an Indian boy anyway."

"I don't see why not," differed Mrs. Cummings. "The idea of the camp is to develop better Americans isn't it? And he's an American. He'd make a real contribution to camp life, I believe, for he knows so much about outdoor life. Put him down. They can't any more than refuse."

Ralph Cummings listened in some surprise to his mother's defense of his friend, Ronsket. Last year mother hadn't cared much for Indians, but since she had known Ronsket she had come to feel differently. Still Ralph didn't quite see himself how he could be included in the camp list.

The Sprite Lake Improvement Association was opening a Boys' Camp on the other side of the lake, and Mr. Cummings was on the committee to pass on the names of the favored boys who were to spend time there during the month that a camp director was to be employed. All the boys in town were eager for the chance to study nature and craftsmanship under an expert. The fact that Ronsket's home was on an Indian reservation rather put him out of the class who were in special need of camp life.

"Do I get in myself?" asked Ralph. His father looked up thoughtfully.

"I don't know what to do about you, son," he said. "As a member of the committee I don't like to favor my own son, but you are perfectly eligible. How would this be? There are to be three groups to spend ten days each in camp. We are putting two extras in each group to take the places of any one who fails to come. Suppose I put you down as an extra on the third list."

"That's all right," agreed Ralph like the true sportsman that he was. "Put Ronsket down as the other one, and we'll take our chances." Mr. Cummings jotted down both names.

"Don't get your heart set on Ronsket, though." he said, "for the other members of the committee may take exception to him. And, of course, there's only a chance that the extras will go."

It was a week later that a letter came from Mr. Clark Austin, the young man who had been engaged as camp director.

"I'll be on hand for your work immediately after the Fourth," he wrote. "I trust that your Association understands that the chief thing we are after in camp life is character. We shall have busy days with our work and play, but the most important thing will be the personal contact and conferences which will lead to life decisions."

And it was that last sentence which gave Ralph and Ronsket their chance.

"Sounds like a prayer meeting to me," said Alan March, scornfully. His father, too, was on the Camp Committee, which was how he happened to see the letter. "You can

count me out on this character conference business. And I know Clyde Derthick won't want to go either if that's Mr. Austin's line." Clyde was Alan's chum, and whether through Alan's influence, or because he felt that way himself, he withdrew his name along with Alan's. And Ralph and Ronsket, whose name had been accepted after a little hesitation, stepped in.

"A little character work won't hurt us I guess, eh, Ronsket?" said Ralph. And Ronsket smiled his rare Indian smile, and answered, "Character is all. In the woods and with the craft you find it."

"Queer fellow, Ronsket," said Ralph to his mother in telling her about the conversation. "He really doesn't know what Mr. Austin means by a personal conference."

"That's what I thought when I suggested putting him on the camp list," said Mrs. Cummings. "He knows outdoor life better than you boys, but he hasn't had the chance you have had of companionship with men like this young Mr. Austin, who inspire you and help you decide what you are going to do with your life. Ronsket is too good material to be wasted."

Ralph chuckled at his mother's praise of Ronsket. That was mother for you, no half way measures. She either liked folks or she didn't.

But camp life surprised Ralph by showing that Ronsket had been more nearly correct than he had in guessing what to expect of Mr. Austin. There was nothing of the prayer meeting type, unless one excepted the Morning Circle when the campers stood with bared heads to salute the flag, and repeat a wonderful prayer to the God of the Open Air which Mr. Austin gave them the first day. But that Morning Circle some way set the keynote of the day. As the boys hiked and swam, and made things, there was a hidden sense of God in everything. Ralph wondered why he had never felt it so strongly before; perhaps it was part of living in the open for days at a time.

Ronsket was easily the leader in nature-lore and craftsmanship. His eye saw truer and his limbs moved more skillfully than any other boy in camp. His lithe young body swung out with confident strength on every endurance test, and his silent footsteps seemed never to disturb the fur-and-feather folks the campers might be investigating.

"We are all good Americans I hope." laughed Mr. Austin. "But Ronsket is just a little more American than most of us." For the character thing that Mr. Austin had written about seemed to consist largely of the idea that Americans must be the strongest, finest, most efficient folks on the face of the earth.

For ten glorious days the boys revelled in wood-lore and campcraft. There were endurance tests and games that started them on a whole new line of activities. Mr. Austin was one of those rare leaders who never seemed to lead, but just went with the boys into everything. Ralph and Ronsket thrilled together in each new experience, although it was usually Ralph who gave expression to the thrill in words. The boys had both been happy to find that the group made no discrimination against Ronsket because he was an Indian.

Around the campfire on the last night the boys sung the jolly outdoor songs they had learned or made up during their happy days together.

Then quite naturally they fell to talking of "next year" and the value of the camp.

"What has each one of us got out of it, I wonder," said Mr. Austin thoughtfully. "Let's go 'round the circle, and each one tell one thing he has got out of these ten days in camp."

The question brought a pleasant variety of answers. One had learned how to find directions when he was lost, several had acquired the art of being able to make a fire with only one match, all had learned facts of nature. A few touched on more personal things, ability to control temper, being a good sport, doing one's share of the hard things. In their interest they did not follow the circle as Mr. Austin had suggested, but any one spoke spontaneously as he felt like it.

Ronsket had not spoken at all. In the glowing firelight his face showed unusual expressiveness for him.

"What have you got out of it, Ronsket?" asked Mr. Austin quietly. Ronsket turned toward him, and was silent for a moment before he answered. Then he spoke almost solemnly.

"I have found my reservation," he said. The boys all looked at the Indian boy curiously. Ronsket never had much to say, but they had learned to listen when he spoke.

"I don't quite get you," said Mr. Austin. "Won't you tell us what you mean?"

"Well," said Ronsket, "my people always have their reservation, a place that is theirs to cultivate and improve. You would call it our field of labor I suppose. All people have to find that some time, don't they, the field where they will work? I call it my reservation."

"And what is it?" asked Ralph quickly, putting the question more pointedly than Mr. Austin might have done.

"Ever since I've had friends among you white boys," went on Ronsket, "I have thought it might be something of nature that my people should bring to yours. But what I've learned at camp is that that is only half. You have given me something else —friendship. And that's what my reservaion is, to be a carrier of friendship between my people and yours." He paused in some embarrassment at having made so long a speech, but Mr. Austin came quickly to the rescue.

"That's about the best I've heard yet," he said quite naturally. "I wonder how many of us are back of Ronsket's plan, and will back him with our friendship. Everybody that feels that way about it stand up, and then let's ask Ronsket to lead us in an Indian dance around this dying fire."

The commotion that follwoed sounded more like a war-whoop than the pipe of peace, but when camp broke the next day every boy felt himself a better American for knowing of Ronsket's reservation.

Teacher—"If a farmer sold 1,470 bushels of wheat at $3.17 a bushel, what would he get?"

Boy—"An automobile."

GRANDFATHER'S OLD CHAIRS

By Frank Herbert Sweet

"I'll take the pineapple carved bedstead," said Anne, the oldest, who had posted herself on the value of antiques.

"Mine's the bookcase," followed Philomena briefly.

"My choice is the set of haircloth furniture."

"I ll have the tall clock."

"I'll take the funny little spider-legged desk."

And so on to "Well, I may as well choose the sideboard."

Anne frowned a little at that. The sideboard was so cracked and disclosed she did hope none of them would give it a second glance. On her tour for information among the antiques stores she had seen a sideboard just like that, just as bruised, just as disreputable. And its tag had been marked with three figures, of which the first was not a "1." I'll take the blue willow pattern set of dishes," she sniffed.

"But Dorothy hasn't picked yet," spoke up one of the cousins perfunctorily.

"O, never mind me," smiled Dorothy a little wanly from one of the mended kitchen chairs. "Just leave me out a few things to remember him by."

Grandfather had been dead only three days. He had made no will, for apparently there wasn't much except the old furniture. He had once said for them to divide it to suit themselves, for they knew what they liked better than he could guess. The others were thinking of making as good choices pecuniarily as possible, Dorothy was thinking of the old man whom she had loved. The "choosing" method of division had been suggested by Anne, who was posted on antiques, and the others usually followd Anne's lead.

"Suppose we call the kitchen chairs one of Dorothy's 'picks,'" said one of the cousins amusedly. "She wants things to remind her of him, and there isn't a thing in the house so well fitted for it as the old chair set. He was forever whittling in one of the straight backs or smoking in the old rocker. If being a reminder has value, the old chair set is the best thing in the house—for Dorothy."

"Except maybe the big stick cane," laughed another. "Grandfather clumped round with that six days in the week and only took the gold-headed cane for church on Sunday."

"I speak for the gold-headed cane," called a cousin. "Dorothy can have the stick if she likes. She's three behind, anyhow."

"No, she isn't, for I picked out her turns as they came around." reminded Anne. "She said for me to leave out reminders for her, you know. She can have the stick for the last turn. She can't see that without thinking of the old codger."

Dorothy flushed a little at the disrespectful word but said nothing. She didn't care to "mix in" the wrangle of division, though she perfectly understood what was going on. She liked to think of grandfather as being near, with his tender old eyes and loving smile. That was worth more than any difference of value in articles of furniture. And

she would be glad to have the old stick and chairs that were so intimately associated with her grandfather.

The chairs were of heavy wood and so old and worn that if any paint or varnish had ever been on them it was worn entirely off, and the middle of the bottoms was half worn through. But what hurt their looks most and wholly condemned them in the eyes of the other cousins was a clumsy strip of wood screwed securely to the chair seat behind the rounds of each back. With use and strain their rounds probably had been broken off near or even with the seat, and the strips were to hold them in place.

At last the division was ended to the satisfaction of all, even Dorothy. Philomena was exulting at having secured the best-looking article. Though Anne's selections were more rubbed or chipped or unstable than some of the others, a subdued gleam of satisfaction showed in her eyes. And for various reasons of their own the rest, too, were satisfied.

'It seems a shame that Dorothy picked out such poor stuff,'' commented a more conscientious cousin as they trooped back to the kitchen. ''And she going to get married next month, too. Whatever will Jack Ellis think of those straight backs and the rocker, and of the big stick, and the rest of the mess! I can see his laughing eyes grow solemn at sight of them right now.''

''Dorothy has the very best reminders of grandfather of us all,'' said Anne sweetly. ''Just dollars and cents aren't everything in the world.''

''Piffle!'' scorned one of the girls. ''Let that come from anyone but —Anne.''

Dorothy hastened to bridge the breach. ''I'm delighted with what I've got,'' she declared sincerely. ''I shall have grandfather with me every day by looking at them. And I know Jack loves me enough to like whatever I do.''

A month later Dorothy and Jack were married and went to live in a little aparment by themselves near where Jack was working as an assistant bookkeeper. The old chairs were put in the kitchen, and the few other things that had been assigned to Dorothy were placed in various parts of the house. Jack bought actual necessities in furniture on installments. They couldn't buy much on Jack's small salary.

But Jack was ingenious with tools, and most of his evenings were devoted to tinkering in the kitchen. Soon useful bits of furniture and conveniences began to appear, much to Dorothy's pleasure and contentment.

Then one evening during a little leisure Jack eyed the chairs speculatively. ''Would it—er, hurt your feelings any if I should paint and varnish 'em up a little?'' he asked doubtfully.

''No, indeed, Jack. They're dear old chairs, but I think the clumsy strips screwed behind the rounds are perfectly hideous. I've been wondering if I couldn't fix cushions or something high enough on the bottoms to hide the strips.''

''Strikes me there's something funny about it anyhow,'' muttered Jack, opening a knife blade and beginning to prod at the lower end of a round. ''Seven chairs with every last back round worn off at the seat and need-

ing a strip four times larger than necessary to keep them in place. And the strips not planed nor smoothed either. Yet I've always considered your grandfather a very neat workman. Funny," again, as the blade point went from round to round, "every one off just below the wood's edge and evidently sawed. Maybe some youngster did it for mischief, and the strips had to be put on. But they needn't have been so clumsy. Say, Dorothy, I believe I can take off the strips, clean out the holes, drive down the back with a mallet so the rounds will go deeper into the holes, with a little glue to persuade 'em to stay, and then paint and varnish the chairs till they will be about as good as new."

He went to work energetically, and in a few minutes a strip was unscrewed from the bottom and from the rounds. Then the chair back was lifted, disclosing the four middle medium-sized holes and the two outside larger ones covered with glue.

"Looks like the rounds were broken off or sawed off, leaving the ends in the holes, and these covered with glue," he said. "Funny. I'll have to gouge them out."

This he proceeded to do, presently uttering a surprised exclamation.

"What's the matter?" asked Dorothy.

Jack did not answer, but worked on feverishly, going from one hole to another. Presently he turned the chair over, rapping it smartly. A shower of glittering coins clinked on the floor. He whirled back the chair without appearing to notice Dorothy's cry, gouged a few moments, then turned and rapped again. More coins glittered out. "That's all," he announced after another scrutiny. "Now count up."

They did so, placing them in little piles.

"Eight of the twenty-dollar gold pieces in each of the big holes," he wondered, "and ten ten-dollar ones in each of the smaller holes. Whew! How much does that make, little girl?"

"Seven hundred and twenty," answered Dorothy, after a little counting on her fingers.

"Correct. Now we'll investigate the other chairs. Wonder if they'll have anything."

They did, just the same amount, except that in one of the rocking-chair holes was a folded paper. Jack passed it to Dorothy without examination. She opened and read aloud: "To the one who takes my old chairs through love of the old man, I give the money they're taking care of. I don't want it to be divided. And I don't mind adding that I hope and expect it will be the dear daisy chain maker. Grandfather."

"I used to weave daisy chains and put them on his head when we were out in the fields together," she said in a choking voice.

Our hope for eternal life in the hereafter does not spring from a longing for a spiritual existence, but grows out of our love for life upon this earth, which we have tried and found good.—Robert J. Shores.

THE MOUTHFUL

By Elsie Spicer Ells, in Outlook

Once upon a time in one of the islands of the Azores there was a poor woman who lived a most unhappy life. She and her husband were always quarreling. Every day when he came home from work he was cross and said harsh words to her. She always responded with bitter words, and things would go from bad to worse, until at last he would beat her.

One day the woman took her water jar and went to the fountain to fill it as usual. She was so unhappy over her unpleasant life that great tears were rolling down her cheeks. There was a little old woman standing by the fountain.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" she asked as she saw the tears.

When she had heard all the story, the little old woman took the water jar, filled it at the fountain, and handed it to the distressed woman.

"Go home, my daughter," said she. "Keep this water in the jar. Preserve it carefully. The moment your husband says a cross word to you fill your mouth with a drink of it."

The woman thanked her gratefully and went to her home.

The next day when her husband returned from work her began to scold her as usual. She was about to reply when she suddenly rememberer the old woman s advice. She ran to the water jar and filled her mouth with a drink of water. To her great amazement, her husband soon stopped scolding. That night, for the first time in many weeks, she went to sleep without a beating from her husband.

Things kept on going well for several days. Just as soon as her husband said unpleasant things she would fill her mouth with water from the jar. Then he would get over being cross. Now there were smiles instead of tears upon the woman's face.

At last, however, the water jar became empty. Once more the woman took it to the fountain, hoping that she might again find the little woman who had given her the magic water. She found her waiting at the fountain.

"How did my prescription succeed, dear daughter?" asked the little old woman.

"How can I ever thank you for all that you have done for me? Now I am happy once more. My husband no longer beats me. I did not dream that my life could ever be so full of joy. Give me, I pray you, more of the magic water."

The little old woman smiled gently. "Dear daughter," said she, "the water which I put in your jar is nothing except this from the fountain. It is the very same which you always carry home. This is the secret: With you mouth full of water, you cannot reply when your hubsand says cross words to you. If you do not keep up the quarrel it soon ends. That is why your life is happy now instead of sad. Go home, and whenever your husband says an unkind word to you pretend that your mouth is full of water and do not reply. Go in peace, my child."

The woman always remembered the good advice which the little old wo-

man gave her at the fountain. She never again quarreled with her husband. When she had children of her own she passed the secret on to them. It is generally known in the islands that if one does not want to keep up a quarrel it is well to pretend that his mouth is full of water. This is the reason, perhaps, why the people of the Azores are so peaceful and happy.

TRUTH COUNTED OUT

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News

"Sixty-three years from the day that General Lee handed his sword to General U. S. Grant at Appomattox, only to have it magnanimously returned by the victorious leader of the Union armies." So runs the AP story of the unveiling at Stone Mountain Monday. They say that truth crushed to earth will rise again, that error will die after writhing in pain. But the truth of history, written by men who were present at that Appomattox event and who participated in it, is that there was no sword handing and returning and no mention of it. General Lee as this history records, was dressed in his best and wore a magnificent sword, which had been presented to him. But he didn't offer the sword to General Grant in token of surrender. That custom, in vogue in the ancient time, had passed before Appomattox, or at least General Lee didn't follow it. If he had it is more than probable that General Grant would have handed the sword back. But he didn't get the chance.

In a newspaper career covering some several years this writer has on several occasions taken the pains to correct this same false statement. But in this case the truth of history seems to be crushed to earth and unable to rise, or at least to stand up and get about; while error goes blithely on his way, repeating the same old falsehood on all occasions. It is agreed that the people who relate the sword handing and returning which never happened don't really intend to misrepresent history. They don't know any better. The false report of the transaction got into circulation, and as it seems to fit it is retained and repeated. The truth about it hardly gets a look-in. Attention is called to it now without hope that it will do any good. Just feeling a little peeved to see all the AP stories carrying it in all the papers and disposed to call it once more, with absolute assurance that next time there is occasion to mention that surrender business the sword handing and returning will be rung in.

Do not let the devil make life bitter for you and do not make life better for any one else.—Sweet Charity.

JONAH AND HIS WHALE

(Asheville Citizen)

The Rev. Dr. Ambrose John Wilson, lecturer at Queens College, Oxford, after exhaustive study of the habits and dimensions of whales and extensive reading of the literature of men's adventures with and in these inhabitants of ocean's deeps, has deemonstrated that the whale could easily have swallowed Jonah and that everybody is justified in taking the Bibical account of the incident literally. Writing in "The Princeton Theological Review," Dr. Wilson shows that a large whale can gulp down the average-sized man without experiencing difficulty or even indigestion.

"The great fish in question," he says, "would be the sperm or chacalot, the species which inhabits the southern waters where Jonah was voyaging. It attains a very large size and may measure from fifty to seventy or eighty feet." Nor is Jonah the only recorded incident of man-swallowing by a whale. The Doctor has found published accounts of two other individuals who made the involuntary journey into interior darkness and lived to see the light again.

In "The Boston Post Boy" for October 4, 1771, he discovered the story of Jenkins, an American seaman. This hero was in a small boat and making ready to throw the harpoon into a chacalot, when the chacalot, rendered peevish by the chase, bit the boat in two and swallowed Jenkins who had not taken the precaution to carry his harpoon with him. The whale in a few minutes coughed the seaman back into the sea, and he was rescued.

The other case was that of James Bartley, who in 1891 was in a boat which was overturned by a blow from a whale's tail. Bartley was swallowed up, and two days later. when the whale was killed and cut up, the whaler was rescued from its insides. Although a raving maniac for the next two weeks and bleached dead white by the whale's gastric juices, he recovered and lived to a good old age—all of which is vouched for by Sir Francis Fox.

"But after all," comments "The Independent," "it makes very little difference to Christianity whether Jonah was swallowed by a whale in actuality or only in the imagination of some ancient writer. Whatever the dimensions of a whale's mouth or the tendency for regurgitation in chacalots, it does not make or unmake a religion."

The happiness of a man in this life does not consist in the absense but in the mastery of his passions.—Tennyson.

THERE ARE NO SHADOWS

By Rev. Robah F. Bumpas

"It seems so pathetic to be nearing sixty, in poor health, and be entirely alone."—Extract from a private letter.

Yes, indeed, life is pathetic; surely mine has been so. When I was only an infant, my father passed away, and I never enjoyed the benefits of his protection and guidance. My mother was left a widow, having three little children to support by the use of her pen. We practiced economy and self-denial.

When a lad I was crippled, deprived of the sports so dear to youth; a shut-in, and much alone. I was prepared for college, my trunk packed and my room engaged, but ill health kept me away. When a young man, contrary to my inclinations, I was thrust out into public life. Shrinking, painfully diffident, I appeared before an audience with fear and trembling. My health was delicate, salaries meager, often we did without.

To the inexperienced itinerant there were difficulties to encounter, trials to endure, steep mountains to sclae, enemies to face, fierce battles to fight. It was no primrose path, but called for red blood.

One by one our children took wings; at last my chosen companion departed, leaving me all alone in the world, and it seemed as if my very life had dropped out of me. Then I was placed upon the shelf.

Truly a pathetic story, do you say?

And yet from my mother I inherited a ray of sunshine. It fell upon the grass and flowers as I played in the yard; it illuminated the dark where I strolled as a boy; it fell upon the pillows of my couch, the floor, the carpet, the open book from which I read; it lit up the faces of my friends, and when I entered the pulpit it illuminated the sacred pages with a divine glory.

And the people, O the people, how generous were they in their thought of us—how they welcomed us into their homes, and to the very best they had, and what a wealth of love they poured upon us. We were just the folks they wanted, and they made us very, very happy.

Our home was a little love nest, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever," a shelter and a place of refuge. If we had to count the pennies there was never a debt.

When the blinds were closed and the shades pulled down there was light within. When I walked through the valley there was no shadow, for Jesus was there.

And now, as the evening time draws on, I am in sunny southern California. There are no shadows as I face the sunset, and when I turn and look back, the whole landscape, mountain and hill and plain, is flooded with its glory. There is not a single regret, my mistakes and failures are covered by the blood, and my sins are all blotted out. When I look forward there is a shining bridge of gold thrown over the blue waves of the Pacific, touching the sands at my very feet; the angels traverse it, going and coming. There are no shadows.

CULTURE SPREAD BY R. F. D.

(Lincoln County News)

Rural free delivery is praised by William A. Graham, state commissioner of agriculture and president of the national association of commissioners of agriculture. It brought the newspapers to the farmer.

"Just a few years ago many of our people had to travel miles to get their mail and a daily paper in the country was a thing unheard of. Mail came but once, or, at most, twice a week, and when it did come it brought only the possible letter and an advertising circular, but rarely a newspaper.

"It is my conviction that the most important civic education a man can obtain is that which comes through the columns of the leading newspapers in particular.

"But the daily newspaper for the farmer was possible only after the government had established rural free delivery. Here, again, was a master stroke on the part of the government in behalf of the rural population—another stroke along the line of broader knowledge of the relationships of agriculture to the state.

"Of coure, along with the rural free delivery came the telephone and later the radio, which things make the corporate limits of our cities practically co-extensive with those of the country. But the rural free delivery remains one of the most important gifts from the government to its rural people."

MORE GRACE

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater,
He sendeth more strength when the labors increase,
To added affliction He added His mercy,
To multiplied trials, His multiplied peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,
When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,
Our Father's full giving is only begun.

His love has no limit, His grace has no measure,
His power no boundary known unto men,
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth and giveth and giveth again.

—Author Unknown.

A PAIR OF FAMOUS BIRD CLUBS

By Maude Wood Henry

Do you belong to a bird club? If not, you will do well to organize one this spring and study the birds that come up from the southland to spend the summer in your vicinity. Birding expeditions are great fun and you will be surprised at the great variety of feathered songsters to be found in the parks and woodlands, even in your own yards, which you can profitably study. There are many bird books in the public libraries which will help you to identify the birds; and if you happen to know someone who is acquainted with them that you can induce to head your club you will have a splendid time this spring and summer.

For a good many years a little group of boys and girls in San Diego, Calif., have been studying the birds that live in the hills, meadows and woodlands, and on the Pacific beaches and nearby islands, and they have had such a good time and have learned so much and become so famous that I am going to tell you about them. The boys belong to the Gene Stratton-Porter Boys' Bird Club named in honor of that famous friend of birds whose stories are known to young people everywhere. There are just seven members and their leader is Albert E. Stillman, a naturalist and writer of San Diego, who is training the boys to observe and to photograph birds, to write about their experiences afield and last but not least to protect them from their enemies —the hunters. The girls, who also number seven, belong to the Emma-Lindsay Squier Girls' Bird and Animal Club and are just the luckiest girls in the world, so they think, because they have Miss Squier for their leader. If you have not read the delightful and fascinating bird and animal stories which Miss Squier has written in her book, "The Wild Heart," it will pay you to do so.

"Be Kind to Birds" is the motto of both of these clubs. And all the birds and beasts around San Diego who are acquainted with the members are as lucky as the "lucky sevens" themselves. Many a crippled or injured or orphaned bird has been rescued by these bird clubs and made happy by them. And all the water birds of Mission Bay owe their freedom to the fight put up on their behalf by these boys and girls who, by means of a petition and a year's work with the city council, finally succeeded in getting a sanctuary for them, where they are safe from hunter's bullets.

Many a notable piece of bird legislation is traced to the activities of these two bird clubs. Whenever a petition abont eight feet long is circulated, it is sure to belong to these friends of "the winged brotherhood," and San Diegans get out their fountain pens as soon as they see a member of the bird clubs coming, for no one can get away from these zealous arguers for birds' rights.

Each of the clubs has a mascot. "Lucky," the linnet, is the mascot of the Gene Stratton-Porter Boys' Bird Club, and "Cupid," the tiny dog that the girls rescued from the city pound with their club dues, is joint mascot with "Picadilly," the sparrow, of the Emma-Lindsay Squier

Girls' Bird and Animal Club. Lucky was brought up by the family ca- was rescued by Dwight Bayles, and nary. After graduation from the cage of her foster mother Lucky began a life of great adventure, visiting schools with the boys and figuring as star performer at the annual "Bird's Christmas Tree Party" which these two clubs give at holiday time to their feathered friends. The boys delight in showing off their smart and accomplished little mascot. Cupid was the first dog to be "bailed out" of the city pound with the accumulated club dues and proved so irresistible that the girls just couldn't part with him. "He is about the smallest, cutest and ugliest dog in the world," Miss Squier says, "and the club decided to be selfish for once and keep him for a mascot." Rescuing dogs from "humane destruction" and finding them humane homes is one of the undertakings of the girl's club. Other dogs are being given away after they are rescued from the pound. The club pays both the pound fee and first year's license, so there is no obligation on the part of the new owner except that he is expected to "be kind forever after."

When the girls took Cupid to a photographer to have his picture made, the photoprapher looked around him in bewilderment and asked: "Where's the dog?" He was there all right, but entirely surrounded by girls. The tiny fellow is a cross between a Mexican Chilhuahua and a Spitz.

When the girls go a-birding in Miss Squier's two-passenger car, "Gelinda," the car looks, Miss Squier says, as though it had broken out with a rash of girls. They occupy the running boards and the rear package compartment as well as the one seat with her. But they don't mind that—it only adds to the fun. Gelinda is sidetracked while they stealthily hunt for birds' nests in the hills and woods. These trips furnish material for bird stories which the girls write as preparation for their careers; for, like the boys, they are in training to follow in the footsteps of their beloved leader. Sometimes the bird stories creep into print.

Writing of bird and animal experiences, talking to school audiences, acting in little humane plays written by Miss Squier for production in "Be Kind to Animals Week," and distributing seeds and information on the care of wild birds among the children of the primary grades, are some of the features of the work these juvenile bird clubs are doing. They hold regular meetings and go on many a hike separately and together; give joint picnics and parties and have such wonderful times that I know every boy and girl who reads this will want to follow their example.

If we do our best; if we do not magnify trifling troubles; if we look resolutely, I will not say at the bright side of things, but at things as they really are; if we avail ourselves of the manifold blessings which surround us, we can not but feel that life is indeed a glorious inheritance.—John Lubbock.

THRIFT AND SPENDING

(Youth's Companion)

We have traveled a long way from Benjamin Franklin, prophet of thrift, whose comfortable doctrine was "a penny saved is a penny earned." We no longer spend our money with a sense of guilt; we also contract light-heartedly to spend in the future money we have not yet got. In a word, we practice "installment buying." No one knows how many hundreds of millions, or even billions, of unearned dollars are already ear-marked today for the automobile agent, the furniture dealer or the man who sells furcoats.

Not only that, but many of our present-day guides, philosophers, and friends tell us that we must not be afraid to spend money. The industrial system under which we live is geared up to such a speed that it needs plenty of spending to keep it in motion. Mr. Owen D. Young, who is a wise man as men go today. warns us against saving too much. If you save for investment, you are putting your money into "plant account," building new mills and factories, buying new machines, turning out more goods; and if you do not keep on buying these goods lavishly, you will soon cause overproduction, a collapse of credit, unemployment; and you will play hob generally with the delicate machinery of our modern civilization. Such is the counsel of our present sages—who are no longer abstemious philosophers, but stirring business men.

There is no doubt that conditions are vastly different now from those of the eighteenth century. Then capital was scarce and goods expensive. The difficulty was to get money enough together to finance the production of more plentiful articles of trade. Today capital is abundant, and goods pour out of our factories in such a stream that the difficulty is to sell them fast enough to keep them from choking up the sources of supply. It is theoretically very possible to save too much; to add too rapidly to our productive equipment, while we fail to take care of what it is already turning out.

But we think that danger is chiefly in theory. Most people need little encouragement toward spending money. They will spend it fast enough if let alone. Indeed, those thinkers who are not afraid that we shall wreck business by spending too little are fearful that we shall eventually wreck it by spending too much—in installment buying. Our own view is that Benjamin Franklin is outmoded more by external conditions than in principle, and that, however much we spend, we shall be happier and wiser if we save enough to add steadily to our bank accounts, our insurance policies, and our well chosen investments. It is as true as it ever was that "a penny saved is a penny earned."

Abraham Lincoln was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble—a thing rare among politicians.—John Hay.

FISH THAT LAY EGGS ON LAND

By James L. Elderdice

We are all familiar with the fact that such water creatures as alligators, crocodiles, and turtles lay their eggs in the mud or sand, leaving them there to be hatched out by the warmth of the sun, but it is not so generally known that there is one variety of fish, the only one so far discovered, that goes ashore to lay its eggs. This is the grunion, a member of the sardine family, apparently a deep-water fish, usually from three to four inches long. This fish makes its appearance along the southern coast of California in early spring.

Not until recent years has the peculiar habit of the grunion attracted much attention, but now every summer thousands of automobile parties throng the south shore on balmy moonilght nights to observe their antics on the sand, for the grunion will deposit its eggs at no other time than by the light of the moon.

Dr. P. S. Barnhart, of Scripp's Institute of Biological Research at San Diego, Calif., gives some very interesting information regarding the habits of the grunion. They run only at stated intervals in March, April, May, and June. They appear only in the moonlight, coming up during full moon or shortly thereafter, when the time of high tide corresponds with the rising of the moon.

This apparent dependence of the spawning up the moon and tide limits the runs to a period of three or four hours not oftener than four nights in each of the four months named. Fogs or cold, stormy weather will frequently prevent a run, so travelers who journey from twenty-five to one hundred miles to witness the strange sight are often sadly disappointed, but when they do play in luck they see a spectacle that is never to be forgotten.

Every seventh wave in the ocean is a high one, and these are the waves that the grunion ride in on. They catch the high combers and swim up them at a terrific rate, in order to be left as high as possible when the water recedes from the sandy beach. Often after the wave has gone back the little fishes will flip and flop until they have moved several feet up the strand.

When they reach a favored spot, they buckle up and spin on their tails, gouging little sinks into the wet sand. Then they lie still and lay eggs in these hollows.

The theory is that the next high wave washes loose sand over the eggs and leaves them there to hatch. It is believed that they hatch on the following day, and that the tiny minnows are swept back into the ocean during the next high tide, and that they immediately go down to their natural depth in the sea.

As soon as the mother grunion has deposited her eggs in the sand she flips back toward the ocean, and when another high wave rolls over her she flips her tail and dashes back into the sea. It is doubtful if any of the grunion remain out of the water longer than five minutes, unless they chance to be caught by spectators.

I would rather be sick than idle.—Seneca.

SEVEN AIMS FOR PARENTS

(Children, the Magazine for Parents)

1. Fill every period of your child's life with the joy of companionship.

2. Help your child to gain an inner self-control. He will thus be able to endure sharp experiences unflinchingly.

3. From his earliest years teach your child to overcome fear. His freedom of thought and action will fit him for constructive activities of all kinds.

4. Stimulate your child's curiosity. When he asks you questions, encourage his interest in and wonder at life by reasonable, satisfactory answers.

5. If your child has a sense of inferiority, seek to overcome it by dwelling upon that which will make him strong. Thus he will lose sight of his weakness in fun and achievement.

6. Remember that a well-rounded child needs to have zest for life. Your attitude will assist him to deal with his world unsentimentally and with wisdom.

7. Last, but not least, develop in your child a deep confidence in the moral world. This you must feel yourself before you can ever communciate it to him.

Industry, economy, honesty and kindness form a quartette of virtues that will never be improved upon.—James Oliver.

RAILROAD SAFETY SHOWN BY SOUTHERN'S RECORD

Safety of passenger travel by train is shown by the record of the Southern Railway System which during the year, 1927, transported 10,067,265 passengers an average of 107.59 miles without a fatality among passengers as the result of a train accident.

To handle this volume of travel, Southern passenger locomotives ran 21,080,488 miles while the total mileage traveled by the passengers who used the Southern's trains reached the almost incomprehensible figure of 1,083,110,041 miles, more than eleven times the distance from the earth to the sun.

"Careful driving by Southern engineers under the direction of a highly trained dispatching force, over a roadway maintained to the highest standards and protected by the most modern safety devices yet perfected by American electrical and mechanical genius, as well as the human protection of trains by an alert body of trainmen, trackmen, signalmen and repairmen and close inspection of equipment by experienced shopmen, all contributed to this accomplishment," says a statement issued by the Southern.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Montford and Robert Glasgow, members of the ninth cottage, were paroled by Supt. Boger last week.

All the boys of the work force and barn force, as well as the teams and tractor, are now busy preparing the ground for the Spring planting.

A new milk and cream separator has been ordered for the dairy. It is much needed, as the old one is about "gone." It will be put into service immediately upon arrival.

A new base-line and tennis court marker was bought by the School not so long ago. It is one of the lastest type, and shows several improvements over our old one.

A number of painters have been painting the roof of Supt Boger's house, on the opposite side of the highway. This will improve the looks wonderfully, as well as to preserve the roof.

Again the School has purchased a new car. The old Chevorlet coupe was traded and a new one of the same make and latest model was purchased. It is a nice looking car and pretty snappy.

Several delegates attending the State Sunday School Convention held in Concord last week, visited the Training School last Wednesday afternoon. After visiting the various departments, they expressed hearty approval of the manner in which the work is carried on here.

Mr. J. A. Daly, one of the feature writers on the staff of the Charlotte News, visited the School last Friday afternoon, taking several pictures and gathering information concerning the work here, the same to be used in a special article which will soon appear in a Sunday edition of his paper.

The boys made their regular trip to the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. A number of the boys played baseball, while some played tennis. The smaller boys amused themselves at marbles and playing on the outdoor athletic equipment, parallel bars, swings, slidingboard, etc.

The boys of Guilford County Cottage enjoyed an unexpected treat last Thursday evening. R. D. Farmer and W. M. Rogers, representing W. M. Rogers and Co., of Wilson, N. C., were passing, and seeing some youngsters playing on the campus decided to give each one a peice of their candy. Needless to say that the boys appreciated the kindness of these two gentlemen.

During the past week a number of boys were taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, to have their tonsils removed. This was done by Doctors Peeler and Motley. They are: James Stewart, Calvin Dowdy, Lubby Wallace, Earl Faulk, William Nunn, Archie Holt, W. J. Abernethy, W. D. Shirley, Elwood Webb, Frank Powell, James Scott, Egbert Wall, Wallace Hardin,

Wilson Dorsey, Sylvan Palmer and Albert Massey.

These boys are all getting along nicely and will soon be much improved in health by having had bad tonsils removed.

The Training School Circle of the King's Daughters met at the Cannon Memorial Building Tuesday evening. Several visits to the sick were reported. Several copies of the "Lutheran" and "Lutheran Boys and Girls" were distributed to the different cottages. These papers were secured by the local circle of King's Daughters through the kindness of Mrs. G. M. Beaver, of Concord.

We had some beautiful dahlias down by the printing office last year, but this season should produce many more beautiful blooms. Last Thursday the printing instructor received a large box of choice dalhia bulbs. These were donated by his mother, Mrs. F. E. Buckman and Mrs. Slack, of Lambertville, N. J., and we wish to tender herewith our most sincere thanks and appreciation.

Our poultry department seems to be enjoying a very successful Spring season. Mr. Lisk reports we are getting about 400 eggs daily and at Easter time we used over 4000 eggs. About 400 were used at the bakery and 3600 were delivered to the cottages, where they were boiled and dyed with all sorts of bright colors and served to the boys on Easter Sunday.

The members of the chicken force have also been successful with their incubators this year, more than 1100 young chicks have been hatched out, and about 500 of these are now rapidly approaching the "frying size." Soon we will be enjoying a number of those famous fried chicken dinners.

About 200 turkey eggs will be placed in the incubators this week, and should this venture prove successful, we have visions of very large turkey dinners next Thanksgiving and Christmas Day.

HER PARTY AFFILIATION

Some time ago a colored woman presented herself at a registration booth with the intention of enrolling and casting her first vote in the ensuing election.

She gave her name, her address and her age; and then the clerk of registration asked this question:

"What party do you affiliate with?"

"Does I have to answer dat question?" she demanded.

"That is the law," he told her.

'Den you just scratch my name offen de books," she said. "Ef I got to tell his name I don't want to vote. Why, he ain't got his divorce yit."

And she stalked out.—Selected.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 28, 1928. No. 14

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

TO MEND

Men are no longer sent to prison to break them, but to mend them, while the purpose of eleemosynary institutions is not to confine, but to mend humanity.

"The test of religion is how we conduct ourselves toward the humble, the sick, the poor and the unfortunate."

—Josephus Daniels.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—FREDERIC W. FARRAR.

"SPIRIT THAT MAKETH ALIVE"

The late Dr. W. H. Slingerland, secretary of Child Welfare Department of the Russell Sage Foundation of New York when on a visit to the Institution said that the school impressed him as one of the best schools for delinquent boys in the Southern States and one that will rank well with similar schools in any of the States.

What impressed the doctor most was not the buildings, the location, the campus, but the spirit of the school. The former were only incidentals, spirit as he expressed it, was its life.

In religion, in church, in school, in the home—in every activity, it is spirit that maketh alive.

Spirit is a something that you cannot express in words—there are no words that can adequately convey it, one has to feel it in order to comprehend it.

Anyone would know at once when he enters a school room where the school spirit prevails. There you have the impression of something being accomplished. No confusion, no excitement, only orderly movement and

interested activity is there.

How restful and refreshing it is to enter a home where the home spirit prevails. There is no tension, no pent up feelings smothered within the bosom, but easy, natural action and conservation—a natural mingling and commingling of its occupants. Such a condition is provocative of a desire to return and to linger awhile.

The church that has something going on, on the inside cannot conceal its spirit. The light that radiates from the faces, that expresses itself in the No sham, no show, just natural heartfelt interest. Such a church always has its pews filled with interested listeners.
manner and the handshake of its members is passed to those who enter. No sham, no show, but just natural interest.

The school feels that no greater compliment could be paid it than to have those who come feel and recognize the spirit of the institution. We feel, too, that sometimes this feeling prompts a speaker, seeing the behavior, the orderliness and attentiveness, the ready response, to over-estimate the personnel of the school. A recent speaker said that he had addressed large audiences of boys at colleges and universities, but he would place our boys ahead of any body of boys he had ever addressed.

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TOO BAD—BUT TRUE

One of the objectives of the conference of Social Service workers that was in session last week in Winston-Salem is expressed in the following resolution: "That the conference urge every superintendent of public instruction and public welfare to sponsor a physical education and recreation director in every school in the county, either upon a full or part time, or volunteer leadership."

We who realize how much is expected of the country child in doing not only the chores around the home, but are forced to the field both at planting and harvesting seasons to help bring about results—so as to make belt and buckle meet—wonder how much these children will appreciate the recreation hour under the supervision of a physical director. It is a pity some one could not resolute to the extent to bring back more of the departed farm girls and boys to the deserted farms.

All work and no play surely makes a dull mind and we admit that recreation is essential; but if the social workers could pay an occasional visit to many of the farm homes in the busy season they would see the farm girl and boy stepping quite lively really doing the service the hired hand once

did. The high price paid for public work has almost made it impossible to get help on the farms, therefore, the young folks of the farms get their recreation in a very practical manner.

We understand that recreation according to Webster means "to give fresh life to; reanimate; revive; refresh; divert and amuse" and we hope that the time is not far away when the country child can participate in the same sports of the town child.

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AVIATION SPOTLIGHTS

After a most hazardous flight of thirty-six and one half hours encountering heavy winds, a blinding fog, also a heavy snow and sleet storm, the German-Junker-Bremen monoplane with a crew consisting of two sturdy Germans, Baron Von Huenefield and Capt. Koehl and the hopeful Capt. Fitzmaurice, of the Irish Free State, made the first successful westward trans-Atlantic crossing and thereby robbed the Atlantic of its coveted prey. Not only weather conditions, and a shortage of fuel proved handicaps to these brave and heroic fliers, but tenseness was added to the venture when the lighting system of the plane failed to function and it was simply an instance of groping in the darkness with but one hope of light. These conditions made it a guess as to the route chosen which caused the flight of four hundred miles through the North instead of the West.

The Bremen left Dublin last Thursday morning, 12th, and the objective of the crew was Mitchell Field, N. Y., but instead of reaching the prospective point the plane was forced down, Friday P. M., 13th, on the tiny ice locked Greenly Island, in the Straits of Belle Isle situated between Labrador and Newfoundland. The Canadians had the opportunity and pleasure to serve the aviators instead of the thousands who were awaiting to welcome the Bremen heroes in N. Y. The thought arises that "man proposes, but God disposes."

These men, like all brave warriors after coming out of battle, were repressed in manner and seemed reluctant at first to discuss their experiences; but they stood by the crippled and weather beaten Bremen, and declared they would never desert her because, said one, "she saw us through the worst of our voyage, and she will carry us to our destination if it is within our power to make her fit again." Capt Fitzmaurice, said proudly and affectionately, "she stood it all without the loosening of a bolt or the weakening of a fitting."

Before leaving Ireland, the German-Irish trio, most devoutly engaged in

prayer, that was general throughout the Irish Free State, for a safe and successful voyage; and upon their arrival the first words uttered, though in different tongues, were "thank God"—a most reverential prayer.

Today the British, Germans and Americans are exchanging greetings of friendship and cordial good wishes with no thought of the throes of the greatest war the world has ever known—the World War of ten years ago.

The expedition of Nobile in his dirigible Italia is getting the attention of air-minded people, but we all should keep in mind that Lindbergh and his new planes are still news—and still there are other aviators to follow.

These flights while condemned by many as suicidal give at least an impetus to grown-ups as well as those of the school age to study, or learn again, something about the geography of our country.

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AMERICAN FOREST WEEK

In accordance with the custom of previous years, and following the example set by the President of the United States, Governor McLean has proclaimed the week of April 22-28, 1928, as American Forest Week. He calls upon the people of the State to observe the American Forest Week in some constructive and appropriate manner. The idea is to teach the people the importance of conservation and development of the forest, and if impossible to scatter propaganda individually you are privileged to do the good work through clubs and other organizations by putting on forestry programs so there will be a greater appreciation of both trees and shrubs.

The Governor urges that the schools carry out suitable programs and on this occasion plant one or more trees.

The Governor's proclamation urges the "forest wardens, game wardens, and others interested in conservation to seek an opportunity to take a part in such programs, or celebrations—and devote at least a part of the week in an effort to reach the largest possible number of people giving all the privilege of co-operating with Nature and thus working with God to help carry out His laws."

We are cutting more forest yearly than we are growing and the question of reforestation is one to be met by the public, and if for no other reason a venture in development and conservation of trees will bring to any state a priceless boon of beauty.

The grounds at the Jackson Training School prove a fair example of converting a barren field into a campus both beautiful and restful by planting trees and shrubs into the waste places. This transplanting of trees,

or land-scaping of the grounds, at the Jackson Training School has been under the direction of the efficient officers of the school, and each boy who has aided in this particular work has learned something of the art of transplanting both shrubs and trees.

Trees

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain,
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

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ESTIMATE

This is an estimate of the value of The Uplift from the Mooresville Enterprise.

The Hon. Luther T. Hartsell, Sr., of Concord, was appointed a member of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late James P. Cook. Mr. Hartsell was elected chairman of the board at a subsequent meeting of that body. Mr. Hartsell is a lawyer of ability, has served as State Senator in the general assembly, and is a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina. Other matters pertaining to the School were taken into consideration. It was the judgment of the board to continue the publication of The Uplift for an indefinite period, but no provision was made for the permanency of the publication, waiting until the annual budget had been made out. It is sincerely hoped that this splendid periodical will be continued, not only for the purpose of keeping the good people of North Carolina in close touch with the work of the School, but for the wealth of good that it is doing as a training school for linotype operators, pressmen, printers and generally useful citizens. A sample of the product turned out from the institution is now under our daily observance and has been so continuously for more than a year, a splendid realization of the dream of the late Mr. Cook. The Uplift, the child of its former editor, stands for just what the word implies, and it carries its message throughout the length and breath of the commonwealth, touching the heart-strings of the people where no other means of communication or intercourse can be had.

The Uplift is an institution within itself and it should be liberally provided for at the hands of the powers that be, an able editor placed at its head to continue its course in telling the story of the regeneration of incorrigible youth.

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THE INERTIA CLASS

Commissioner Grist estimates that one half of the 70,000 persons in the State without employment do not choose to have a job, and further more he states that this class prefer absolute idleness to working on a farm. We think a greater per cent of the 70,000 prefer what they term the easy life; living in towns in congested quarters; drawing a small stipend on pay-day; living out of a paper-poke, and at the end of the week hardly, or seldom, breaking even in paying expenses, to living in the open and enjoying the real luxuries of life.

It takes push, pluck and perseverance to make a farm blossom and there is "the rub." There is enough uncultivated land all around to keep busy the shiftless set if there were a desire to work. No picture is more pathetic than a lazy, make believe farmer, and nothing more desolate than a farm home after the departure of a sorry tenant. We believe the do-less class is better placed when engaged at what they proudly term public work, because it takes push, pluck and perseverance, kind and proper treatment to secure bountiful yields of the soil. This poem comes to mind when seeing one afflicted with inertia:

"I wish I were a little rock,
A-sitting on a hill,
A-doing nothing, all day long,
But just a-sitting still;
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd sit and sit a thousand years,
And rest myself b'gosh."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

FINE SPIRIT

It is good news to know that Madison, Henderson and Haywood counties have plans under way whereby these counties may employ trained social workers; and better yet to note that the personnel of the splendid civic organizations such as Rotarians, Kiwanians and other clubs are co-operating in helping the proper officials in putting over such splendid constructive, and corrective measures for the juvenile delinquents.

After all the people are fast realizing that the child is North Carolina's most valuable asset.

SEEK CURB ON QUICK WEDDING

(Charlotte Observer)

A law requiring two weeks' notice before marriage, and legislation for the abolishment of capital punishment were set forth as major objectives of the North Carolina Conference for Social Work, which closed a two-day session in Winston-Salem recently.

Frank Graham, of Chapel Hill, was elected president of the conference with the following chosen for other officers:

Mrs. W. B. Waddill, first vice president, Henderson; Howard W. Odum, second vice president, Chapel Hill; Gilbert T. Stephenson, treasurer, Raleigh; Miss Harriet L. Herring, secretary, Chapel Hill.

Other Objectives

Other objectives adopted by the conference were:

The Australian ballot system, an 8-hour work day for children between 14 and 16 engaged in industrial and mercantile occupations, a reduction of the legal work day from 11 hours to at least 10, a survey of women in industry, increase compulsory school attendance law to include all to the age of 16 who have not completed the fourth grade, an eight-month compulsory school term, a workmen's accident and compensation act. Other resolutions and their recommendations follows:

Resolutions

"That the conference urge the superintendents of public welfare and public instruction to sponsor a physical education and recreation director in every school in the county, either upon a full or part time, or volunteer leadership basis.

"That the conference urge municipalities to sponsor wholesome play through the development of commissioners and recreation as an official part of municipal government.

"That the conference express its approval of this act (one providing a small appropriation for a farm colony for delinquent women) and request the next general assembly to continue and increase its support.

"That the conference petition the general assembly to make the Efland school (for delinquent negro girls) a state institution and assume entire responsibility for its maintenance and necessary expansion.

Favor Mothers' Aid

"This conference thoroughly approves the system of mothers' aid as now administered in North Carolina and urges the next general assembly to generally increase the appropriation for this work."

"Whereas the facilities providing for the mentally defective of both races in North Carolina are woefully inadequate, and whereas, such a condition seriously endangers the future citizenship of this state, therefore, be it resolved:

"That the conference urges the general assembly to make adequate appropriations covering this deficiency.

"We believe that all able bodied prisoners should be employed at some form of useful occupation."

Poteat Speaks

Professional militarists, munition manufacturers and war propaganda societies say nature cannot be chang-

ed, so men must continue this "barbarism of confederate slaughter until it ends in the extermination of our silly race," declared Dr. William Louis Poteat recently, addressing the conference.

The president emeritus of Wake Forest college said France and Italy want to last as long as the rest, and they are greatly disturbed by the falling birth rate, for the "cradle is the army's recruiting station."

Plastic

"All living things are plastic under the the hand of circumstance," continued Dr. Poteat. "They resemble their parents, but differ from them. In the course of the generations different types ultimately emerge.

"A crystal and a child are each an individual, but of radically different quality. It is forever the same. The child is never the same at two successive moments in his development. Like the whirling clay under the pressure of the potter's hand, he can be molded into weakness and distoration and deformity, or into strength and elegance and beauty.

Changing Nature

"But this looks like changing human nature," said Dr. Poteat, "and all the stand patters says that can not be done. This is the pet view of professional militarists, the gentlemen of the gold braid and the spurs with no jewels in them, the munition manufacturers and war propaganda societies.

"No, you cannot change human nature, and so we must continue this barbarism of confederate slaughter until it ends in the extermination of our silly race.

"France and Italy want to last as long as the rest, and they are greatly disturbed by the falling birth rate, for the cradle is the army's recruiting station."

Consider the mule—when he kicks, he can't pull, and when he pulls he can't kick.

GOOD SENSE

(American Boy)

Almost any fellow, given a reasonably good job, can make a decent living and enjoy a charming life. If he has common sense. It isn't buying the necessities that runs you in debt; we don't believe it is even buying a certain amount of reasonable luxuries. It is making a fool of yourself and trying to get things or do things you haven't any business even to think about. If you are earning two thousand dollars a year, you haven't any business planning a trip to Europe on the finest steamer in a de luxe suite of rooms. No, indeed. But with economy you can take a trip very comfortably as a second-class passenger. You can go to the theatre now and then, but not in a box. You can see the show just as well from the balcony

What puts the family pocketbook on the blink, so to speak, is vanity. It is buying to impress the neighbors.

SHIP BOXBUSHES FROM CHATHAM TO ADORN ESTATE IN NEW YORK

By Myrtle Ellen La Barr

Mrs. Exline's boxbushes, whose fame, like that of their owner, has reached far beyond the bounds of North Carolina, have gone to New York to make their debut in the very elite society of the flower kingdom.

"And after all," says G. Kolb, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who supervised the transplanting of the fine old bushes, "that is the only really elite society."

The boxbushes, 26 in number, caught the eye of Mr. Kolb and his brother, George Kolb, when they were down here for a visit three years ago. At the same time they purchased Mrs. Exline's bushes, they made arrangement for a total of 300 bushes, all of which they found within a radius of 25 miles of Pittsboro.

Mrs. George Foushee, a native of Pittsboro, set the bushes out here in little clumps along the front walk at least 75 years ago. It was a number of years later that picturesque Mrs. Exline bought the rambling old house and converted it into one of the state's most famous old village hotels. The locality seemed about ideal for the boxbushes, for, at the time they were dug up, two weeks ago, they had grown into thick hedge walls along either side of the walk.

The business of digging up and shipping the shrubs required more than ordinary care. All Mrs. Exline's bushes were facing the east, and it was necessary to mark them so that they could be planted in the same position in their new home. A considerable square of soil was taken up with each bush. A square board was tied securely to the bottom. A canvas hood made especially for that purpose was placed over each bush.

Pays For Chatham Dirt

Mr. Kolb informed the reporter that he was paying far more for Chatham county dirt that the real estate operators demand, as it cost him and his brother one cent a pound to ship the plants, which were hauled by truck from here to Mount Vernon Springs for shipment.

He figured that no greater loss than 10 per cent is doing well. A hundred ,possibly 125 or 140, bushels are being shipped at this time. This makes two to two and half carloads. It takes about four days for them to reach Washington, D. C., where they are transferred to the Pennsylvania lines that carry them to New Jersey. From there, the New York Central lines carry them to their destination.

Mr. Kolb pointed out the difficulty of transplanting the bushes from one climate to another. He declared that he and his brother could not wait longer down here and had waited as long as possible to avoid late New York frosts.

The Exline bushes had a ruddy bronze tinge, which the New Yorker termed windburn. He stated that this was due to the bushes not being protected from cold winter winds. It vanishes after they have been transplanted in the right conditions.

Eugene M. Foust, of Mount Vernon Springs, is the contractor in charge

of the transplanting and shipment.

"I always like to give credit where it is due," said Mr. Kolb, "Mr. Foust has developed himself into an expert in the last two years. For our first shipment, we obtained a New York contractor and he made a botch of it."

The plant lover went on to say that they did not lose even one bush out of the 75 bushes of their last year's shipment, which Mr. Foust handled. The New York expert sent four men to handle the first job.

"We find that local labor is much more trustworthy and conscientious. At least they follow directions, and that's the main thing."

Rose Marie Estate

The Exline bushes were sent to Scarsdale, Westchester county, New York, where they are being set out in the eight-acre estate, "Rose Marie" belonging to George Kolb, brother of the man who was down here to see after the shipping of the bushes. "Rose Marie" is a large estate for that section of the country, which abounds in lovely homes and exquisite gardens. G. Kolb's estate, which is not so large, is nearby.

The Kolb brothers use the boxbushes as a frame for their lovely gardens just as a frame for a beautiful picture, They use it particularly as a background for fine statuary. Part of "Rose Marie" is laid out as an English garden. There is an English formal garden, an Italian garden, and a sunken garden.

This fall the Kolbs expect to get out cuttings for use in planting a boxbush garden. These will be set in sand in cold frames in August. By spring they will have grown roots and will be set in little pots. In three or four years time they will be ready to set out as a garden border. Care must be used in spading to prevent injury to the roots. In five to ten years these cuttings will have grown into a hedge perhaps a foot high.

Mr. Kolb added that he and his brother do not expect to live to see the full beauty of the boxbush garden, since the bushes grow only about three quarters of a ninch in a year. But the brothers consider the boxbush garden a permanent investment. If it ever becomes necessary to sell the estate on account of death, the bushes will bring their full value any time.

"It is like everything else. Some one has to start it." said Mr. Kolb.

"Sam Untermeyer, of Tarrytown, N. Y., has a wonderful estate on which he has spent vast sums of money." Mr. Untermeyer has used quantities of boxbushes with charming results."

"Over on Mayflower"

Boxbushes are really of English origin. It is learned that the solemn Pilgrims brought sprigs of the shrub over in the Mayflower. The Jamestown settlers also brought the shrub with them. There are numbers of the shrubs in Long Island, where the early Dutch settlers planted them. Somehow the warm, moist climate of Long Island is peculiarly suited to the growth of the bush.

But, while the early colonists brought the bush to America and planted it exclusively throughout the 13 original colonies, it never thrived in the northern states, as it has in the south, due to the primitive con-

ditions that then existed. Modern horticulture has developed means and methods of protecting the shrub from the cold winter blasts, and more and more lovely northern estates are finding a place for the boxbush in their landscape plans.

The Exline bushes have been somewhat neglected of late years, despite their age and beauty as ornamental plants. Mr. Kolb plans to have them set out in a hedge at least a third longer than the hedge at the Exline hotel. This will leave open places and rough spots and the bushes will not be so pretty during the first year of their life in New York. After a year or two, they will be filled out and present a lovely setting for the riot of color presented by the many many delicate and gorgeous flowers in the Kolb gardens.

So, the old Exline hotel does not look quite right. There is a loneliness about the old place, as though one misses a friendly face. Mrs. Exline, charming and eccentric proprietor, sighs because there is a big empty space in her front yard.

Mrs. Exline's boxbushes are making their debut in the elite society of flowerdom in Westchester County, New York.

DOGWOOD

By Marion Manning.

Not stately as the poplar,
Nor tow'ring as the pine;
Not trailed with mossy festoons, gray,
Nor wreathed in eglantine;
Yet symbolizing beauty,
In leafy lane and lea,
The pride of woodland forest,
The blooming dogwood tree
Stands richly decked in lustrous white,
As spotless as the dawn,
And in her natural posture,
As graceful as the fawn.

As all the tinted radiance
Of spectral rainbow light
Blends into one prismatic sheen,
The blanched ray of white;
So all the flowwering shrubs of day,
The violet, blue and red;
The yellow, green, the indigo
And orange lift the head,
And through the lens ethereal
To solar spaces loom,
Then in one, all-resplendent tone,
Reflect the dogwood bloom.

A SHRINE TO PATRIOTISM.

(Asheville Citizen)

The whole nation will rejoice that already two million dollars has been spent in the purchase of sites and buildings looking to the restoration of Williamsburg, Virginia, to its exact appearance in pre-Revolutionary days and so making it "a museum in the spirit of 1776." It is reported that Henry Ford and the Rockefellers are back of the plan, which is being furthered by the Reverend Mr. Goodwin, rector of old Bruton Church.

These men are doing a great thing for the national spirit of their country. Citizens who learn the history and make acquaintance with the heroes of America by visiting the places and the very buildings in which the leaders in peace and war worked and lived, are bound to come away with their national pride strengthened and their patriotism more worth while.

Williamsburg is rich in such inspiration. Here stands the College of William and Mary, chartered by the Crown in 1693, next to Harvard the oldest college in the United States, and at this institution in 1776 was founded Phi Beta Kappa, the oldest Greek letter fraternity in America and now the inter-collegiate honorary organization. From its halls of learning went forth the two Randolphs, Edmund and Peyton; Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Tyler and Chief Justice Marshall.

In Williamsburg resided Botetourt, the most popular of all royal governors of the province; and Governor Fauquier, with whom the young Jefferson argued public questions and played duets on the fiddle; and Dunmore, the last governor appointed by the Crown, who removed the powder from the Williamsburg magazine, which still stands, and so provoked the Virginians to their first armed uprising of the Revolution.

There in 1676 Nathaniel Bacon held his "rebel" assembly of the leading men of the province, and there six months later two of the "rebels" were hanged. There in 1736 was established "The Virginia Gazette," the oldest newspaper of the South. And there in 1765 Patrick Henry achieved fame and set the colonies on fire with his "If this be treason—"

Not all the town will have to be rebuilt. Among the "big houses" of pre-Revolutionary days still standing are the homes of George Wythe and Peyton Randolph. The foundations of the original "old capitol," burned down in 1832, are well preserved. The houses in which Cornwallis and Washington in turn had their headquarters will be restored. When the work of rebuilding in the fashion of the old days is completed Williamsburg will be a shrine to which will come, not only multitudes of Americans, but pilgrims and historians from every land where valor in war is admired and genius in statesmanship is revered.

THE SURPRISE TEST

By Oscar H. Posener

For just an instant Fred Liston forgot and looked down. Far below the dark-blue waters of the bay gleamed brightly. Workmen on shore and on the barges appeared but mannikins. With only the narrow steel stringer beneath his feet he seemed floating high in space.

Suddenly his heart sank and he tottered uncertainly, faintness and nausea attacking him. His knees shook and his feet felt as heavy as lead. He could scarcely lift them. That one look down had done the whole business, unnerved him. Why had he not kept his eyes fixed steadily on the engineer's little shack on the other side, as Fenway had advised?

Shaking dizzily he tried to advance, but could not. As through a wavering haze he saw the workmen at the other end of the stringer. He was conscious that they had stopped work and were watching him in tense silence. His strength seemed gone from him. He knew that in another moment he must look down again and then—

Cool, level, matter-of-fact, he heard Fenway's voice behind him, "Just keep your eyes fixed straight ahead. Fred, and you'll make it all right. I'll steady you." He felt Fenway's hand grip his shoulder tightly. For one horrible moment he wanted to turn and clutch the engineer. But Fenway's firm touch and calm "right ahead now" steadied him and pulsed courage through him. Mechanically he lifted a foot and placed it forward, following it with the other. Fenway's grip tightened perceptibly; his voice encouraged, "That's it keep right on."

Though his knees wobbled a bit Fred's head cleared, his feet grew lighter and he stepped slowly ahead. Gradually he neared the platform where the workmen were. Soon a hand reached out, caught his and drew him to safety. Pale, trembling and in cold sweat he sank weakly down. As he did so he heard a low laugh behind him and in scornful tone, "Huh, too high up here for him. He's weak in the head. Got no grit."

Fred's cheeks burned. He knew it was Bud Parker, the other young fellow who, with himself, was trying out for the place as assistant to Fenway, the engineer. And though the words stung and rankled, he was almost ready to concede, upset as he was, that young Parker's words held something of truth. Yet he remembered that Parker had made no move to bring the blue-print over that Fenway had called for and which he had volunteered to get.

Fred noticed, too, that the workmen looked at him with rather curious sideglances, talking low among themselves. He felt sure that their comments were not complimentary to him. The thought made him feel blue and discouraged. Maybe Parker was right. It might be that he was weak in the head and lacked grit. Perhaps it would be best for him to go to Fenway and state that he didn't think he should go on under the circustances. That would leave the field clear for young Parker.

Fred could see Fenway sorting over

blue-prints in the little wooden structure erected high up there for the engineer's especial use. He decided he would speak to Fenway at once and have it over with. Rather unsteadily he rose to his feet and started towards the little house. He noticed young Parker talking to one of the steel workers. He had to pass close to them. As he went by Parker laughed low and made a mean remark to the workman. Fred's ears burned, but the cutting remark steadied him. With firm steps he approached the cubby-hole that held Fenway.

The engineer looked up, smiled and asked, "Feeling better?"

"Y—yes," faltered Fred. "I—I feel all right now."

"Bit upsetting, wasn't it?" said Fenway. "But you'll soon get used to it up here."

Fred looked about uncertainly a moment, then stammered, "May—maybe I—I'm not cut out f—for this kind of work. Don't just seem to keep my head—get dizzy up so high."

"Oh, don't worry about that part," returned Fenway kindly. "Just give yourself a little time and you'll forget about being so high."

The words heartened Fred greatly, but since he had started he concluded to go through with it. "Perhaps Bud Parker'll suit better for the job than I would. If you think so I'll give it up at noon."

"Oh, no, no," put in Fenway quickly. "Neither of you has had any real test yet that tells which would be better for the place. Takes a little time to find out if a person's suited for this bird life. Don't worry about your little mishap. If you hadn't looked down you'd have been all right."

"Thank you," said Fred. "If you feel that way about it I'll stick it out until you're sure."

"Why stick, of course," returned Fenway. "What I expect of you. Now come sort out these blue-prints and find the one I wanted."

In the days that followed Fred had to hear many sly taunts and mean digs from Bud Parker. At first he could hardly stand them, but by great effort he controlled himself and ignored Parker's covert slurs and maddening laugh. Parker's attitude of superiority and studied contempt was also hard to put up with, but Fred felt little good would come of showing active resentment so let such pass, giving all his energy and thought to the tasks at hand.

Not again during this period did any special chance come to test Fred out. True there were trying tasks and rather breath-taking moments on occasion, while moving about the great skeleton-like structure, but Fred came through these without any trouble or mishap. In fact he scarcely noticed anything unusual about them at the time so intent was he on doing the job assigned. Moving about almost like a bird in the air day after day had given him sureness of foot and a certain confidence and, while moments of trepidation were not entirely lacking, the constant practice had worn away his original fear of falling or making a misstep with only a narrow ribbon of steel between his feet and hurtling space.

So the work moved along, Fred's first display of funk forgotten, except on rare occasions, by all but his rival. Parker could yet make Fred's cheeks burn and ears tingle with his maddening laugh and whispered taunts. But he made use of

them only at long intervals now—for little chance arose.

Rapidly the big bridge neared completion. From either shore long steel arms extended out towards the middle of the bay where rose the huge center structure. On either side of this was a big gap, several hundred feet in width. Two large steel spans to fill these gaps had been built on piers near the shore. These spans were to be let down on scows and floated into position just beneath the gaps. Then they were to be lifted into place by an elaborate contrivance of counterweights and pulleys. Extremely accurate measurements and great care and engineering skill had been used in contructing this affair. For lifting the spans into place would be a ticklish and dangerous job, one calling for extreme precision and caution.

The day for lifting the first span came. Every precaution that human ingenuity could think of to make the job a success had been taken. Tides, waves, weather and the like had been carefully considered for days and a time chosen when these were at their most favoring stages, a weather bureau station being maintained near the bridge for this express purpose. Routes had been closed to regular shipping, but boats of every kind, laden with spectators, were on the broad bay near. Thousands of humans, afoot and in autos, lined the shores.

At last the moment arrived for the starting of the first span on its upward journey. The air was tense with suppressed excitement, common workmen as well as engineers feeling the strain of suspense. For one slight hitch and work costing thousands of dollars might go down in disaster. Worse, precious human lives might be lost as well.

Fenway, outwardly calm and self-possessed, sat in his aerial nest, his sharp eyes surveying all. Telephones right at hand gave him instant communication with each working crew. Fred Liston and Bud Parker, outside on the small platform, stood ready to respond to his slightest request. They, too, were keyed to the tenseness of the moment.

Fred saw Fenway give a final quick survey of the counterweights, big boxes of sand, suspended near and over the span far below on the anchored scow, and then reach for a telephone. Involuntarily he drew in his breath sharply. Then he heard Parker's low, ugly laugh, followed by the words, "Don't lose your head again now if anything goes wrong, and upset the whole works. This job is for fellows with grit."

For an instant Fred relaxed, his cheeks red, then he pulled himself together, looked with steady gray eyes into Parker's shifting blue ones and answered low but clearly: "I expect to do whatever Fenway calls for," and, unable to resist a retort in kind, added, "see that you do the same."

The mean laugh sounded again, followed by "Oh, don't you worry about me. I'm no flunker. I'll be Johnny-on-the-spot."

There was a low call from Fenway and both became alert. They saw him smile and wave a hand. The next instant there was a sound below them and they saw the massive counterweights slowly begin to descend. They heard Fenway phone more orders in a calm yet commanding way.

Fred looked down, fascinated. He

could see the huge span far below coming up towards them. Slowly but steadily it rose level and true, in response to Fenway's commands. Lower sank the great box weights of sand. There was no audible sound from the thousands on ships and shores as they watched breathlessly.

Up, up, up, foot by slow foot, the steel span rose. Everything went like clock work, sure and smoothly. Fred saw Fenway smile again. There was a proud look of elation on his face which seemed to say, "Be sure everything is absolutely right before going ahead. Leave nothing to chance and success is sure." These were favorite expressions of Fenway's and often had Fred heard him give them.

Fred came suddenly back to his companion as Perker mumbled, "Coming up without a bobble. Guess there won't be a chance for you to play the hero." The ugly, taunting laugh followed. Fred wasted no time in reply but turned alertly to the business in hand.

Higher rose the huge span. It was near now, and in a short time would click into place. Fred saw the men standing ready below to drive home the big holding pins the instant that happened. A minute or two more and another crown of victory would rest on Fenway's deserving brow. Fred felt a sense of elation as he thought of his friend's success.

And just then the unexpected happened. Some impatient or thoughtless spectator on one of the ships eager to be first in acclaiming the success of the span-raising, pulled a whistle cord. Instantly a shrill blast shattered the startled stillness. Hundreds of others joined swiftly in and a raucous, ear-splitting din arose. Foremen and engineers were appalled. Fenway's commands were inaudible in all that dreadful din to those at the phones. One wrong move, a slight overbalancing, and crashing down, dealing death and destruction, that great span would go—on the verge of success!

What could be done! Something must, and at once, or all was lost. Fred saw Fenway, a phone in his hand, half rise and point, then hold up two fingers. Instantly he grasped his meaning and whirled—but Bud Parker was ahead of him.

On the far side of the bridge's superstructure hung a big bell that had been used for signaling orders to the work crews before the phone system was installed. A rusty wire, pieced out by a small frayed rope, reached across the abyss from the bell to a steel pillar to which the rope end was tied.

In his excitement and frantic haste to be first to sound the bell twice, Parker jerked hard on the rope to loosen it quickly—and broke it. The bell wire, released, dropped down along the far side. Parker, appalled by what he had done, stared open-mouthed and upset. Fenway, at the shack's window, waved frantically for him to cross to the other side on a steel rod at his feet. But the young fellow shook his head, helpless and unnerved.

But if Parker was incapable af action, Fred was not. The bell must be rung at all costs. He jumped, pushed the trembling Parker aside and stepped out on the narrow steel rod. He did not think of the yawning abyss below and what one slip or mis-step would mean. His mind and eyes were wholly on that dang-

ling wire there beyond him. With eyes fixed, steadily, step by swift step, he went along that dangerous way.

He was across! As he stepped to safety on a big beam his hand clutched the hanging wire. He gave a strong pull. The brazen clang of the big bell boomed above the deafening din. Another pull—another boom from the bell. Two clangs delivered to the uncertain and confused crews the message, "Stop all work."

There was instant response, and the huge span hung still. Foremen below and on shore signaled the noisy ships. Gradually the din died. Strict orders were passed for silence. When all was till, Fenway, a trifle pale, but apparently as cool and calm as ever, lifted a phone to his lips. Again the great span began moving upward. Soon it clicked into place and the heavy pins were driven in to secure it.

Fred, coming up a steel ladder, having crossed from the other side by a safer way, saw Fenway step from his shack and wave his arms. The stilled din broke out afresh. Then Fenway turned and said something to him, but Fred could not catch the words. However, Fenway's affectionate grip on his shoulder told him volumes.

Fred felt a tug at his sleeve. Turning he saw Bud Parker, still a bit pale, holding out his hand. Without a moment's hesitation Fred grasped it. He knew from Parker's hearty handshake that Bud was expressing regret for past actions, paying tribute to his bravery and extending congratulations. Fred smiled his reply.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LIKED

Be punctual.

Keep your promises.

Neglect none of the little courtesies.

Learn to have no ill feelings towards anybody.

Learn to say the right thing to the right people.

Don't stand off with an uninterested, don't-care expression on your face.

Force yourself to say something. Do not be afraid to speak of simple things.

Achieve stillness. Don't jerk, wriggle, tap foot, bite your lips, or move around restlessly.—Park Press.

AGE CAN NOT WITHER—

(Asheville Citizen)

To have given delightful entertainment to three generations is a distinguished achievement. To have done that and to propose to continue it at the age of eight-three, puts any human being in an illustrious class. And when such a performer is a woman, to whom old age is supposed to be an implacable and destructive foe, the thing becomes an inspiration to everybody.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen is the charming lady who has just celebrated her eighty-third birthday and, incidently, begun her sixty fourth year on the stage. Beloved and applauded by the country's theater-goers, she has always upheld the highest ideals and aims of the theater, following her profession with such love and ability that her work is flawless. And the important thing about her career is that the loftiness of her thought and the brightness of her mind reacted upon her physically, so that nobody is surprised to learn that in her eighty-fourth year she took an airplane ride after dancing five old-fashioned dances with Henry Ford.

"Age," she said on that occasion, "is merely a state of mind. The way to keep living is to keep working." We have said that before, in these columns, but when it is repeated by such authority as Mrs. Whiffen it is worth repeating. If all the people who are going into their later years would remember it and apply it to themselves, they could not only stay young but add incalculably to the sum of human happiness. The woman whom "age can not wither nor custom stale her infinite variety" can not escape the fate of being always interesting and inevitably charming.

Far on the further side of threescore and ten and unlike many of the elders who are in years younger than she, Mrs. Whiffen, proves the quality of her youthfulness by understanding the modern young woman. She has, she told a newspaper reporter, no adverse criticism to make of the girl of today. That is true, because having retained her youth, she knows that young people are always fundamentally the same, she can understand them thoroughly, and she can see life through their eyes. What greater triumph over the years can there be than this?

WHEREVER WE GO

He was a very little fellow, but he wanted to say something comforting as his eyes turned toward the face of his mother, who was sad at leaving the dear old home and hills, the rivers, the woods; she should miss them all. Suddenly the little face pressed against the car window brightened. "Why mother!" he cried eagerly, "God's sky is over us yet; it's going right along with us!"

The mother smiled. "Sure enough dear. God's sky is going with us wherever we go, and it will be with us always" she answered.—Forward.

WOMEN AT WORK

(Asheville Citizen)

Frank D. Grist, Commissioner of Labor and Printing for North Carolina, objects to women, particularly married women, entering the business and industrial fields on the ground that they take jobs away from men, encourage indolent husbands to be more indolent and deprive their children of proper care and guidance. Miss Mary Anderson, head of the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, puts the thing in a different light. "Ninety-eight per cent of the 2,000,000 married women gainfully employed in the country," she says, "work from sheer necessity to assist in supplying their families with food, clothes and shelter."

All of which suggests that Commissioner Grist has let his Southern chivalry run away with him in his thinking about a practical and pressing problem. What possible objection is there to a married woman competing for a job with a man when the money she makes is used as the man would use it, to feed, clothe and house children? The talk of a woman remaining idle in the hope of encouraging a shiftless husband to go to work is like advising the wife not to put out the flames that are burning down her home so that her husband may learn, when he shows up, how to put out fires. And of what avail is it to talk about a mother staying at home to care properly for children who are hungry and ragged when, by taking a job, she can at least keep them warm and well fed?

"There are now," continues Miss Anderson's report, "more than 8,500,000 employed women, single and married, in the United States. Only about two per cent of the employed married women work for luxuries or a career." She does not state how many single women work for necessity, but it may be taken for granted that the number is very large.

It is a good thing for every young woman to work and earn money. It frees her mind from the thought that she is obliged to marry and that, if she can not marry well, it is her job to take the best match in sight. Earning her own money, she earns also the right to marry when and where she pleases. There is nothing more demoralizing for a young woman than to be expected by her parents "to marry for a living" since she has no other way of supporting herself. The time has passed when girls could be compelled to marry for a home and married women had to watch their children starve and shiver instead of getting out and earning money to help support them.

Banish the future; live only for the hour and its allotted work. Think not of the amount to be accomplished, the difficulties to be overcome, but set earnestly at the little task at your elbow, letting that be sufficient for the day; for surely our plain duty is "not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."—Osler.

HOMEMAKING A PROFESSION

(Southern Planter)

After more than a decade of forward thinking regarding the home and its place in the development of the nation, we still find it difficult to persuade the average man that it means more than how to to use a recipe, a new broom and a dish pan.

Many of us still confuse the housekeeper with the homemaker. The former has to do with the physical comfort of the family—food, clothes and shelter—making life easier for the people living together under one roof. The homemaker is engaged in a creative calling—the building of proper surroundings in which future citizens may be produced and trained for service. The ideal of the homemaker is to make life better. The task of the homemaker is forever changing in order to meet the varying demands of society. There is nothing fixed or permanent about homemaking, save the ideal "to make life better, to keep life stream pure and active."

Under this definition, "homemaker is a noun having both genders." It is certainly as much the business of the man as the woman. It demands all that is best in both of them.

His duty is not ended when he provides the necessary money, nor is hers when she has cleaned the house, provided food and clothes for the family.

The father and mother have equal responsibilities in providing the sort of home that will tend to make the new generation better than the present one.

The real homemaker needs creative imagination to turn the endless daily details oftentimes called drudgery into opportunity; executive ability to take the many unrelated duties and so distribute them among the members of the family that a well ordered home is the result; a sense of humor seeing every-day duties at a new angle and making the most of unexpected interruptions.

If the homemakers have these qualifications it will be less difficult to produce order out of what many times seems chaos.

A home thus organized by parents in thorough sympathy with each other and with their children will become a social force in the community, pointing the way to others. Without a single word of propaganda a man and a woman can do more to improve their surroundings through a wellplanned, well-kept and properly administered home than in any other way. The home gives to the world your message, either of good cheer and joyous unselfish living or of a careless slothful, selfish life, more definitely than anything you may say.

The building of a home takes time. We agree with Edgar Guest:

"Home ain't a place that gold can
buy or get up in a minute.
Afore its home, there's got to be a
heap o' living in it."

When we face this definition of home and lift it above the plane of mere physical comfort into the higher plane of consecration to the future of our state and nation, we realize homemaking is a profession and calls for specialized training.

FRANK'S BANDED ROBIN

(Youth's Companion)

All through the beautiful summer days Frank had been watching the birds. There was one robin redbreast that he called his own, because he had fed it and it had become very tame. In the spring the robin had built a nest under the roof of the porch, and Frank could look into it from the window. First he saw the light blue eggs and then the funny-looking baby birds, and he watched the mother feed them. Now it was almost time for the birds to fly south for the winter, and Frank knew he would miss them greatly. He was especially sorry to have his robin go and leave him.

Just at this time Frank's Uncle George came to the house bringing with him a wire trap nearly a yard long.

"What is that for?" asked Frank.

"I use it to catch birds so that I can band them," answered his uncle.

"Band them? What does that mean?"

"I am employed by the United States government to care for birds and to learn all that I can about them. My farm is a 'bird sanctuary,'" answered Uncle George. "No birds can be killed on my farm. I have built places where the birds can bathe and can have water to drink. I put out food for them and do everything I can to make their home a pleasant one. I also study their habits. Birds are valuable help to farmers and people who have gardens. We ought to have more song birds to destroy the insect pests that eat the crops.

"Then, too," continued Frank's uncle, "the government wishes to know more about the habits of the birds—where they spend the winter and whether they return to the same place in the north the next spring. So on the birds I catch I put a tiny band with a number."

"O uncle, do you mean that you can catch my robin and band him so that we shall know where he went from here?"

"We can try," answered the uncle.

The trap was placed on the ground where Frank said he usually fed the robin. Uncle George made a little path of seeds leading to the trap and put some inside of it, too. Then Frank and his uncle went into the house that the bird might not see them.

After supper the two looked at the trap, but found nothing inside. "I'm going to close the trap for the night," said Uncle George. "I do not wish any bird to be caught and have to stay in it all night. It would try to get out and might hurt itself."

Early the next morning Frank's uncle was out and again set the trap, and Frank came downstairs before breakfast he met uncle coming in. In his hand he held a small box made of netting.

"Come with me Frank," he said, "and we will look at the trap." They found a robin fluttering around inside. Frank felt sure that it was his particular pet. Uncle George put the net box at one end of the trap where there was a door. He opened that, and then he gently coaxed the bird into the box. When it was safe-

ly inside Uncle George reached in his hand and took out the robin. Holding it securely round the neck he took from his pocket a tiny piece of curved metal on which was the number 69,804. Then he put this metal ring around the robin's leg and pinched it together with a pair of pliers.

"See, Frank, it slips up and down on the leg and cannot hurt the bird. Now when the robin flies south if some other bird-banding agent catches it in his trap he will look at the number and send word to Washington that he has found robin 69,804 and tell where he found him. At Washington they will write me about it, and I will tell you. Of course it may be that no one will catch this particular robin because there are a great many birds and only a few people banding them."

"Could I do it, Uncle George?"

"No. The government allows only those who know a great deal about birds to do this work."

Very often through the winter Frank and his mother talked about the robin. Sometimes they imagined him in Florida, sometimes in South Carolina.

When the birds returned in the spring one robin seemed so tame that Frank felt sure it must be his pet. Soon the bird began to build a nest in about the same place under the porch roof where the nest had been the summer before. It was not long before Uncle George came to the house again bringing his bird trap. They set it in the old place and baited with seeds as they had done before and put in pieces of twine and cotton for the nest. After a little they caught the robin and found the band 69,804 on his leg.

"O Uncle George!" exclaimed Frank, jumping up and down in excitement. "It is my robin. That's the very number you put on. Isn't it splendid? When do you suppose you will hear from Washington?"

Uncle George took a paper from his pocket on which was recorded the report of many birds banded. Among them they found robin 69,804 caught in Alabama on December 24 and again on February 18.

"Now I know just where my robin spent the winter," said Frank eagerly. "I'm going to read all I can find about Alabama so that I shall know just what kind of a place it is and how it looks down there. You can learn a lot about birds by banding, can't you?"

"Say, Uncle George, continued Frank, "with airplanes and radio and bird banding, we shall soon know everything there is to know, shan't we?"

But in response to that question Uncle George only shook his head and laughed.

The cynic is the one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—Oscar Wilde.

JAMES P. COOK, RECLAIMER OF BOYS

(The Lutheran, Philadelphia, Pa.)

The State of North Carolina has lost one of its most useful citizens. Thus its newspapers appraised the death in March of this year of Mr. James P. Cook. He was the founder director and guide of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, located in Concord, N. C. This institution is devoted to "reclaiming" wayward boys. Mr. Cook began it with a single cottage in 1909. Its present enrollment is 496 Its pupils are housed, or rather they are "homed" in sixteen cottages, nine of which owe their erection to the efforts of this one man's interest and effort. The remaining seven were built by counties of the State, whose commissioners realized the advantages of its opportunities for boys not amenable to social forces of the normal home and community.

Mr. Cook, a member of the Lutheran Church and for many years the editor of the Concord Standard, was widely influential in religious and civic circles three decades ago. In journalism he became familiar with two forces in the early life of boys, namely education and temptation. Convinced that conventional mental training did not always combat the seductions of evil, he was wise enough to discern the possibility of adapting schooling, so as to make it more directly corrective of vicious tendencies. His idealism was so thoroughly combined with practical powers of character that he devoted himself successfully to the establishent of the kind of training which would restore to the right road a boy who was headed wrong. To men of such qualifiications, genius is rightly credited. They modify powers so that wastage and destructiveness are transformed into usefulness. Mr. Cook's field of endeavor was in the domain of morals; his product was character. His motive was goodness rather than goods. His Master was God; his enemy was evil. He won his battle. He taught a way to reconstruct human lives.

Among the tributes to his life work which are quoted in The Uplift, a weekly journal printed and published by the school he founded, was one which called attention to the value of a boy who is turned back from criminality to probity and industrious citizenship. Its writer, the editor of the Greensboro Daily News, calld Mr. Cook "An Enthusiast for Human Salvage." He wrote: "The spiritual and moral values of the salvage of youth are past computing, but there is already a host of sturdy citizenry bearing worthily their part in the work of the State, to answer the question whether, economically, it is worth while."

He who helps a child helps humanity with an immediateness which no other help given to human creature in any other stage of human life con possibly give again.—Phillips Brooks.

LIVES REMADE

(Youth's Companion)

The potter's wheel is one of the oldest of human inventions. The flat, horizontal wheel is turned by steam or electricity, and so turns much more rapidly than in the olden time; but in essentials the processes of the modern potteries are like those which the prophet Jeremiah saw when he visited the house of the potter and watched him at his work.

The potter took a lump of wet clay, put it in the middle of his wheel, and as the wheel turned, shaped the clay partly with his finger, and partly with his very simple tools; and so he wrought upon the wheel the jar or vase the pattern of which was already in his mind. Jeremiah was interested in the fact, which he presently observed, that the potter sometimes changed his plan. Now and then the material proved refractory. It was a little too wet, or a little too dry, or there proved to be not quite enough of it, or there was a pebble or other foreign substance in it that turned it awry. Jeremiah noticed this. He could not alway tell the reason, but the potter sometimes manifestly changed his purpose. "He made it again another vessel." It may even have been that the vessel thus modified, through first having been marred, became a more useful and even a more beautiful one than it would have been if it had kept to the original design.

Our lives are marred by the vicissitudes of life. Whether we call it fate or the will of God, there is no denying the marring effects of sorrow, accident, and ill health.

We mar one another's lives. There are people who have to live together who continually rasp and irritate and hurt one another. There are strange pairings and matings and assortings in family and business relationships. And for many of them which seem so un fortunate there is no remedy that lies within our power.

We mar our own lives. We brood over our wrongs, real or imaginary. We eat out our hearts for the joys denied us. We cherish envy, spite, and ill-will. In time the poison in our spirits manifests itself in the hard or cynical expression of our faces. We go through life marred, not wholly by reason of what has been done to us, but on account of what we have done to ourselves.

But God, like the potter, does not throw the clay back into the trough. God has resources available for the reshaping of marred lives. Those who are seen rejoicing around the throne are they who have come up out of marring experiences. It is a fact of common knowledge that the lives we most admire are not those that have always had their own unhindered way. In every saintly face there is something that tells of a serenity and a peace that have been won by meeting adverse conditions, by the conquest of which the soul has been shaped into a lovelier form.

If we have been marred, we need not be disheartened. God has for us other and perhaps even worthier and more beautiful uses.

Love comes unseen; we only see it go.—Austin Dobson.

A WORD ABOUT THE WISE OWL

By Maude Wood Henry

If the booby is the dumbest and stupidest bird in the world, the owl is credited with being the wisest But that may be because he looks wise. Owls have such solemn, long faces and queer eyes that one can easily imagine them pondering weighty problems in a scholarly manner. Spectacled college professors sometimes have an owlish sort of look. However, it is probable that owls are thinking of nothing more important than where their next meal of mice is coming from and are keeping an eye out for the scuttling little victims of their appetites. For owls are very, very fond of rats and mice, which are are their chief article of diet. Some large owls eat other birds and even chickens, but most of them devour great quantities of rodents, as well as beetles, slugs, moths and other pests. Wherever there are field mice there are owls, and farmers feel friendly to the qeer, ugly birds for eating the enemies of their crops. Sometimes they leave spaces in their outbuildings for owls to live in on this account. An owl is a pretty good farm guardian. The barn owl is this sort of an owl. He lives in the barn loft and nests in some dim corner of the rafters; and as he is an excellent mouser and always hungry, the barn owl is the farmer's friend and protector.

One half-grown barn owl once devoured eight mice in rapid succession, the tail of the last one hanging from his mouth. He was pretty full for a time, but three hours later he ate four more. So you see what that owl would mean to a place that was over-run with mice. Although they swallow their victims alive, owls have a way of casting from their stomachs all the indigestible parts in the form of pellets.

The common barn owl inhabits the warmer parts of North America. There are twenty-six species of this owl, distributed through all the warm and temperate regions of the world. This little fellow has a number of names. He is called monkey owl, white owl, church owl, screetch owl, hissing owl, yellow owl, the howlet and the hoolet. When young the barn owl is covered with a soft yellowish down. It has a heart-shaped face from which its black eyes peer solemnly. A full grown barn owl is a handsome creature. Its upper parts are yellowish overlaid with gray; its under parts and face vary from white to tawny. The feathers are speckled or mottled and have the appearance of being beaded.

You all know the owl when you see it and its call when you hear it. "Too whit, too whoo!" says the burrowing owl. The little screech owl is a weird night visitor and you have no doubt heard him on a summer night making his strange and fearsome noises about your home. Because of their peculiar faces, their habits of prowling about at night and of living in out-

of-the-way places, such as tree cavities, dim old barns, church belfries and old ruins, owls have a reputation for being uncanny and evil birds. Many gruesome stories have been written about these shrieking, stealthy night birds of prey, but they are mostly as foolish and groundless as the tales of witches, goblins and ghosts at Hollowe'en.

There are many kinds of owls—more than three hundred species and subspecies altogether. They go by many different names. The great gray owl of the Arctic regions has a wing spread of five feet, from tip to tip. In Texas and Mexico there is a tiny owl called the elf owl. which is about the size of a sparrow. The beautlful snowy owl of the Arctic is another variety and there are eagle owls, fish owls, burrowing owls and many others. Some owls have long or short ears or "horns," as the tufts of feathers on their heads are called, and others are without these.

A great many owls are a sort of reddish brown in color. Their plumage is so soft and loose that their flight is almost noiseless. That is why it is so easy for an owl to catch a mouse. It swoops down upon its prey silently.Twilight is the owl's hunting-time.

If you ever get a chance to study one of these fly-by-nights at close range you will be repaid. They are very intertsting birds and not nearly as fearsome and wicked as they are said to be. They are really useful.

"A SONG THE GRASS SINGS"

The violet is much too shy,
  The rose too little so;
I think I'll ask the buttercup
  If I may be her beau.

When the winds go by, I'll nod to her
  And she will nod to me,
And I will kiss her on the cheek
  As gently as may be.

And when the mower cuts us down
  Together we will pass,
I smiling at the buttercup,
  She smiling at the grass.—Charles G. Blanden.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

On account of rain the boys of the work force retired to the cottages last Monday.

A delegation of about 25 young ladies, students of Queens College, Charlotte, spent Thursday afternoon at the institution.

We noticed in last Sundays' Charlotte (N. C.) News a nice little write-up featured by Mr. J. A. Daly, of the writing staff. He had gathered several pictures and a good deal of information around here, and wrote a mighty fine article.

The new milk and cream separator has arrived. It is not quite as large as the old one, but has a larger bowl for holding milk. It separates ten gallons of milk in three minutes and will run forty minutes after it is switched off. Pretty niffy, eh what?

I. Searles Runyon, of Knoxville, Tenn., visited the Training School last Monday. He is the head of the William Henson Home For Boys, which will be a "study scholl" for problem boys. This school will be located at Knoxville and conducted under the auspices of the Lutheran Synod of Virginia, United Lutheran Church.

Last Friday afternoon a man from the Concord Foundry, came out here and got our old broken metal pot. The following Monday morning a new one was returned in its place. In that time he had to make a pattern and then mold the pot. It looks exactly like the old one (Only for the broken place.)

At last the trees and shrubbery are turning green and beginning to bloom. The lawns are taking on their summer appearance, and the flowers are sprouting. The spring planting is now under way. All this is an almost sure sign that winter is gone for good. Let us hope that a cold spell doesn't come along now and spoil everything.

Last Sunday morning a wild duck was seen down at the pond in front of the dairy barn. It would fly around in large circles and then land back in the water. After dinner, when the storm, which did a good deal of damage around here, had passed, he was nowhere to be seen and has not been seen since then. We had hopes of it returning, but as yet it has not.

One Sunday afternoon recently the regular pastor failed to make his appearance and four visitors were pressed into service. These visitors were Mooresville men who just happened to be passing and stoppd to call on some friends at the school.

After the boys had assembled in the auditorium and sung a few hymns, Mr. Paul Barger made an interesting talk. He then introduced Messrs. Oscar Bradley, Ralph Brawley and Eugene Edmiston who made brief remarks.

We all enjoyed having these men

with us and hope they will visit us again soon.

The services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon were conducted by T. M. Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., Mr. Shelton was accompained by his wife and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Collum, of Davidson and Miss Berger, of Congress Park, Ill.

Judge W. F. Harding, of Charlotte, was the speaker for the afternoon and his address was one of the best ever heard here.

Judge Harding said he had spoken to the student bodies of several of our leading universities, but had never addressed a group of boys whose behavior was better, and who were more attentive than the boys of the Training School.

He also stated it had been eight years since he had visited the school; the enrollment at that time being 131, as compared with the present number, 490; and had been so favorably impressed with the work here that he never lost an opportunity when speaking in all kinds of meetings throughout the entire state, to make a plea for larger appropriations for carrying on the work at the school.

Calling particular attention to two verses of scripture: "Fear God and keep His Commandments, for that is the whole duty of man" and the words of Jesus when He said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His likeness and all these things shall be added unto you," Judge Harding told the boys that to follow these rules, would mean the greatest possible success in life.

Speaking of the large number of boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 19 years, coming into our courts charged with the violation of every law on our statute books, the Judge said he had never seen a boy or girl brought into court to face any of these charges, who was a regular attendant at church and Sunday School and whose father and mother went with them.

He advised the boys to form the habit of thinking clean thoughts, thereby making clean hearts and it would be sure to follow that their lives would be clean for: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Mr. Collum, who is Professor of Music at Davidson College then rendered a solo in a very creditable manner. This was followed by a soprano solo by Mrs. Collum, equally as good. Then this pair of excellent singers sang a duet, "The Old Rugged Cross." These musical numbers were greatly appreciated by all present.

If you are not willing to stick to what you are trying to do you may as well say goodby to all chances of success. Money does not grow on trees, said the older generation to the rising one nor does success come to the people who look for easy conquest. Efforts and presistence are intended to do more than give what is wanted at a particular moment. They have the function of giving body and mind additional tone and strength.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To	New York	9:21 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	2:12 A. M.
No.	136	To	Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	To	New York	10:23 A. M.
No.	34	To	New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:09 P. M.
No.	32	To	New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To	New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	To	Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:15 A. M
No.	11	To	Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To	Atlanta	9:45 A. M.
N.	37	To	New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 5, 1928. No. 15

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

It is a fearful thing to forget the bridge that carries you across in safety.

There are those, however, rescued from a threatening darkness at times and the doom of a future insignificance by the sacrifices of a kindly hand, who forget the fine old bridge that proved their good Samaritan.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

FINE WORK

Again the Rotarians are heard from. This body of men continue to think of the welfare of the children. The next Rotary Orthopaedic Clinic will be held in the City and County Health Department in City Hall, Charlotte, Saturday, May, 12th.

A DISAPPOINTED FAMILY.

The much appreciated and long looked for Push Ball arrived last Friday. It was truly a whale of a ball judged by comparison with other balls. To see how big the thing would be when inflated aroused the interest of the boys, the Superintendent, the Assistant Superintendent, and all the officers and matrons. No peace could be had at the school until it should be inflated and ready for the athletic field. So the assistant Supt., Mr. Fisher, and Mr. Barber, the bookkeeper, commandeered the truck and off they went to the nearest filling station. On to the second station they went, then to the third and yet the ball was not filled with air One can never imagine the disappointment that showed on the faces of our family when the ball was brought back, but yet unfit to be used on the athletic field.

The next day the ball was loaded on the truck and carried to the Car-

olina Sporting Goods Company at Charlotte. They soon discovered a break in the rubber bag. They immediately sent a wire to the company from which the ball was ordered, to send a new bag at once. They assured us that they would give the ball to us in good shape early this week.

Again the boys are living on expectancy that no mishap may occur and that they will have the privilege of satisfying their desire of having a push at the perfect ball, on our athletic field next Saturday afternoon.

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A KIND PROVIDENCE

By the landing of the Bremen at Greenly Island perhaps many people were saved from suffering, because the food supply of the Islanders was nearly exhausted when the plane landed. The livelihood of these people is fishing and trapping, and the summer did not prove favorable for fishing and neither was there successful trapping because of the severe winter. Work was given many of the seventy-five families round and about the island by helping with the wrecked plane for which they received pay and in this way food and other necessities were gotten. In this instance fate seemed to work with omiscient directness. "It is an ill wind that blows no good."

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GYPSY SMITH

The sermons of Gypsy Smith, the Evangelist, seems to have been approved by all fair minded people of Concord. Even those of different denominational customs declare that Gypsy Smith is free of slang; resorts to no extreme measures of getting the attention of the people; does not by contrast array one class against another, but by his strong personality forcibly preaches the Gospel telling that the only way for salvation is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. This shows that all christians are working on different but parallel roads—divided at the circumference but united at the center.

He avers the easy manner in which "church members are admitted into present day congregations as compared to the rigid requirements of the way the Gospel as taught in days of our forefathers". He made it impressive that it was much easier to affiliate yourself with the church to-day than to become a member of any fraternal order. He has made a splendid impression upon the large congregations made up of all denominations and

there is no doubt that much good will result from this evangelistic meeting.

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HE GAVE HELP WHEN NEEDED

Benjamin Duke is counted a great benefactor. The News & Observer says:

All the papers of the State printed the picture of Benjamin Duke on his seventy-third birthday and all the people of North Carolina felt like sending him a friendly greeting to cheer him in his enforced retirement caused by physical illness. It was not because he was a successful captain of industry, accumulating millions or chiefly because of his large gifts to good causes. What then? It was because, in the early and lean days after Trinity College was moved to Durham, he took deep personal interest in its affairs and gave quietly to making up deficiencies, aiding young men to finish their colloge course, and because he has given assistance to a score of small colleges, struggling to meet the demands made upon them. These gifts were made after investigation and stimulated generosity on the part of others. Large and small gifts, accompanied by personal interest, have endeared Mr. Duke to many who have known more of his generosity than has found its way in the papers.

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A MARTYR TO AVIATION

When the news of the death of Floyd Bennett was given out it saddened the whole country. He was a distinguished aviator, co-conqueror of the North Pole, and his last venture was not to explore some unknown land but to take aid to his fellow comrades of the air at the risk of his own life. He dared to do a service for mankind, and had he lived many more years, he could not have rendered a greater feat. Duty and service unquestionably were the watchwords of his life.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

NATIONAL MUSIC WEEK

The Woman's Club, Concord, can proudly acclaim that each department has functioned harmoniously from a social point of view; and at the same time splendid results have been realized in a cultural way by following out in detail the many fine programs arranged for the past year.

The Music Department, with Miss Laura Gillon as Chairman, is again sponsoring National Music Week, May 6-12, with well selected programs of piano, violin music and a music memory contest for the specific pur-

pose of stimulating more interest in the study of music locally thereby teaching the value of music in the home life.

Mr. Hobart Davis, director of music in the public schools with his able assistant, Miss Willie McKnight, will present the entire music department of the High School in concert, the date not yet announced, and this event should attract the interest of Concord and an enthusiastic audience greet these young musicians so as to see first hand the results of the year's work..

Many public spirited citizens of Concord are co-operating with the Music Department, and helping to make Music Week a success by offering prizes to the winners in the contests; but remember the giving of prizes is just an evidence of interest but your presence is a proof of your interest.

Ten years ago there was practically no work being done in schools in the study of music, only study of piano, under the supervision of a piano teacher who gave lessons only to those who were able to pay the tuition and at the close of the year this teacher took charge of the commencement music; but, different today, music is considered a very essential study under the supervision of a musical director.

By way of diversion we call your attention to the singing done by the Jackson Training School boys—they sing in unison and with pep—it is inspirational; and we hope some day under a splendid band-master the boys will begin to have band practice, because surely there is a relationship between "music and morals" especially when privileged to learn the "immortally beautiful music of the masters."

"Music has always played a large part in God's plan in the world. Even in Old Testament times music was a real feature of devout worship. Recently one of the best known singers in the world, Madame Schumann-Heink, commenting on the influence of community music, said: "Let us all come together and sing—not jazz, but the great musical compositions, and we will see a proportionate decrease in anarchy, lawlessness, hip flasks and degrading tendencies now noticeable." Those churches that make much of reverent singing are usually the churches that have greatest power in the community. The Dayton Westminster Choir is an outstanding example of the real influence of devout and reverent worship in song. This choir is on an eight weeks' tour, singing five times each week in the large cities of the Middle West and South. In most places packed housed have heard them. At St. Louis over nine thousand persons paid admission to the Colosseum, and at Kansas City over seven thousand. If the churches can help to develop this love of choral singing in our coun-

try, they will be doing a great work and will reap an abundant reward.''

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A WIZARD

Lindbergh surely must carry with him a rabbit foot, or a good luck charm of some kind, because he seems to always accomplish thrilling stunts that makes the whole country stand aghast. His last thrill was making the trip from New York to Quebec when weather was unfavorable, encountering rain, snow, sleet and heavy winds, but he did it all in less that four hours. The eyes of all air-minded people are following Lindbergh with interest and great admiration.

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FORD'S NEW VENTURE.

According to a recent Associated Press Dispatch, Henry Ford is going into the orange-growing business on his great tract at Labelle, near Lake Okeechobee, Florida. A nursery announced recently it has delivered 2,000 orange trees for a 40-acre experimental tract on Ford's property. It is assumed the aim is to stimulate production of such fruit in a district which now grows virtually no oranges.

Once more we see Mr. Ford in the role of public benefactor, thus further endearing himself in the hearts of the common people. His first benefaction has been especially noticeable out in the rural districts, where the coming of the well-known ''flivver'' has enabled the man of limited means to turn out the faithful old family horse to spend his declining years in verdant pastures and to park the old buggy in a secluded place behind the barn.

Should this latest venture of Mr. Ford's—that of making oranges grow where none grew before—prove successful, we feel sure the increased production will place this healthful and lucious fruit on the market at a cheaper price, thereby making it possible for many needy people to enjoy them who cannot afford them at their present value and endearing himself in the hearts of little children.

MOTHERS DAY, SUNDAY, MAY 13TH

By Mrs. William T. Pettengell

Since the beginning of the human family, the name "Mother" has been the one to inspire the deepest respect, the greatest reverence, and the most tender affection. When Miss Anna Jarvis, a Philadelphia woman who loved her mother, stated her conviction: "I think we ought to have a national day dedicated to the memory of mothers, and I am going to do all I can to bring it about," she struck a key-note that resounded is so many hearts that it was not long before she saw her efforts working the desired effect. Her remark was made to a friend in May, 1907, and in 1908 Philadelphia celebrated the first Mother's Day. Pennsylvania made it a State Holiday, and her example was followed by other states. Since 1912 the governor of Texas has made Mother's Day a time for pardoning a number of prisoners. In 1913 Congress passed a resolution endorsing the Day, and in 1914, the second Sunday in May was named as Mother's Day, by President Wilson, who added to his proclamation, the request that the American flag be displayed on goverment buildings and private homes.

So it has come to pass that many sermons have been preached on Motherhood, and the white carnation has become her particular badge of love and honor in the many church services held in her memory. Do we need to ask where this wide-spread influence began? The universal answer from every heart will be: "In the home." It is fitting that there should be a day sacred for affectionate tribute and memorial to motherhood in general, and particularly to good Mothers. But shouldn't there be no thought of those who are unworthy of the name so blessed and dear to many, many hearts? God grant that the observance of Mother's Day may stir emotions of true maternal love and faithfulness in the breast of any woman who has failed to succeed in the God-given sphere to which she has been called.

Th influence of a mother is doubtless the most potent of any in the home. Her life is most closely associated with the children of the family, whose quick eyes and alert minds read and comprehend far more in adult life than we might imagine they would see. Her principles are a standard in the young minds under her care. How necessary then that every mother have the experience of sanctification; without which her life-work in her family cannot be complete in its success, for there is sure to be a deviation from the true standard in the instruction of the young. There is a necessity for study in the realm of childhood, and there are excellent methods to be followed in training children which sanctified mothers should know, though only the "whole armor of God" will enable a mother to guide her children in the way to Heaven. Nothing else will withstand the natural tendencies of the younger generation. Much as we regret to admit it, even the dearest and sweetest child has the carnal mind, and it is up to the parent to battle against its power in the young life until the child is accountable for his own spiritual welfare.

The love and tenderness of a mo-

ther's heart will often yield to the desires of her children, presented as they only are able to present them, and the standard be lowered before she realizes it, unless great watchfulness and much prayer prevail in her life. The mother who stands undaunted by the flood of worldliness and church apostasy, is the one who will win out in the end, commanding the lasting respect and love of her children as a part of her reward. It has been said that "somewhere behind every noble and beautiful work, is the influence of a mother." Tenderest memories fill our minds as we consider this thought. We know it means the care, the suffering, the self-denial, and the love which is only surpassed by divine love, that belong to motherhood, and have been exercised by her too constantly through the past years, to be forgotten.

God grant that mothers may be tendered every tribute due them, and in every possible case, let the appreciation be expressed to the living. Many a tender thought will be given on Mother's Day to some departed one who would have been encouraged in life by a tribute of love from those for whom her life had been spent; and our own hearts will be spared many an ache, if we remember to give our flowers to the living.

It may seem to mothers that the sphere in which they move is narrowed to the four walls of the home, and that the shadows of numberless duties constantly fall across her threshold, and obscures the vision of many an attractive realm of service. While it is true that there are many modern problems, there are none so important as those which pertain to the ever-present one of rearing and training children. Many influences may claim that the child is the product of their guidance, yet to the influence of the mother in the home, must be given the first and highest claim.

There is no need for her to pine for a place in the whitened harvest-field, though the song of the reapers may come to her ear, and the waving grain may beckon her away. The future may hold for her the joy of having a "part in the soul-stirring strife," but now, to her is given the privilege of preparing the soil and sowing the precious seed in tender hearts entrusted to her care. And she shall stand with the reapers in that great day of God.

"When the sheaves of the harvest are gathered and life and its labor is done," by the grace and help of God, her sheaves shall not be wanting; and she shall also have her reward from the Lord of the harvest, because in her God-given sphere "she hath done what she could."

I honor any man who in the conscious discharge of his duty dares to stand alone; the world, with ignorant, intolerant judgment, may condemn; the countenances of relatives may be averted, and the hearts of friends grow cold; but the sense of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenances of relatives, or the hearts of friends.—Charles Sumner.

ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

(Asheville Citizen)

The Jeanne Eagles incident suggests that the day of the "arstistic temperament" as an alibi for unreasonable behavior is ended. For a long time the artistic temperament covered a multitude of sins. An actress, if she were a star, could tear her hair and the stage settings into shreds; she could fling herself on the floor and beat upon it a wild tatoo with her swiftly moving high French heels; she could bawl out her manager, break a contract and ignore the rights of the audience by refusing to go on with the show; and all that ever came of it was a shrug of the shoulders backstage and, in the company and in the press, the statement that the "artistic temperament" was apt to have that effect on a star at any moment.

But things are different now. Miss Jeanne Eagles, beautiful and accomplished in her art, famous as the star in "Rain," refused to appear in the scheduled production of "Her Cardboard Lover" in Milwaukee and consequently forced the company to disband. The excuse was that the producers of the play, Gilbert Miller and A. R. Woods, had refused to provide her with an understudy, and that this neglect warranted her in refusing to go on and so wreck the property.

But the Actors' Equity Association took a different view of the matter. It put Miss Eagles on trial, and, after hearing her evidence and that of others concerned, suspended her, fordidding her to appear on the stage for a number of months, and fined her two weeks' pay, said to be a total of $3,600. Miss Eagles retorted that this was "outrageous" and that she would star in a play at the opening of the 1928 season, Equity or no Equity.

The point of the matter, however, is, as we have said, that "artistic temperament" as an alibi for "rough stuff" is thrown out of the window. Formerly, as a matter of fact, the actress who flew into a rage was simply giving way to her temper, and all that "artistic temperament" amounted to at such a time was a species of bullying because she knew she could get away with it. It is not recorded that Miss Eagles pleaded "artistic temperament" in her defence. Nevertheless, the sentence passed on her by Equity is sufficient warning that actressess, like other women, are expected to practice self-control.

An office worker up in Binghamton, N. Y., was not feeling well last summer and went to a doctor to find out what was the matter.

"Buy a car," the doctor advised, "and get out more. You ought to take off several pounds of flesh."

Several months later the business man wrote the doctor as follows:

"I got a car and got out more. I got out six times between Binghamton and Owego, and took off flesh in four different places. Once I got out through the windshield. That seemed to take off the most flesh."

THE ANNUAL TRIP TO GRANDPA'S

By C. W. Hunt

My father was a Methodist circuit rider. He owned and cultivated a farm and traveled for miles in many directions from that farm and home as he preached the gospel, but the family were securely anchored to the farm, and from the age of five to fifteen the only one and real exhilarating trip of each year, that brought real joy, as I see it now, was the annual trip to grandpa's. This was looked forward to for weeks and talked about for many days on the return. Grandfather Townsend lived in Person county, near the Granville line and on the head waters of Tar River, from whence my ancestors fought in the battle of Guilford Court House.

Sometime between December first when conference had met and was over, and Christmas was the time and was for many years before and after the good and great stepmother came into the family. When the war department sold all the stuff consistnig of horses and mules and wagons and carts and harness and such went to the highest bidder at Raleigh, just after the war between the states, father purchased an army ambulance, made on the order of what was known as a hack a decade ago, but was heavier, with a heavily upholstered seat on each side made to haul sick and wounded soldiers on, with a seat in front for two and the whole covered with curtains, making a very comfortable vehicle for hauling a family on in the years that have gone. With this and most of the family loaded on we would set out early in the morning for a thirty mile drive over red and muddy roads, and it took the whole day to make it, and were lucky if we drove in to grandpa's at night fall. The food for a lunch by a fire on the roadside at noon; the trusted gun and turkey dog, old Ponto, all meant a little of the unusual and diversion that was doubly welcome. These latter were carried in the hope of crossing a flock of wild turkeys (that was father's favorite sport), and all was expectancy, as we watched the roadsides for game of any kind. We had been over the road so often we knew all the unusual places, many of which seemed grand in comparison with the little home in the redhills.

But far and beyond all these was the greeting that awaited us when our destination was reached and we were at Grandpa's, for we lived far away for those days. There were others, but they lived near, were seen often but not so with us. All was expectation as the hours drew near, and even the negro servants which were many and all former slaves that had known each of the three boys as they came into the world; all these gave just as joyous a welcome as did the good grandfather and the semi-invalid grandmother on her cot-bed by the open fire, as well as the uncles and aunts, all of whom were younger than the mother who was then gone to rest. Cakes and pies and goodies and waffles cooked by a great open fire in waffle irons with handles four feet long. Even the neighbors vied with the kin people in making of grandpa's grandsons. It was an unusual time for small boys and meant several days

of joy unabated. Once more we were there at hogkilling and saw a long pole full of two and three hundred pound hogs killed and dressed and handled by the giant negro men. And once grandpa with his own hands cut the long tail from a dressed hog, salted and broiled it on the open fire and gave it to me to eat, just because I wanted it. And what countryman has not as a boy blown the bladders at hogkilling time?

Halcyon days were they. And we visited the uncles and aunts and cousins living near, and as we grew older hunted with them, and at last turned our faces homeward over the same road with another dinner by a fire on the road with broiled meat and toasted cheese and other things as good, and all the way recounting the things seen and heard and felt till we were unloaded at home again and took up the chores that some one else had performed in our absence; satisfied even if we knew it would be a whole year before we had another such a trip. I have often felt for a boy, any boy, even in this day of speed, who never had the pleasure and privilege of a trip to grandpa's under such conditions as these, and realizing each year the growth and increase in the pleasure he got out of the trips. Old, as I am now, it would bring joy to see those loved ones again as they were then. I think I could feel the boy again! But all but one of those then grown have passed over the river and gone the way of all the earth, and as if to wipe out remembrance of the sacred place the home was set on fire and all that was hallowed in it went up in smoke and back to mother earth from which it all came.

THE LIFE OF A DOLLAR

In order to get a line of the life and adventures of a dollar bill, the Waukegan, Illinois, chamber of commerce started out a new bill some time ago, with a circular attached, requesting every person handling the bill to make a notation of its use.

Here is the history for fourteen days, changing hands for service:

Five times for salary.
Five times for tobacco.
Five times for cigarettes.
Three times for candy.
Twice for men's furnishings.
Twice for shaves.
Once for automobile accessories.
Once for bacon.
Once for washing powder.
Once for garters.
Once for tooth paste.

The dollar was spent twenty-seven times, but it never got into church or theatre, and was not used for amusement in fourteen days. It was new when it started out, but when it came back it was soiled, wrinkled and dejected.—Durham Herald.

THE POWER OF THE HOME

(Asheville Citizen)

The adult knows what tremendous influence the pleasant home has upon him. He knows what it means to breakfast in a dining room flooded with the cheeriness of early morning sunlight preparatory to beginning the work of the day. He knows, too, how surely the comfortable library, well lighted and full of the delicate fragrance of old books and leather bindings can lure him to an evening with pipe and book after the day's labors are done.

He will, therefore not be surprised to learn that a sub-committee of the New York State Baumes Commission, which has been investgating juvenile crime, has found dirty and uncomfortable homes to be the cause of an enormous amount of delinquency and crime among children. "Housing conditions," says its report, "have a distinct bearing on juvenile delinquency. Blocks having the poorest housing and portions most devoted to commercial activities show the worst delinquency records."

This, in an age when we hear so much of the decadence of the home as an influence on the young, we are told that better homes must be had to cut down child delinquency. Which is another way of saying that human nature does not change. The child of today, denied a place to play in at home, goes out to find it as did the child of a hundred years ago. The youngster who has neither an understanding mother nor a kindly father to confide in, takes unto himself boy friends or older heroes to whom he can talk and from whom he will receive the ideas and ideals or lack of ideals that will shape his life.

The Baumes Commission makes the direct statement that, if society hopes to cut down appreciably child crime and delinquency, it must see that the youngsters have decent homes and facilites for the right sort of recreation. The point of this is unmistakable. It is not enough for the welfare workers to provide playgrounds. Some agency has got to tackle the job of seeing to it that every child gets what he should have, what he must have, a good home, if he is to be given a fair chance to start right with life. We who sometimes think we have done so much in helping the unfortunate have yet a long way to go.

Life is never so short
But there's time for a word
Of trust and of courage
Faint hearts to upgird;
Through the rush of the mart,
Through the din of the fray
Hope finds ever its moment,
Faith conquers its way.

—Priscilla Leonard.

CHRISTIANITY'S PASSION PLAY OPEN IN AMERICA

If Broadway wants to see this production, Broadway will have to come to Bloomington. For, although it draws audiences from all parts of the world and has been witnessed by untold thousands, the drama scarcely can be classed as a box office success. It never have been a vehicle of profit since the day in 1633 when the villagers of Oberammergau, Bavaria, made a vow that they would act the Passion Play every ten years should they be spared from the Black Death.

So in Bloomington the spectacle is considered only a religious rite, presented reverently and without any idea of financial gain.

Fifth Annual Performance.

The series of Performances in April and May will mark the fifth successive season that the project has been carried on by members of the Bloomington Consistory. Some critics who have witnessed similar presentations in Europe and America have pronounced this the greatest of all Passion Plays. Fredrick Hitch, who plays the role of Christ, has not the fame of Angton Lang, the famous Bavarian actor; nor is the cast as large as the one supporting Lang. But modern artistry of stage settings and costumes, together with American electrical magic in lighting effects, is said to give this version an advantage over all the others.

The man who made this city the Oberammergau of America is Delmar D. Darrah, for 20 years professor of dramatic art at Illinois Wesleyan University. Before he organized and launched the Passion Play here he attended the Bavarian performances and conducted research in Bibical art and history. He made changes which although they were a departure from the long-established order, were designed to bring out more sharply the lessons to be gained from the story of Christ.

Members of the cast, chosen from the Consistory for the first performance five years ago, still play the same roles. Fredrick Hitch is a local merchant, untrained in stage art, yet his idealistic conception of the living Christ has won him many a favorable comparison with the great Lang.

250 Persons In Cast.

As for the play itself, there are 50 different scenes, nearly 1000 pieces of scenery, and a cast of 250 persons. When the Passion Play was given in the fifteenth century, the action sometimes lasted as long as seven days. It is now but three and a half hours, but that without any intermission. More than $100,000 has been spent on scenic and electrical effects alone.

The incident in which Christ walks upon the water to the fishing boat and then stills the tempest is said to be a marvel of technical perfection and stage craft. The 90-foot stage of the new Consistory temple permits the presentation of such impressive scenes with a magnitude not yet reached in any other spectacle.

A realistic Palestine at the time of Christ is portrayed. Doves flutter about the temple of the Pharisees; sheep and donkeys are led along

the highways and over the hills. At the gates of Jerusalem is witnessed the healing of the sick and blind. And through it all moves the gentle-voiced Savior, teaching, performing miracles winning the faith of the people.

"Not an Entertainment"

Because of the dramatic intensity of the play, nervous and highly excitable persons, as well as those who are in ill health, have been asked to remain away. The point is stressed that the Passion Play is not an entertainment. It is a scriptural-visualization of the life and works of Jesus Christ, staged with the greatest possible reverence and fidelity to the words of the Bible.

The musical accompaniment of the spectacle has been so arranged that each selection is interpretative, bearing directly upon the scene during which it is sung. Some of the selections are from the great oratorios and are highly dramatic, especially during the great trial scenes. Two choirs of 50 voices each will sing throughout each performance.

The total number of visitors to the Oberammergau of America is expected to reach 100,000 this year. Special trains will bring pilgrims from nearly every middle-western state and nearly every seat for the entire series of performances has been reserved.

The other day, while I was standing in a school house doorway during the noon recess period, a little girl of eleven or twelve passed by eating an ice-cream cone. She had a double chin and gave other evidences of too much fatty tissue. The principal, who was standing with me, remarked on the fact that the mother considered the child very frail and very frequently requested that she (the teacher) be careful not to allow the girl to play out-of-doors on damp days. A few moments later the child again passed still eating an ice-cream cone—but a fresh one. In reply to the question, "That is the second one, is it not?" she said, "No, it is the fifth."

The mother of this child undobutedly meant well, but she did not do well. She was harmfuly over-solicitous in some respects and harmfully lacking in the proper solicitude in other respects.

That is no special form of behavior that more needs special training than parental behavior. There is at the same time no special type of behavior that is more left to chance. There are, so far as we know, no special schools granting degrees in parental training.

—Public Welfare Progress.

CALLS FOR CONTINUANCE OF FIGHT OF JEFFERSON

Dangers threatening American democracy and institutions are not descending upon the nation from abroad but are coming from within, said Claude G. Bowers in the Founder's Day address at the University of Virginia in commemoration of the 185th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson.

"The great problem before the American people today, that must be solved by the present generation, a problem greater than parties and fraught with tremendous meaning to humanity, is whether democracy in America shall be preserved," declared the distinguished author who is chief editorial writer of the New York Evening World.

Fight of Jefferson Never Won

"The fight of Jefferson is never won. The enemies of democracy may retreat, they never surrender. They may disguise themselves, they never die. Jefferson is not an historical figure, he is a living, vital principle we shall need in America so long as some men seek to use government as a stirrup with which to mount and ride on the backs of their fellowmen."

Mr. Bowers was introduced by Dr. James M. Page, dean of the college of arts and sciences, who presided in the absence of President Edwin A. Alderman. Dean Page read a message from Dr. Alderman expressing his regret at not being present.

Statistics for the session read by Dean Page showed that the enrollment on April 1 was 2188. Including 2170 students of the summer quarter of 1927, 542 enrolled in extension courses, and 125 in the nurses' training school, the total enrollment for the session of 1927-28 has reached 5,025.

Jefferson's influence in determining the character of the government of the United States in its early days and the influence of his principles upon the political history of the nation was traced by Mr. Bowers to show that there has been an unceasing effort to abridge the rights of the people to protect themselves against the abuse of power.

"There ought to be a bust of Jefferson on every American platform—he made it free; on the desk of every American editor—he made him free; yes, and there might be one on the pulpit of every church and sect and creed—he gave them proper rights and made them free," Mr. Bowers said.

"There is a movement against democracy on the part of the reactionaries of the world, and since the close of the war we have seen the man on horseback riding down the liberties of people and substiuting ukases for constitutions.

"Upon all this our intellectuals invite us to look with sympathy if not for guidance. They point to Russia and ask our sympathetice consideration for the tyranny there. They come back from Italy and ask our consideration of renouncing democracy for the kind of tryanny they have there.

"But nowhere is there a more persistent movement among intellectuals against democracy than here. Thus the fashionable movement among

schoolmen against popular education and the substitution of the system of selection that makes for caste and class. Having denounced democracy on the ground of popular ignorance, they propose to enforce ignorance and spread it wider still.

"These intellectuals of ours pretend to believe that they have discovered something new. What they have discovered are two old familiar figures in futurist costumes of noisy colors. One is communism, one is facism and both are tyranny.

"In one as in the other freedom of discussion is denied, freedom of conscience is taboo, the press enslaved. In both the State is everything and man is naught. The chief difference between them is that one is the despotism of the proletariat and the other the despotism of the dollar.

"It seems a pity that some of our university students think that in attacking democracy they are pushing bravely forward bearing a banner with a new device. They are merely stumbling backward with a moth-eaten flag."

Calling attention to bribery and corruption in government, Mr. Bowers said that such public pillage and infamy is doing more to destroy respect for law and government than Russian propaganda can hope to do.

"Never before in our history has the nation's capital so teemed with lobbyists in pursuit of privilege. They fly their flag in broad daylight and do not pull it down with darkness. The invisivle government is visible today however invisible its methods.

"The inevitable result is corruption such as we have never known before; corruption so brazen as to shock the sensibilities of the most callous. This enemy of democracy is a familiar figure, grown a little stout with pandering, the same old enemy against which Jefferson waged relentles war."

FARMERS FEED ALL

Man builds his castles, fair and high,
Wherever river runneth by;
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand;
Great arches, monuments, and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers;
Great work is done, be it here or there.
And well man worketh everywhere.
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

—Charles G. Leland.

DOGWOOD AND PERSIMMON—VALUABLE WOODS

(The Southern Field)

Flowering dogwood and persimmon, on account of their hardness, toughness, firmness of texture and smoothness when subjected to wear, are two of the valuable woods of the South.

The range of the flowering dogwood is in the entire eastern part of the United States except Northern New England and Northern New York, but the largest stands are in the territory east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers. There are also considerable amounts in Louisiana and Eastern Texas with smaller stands in Arkansas and Missouri.

The range of the persimmon does not extend as far northward, but a greater portion is west of the Mississippi.

On account of their exceptional physical qualities, both of these woods are in demand for making shuttles, bobbins, spool heads, golf club heads, infants' shoe lasts, small handles, brush backs, turnpins, mallets, pulleys and many novelties.

Flowering dogwood is commercially important chiefly in the Southern Mississippi Valley, the Southern Appalachian Mountains and certain sections of the Southern yellow pine belt. It occurs generally as an undergrowth scattered among larger hardwoods. At best it does not yield more than two cords to the acre. It seldom reaches a height of 40 feet. The trunk grows to a diameter of six inches or more of which four to eight feet is usually merchantable.

The chief commercial occurence of persimmon is in the Piedmont and Costal Plains from Virginia to Eastern Texas and in the lower Mississippi Valley lowlands. Under most favorable conditions it sometimes reaches 100 to 115 feet in height, with a trunk clear of branches for 70 or 80 feet, but such trees are rare.

Dogwood is in active demand, especially for shuttle blocks, and, as the available commercial supply is estimated to be only 231,000 cords, at the present rate of consumption it will be exhausted in about 15 years. The commercial supply of persimmon is estimated at 600,000 cords and it is expected to last longer than dogwood.

Owing to their scattered habits of growth, it is seldom that dogwood or persimmon can be cut at a profit except as an incident to logging operations or by cutting from farm woodlands in slack seasons. But the values of each are so high with prospects of advances as they become scarcer that all young growth, whether in the commercial for forest or on the farm should be carefully protect. ed

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Whether you be man or woman you will never do anything in this world without courage. It is the greatest quality of the mind next to honor.—James L. Allen.

LEISURE FOR ALL

(Raleigh Times)

The average school child in America really spends only ten per cent of his total years' time in school, thirty-seven per cent in sleep and fifty-three per cent in other ways, mainly in the pursuit of pleasure, Dr. Eugene T. Liles, of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, told the North Carolina Education Association in session at Raleigh last week. His address to the teachers was "The Challenge of the New Leisure."

"Leisure in America still represents one of our greatest social wastes," said Dr. Liles. "Yet it is a boon for which all through the ages, the world has striven."

Whereas in the past only the few had it, now the masses have it, he asserted. The shorter workday, labor-saving devices and wide extension of the use of electricity in homes and factories have released an abundance of free time to use in one way or another, for weal or woe. "The great question is as to whether we have here in hand a great national asset or a great national liability. It can be either."

"Someone has worked out the conclusion that in a lifetime of three score and ten a man works only twelve years, sleeps twenty-nine, and has the other twenty-nine for leisure." he added, as the teachers laughed. He drew more laughter when he asserted that a man must know how to work, should know how to spend his leisure time, but that he did not have any training to know how to sleep.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, opera and concert singer, has announced the gift of her estate, Grossmont, near San Deigo, Calf., to disabled veterans of the World War. The singer has given the $250,000 estate, she explains, to show her love for the "Boys" who played taps for her two sons who lost their lives in the war, one fighting for the United States and the other for Germany.

Taps

Fading light dims the sight
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar, drawing nigh falls the night.
Dear one rest
In the West, sable night lulls the day on her breast.
Sweet good-night, now away to thy rest.
Love sweet dreams.
Lo, the beams of the light fairy moon kiss the streams
Love, good-night, Ah, so soon, peaceful dreams.

GETTING MUSIC OUT OF THREE STRINGS

(Selected)

A recent writer speaks of a great violinist who was rendering one of the famous compositions of the violin at a concert. Suddenly one of his strings snapped. The musician might have stopped and replaced the string and begun his number over again, but, instead, master of the instrument that he was, he played it through on three strings, receiving at the end almost deafening applause from his audience. They cheered him not only for his music, but even more for his achievement of success under difficulties.

To play on three strings instead of four is the test which hosts of men and women have met successfully. In spite of a severe handicap they have made glorious music out of their lives. John Milton was blind, but he wrote one of the masterpieces of English literature, "Paradise Lost." Henry M. Stanley spent much of his early life in an almshouse, but he won knighthood through his triumphs as an African explorer. Beethoven was afflicted with a growing deafness, yet he is recognized as one of the world's greatest composers of music. Robert Louis Stevenson fought a long losing fight against tuberculosis, but he is known as a prince among writers. Frances Ridley Havergal suffered from almost lifelong invalidism, but her devotional poems and hymns have been a blessing to the world.

All of these handicapped souls have been victorious in spite of having to make music on three strings. The violinist could have replaced his broken string, but in their cases there was no choice. They had to play on three strings or not play at all.

Probably not one of the young men and women now starting out in life but at some time or other will find that they face the alternative of failure or of making music on three strings.

When Paul faced this testing time he stated the secret of his victory in words whoses truth has inspired millions since: "When I am weak, then am I strong. . . I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

AN APPRECIATION

West End, N. C. April 26, 1928.

The North Carolina Association of Superintendents of Public Welfare express to Mrs. Cook sympathy, on account of her recent bereavement.

"In the passing of Mr. Cook," the message stated, "social work throughout the state has lost a staunch supporter, whose place will be hard to fill."

Sincerely yours,
P. H. Fleming, President.
Lucile M. Eifort, Secretary-Treasurer.

TWO EXTREMES

By E. S. Dreher

Recently an old lady was a guest in a Rock Hill home. She was addicted to the use of drugs and medicines, both internally and externally; her dresser resembled a small drug store with its bottles, boxes, powders and pills. If she had indigestion in its mildest form, if her toe ached, if her ear tingled, if her finger itched, if her tongue twitched, if any insignificant ailment disturbed her, she went to the dresser and applied a remedy.

Pitiful Situation

During the day and night she took medicines at regular intervals to cure imaginary ills, but she did not improve; on the contrary she kept the house in disorder with constant complaining about her terrible condition, but it was due to drugs and not her health. Her appetite was fickle and uncertain; at the table she would complain about not having certain things to eat, but when they were provided for the next meal something was wrong and she did not want then what she was sure she wanted only a few hours before.

At night she could not sleep and had to walk the floor for hours with some one in attendance to keep her company in her misery; her hostess did not get to bed before 2 o'clock in the morning for five weeks and when she did retire the old lady often called her before day. After she left for her home the hostess looked five years older than when she came. It was a pitiful case of slavery for both of them; the old lady was bound to her drugs and the hostess was bound to her.

A Human Contrast

But here is the story of another old lady in contrast to the above: As the story goes an old lady died at the age of 90, who willed to her "beloved physician the old leather-bound trunk in the garret." When the trunk was opened, it was full of bottles all full of medicines just as they came from the drug stroe. The old lady always sent for her physician when she thought she needed medicial attention, had the perscriptions filled at the drug store and properly labled, but she put the medicine untouched in the trunk over a period of many years, and she died at the age of 90 without having taken any medicine at all.

If one must have a medicine cabinet in the house, it is better to use a trunk for it than a stomach.

* * *

Dr. Wier Mitchell, the famous expert on nervous diseases, once had a patient who was obsessed with the idea of regularity in carrying out his directions "on the dot." She had a watch on the table by her bed, and every movement was regulated by it. Even when the doctor called she interrupted him by frequently looking at the watch to see if the exact time had come for her to do a certain thing. The doctor endured this for some time, but reached the conclusion that the watch and the regularity of time in the mind of the patient were the cause of half the trouble and decided that it should be removed.

He moved it: one day he appeared to be very intent on what the

lady was telling him. All the while he was approaching the table with the watch on it. Then, as if by accident, he sat down on the table and on the watch, which was broken into many pieces. The patient exclaimed at the disaster to her beloved watch, and the doctor was profuse in his apologies for his awkwardness in breaking it. When he left the room he took it with him to have it repaired, as he told. Outside, he remarked to an interne, who told me the story: "Now that the watch is broken, she should get better." And she got better.

HIGHWAY PATROL

The question of highway patrol is one that makes a strong appeal. but thoughtful citizens see that much is involved in how it can be secured and where the money will come from to pay efficient men to undertake the policing of hundreds—aye, thousands—of miles of road.

Preliminary to any action its advocates should prepare plans and estimates of the cost. How many men will be required for the patrol, what should they be paid, where will the money come from, and what service should they perform?—News & Observer.

JAMES P. COOK

By William P. Houseal, Columbia, S. C.

Many friends of the late James P. Cook beyond the bounds of his native State of North Carolina, had not heard of his death until they read a tribute to his worth as a citizen and Christian gentleman as published in their Church paper, The Lutheran, of Philadelphia. The tribute pays a due need of praise upon Mr. Cook, which is very gratifying to his former associates in the Lutheran Church who met him periodically at the stated conventions of the Church and found him always the same congenial friend and influential citizen. The writer knew him more than 30 years—at the time he was publishing The Concord Standard, and has always valued his cordial friendship and association in the newspaper endeavor. It is especially noteworthy that Mr. Cook was enabled to carry to success his work as founder of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, and I feel sure the people of the Old North State will be glad to know how his worth in this respect is appreciated outside their bounds, by the article in The Lutheran, as written by its editor, Rev Nathan R. Melhorn, D. D., and given one of the most prominent places in the columns of his paper.

You cannot believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.—George Bernard Shaw.

TWO GIRLS AND A VIOLIN

By Jeannie Pendleton Hall

"But, Eleanor, I just know I should do better with a good violin!" urged Brenda Phillips. "Daddy allowed some music-store clerk to palm off this one on him—maybe admired it himself because it was bright and shiny. Yours has the very look of old composers and old orchestras about it."

Eleanor smiled, looking down affectionately at the violin on her knee. She did not need to be assured that it was a valuable instrument. While not one of the priceless Cremonas, of which there are only a few remaining in the world, it was made on the same lines, had evidently come from an old-world workshop, and had acquired with long years of loving use and care a softly polished surface different indeed from the "shiny" finish of Brenda's. Its tone was exquisite, and Professor Blitz, the girls' master, had told Eleanor that he would gladly buy it if she ever wished to part with it.

But Eleanor had refused, for though the Brices were not at all well off, they valued their few treasures of an older time. The violin had been left to Mr. Brice by his grandfather, to be passed on to any music-loving child of his. As Eleanor had been a faithful young music student since her twelfth year, it was decided that she had earned the violin, and her father had given it to her on her seventeenth birthday.

Brenda's people were wealthy, and they were determined that their only child should have the advantages which they had lacked. With rather undue haste they had put her to study the violin under Professor Blitz; he had pitied her early struggles with that delicate instrument under the critical eyes and ears of the class, and had suggested that his more advanced pupil, Eleanor Brice, might be willing to give her some private coaching. Eleanor had been only too willing to help the girl and earn a little money besides, and though Brenda might not have appealed to her as a companion under ordinary circumstances, thrown together in this intimate way, practicing in the Phillips' music-room, or—as this evening—in Eleanor's bedroom, Eleanor had learned to like the jolly, care-free girl very much.

They had been practicing a little study, and were resting from the "position" which Brenda found cramping and unnatural, when the beginner expressed her disapproval of her father's purchase and her admiration for Eleanor's treasure. "Lend it to me while we go over our duet, won't you?" she asked.

"Surely," said Eleanor, and they exchanged violins. The tutor and pupil stood up and cuddled their instruments under their chins; Eleanor counted the notes of the prelude then the second violin struck in, timidly at first, more boldly as its player became fascinated by the richer tone. Eleanor took "the high road" and Brenda "the low road," marching steadily along until they reached the level of the finale and ended in triumph with beautiful harmony.

With one accord they shouted with delight. Eleanor applauded and hon-

est Brenda, red with pleasure to her est Brenda, red with pleasure to her very ears, cried, "I didn't know it was in me!"

The next moment she rather took Eleanor's breath away. "It was the wonderful violin," she said. "It's an inspiration in itself. Eleanor, sell it to me!"

"Oh, I don't think I can! I don't know what father would say to such an idea," said Eleanor. She smiled, confident soul that she was that night, never dreaming that she could want money badly enough to part with her treasure. "Besides," she added, "I need it myself. I'm going to try for that Stuttgart scholarship that's to be awarded for the best number played at the recital next June. If I can win it I can go to the Conservatory and go on with my musical education—and naturally I want all the help that I can get from a superior violin, Brenda."

"Yes, naturally. But it's too bad, for I want it, too. That lovely violin—why, it almost made a musician out of me. Listen, Eleanor; if between now and then you could bring yourself to part with it, I'd pay you whatever you ask—fifty dollars, sixty dollars, whatever's right—and on the evening of the recital I'll lend the violin back to you so you would do your best."

"That's fair and square of you," said Eleanor, patting the good-hearted girl on the shoulder, as a prolonged tooting of a motor-horn outside announced that Mr. Phillips' car had come to take Brenda home. Eleanor finished her school work—she was a senior in high school—and then went to bed in much her usual frame of mind, conscious of a light pocketbook but not particularly grieved about it, nor envious of those who had more; glad that she was doing well with her credits and hopeful of winning the music award.

The next day, however, her point of view suddenly veered. Few of us are indifferent to the allurements of pleasure and distinction at seventeen, and a temptation that seemed to embrace these two desirable things was held out to Eleanor. At recess a girl named Muriel Ballard drew her aside for private speech. She was president, as Eleanor knew, of a little club of twelve girls, not necessarily high school girls, for a few went to "Woodlawn," a private school near the Country Club. They called themselves "The Happy Twelve," and their pleasures were innocent and probably commonplace enough, but like most young people it pleased them to surround their little club activities with what mystery and exclusiveness they might. All this Eleanor knew, and that the club was limited strictly to twelve, so she was much surprised to have Muriel invite her to be a member.

"We should have asked you before, but there wasn't a vacancy," she said politely. "But Sara Vaughan is going away and I proposed you as a good one to take her place."

"It is lovely of you to want me," said Eleanor, her color coming and going. "I'll think it over and let you know to-morrow."

Muriel stared a little. Girls invited to join the "Twelve" usually responded with enthusiasm. "If you don't care for it, we have another name or two up," she said loftily.

"Oh, but I do care," cried Eleanor, the association with these rath-

er "special' girls, as they foolishly ment more desirable.

"All right; I'm sure we shall be very glad to have you," said Muriel, not too ardently. "The next meeting is to be with me, next Friday evening, and is to be a dinner-at six-thirty and then the business and social hour afterwards. You'll be initiated, but don't worry; we never do any rough stuff, so your nice dinner-dress won't be spoiled."

Again Eleanor thanked her, rather feverishly, and as the gong sounded, went into school with but a divided attention between geometry and her proposed social flight. Of course she would talk it over with her mother, but her own decision had been made; if the initiation fee and a little extra expense money could be found, she was determined to be one of the envied dozen. Other girls had fun; even Brenda, a girl of far lower standing in school, whose parents were newcomers to the city, had invitations extended her and attentions paid her that Eleanor missed, for in every large group of young people or old there are some who foolishly cultivate only the well-off and neglect those who must economize, fancying them less interesting. Up to this time Eleanor had merely been amused by what she had seen of this attitude in the girls, even the boys, around her, and had been satisfied with her few really worthy friends. However, she had been working hard at her Senior course and her music all this year; the girls in the "Twelve" were showy, they were said to have "marvelous" times and Eleanor felt strongly inclined to join them.

As is usually the case with a girl whose parents are not rich, the principal problem would be dress. A phrase of Muriel's rang in her ears —"your nice dinner-dress." Muriel knew nothing of her means—could not have guessed that her best frock was a little beige silk, many times cleaned, for Eleanor was spending her tutoring money on her own music lessons, and the expenses of graduation loomed ahead. She told her mother when she went home that day of Muriel's invitation, and Mrs. Brice was glad for her hard-working girl to have the introduction to a new circle and a little harmless pleasure, "if only her clothes would do." Alas, there was the rub!

Suddenly a thought burned in her brain—seemed almost to run along her veins. Brenda's offer to buy the violin! The kind girl would pay well for it, a dress or two and some slippers might be bought, and when Eleanor, by tutoring and economy, had accumulated something, the instrument could be bought back. This time Eleanor said nothing to her mother, but almost ran the dozen blocks to Mr. Phillips' big house with the violin in its own case. Brenda was at home and glad to buy, and Eleanor should have been satisfied, but somehow, as she walked slowly home with a check for sixty dollars in her pocket, and remembered how common her earlier violin on which she had scraped her childish exercises would look and sound after the Cremona model, there was no elation only a queer, dull pain at her heart.

The "Twelve," Muriel had told her, met only every other Friday evening, so Eleanor would have almost a week in which to get ready. The next morning after the sale of

the violin she omitted her usual two the living-room for her mother, dressed and went downtown. A dress in a shop window had attracted her attention; her heart lost a beat when she saw that the charming periwinkle blue crepe was not there, but it occurred to her that it had only been taken inside. Yes, it was on the rack, "but not likely to stay there an hour longer." the smiling saleswoman assured. "We've a sale of these dresses to-day, and they are going like lightning."

Moreover, the dress, though rather expensive, was a good one, and becoming beyond Eleanor's highest hopes. She bought it, added a pretty little hat, and, at another store, some marked-down slippers which would have to "do," then fairly ran away from the further blandishments of the salespeople. There were still her initiation expenses to pay, and she took a car out to Muriel's home to attend to this next.

Muriel Ballard was just the sort of girl to be impressed by fine clothes and feel an awakened interest in their possessor, so when she spied the big flat box which Eleanor had preferred to take with her rather than send home, she exclaimed, "Oh, you've bought a new dress for the dinner? May I see it?" and on its being displayed, was ready with all the adjectives, "peachy," "thrilling" and "marvelous" at her command. Eleanor was asked upstairs, into Muriel's room, where the president of the "Twelve" wrote a receipt; Mrs. Ballard was called in to admire the new gown, became cordial in her turn, and ended by asking Eleanor to stay to luncheon. This Eleanor did, after some hesitation, for she did not wish to over-do this matter of becoming intimate with the "Twelve" and their families, telephoning her mother that she would be a little late.

Muriel offered to drive her guest home in her own little car, when at three, Eleanor rose to go, and this favor the girl accepted with more eagerness than the original invitation—the one to lunch—for she had recollected something about a dinner guest expected at her own home; knew that their only maid was very young and stupid and that her mother had probably attempted a "company" dinner alone. Girl-like, Muriel had a dozen side-plans besides the mere driving home of Eleanor, but at last got through with her telephoning, exchanging of purchases and a long stop at a filling station—and delivered her passenger at the Brices' door. Yes, Eleanor's misgivings had been correct; Mr. Brice had brought home a guest to a dinner already in progress and prepared almost entirely by his delicate wife, who sat, flushed but smiling, at the head of the table.

Eleanor slipped into her seat with apologies and her father presented the visitor, whom he had known for some time, as "Mr. Steinmann." "You two should get on well together," added Mr. Brice, "as you're a music student and Mr. Steinmann is musical and knows all about instruments."

"Oh, only violins! I used to be curator of a pretty fine collection," said the guest with a smile.

Violins? Horrors, were they going to discuss violins? Every particle of Eleanor's appetite deserted her. She would rather that the talk

thought themselves, seeming each mo-had turned on the binomial theorem.

Little dreaming how his daughter was trembling, Mr. Brice spoke promptly—as she knew he would—of the old family treasure. The visitor expressed a desire to see it. "Eleanor, won't you—or no, I suppose you you want your dessert first. But as soon as you finish your dinner, run and get your violin; I want Mr. Steinmann's opinion on it."

"It's around at Brenda Phillips'," Eleanor managed to say.

"I thought she came here to practice," said Mr. Brice, surprised and a trifle annoyed. "What if burglars should break in there and carry it off along with Mrs. Phillips' jewels? After dinner I wish you'd go around there and get it, Nell; Mr. Steinmann can't be here but this one evening."

Eleanor was only too willing to do this; Brenda, she knew, would be glad to lend the violin, and explanations could wait till another time. She almost ran to the Phillipses through the sunset light of the evening. The Phillips' butler told her that his young miss was at dinner, but Brenda, recognizing her friend's voice, came out without ceremony.

"Come right in, Eleanor. There's bisque ice cream and chocolate cake."

"Sounds tempting, but I'm in a hurry—and in trouble, Brenda, dear," and Eleanor poured out her story.

"Only too glad to oblige—but I've sold it," was Brenda's crushing news.

"Sold it? Sold it, already?" Eleanor repeated with lips almost too dry to speak.

"Yes—like an idiot. It was this way: you know, my regular lesson is on Saturday morning; well, I took your—my—valuable violin around to the Professor's, hoping it would help my work; anyhow, wanting to show it off. A young man was there who is going on the concert stage and has been trying to get a first class instrument; he asked to try it; became enthused, and made me an offer for it on the spot. I didn't make any money by it, Eleanor; I let him have it for sixty, and I didn't want to sell it. I just did because he talked me into it. Daddy says I never did have any backbone!"

"Where is that young man?" gasped Eleanor.

"He was leaving town this afternoon. He was going to—let me think. Is there such a place as Waterburn?"

When Eleanor, crestfallen, miserable through and through, had gone home. Brenda had a short, brisk talk with her father, and then took up the telephone receiver.

"Long distance," she said: then, "Is this long distance? I want Waterburn."

Not knowing that there was even a ray of gold on the edge of her cloud, Eleanor had dragged herself back to meet her father's eyes and questions. Things were smoothed over somehow while the guest remained, but when he had gone there was a bitter half-hour for the girl. And yet her father did not say very much. He told her that a treasure had been thrown away for a fifth of its value, if what Mr. Steinmann had surmised was correct; and that he, Mr. Brice, had thought his girl above the desire to belong to a rather silly club and buy finery beyond her means.

Never mind what Eleanor did after she was in bed; but from that

damp pillow she arose with several plans to retrive her reputation in her father's eyes. Her mother advised her to keep the dress, since the violin was out of reach; but Eleanor went bravely to Muriel Ballard and resigned from the club whose amusements she had not tasted, lest she be drawn into other extravagance. Also, she went to Professor Blitz and begged him to throw other tutoring work into her hands; and she worked like a young beaver to perfect herself in her numbers on the program of the recital.

The important evening came. Eleanor, her old practice-violin in her hand, stood waiting behind the scenes while the overture was played, when Brenda came to her holding something behind her back.

"Eleanor," she said, coloring with a sort of happy embarassment, "you lost something, some time ago, partly owing to my foolishness and scatter-brainedness—for I told you I'd keep it safe for you. First I got that young man—you know who—on the telephone; then Daddy and I rushed overland in our biggest car. The man didn't want to give up his prize, but this time I cultivated backbone; I just made him! I've had it for months, and it hurt me awfully not to give it back to you, but your father, who was in the secret, said no; not till to-night. So now to-night's come, and here's your violin."

For just one ecstatic moment Eleanor took her recovered treasure in her hands; then she laid it on a table, beside the despised beginner's violin which she had already dropped there, and took Brenda into her arms instead.

"Brenda, Brenda, you did this for me! That's what I call friendship—but I want to pay you your money, for I just must be honest. No, don't say I mustn't. You see, I'm cultivating backbone, too. And now," as she saw her accompanist looking for her, "with you and this violin to help, I'm going out on that stage to win that scholarship!"

HONOR ROLL

Room No. One

—A—

John Holmes, T. L. Jackson and Clyde Pearce.

—B—

Edward Hardin, Edwin McBryde, Leonard Pearce, Edgar Rochester, Boyce Steadman, Bruce Moser, Horace McCall and George Stanley.

Room No. Two

—A—

Malcolm Driver and Mallory Poe.

—B—

Lawrence Valley, Hewett Collier, Ed Futch, Rudolph Paramore, Frank Watson, Roy Swindell, Edw. Williams.

Room No. Three

—A—

Luby Wallace, Bill Goss, Clyde Evans, Broncho Owens, Bernie Wilson, Brunell Fink, Courtney Russ, Kermit Copeland, Edd Massingill, Stanley Tripp, Gibson Lanier, Dalton Lanier, Ralph Clinard, Carl Ballard.

—B—

Leon Matthews, Russell Bradshaw, Bruce Bulla, Carl Furr, Myron Tomaison, and Jake Smith

Room No. Four

—B—

Amos Ramsey, Wendall Ramsey, David Sanders, Thomas Tedder, Lebron Vause, Henry Burke, Dace Bean, Paul Connor, Clyde Cook, Vernon Cox, James Gibbs, B. J. Gerganus, Eugene Lewis, Fuller Moore, Turner Preddy, Harry Price,

Room No. Five

—A—

Ralph Burris, Manly Garret, Arlie Maddox, Clarence Whitten, Edgar Smith, Carl Norton, Arthur Higgins, and Julian Tuck.

—B—

Arthur Hudgins, R. Donald Sprinkle, Claude Whitaker, Isaac Franklin, Herbert Parker, Arthur Fowler, Edmond Hodge, Lawrence Grimes, and Carl Pettus.

Room No. Seven

—A—

Leonard Clark, John Williamson, James Correll, Joe Boone, Ernest Cornett, Gus Riley, James Hickey, Parlie Boone, Stephen Gibson, James Elliot, Leroy Daniels, Lee Bright, Ray Chambers, Dorsey Wilson, Victor Evans, Ernest Davis, Lester Yontz, John Nixon, Blanco Williams, Lee Shields, Will Avery, Mack Cayton, Clyde Shelton, J. B. Williamson, James Mason, Alfred Denton, Marvin Cook, Gerald Nixon, Ozell Willis, Franklin Roberts, Willard Squires, Wallace Harding, Russell Moore, Carl Griffin, Glenn Page, Virgil Rufty.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. Clark is teaching the boys of Mrs Duckett's school room during her absence.

Letter writing day came around last week and all were glad to write to their home folks.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have been putting new screens in the cottages lately.

John Edwards, a former boy of this institution, and a member of the printing force, was a visitor here last Monday.

The School purchased a new pair of mules recently. This makes a total of nine teams owned here and worked by the boys.

Miss Vernie Goodman and Mrs. J. H. Hobby made a week-end trip to Lenoir and around in the mountains. We hope they had a nice trip.

Clyde Genes, a member of the eleventh cottage, has been given a position in the bakery. We hope that he succeeds to be a good bakeryman.

We were glad to see Mr. Corzine, one of the nightwatching staff, back on his "beat" last Monday night. He has been absent for six weeks on account of illness.

We have carried several articles about chickens lately, but here is something unusual. A few weeks ago Mr. Lisk, our "chicken man," took off seventy Rhode Island Reds baby

chicks from one of the incubators and so far he has not lost one. In the language of Venus, "If you can beat this, trot out your poultry man."

The boys now spend a good part of Sunday afternoon lying around on the lawn, reading and talking. Most of us like this much better than sitting around in the cottage.

Mr. Walker and a number of boys have been fixing the ground around the water tank for planting flowers. This will improve the looks wonderfully, as it has been in weeds and grass lately.

Mr. Godown, our printing instructor, and most of the print shop boys have been fixing some flower beds around the Roth Building. This will improve the looks greatly and exercise the boys a little.

On account of bad weather, we had to turn down our first baseball game of the season last Saturday. We were scheduled to play Franklin Mill team. The boys retired to their respective cottages.

Now that the weather has turned warmer, the summer games are coming into "style." The boys of the afternoon school section and some of the officers now enjoy horse-shoe pitching, baseball, tennis etc.

Charles Boger, oldest son of our Superintendent had a little accident the other day. While in Concord, he somehow fell down and hurt his side. We are glad to report that he is improving, and we hope to soon see him out again.

"Three things grant me, Lord God above,
Understanding, faith and love.
Love in my heart and faith in my soul,
With understanding to see the goal.
Faith as the way, and love as the light,
With understanding to keep me right.
For faith is the seed, and love is the flower,
But understanding the living power."
—The American Missionary.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 12, 1928. No. 16

JUDGE NOT

"Could we judge all deeds by motives
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we would find it better
Just to judge all actions good;
We should love each other better
If only we understood."—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

Dr. Francis P. Gaines, president of Wake Forest College, who, in an interview with The Asheville Citizen yesterday, declared that his educational platform for Wake Forest College anticipates that the main purpose of the school shall be "the development of personality for human leadership" in its students—power is so centralized both in government and school till it becomes difficult to develop personality, therefore, making good leaders.

GYPSY SMITH

It was our privilege to have Gypsy Smith talk to our family on last Tuesday afternoon. Reverends Rowan, Trueblood, Hansel, Varner, Robinson, Arrowwood and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, the song leader and pianist for the Smith meeting being conducted in Concord, accompanied the noted Evangelist.

After the regular opening services by the boys consisting of the Doxology, Scripture reading, prayer and a song, the singing was turned over to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Mr. Robinson sang with them a number of songs injecting a great deal of life, rythm and melody. The outstanding result was obtained when they sang, 'Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.' He practised with them holding the word "roll" in the sentence, "Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll." It was truly inspiring to see and hear the hearty response of the boys. Every one present seemed to catch the spirit of the song.

Mr. Smith based his message to the boys on his life and experiences as

a Gypsy and the rising from this life to the pulpit. He drew from this many timely and worthwhile lessons. The rapt attention given him throughout the entire discourse showed that he was master of the situation.

It is no wonder that he is classed as a wonderful preacher. His intense earnestness, sincerity, radiating spirituality, and knowledge of humanity will grip and hold all classes of audiences. His coming to the school did us great good.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

We commend our readers to turn to the article entitled, "He Never Walked a Step," and read the same, because it is especially inspirational to the physically weak who feel that fate did not decree them an equal chance when compared to those strong in body. It is a resume of the life of a man, C. Lee Cook, Louisville, Ky., who on account of a "muscular stagnation" never walked a step during the span of his life, fifty seven years; but, in the face of all physical defects, and at the same time he received no support by being permitted to enjoy the advantages of an education, but he made a success of his scientific ventures and his capacity for turning off work was phenomenal.

The story of this cripple, C. Lee Cook, almost explodes the theory that a healthy brain requires a sound body, but it is self evident that a muscular stagnation is not as much of a handicap as a mental or spiritual stagnation. It is conclusive that the motivating power of one's life is the spiritual attitude—all things come from within.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

NEW LARCHMONT GARDEN CLUB TO WAR ON CATS

"The week just past was National Garden Week and in observance of it members of the Larchmont Garden Club recently organized, sought to complete organization and to work out the program which it would function, and the articles of constitution.

The club, Mrs. L. J. Smithwick, president, stated, does not aim to overlap the work of any other organization of similar nature. Its sole purpose, she said, is to clean and beautify its section.

This cleaning will be one of the first activities of the club and it will include ridding the section of some of the stray cats that roam the river banks. These cats, Mrs. Smithwick said, are a menace to the safety of

the birds and the club means also to protect the birds of its section.

Another plan, she said, would be a study of plants and flowers, when the various ones are in season. The club plans to study the history of gardening; to debate questions of peculiar interest to gardeners, and to foster intelligent discussion among members.

"The club is in reality, a neighborhood club, whose principal interest will be the beautification of the section by planting and by protecting plants and birds of the section through social and friendly intercourse.

The club is in reality, a neighborhood club, whose principal interest observance of National Garden Week, but after reading of the aims and purposes of the Larchmont Garden Club, (Larchmont is a residential section of Norfolk City) there is no reason why such an aggregation of women banding themselves together as a Club, for civic and aesthetic purposes, should not be privileged to carry on their good work either in a village, community or city.

All clubs organized either for charity, civic or patriotic purposes without a question nearly always overlap in their work, and these garden clubs are no exception to the rule. The Larchmont Garden Club has one ob-objective that is unique, and that is ridding the community of the stray cats for the reason that they are a menace to the birds. These club members know something of the habits and tricks of this domestic animal, because it is at night time that the cat does most of its prowling and makes war on the bird's nest.

This instance was observed one day by the writer as an old mother cat came from the garden plot with a young, squeaking bird in her mouth and with due deliberation placed the infant bird in easy reach of one of her young kittens. This act was repeated several times until finally we were consumed with curiosity, and we followed her up just in time to see her take the last bird from the nest, making four in all, thereby giving her interesting family a bird dinner.

These birds happened to be English sparrows, therefore, the murder in the minds of the majority counted for naught but the same cat would not have shown any mercy if the nest had been one filled with either young mocking birds, blue birds or robins, because a cat is no respecter of the species of birds. A bird is a bird with a cat.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

PERIODIC PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

We owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our dear ones to make occasional

visits to some one of the medical profession for a physical examination; but we have heard men and women of fine sense declare their unwillingness to submit to an examination for fear of learning of some organic trouble. How foolish, because by knowing the real condition of the human body we are better fitted to ward off disease, prevent long suffering and terrible shocks that are realized by sudden death.

We do not treat our bodies with the same consideration we give our automobiles, because as soon as an unusual knock is detected in the motor of our machine from an economic standpoint, both of service and safety, we go to a garage for repair work— surely we should be more solicitous about safeguarding our bodies.

But we believe these periodic physical examinations will have to come about by means of education just like all other innovations put on by the medical profession through health campaigns.

R. R. Clark, in Clark's comment, of Greensboro News, who thinks along lines for the betterment of humanity comments as follows:

> The doctors are strong for periodic health examinations and this column is cheering the doctors on. And the cheering is prompted not only by what seems to be a reasonable and highly desirable effort to keep physically fit by forestalling disease. It is prompted in part by the hope and belief that the physical examination will in time be extended to the mental—periodic mental examinations. Lots of folks going about mentally ill, seriously ill sometimes, and the first the public knows about it a terrible tragedy has been enacted. Mental examinations, without a period of observation, are much of a guess, more of a guess than the physical. But there is some chance of detecting the mental lapses and doing something about it. Any argument for physical examination can be made for the mental with equal force. And the feeling is that once the practice of physical examinations is established the other will follow as a matter of course.

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FIRST TRIP TO RICHMOND

At Greensboro's air port, Lindley field, May 1st, 8:15 o'clock P. M., the first U. S. mail plane left with a cargo of 23,400 letters, one of the many letters was from Gov. A. W. McLean to Gov. Harry F. Byrd, with Syd Malloy as pilot.

There were 3,000 at the air-port for the initial flight to give God-speed and a resounding cheer as the powerful plane slid smoothly from the earth, and shot like a bee towards the North with Richmond as the objective point. By the presence of so many people to lend enthusiasm on this

occasion is proof of the interest of Greensboro people in the progress of Greensboro.

It is only a question of time when all towns will necessarily have to make some provision for air-ports.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HOSPITAL DAY

The American Hospital association is asking the co-operation of the ministers of the many churches, teachers and civic organizations to give publicity to the observances of Hospital Day, May 12, which commemorates the birth of Florence Nightingale.

Hospital Day has been endorsed by the president of the U. S., governor-general of Canada and the governors of many states. The feeling that prevails among the majority of people is that a hospital is for the sick alone, therefore, this class never feel called upon to demonstrate any interest in these institutions unless there is a call to visit some sick friend.

There is hope that by the observance of Hospital Day the people of the community will have a finer understanding of the work done within the walls of the hospital for the saving of life and protecting people against disease.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

BE CONSIDERATE OF OTHERS

You often hear the remark "to live in the past is an evidence of old age," therefore, some people are shy about dwelling upon the past. There are those though who have reached the softening or mellowing age who have no aversion to being termed somewhat passe, and thoroughly enjoy looking backward either ten or twenty years, or a longer period of time if age permits. But for the love of mercy, and love for our fellow man, when we do go backward and revive ancient history let us give out pleasing and wholesome thoughts for the sake of making our listeners or readers feel good—because "it is well to think well, and divine to act well." At least we should form the habit of observing the Golden Rule.

HE NEVER WALKED A STEP

(Asheville Citizen)

C. Lee Cook, who has just died in Louisville, never walked a step in all his fifty-seven years. Most of his body was helpless, says The Louisville Courier-Journal, and "his arms did not contain the strength of a child of five years." His parents did not send him to school because they had no idea he would live. Muscular stagnation had set in about the time he was one year old and he never got over it. At fourteen he suffered a curvature of the spine because the body muscles had not developed sufficiently to bear his weight.

What could life hold for such a man? What life did hold was extraordinary. From the time he was six years old he showed mechanical genius but his parents refrained from encouraging him or from providing him with any educational opportunities. With the help of a negro attendant, however, be built for himself a little factory which in the course of time became known the world over. The metallic packing which he made here was used during the World War on many of the ships of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and he also built for France great quanities of lathes for turning out the huge shells. This was only one of his many undertakings. When the questioning of restoring river traffic was up a few years ago, he designed and constructed a river steamer and another of his achievements was the building of a creosoting plant which covered twenty acres and which was said to be the best in the world. He superintended the entire operation, dictating at one time more than five hundred reports, specifications and letters connected with the plant in one week.

When he was twenty-four years of age he delivered an address on steel and his language brought smiles from some people in the audience. Thereupon he began an intensive study of grammar and rhetoric and the vocabulary of more then 37,000 words which he acquired was said to be beyond that of all but five or six living Americans.

His reading had been omnivorous and his memory was prodigious. At the age of thirty-six he graduated from law school and a speech which he delivered before the American Bar Association on the Constitution attracted wide attention. Artists, it is stated were amazed both at his knowledge of art and skill with the brush.

Mr. Cook lived thirty-two years beyond the time which he estimated to be the average life of a cripple, dying of bronchial pneumonia. His life seems not only to have been a full and active one, but happy. He traveled widely, enjoyed the theatre and motion pictures and designed and built for himself a buggy which Charles Schwab called the "most artistic and beautiful piece of work of its kind I have ever seen." Truly an extraordinary genius and one whose career upsets practically every alibi that most of us are accustomed to offer for our failures to accomplish more.

Joy is not in things, it is in us.—Wagner.

HOSPITALS IN THE CAROLINAS

(News & Observer)

The progressive commonwealths of the Carolinas have had less vision of its duty to the sick than to provision for schools or roads. It is only in recent years that large, though inadequate, appropriations have been made for public service. In this day of preventive medicine money expended to keep people in health and to provide hospitalization is money well invested. The day will come when every county, or a group of counties, will build hospitals as they build high schools.

In his report to the Duke Foundation, Dr. W. S. Rankin has presented well-digested information about hospitals, doctors, nurses and the provisions which the Duke Foundation is hoping to stimulate as well as to aid.

Dr. Rankin shows that North Carolina stands fortieth among the states in point of hospital facilities, with South Carolina as the last state. This is another instance when we may quote Governor Aycock's famous statement, when showing the low standing of North Carolina in public education, he said: "Thank God for South Carolina. It prevents us from standing at the bottom." That wasn't very popular with the boosters who didn't want the people to know the big task ahead of them. This State has one hospital bed as compared with 291 on the average in the United States. South Carolina has one for every 797. Nearly half the counties are wtihout a hospital. Not only is the state deficient in hospitalization, but it is behind in the number of physicians, as shown in Dr. Rankin's report. It has one doctor for every 1,210 persons.

This information should arouse the people to greater interest in health, which is conservation of labor and life. The benefactions provided by J. B. Duke for education, for orphans, for churches, for aged ministers was both generous and wise, but in his consideration of the way in which his fortune could best serve the real needs of the two Carolinas his wisdom is best seen in what he did for the hospitals of today and of tomorrow. He did not undertake to build elaborate hospitals. He believed that other rich men and communities would do this. He believed the big thing was to help to care for the indigent sick. When a man is well Mr. Duke thought he neither needed nor desired assistance. It was when sickness ended his earning capacity that aid should be expended. Even then he believed the community had a duty to perform. However, he knew the cost was so great that some could not and others would not undertake to discharge it. Therefore, he put in his will that the trustees should give a sum not exceeding one dollar a day per patient, as Dr. Rankin puts it, "Who is unable to pay" when treated free of charge in a hospital not operated for profit. If there are not sufficient patients to require the yearly income for their care, the trustees may "use funds available for construction and equipment."

In the short time the trustees have been administering this Foundation,

the stimulus to counties and cities has resulted in enlargement of hospital facilities and many have felt the effect of the beneficence of the Duke money. As the years go by this progress will be accelerated.

One fact stands out in bold relief in the history of men's attempts for betterment. That is that when compulsion is used, only resentment is aroused, and in the end is not gained. Only through moral suasion and appeal to men's reason can a movement succeed..

—Samuel Gompers.

WHO GETS HIM FIRST?

By George G. Dowey

He was fourteen years old and was considered a general nuisance. His feet were clumsy and his hands just had to be into mischief all the time. He was transferred from one class to another, but could never find a permanent landing place. His parents chased him off to Sunday School to be rid of him for an hour. He caused trouble there. His hands wouldn't stay put.

One day the Sunday School teacher lost patience with him, and grabbing him by the shoulders, shook him violently, saying, "What in the world do you expect to be when you get to be a man if you keep on this way?"

Recovering himself from the teacher's violent shaking, he said, "I'm going to be a missionary."

She said, "Oh, no; they don't make missionaries out of stuff like you," at which he answered, "Well, then I guess I will be a burglar." This got the teacher. She said "Why do you make such a choice?"

"Shuffling his feet and looking up at her with big blue eyes, he said, "It depends on who gets me first. If God gets me first, I will be a missionary, and if the devil gets me first, I will be a burglar."

The teacher then changed her methods of dealing with that blue-eyed boy.

The average age of bandits and murderers in the United States is from 17 to 22 years, and 95 per cent of them are recruited from the ranks of the thousands of boys who go to no Sunday School. Very seldom does a boy of Sunday School training and associations find his way into criminal courts.

When a Sunday School gets a boy first, he becomes a missionary of honesty, industry, morality, respectability, and dependability, and grows up to be the type of American citizen whose manner of living renders police judges and jails unnecessary.

Parents will make no mistake in helping Sunday Schools to get the child first, in order to "train up the child in the way he should go, that when he is old he will not depart from it."

A revised version of this text is: "Train up the child in the way he should go and go that way yourself."

WHERE HISTORY WAS MADE

By Evangeline Weir

Wright Tavern at Concord, Mass., was built in 1747, years before we dreamed of separating ourselves from the mother country to become a great Republic under the Stars and Stripes. It is a large, well-built inn, and few changes have been made since the morning when a number of British officers made it their headquarters for a few hours as they passed from Boston to Concord to destroy the military stores hidden at that place.

It is an interesting old inn, not only for the part it shared in the Revolution, but as a house of the Colonial period. We find as we enter that we have passed from the present into the past. There are low ceilings, heavy beams, open fireplaces, old wall cupboards, a narrow hall with a tiny stairway which strikes us as being out of place in so large a house. It is both narrow and steep; its treads so small that we wonder how the heavy men of Colonial day climbed them with safety. Surely not with ease, for a small woman needs to go slowly and carefully. Funny little steps which Lafayette climbed when he slept there during his visit to Concord when he came to us as a guest of the nation in 1825.

The parlor, dining room and taproom have never been changed. The original broad planks cover the floors of these rooms, giving them an old-time appearance. They are age-stained and worn by the feet of many generations. Washington passed over them, once at least, when he was entertained in the old dining room while making his farewell tour of New England.

In the old taproom we see the old fireplace and the very bar where Major Pitcairn made his famous boast before the battle of Concord. It is a small room, a small fireplace; a small bar, shaped like a half circle, set across a corner of the room.

As the English officers warmed themselves at the wood fire on the hearth on the morning of April 19, 1775, Major Pitcarin, so sure of victory, stood by the bar and stirred his brandy and sugar with his finger boasting as he did so, "Thus will we stir the Yankee blood today." He failed to remember that the "Yankees" had English blood in their veins and English wills which carried them through the great crisis to freedom.

The old inn was a meeting place where the Concord Minute Men went frequently to discuss their affairs. When the first Provincial Congress was sitting in the old church close by, the inn was often a meeting place for the delegates, and the old walls, if they could speak, could tell us interesting secrets and ideas which matured into acts. It is said that the Minute Men of Concord waited in the old inn on the morning of the battle, waiting for tidings of the advance of the British.

One can imagine those simple, determined men with strong, stern, set faces waiting to win or die for liberty. When word came of the approach of the foe, they took up their first position on the hill of the old burying ground opposite the inn, on the summit on which the Liberty

Pole of the Revolution stood.

The old inn, as was the custom of Colonial days, stood close to the old Meeting House of Concord. A church and a public house were placed but a short distance apart so that the people who came a long distance could warm themselves at the inn before they went into a cold church to a very long service.

The meeting houses were never warmed and opened but once a week. They were as cold as ice in winter, and many a woman and girl shivered in her linen underclothing and gowns with low, round necks and elbow sleeves, such as they wore in the bleak New England winter. The only warmth allowed them came from little foot stoves filled with live coals. The men took their dogs to meeting and used them as foot warmers by means of poking their feet into their long thick hair, in New England Colonial days.

Families who had come ten miles or even less were glad of the comforts offered by an inn. There was not only a morning service but an afternoon service which began after an intermission of half an hour. Before they began the long ride home they found it necessary to warm themselves at the big wood fire.

In the old taproom of Wright Tavern we see the fireplace where they warmed themselves and filled their little foot stoves with live coals.

Three-quarters of a century later, Concord was the home of great and good men; Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, Thoreau and others. Their feet often trod the little worn path —now a pavement—before the door of the old inn.

The town has changed with the years, but the old inn stands in its old age as it stood in its youth; simple, dignified, strong—a tale that is told but never to be forgotten so long as the heavy beams, cut and placed by hands long since dust, hold up the walls which join the past and present together.

The same old sign swings and creaks over the door as it did that fateful day when the patriots made it their headquarters for a short time; then the British officers marched into Concord and occupied it; and later the women gathered there while the fight was on, anxious to get the news.

Claude G. Bowers, a native of Iowa, author and writer, has been selected as the key-noter for the Democratic convention to be held at Houston, Texas, when the national organization assembles in that city for the purpose of nominating a standard bearer for the party. Mr. Bowers at the recent Jackson Day dinner in Washington thrilled the vast gathering with his oratory and Jeffersonian democratic principles. He is editorial writer for the New York Evening World and is read after probably more than any other of the present day writers. Bowers rose to distinction from the country print shop, where he spent many years in newspaper training.—Mooresville Enterprise.

PILING UP SCHOOL STATISTICS

Dr. Johnson, of Charity and Children, very properly concludes that North Carolina has no particular reason to boast that it has multiplied its school expenditures 31 times since the beginning of the century, contending that the mere assertion of itself may indicate that we are extravagantly throwing money away.

Money-spending per se is only a symptom of a condition of growth. It does not signify attainment necessarily.

Charity and Children looks beyond the pile of statistics for proof as to whether it has been wise or expedient for North Carolina to increase its school expenditures 31 times in this period, finding the meat in the cocoanut in the illiteracy statistics and not in the financial.

Its discovery along this line is to the effect that in 1920 North Carolina was only twice as ignorant as the average for the United States; ten years earlier she had been three times. That is to say, in 1920 our illiteracy rate was 13 per cent as against an average for the country of 6 per cent. Therefore our money certainly was not altogether wasted. Yet a doubt lingers. In 1900 our schools were undoubtedly bad, but they didn't cost much. Our schools today cost 31 times as much. If they were thirty-one times as good as the old times would 13 per cent of our people still be illiterate? "We cannot wipe out illiteracy altogether. In 1920 even Iowa had an illiteracy percentage of 1 per cent. In every State there are a certain number of the feeble-minded who can never be taught to read, but their number is far below 13 per cent," it says.

WHILE WE LIVE

A little more kindness,
A little less creed,
A little more giving,
A little less greed,
A little more smile,
A little less frown,
A little less kicking
A man when he's down.
A little more "We,"
A little less "I,"
A little more laugh,
A little less cry,
A few more flowers
On the pathway of life,
And less on graves at
The end of the strife.

—Contributed by Mrs. J. E. Temple.

THE BECKONING LIGHT

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

"That's a saucy wind that's blowin' for sure," muttered Jerome Stacey.

"Aye, and we'd better pull in the trawl I'm thinking," agreed Amos Crane, taking action and pulling in a few rods of trawl line, slapping the fish to the bottom of the boat.

Together the two fishermen worked, watching with alarm as the wind breezed into a gale that churned the sea into a menacing turmoil of waters. The storm that had broken suddenly had caught the motor boat in its grip and the craft rocked dizzily, anchored as it was, while the men lay to the trawl.

"Jerome, it looks as though we'd better not stay to pull all the trawl Hate like fun sacrificing all that good trawl line, but we're in danger," exclaimed Amos Crane with a frown in his eyes.

"Guess you're right," admitted Jerome. "Hate like blazes to cut the trawl line, but there's nothing else to do as I see, that is, if we want to see home and supper this night."

Amos' stout knife severed the trawl line and he pulled in the anchor, sensing a feeling of disgust as many lines of trawl went to the bottom of the sea. Jerome sprang toward the engine. For a moment he labored with the engine, perplexed that it did not respond to his cranking.

"What's up?" he muttered.

He bent forward and gave the engine careful scrutiny. Then with alarm in his voice he announced: "That sea that broke over us has smashed the timer; that scoop hit it."

"Never!" gasped Amos Crane and he, too, took a turn at examining the engine only to discover the truth.

"Only thing we can do then is drift and keep on the watchout for some other boat," decided Jerome, and Amos nodded his head in agreement.

The shriek of the wind drowned their voices and there was no further conversation between them. The boat rocked wildly as the breakers played havoc with the little craft. Jerome tinkered with the engine, but to no purpose and Amos rigged up a sail of old canvas he found in the bottom of the boat. It might be useful. He discovered an old rag, which he wound around the gaff and prepared for a torch should night fall before they were picked up.

"Chances are slender of being picked up." thought Jerome, recalling how few fishermen patronized the Little Whirls fishing grounds this season.

A ship passed in the distance, but their shouts were unheard and the signal that Amos waved was useless in attracting the attention of the ship's crew. Dusk was falling and they were still adrift. They had left home before daybreak and the grub kettles had been emptied before lunch hour. Yet hunger was the least of their worries this hour.

"What time do you make it out to be, Amos?" questioned Jerome.

"Somewheres about seven o'clock Saturday night—I don't see any baked beans and brown bread floating

around,'' he added humorously.

''Plenty of water—say, Amos, looks as if we'd better begin bailing.''

Amos had also noted the sea washing the boat in reckless fashion. Already they had taken turns bailing the surf-washed boat, but the alarming condition commanded the efforts of both. They seized upon grub kettles and began their task of bailing. It was a strenuous, hopeless task, for as quickly as they emptied the boat of water the sea again washed the craft, threatening disaster.

Night closed in upon them—a merciless, chill, black night with no hope of being picked up till morning. There was little cessation from bailing, the grub kettles mechanically filling and emptying the water that washed the boat, aching muscles mechanically sweeping the kettles into the sea of water.

The boat drifted at random. Long ago the men had lost a sense of location. In the darkness of the night they could glimpse no light and knew not whether they were in the neighborhood of any shore. Amos Crane was a praying man. Much of the night he spent in silent prayer, not only for his own safety but for the safety of his family on shore if he were not spared. To Amos Crane there was hope as long as he was given strength to pray and to fight. He wondered how it was with Jerome Stacey, who scoffed at the meeting house and who was never known to pray.

With dawn hope was revived and the fishermen saw the outline of a shore before them, tantalizing and alluring, but they were helpless to turn the boat toward its harbor. They must drift with the morning tide at the will of the storm that still swept over the bay with ferocity. Amos had rigged up the sail and there was an attempt to steer the course of the boat toward the shore, but the wind tore the little sail from its mast and it was speedily reduced to ribbons.

A violent sea swept the boat and the exhausted fishermen cried out in alarm. Bailing was of so little use. Amos was aroused to the danger. The boat must be lightened. He flung himself upon the floor and attempted to rip open the boards of the flooring. But his meagre strength hampered his progress. A board cracked and he prayed for strength to break it. Another crack and the board gave. He reached his arm through the opening and pulled out the ballast rock. Now the boat was empty of ballast and she rode with less danger.

''Amos, you're a praying man—what do you make of this here trouble—can your God help you now?'' questioned Jerome abruptly as he emptied a kettle of sea water into the ocean.

''Nothing is impossible with God,'' Amos answered simply. ''I've been praying all night and I'm going to keep up praying. I believe our prayers will be answered—''

''Our—'' broke in Jerome with an unsteady laugh. ''You don't think by any chance I'm praying—me with trouble aplenty on my hands—my woman with a new baby and like as not getting a fever worrying over me out at sea and lost and nothing laid up for the children in the future. I've got too many worries to be pray-

ing much,'' he ended dismally.

Together they worked, bailing, bailing, ceaselessly bailing though their arms were stiff and swollen, Amos praying silently and now remembering the family of Jerome in his petitions as well as his own; Jerome moodily fretting and reccunting his troubles. They were faint from hunger and both fishermen realized that they could not hold out many more hours. Amos was reminded of the fact that it was Sunday morning. He wondered if the people of Sunset Cove would meet for service in the meeting house on the cliff. It had always been his custom to open up the meeting house and to look after things, and when there wasn't any minister he would take the service, merely leading the people in a period of prayer and reading the Scripture, while Marcia, his girl-wife, would lead the singing.

''There wasn't supposed to be any minister today, so like as not they'll not open the meeting house,'' pondered Amos Crane, dazedly attempting to do his share of bailing.

Dusk fell like a black, sinister curtain over the bay. Amos Crane bailed with an effort that was a pain of torture. With alarm he heard the delirious mutterings of his mate, who had ceased bailing. With alarm he sensed the drowsiness overcoming him. With his failing strength he prayed for deliverance; for the welfare of the dear ones on shore.

Anxiety for Jerome and Amos had spread throughout the community and along the shore. When they had not returned with the fishermen who had put into harbor with the breaking of the storm neighbor fishermen had remained on watch at the breakwater All night the men had stood on vigil and torches had burned at the entrance to the harbor. The ferocity of the storm forbade the fishermen patroling the bay. They were prisoners until the squall had spent itself.

* * *

In the homes of Amos Crane and Jerome Stacey drawn faces watched the window panes for a glimpse of a returning boat. Marcia Crane went about her work, caring for the little brood of three and making them comfortable, tears in her eyes and a prayer in in her heart. Surely God would send Amos back in safety. His family needed him. The community needed him. He was the prop and the pillar of the meeting house on the cliff. Yes, she thought, the meeting house would have shut its doors long ago if it had not been for the perseverance and loyalty of Amos.

Julia Stacey—the wife of Jerome—had succumbed to her fear, and helplessly she wrung her hands. Neighbors attended to the needs of her family of five children, frightened by their mother's moaning. She had not been a praying woman any more than Jerome had been a praying man. Trouble was hard to bear when one was not accustomed to breathe a prayer for help.

It was at noon the following day that Marcia sent a message across to Julia Stacey. ''Keep up your courage, Julia, I am praying with every breath that the dear Lord will send our men home in safety.''

To Julia Stacey this was the first glimpse of hope. Praying had not been a habit with her, but this Sabbath of terror brought an impluse to pray, and with her children gathered around her she dropped on her

knees by the bedside. She rose from her knees, her sobs quieted and she went about the homely tasks of the kitchen with a bravery that was mystifying to her neighbors.

"There'll be no service today with the fishermen on the watch and no minister coming to the meeting house," declared a fisherman, and the meeting house door was locked that Sabbath morning.

Marcia Crane looked down at the meeting house in its stillness. The bell would not ring out its challenging message for Amos was not there to open the little church. She felt tempted to go herself to the meeting house and start the service, but to timid Marcia that was a man's task. There was no other man in the community likely to take over the responsibility of conducting a service, she argued.

Often throughout the day Marcia Crane stood before the window and stared down at the meeting house. If only Amos had been there to start the service. It would have been comforting if the minister had been in the community today. Dusk was falling again and there had been no glimpse of the lost fishermen. The men on the breakwater were preparing for another night's vigil and lighting torch fires that blazed along the harbor front.

At dusk Julia Stacey came across to visit a little with Marcia, her baby in her arms. "Marcia, I was thinking if there was a service up to the meeting house tonight I'd like to go. I'd take the children and go and maybe it would be easier praying there than at home. Are you going to the meeting house tonight, Marcia?"

Marcia Crane stared curiously at the woman who had not been accustomed to attend the meeting house. How could she tell this woman with the strange yearning in her heart for a religious service that there would be no meeting there tonight? Doubtless she had not heard that the meeting house had not been opened this Sabbath. A curious impulse stirred in Marcia's heart. Suppose she opened the church door and lighted the lamps as had been the custom of Amos. Perhaps a few of the neighbors would come to the service.

"I could lead the singing and perhaps find a voice to read the Scriptures and all the people would be praying," mused Marcia, then abruptly she turned to Julia Stacey, exclaimingly tremulously:

"Yes, come with me to the meeting house. I am going now to open the doors and light the lamps. I believe God will give me strength to start the hymns. It would have been Amos' way if he had been here."

* * *

In an effort that was pain Amos Crane roused himself as if to battle with the darkness mantling the bay. Yet how powerless he was to fight without weapons. His stiffened arms protested against further bailing and his strength was exhausted. In the bottom of the boat lay the one strip of rag that he had reserved for a torch and kept dry inside his oilskin coat. If he lighted that his last weapon was gone.

"God give me courage," he prayed.

He raised his head heavy with drowsiness and stared into the darkness. Then with a start he glimpsed the light beckoning out of the storm. Its friendly gleam unnerved him and he trembled. Perhaps he

was dreaming after all and something might be wrong with his eyes. They had been paining from the whip of the wind. He closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them again. The light was burning high up—a steady, beckoning gleam.

"We are near the shore," he muttered, then shouted in a hoarse voice, "Jerome, Jerome, look at the light!" but only Jerome's delirious mutterings answered.

"God give me strength to light the torch," he prayed with gasping breath.

With awkwardness and pain, for his fingers were badly swollen, Amos Crane wound the bit of rag around the gaff and dipped it in the tin of oil. It was an arduous, painful task striking the match and lighting the oil-soaked rag. Then with a muttered prayer Amos Crane flung the improvised torch into the blackness of the night and with a cry of exhaustion dropped in an unconscious heap in the bottom of the boat.

* * *

The story of Marcia Crane's courage in opening the church and her determination to lead the service had spread through the community. Boys came to help light the lamps and men and women came to pray for the safe return of the fishermen. The meeting house was nearly filled when two fishermen, deserting their vigil, came for a little respite to the meeting house. On the threshold of the meeting house they stood a moment and looked out over the waters of the storm-driven bay. The light from the meeting house windows shone down over the side of the cliff—a solitary gleam on this side of the bay for the torch fires blazed on the shore of the open harbor and their glow could not be seen in the cove whose waters washed the cliff.

"Hello, what's that—looks like a flash on the bay," exclaimed one of the fishermen as a tiny light flickered in the blackness.

"Looked like a bit of a torch flame to me," responded the other. "Maybe we'd better investigate."

Down the side of the cliff to the boat house hurried the fishermen. Speedily a bonfire was kindled on the beach and by its blaze they glimsed the boat drifting out on the bay. Back to the meeting house hurried a fishermen, spreading the alarm and calling the men from the breakwater Then the pushing off from shore of a stout motor boat, and men and women on shore praying for the deliverance of Amos Crane and Jerome Stacey.

One week later Amos Crane, still bearing the marks of his battle with the sea, dropped in to visit with Jerome Stacey, a slower convalescent from the trial. For a little there was silence between the two men, their scarred hands gripped tightly together. Then Jerome broke the silence.

"Say, Amos, I've always bragged that I wasn't a praying man," he muttered, "but I guess from now on I'm a praying man and my wife and the youngsters will get the habit, too. I always had an idea that praying was just a waste of breath, but it isn't likely Marcia would have been urged to open the meeting house and light the lamps for a service when the place was so upset-looking for us if you and the others hadn't

been praying. And if that beckoning light hadn't caught your eye, well —it isn't for me to say what might have been. But now I'm sure that God answers prayers, and I want to be known as a praying man,'' ended Jerome hoarsely.

''God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, my Marcia would say,'' muttered Amos huskily.

INVENTOR AND ARTIST

Young Folks

Most great men are remembered only by that in which they excelled. A great musician's name may live by its being associated with a masterpiece, an artist's name by a painting, a poet's name by a composition, and an inventor's name by a mechanical contrivance or a machine. For the most part they are not known for anything else they did. And yet a genius that makes possible a world's masterpiece makes possible other inventions, discoveries and creations only slightly less wonderful.

It must further be said that most men who have excelled in one sphere have shown expert knowledge and skill in other spheres. Take as an example Leonard da Vinci. As an artist he is ranked with Raphael and Michael Angelo. The painting that made him truly famous and is one of the world's masterpieces is ''The Lord's Supper.'' He painted it at the age of forty-five. That painting alone would give him lasting fame. But he painted other pictures, to all of which he imparted many of the noblest qualities. We are familiar with these facts.

But do many of us know that Leonard da Vinci was also an architect, an engineer, an inventor, a sculptor, an anatomist, a botanist, a mathematician, an astronomer, a musician and a poet and prose writer? He was one of the great geniuses of the world. He lived and wrought during the early Reformation period. He was a man of literary distinction. His treatise on painting is a unique production, and has been translated into foreign languages.

Da Vinci invented the wheelbarrow, a very modest and unnoticed labor-saving device in these days, but it was a long step forward and eased the burden of multitudes of laborers. It can truthfully be said that Da Vinci was a friend of man, and that he anticipated by a kind of intuitive knowledge the marvelous discoveries of Kepler and Galileo.

Da Vinci will continue to be best known by his painting, ''The Lord's Supper,'' but it must not be forgotten that he labored in other fields, enriching the store of human knowledge, and inspiring men with the desire for nobler achievenment-

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''Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.''

MUSIC IN THE HEART

The old music master was giving a piano lesson to one of the young ladies at the conservatory, according to an incident related to Mr. McElroy. Something had gone wrong for her before she reached the studio and she was cross and unhappy. When a person permits one's self to get in such a mood, things are apt to keep on going wrong, and though the teacher was patiently trying to turn her mind away from herself to her music, she at last gave up and let her hands fall impatiently on the keyboard.

"It is no use to keep on trying today," she said. "I just can't get that part right."

"Ah, mam'selle,' protested the old professor, "it is not the day for music, no? Unless there is music in the heart, one cannot find it in the instrument."

Music in the heart! There is the secret the world needs to learn. I am not enough of a musician to know whether or not the professor's words are always true in music. But I do know they are true in life. We can get very little music out of life unless there is first of all music in our own hearts.

Most people seem to feel that their happiness is dependent upon the things they have or do not have. The one who is poor feels he would be happy if only he had wealth. The one who is sick is sure that if only he could be well again he would be perfectly contented. Many look with unhappy and covetous eyes upon the things that others have and think that if they could have such things for their own they would be satisfied.

Not so. The music of life—happiness, contentment, peace—is not so dependent as that on material things. If it were, how then could you account for the fact that the happiest person I ever knew was one who for nineteen years was never able to leave her sick bed? Or for the fact that one of the brightest faces I see in the business world today is that of a little crippled stenographer who is the only support of her aged grandfather? The words of the old professor gave me their secret—they have music in the hearts.

Wordsworth, the English poet, discovered the secret long ago. Doubtless many who looked out of their windows that rainy spring morning thought of the day as spoiled by the heavy rain that was falling. But it was on that day the poet wrote:

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils."

We cannot all have riches, and some of us, it may be, cannot have vigorous and healthy bodies. But we all can have music in our hearts. By thinking noble thoughts, by leading helpful lives, by looking for the good rather than the bad in others, by being always patient and cheerful and kindly—these are some of the things that will keep the heart making music, even on the gloomiest day.

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.—Pindar.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PETTICOAT

By Eleanor Wood Moose

Harriet fairly skipped the leaf carpeted trail that led to the spring and the big wooden buckets by her side danced with the motion. Her voice joined with the birds carolling in praise of this glorious Indian Summer morning. All nature was glad to be alive and stirring. The blue haze of autumn had lifted and the sun shone warm and brilliantly. From the rough log cabin built on the cleared hill top came a woman's voice singing, her mother, happy in her work at the loom, and the merry shouts of the younger children playing around the door-sill. In the newly-cleared field nearby, dotted even yet with the stumps of the great forest trees she heard her father urging on his team in their fall plowing and her brother John's whistle rang out with the cheerful sound of his ax at the woodpile. It was a happy, busy life—this life on the frontier, undaunted, even though warnings had come back to these scattered and few pioneers, of hostile Indians. Few knew better than the Waters household the dreadful meanings of these warnings sent back by such scouts as Boone and Kenton. Still the sun shone, the earth was warm and lay asleep in a mellow peace—and these first Kentucky pioneers sang at their work in their new wilderness home.

Of all the many tasks in her busy day Harriet loved best her morning and evening trips to the cool spring under the hill to bring water for the household. She would dip the wooden buckets deep in the sparkling waters and carry them back, one by one to the cabin, pausing always to rest on the high rock by the spring that was almost concealed by low hanging branches of forest trees.

Today even the spring in its dense shade had caught the spirit of the morning and in its depths a truant ray of sunshine danced and shone. Bending low to watch it Harriet saw something that turned her white and sick. Ten feet from where she stood lay an Indian, his body only partially concealed by a fallen tree. Her heart stopped—before she could move or cry aloud for help he would be upon her. She stood transfixed with horror. She waited motionless, watching his reflection in the spring, but the expected leap did not come, there was no movement. Slowly she turned her eyes to the motionless figure and she saw the man's face was twisted with suffering. His left leg lay useless and doubled up by his side and a dirty deer thong was bound tightly around it. But there was no appeal in the black eyes that were fixed upon her. He looked like a wild animal caught in one of her father's traps and slowly, unwillingly her heart softened. He was a savage, but he was hardly more than a boy, and suffering.

However, other Indians might be near and she looked fearfully about her. Silent, stealthy figures were approaching through the forest even now, Harriet's heart leaped with relief as the tailed coon skin caps of the frontiersmen came into sight in the clearing.

She was still standing close to the spring and she noticed how well her position hid all sight of the Indian.

Without moving she offered the newcomers water and they drank long and thirstily. They were now talking animatedly among themselves. They were trailing an Indian, a Shawnee scout they were sure, and when they came up with him it would be short work. One was sure that he had But Harriet listened in silence and potted him and he must be close by. stood steadily in her position by the spring. One by one she watched them file off uninformed into the forest.

Then she turned back to the Indian. She must do something for him. It would have been more merciful to let the scouts put him out of his to suffer. Harriet went slowly, reluctantly over to the wounded man pain if she were going to leave him He lay watching her with expressionless face. She saw that his leg looked angry and swollen and that the black eyes were bright with fever. The filthy dear-thong should come off, but if she touched him a tomahawk might be the answer, still——Harriet looked steadily into the black eyes and said in her plainest English—"You may trust me." The redskin merely continued his staring, but evidently the steady grey eyes had conveyed some message of trust.

First she straightened out the wounded leg and taking the Indian's own knife she cut the filthy thong. She should have had hot water to bathe the wound, but cold water only, but that in abundance, was at her disposal, so she carried over the buckets. And now the skill obtained in bandaging the stumped toes and injured knees of the younger Waters stood her in good stead. With the rough skill of the frontier she cleansed the wound. But there should be clean bandages and there were none to be had—Harriet glanced helplessly about. She could certainly use none of the few and very dirty garments the Indian wore. Below her grey homespun skirt showed a white petticoat ruffle, a relic of days in Virginia. Without hesitation Harriet began to tear off flounce after flounce and now for the first time the Indian's face showed expression—a grim smile lighted it. But Harriet was busy bandaging with her only available material. At last she stood back satisfied. But the man was feverish, his famished eyes sought the water bucket and now Harriet bent her strength to the task of propping him up while he drank. He grunted satisfaction.

She had been a long time at the spring and mother would be worried, so, refilling the bucket and pointing explanatorially toward her home, she left him. Mother was needing her, for fourteen-year-old Harriet was mother's prop and stay. Soon Harriet was busy with the manifold duties of helper but her heart was troubled. Was she a wicked girl? She was sheltering an enemy of her people—but she couldn't—she just couldn't give a human being up to certain death. It had been a hard decision for a fourteen-year-old girl. Even now she felt that perhaps she was wrong. So all day she worked steadily, but no word passed her lips of the wounded Indian down by the spring, not even to mother, her chum. But the sunshine had gone out of the day.

She felt oddly mean and underhanded as she stealthily put aside food and covering to be taken to the wounded man and her heart was

very heavy as she walked slowly to the spring that evening. Her buckets did not dance beside her, for they were filled with the things she had concealed and was taking to the Indian. He lay where she had left him and Harriet observed how easily he might be discovered as she looked about for a better hiding place. Back from the spring a great oak had been uprooted in a summer storm and formed a natural shelter and concealment. Here, half dragging, half carrying, she brought the Indian, and laid him on a bed made from the soft leaves and covered him with a warm homemade quilt, for the nights were cold. And now from her bucket came food, which the Indian devoured ravenously, and a gourd for water and also homely, familiar medicines which she forced him to take and sprinkled liberally on his wounds. At last she brought out a second supply of jerked vension and corn pone to be left with him until she could get back. But dusk had fallen and from the hill top she heard John calling her.

In the days that followed the younger Waters wondered why Hariet always refused to take them to the spring where she had frequently told them stories of the fairies who lived nearby, wondered, too, at the merry older sister who had grown suddenly quiet and serious. But Harriet's mind was ever busy planning. There was always more food to be carried, more bandages to be made from their scant store of cloth and a wound that must be cared for. Still it was satisfaction to see that the fever had gone and the leg was healing nicely. Soon her Indian was limping painfully around among the sheltering trees. Each day he grew stronger, and one morning he was gone. Gone without a word of thanks or farewell, but leaving carefully folded in the shelter of the oaks the things she had brought him, quilts, gourd, all—all Harriet realized somewhat curious, but the blood-stained petticoat flounce that she had used as a bandage that first day. And now once again Harriet's heart danced—the sun had come back and she hoped, how heartily she hoped never to see that or any other Indian again.

Then work, work, work, for soon the winter winds would be tearing around the log cabin and all must be snug and tight within. Great back logs and wood of all kinds lay close at hand ready for the winter fire—harvest of Brother John's busy ax. Jerked vension and home-cured meats hung from the rafters in the lean-to and potatoes and corn filled to overflowing the rude dugouts. Indeed, this Kentucky wilderness was a land of plenty. And now the Waters settled in comfort and content about the winter fire.

One morning as Harriet was turning the vension over the hot coals in preparation for breakfast a thundering knock came at their door. Then with no more formality a buck-skin clad figure leaped in. One of the scouts, salvation and blessing of the frontier—

"To the fort—the Shawness are on you."

Father leaped to his feet and mother's face grew ashen. But the scout was gone, on his perilous way to warn others to fly to the refuge of the gallant little fort that reared its palisades protectingly in this far flung wilderness. There was not a minute to lose. The fort was a mile away. Each knew his appointed

task. Mother hastily bundled up the younger children, James and Polly, from the bitter wind, and, taking them by the hand, started out the door. Father and John reached with grim faces for their flint locks. Harriet, the last to leave, buried the fire in ashes and followed out the door with the bullet molds and lead. They had gone scarcely a hundred feet when a savage, triumphant yell sounded through the nearby forest. Red forms wove in and out among the tress, without waiting for word from the father, the Waters fell back to their cabin. The two men covering their retreat until they were safely within. The walls of the little house were thick and of newly cut logs from the wood, but could two men hold it against the hundreds of Indians whose movements Harriet could dimly see in the forest. Their faces were pale, strained. Frontersmen that they were they knew the end was in sight, the common end of those who failed to make the wilderness fort. But gamely they prepared to fight. Father took one side of the house, John another and Harriet the other and mother prepared alternately to reload and mold bullets with the children helping.

The fire freed from its ashes danced and flamed as if there could be nothing but comfort and contentment in the world. But the eyes of the defenders were strained on the dim figures in the forest. They held their fire for the inevitable rush.

Harriet gasped—one tall bronzed figure had stepped boldly out into the clearing. He was taking deliberate aim—an arrow sang through the air and struck with solid impact above the door. But Harriet lowered her gun, though the tall figure made an unmissable target. She had given this same Indian his life once, she could not take it now. The tall figure stood motionless, watching the flight of the arrow. Then turned and walked swiftly away into the forest. Father and John were looking at Harriet reproachfully.

"Why didn't you shoot, Harriet? You had a perfect shot and that fellow was certainly a leader of some kind. If you had gotten him it might have put off the attack until help could come."

But Harriet looked miserably toward the forest, tears of shame blinded her. She had protected an enemy of her people and now this same enemy had come back in war and once again she had failed her own. But there were other things to think of and with keen eyes they watched the forest.

Mother molded and poured out heaps of shining bullets and James and Polly brought them food to be eaten at their posts. There was no whimpering, not even from the smallest, from these first pioneers.

All morning they stood with straining eyes, but no sound came from the great forest, and after noon Mr. Waters ventured out—perhaps they might make the fort even yet—a savage whoop hastened his re-entry. The savages were still on guard. All afternoon they waited. But now the air was filled with the far crack of guns and the blood-chilling yells of the Indians. The fort was being attacked and faintly, menacingly came to them the noise of battle. Sick at heart Harriet realized the wily plans of the savages. They would take the fort first and the other places would be at their mercy. But the fort's defenders were putting up a

gallant fight. The continuous roar of guns bore testimony to this. These first Kentuckians cut off from the outside world by high mountains—in the heart of the red-man's country, were fighting for their lives, for their loved ones and finally to make a home in this fertile wilderness. Shoulder to shoulder they stood behind the sturdy breastworks of logs and beat back again and again the red tide that threatened to engulf them. The continual crack of their guns was sweet music to the ears of the watchers in the cabin. Through the night it continued, cheering up their sinking hearts as they waited on for the expected attack. For with the coming of darkness the Waters were completely at the mercy of the enemy. The savages would be at their very door before they could see them. Far off in other directions an occasional sheet of flame, a few scattered shots and the triumphal war whoop spoke of more successful attacks on solitary cabins. Harriet's heart grew cold awaiting the end. Through the long hours of night they watched, father, John, Harriet at their posts —mother sitting rigidly in the darkness, the children asleep on the hearth close to the warm embers for they dared not show a fire.

But see, was that another fire reflected on the snow? No, it was the dawn and now the red men would surely come and they straightened their stiffened limbs for the attack. See—they were coming, figures were coming through the forest. But with a glad cry, Harriet was out the door, for she had seen the long tailed caps of the scouts. John and father were close behind her, embracing these neighbors—neighbors who looked at them with unbelieving, incredulous eyes.

"Thank God you are safe, but by what miracle? The varmints were all around you. They came from this direction. There isn't another house left standing in fifteen miles. Those who didn't make the fort," and the rough voices chocked on the word.

Father and mother, with haggard, drawn faces, were silent, but John, boy-like, was explaining jubilantly—

"Wasn't a shot fired. One sarpint stepped out in pretty range and shot an arrow at the house. He was the only heathen we saw close enough to shoot at. He was Harriet's shot, but she dubbed it," he looked reproachfully at his sister.

But Harriet's eyes were fixed on an arrow above the doorway, sunk deep in the new hewn timbers. From its shaft swung and fluttered in the winter wind the bloody remnants of what had once been a petticoat. The Heathen, the Varmint, the Sarpint had come back—and had protected them all under the sign of the petticoat.

Every hand touches the lives of others somewhere and somehow. It is no excuse for not working for God to say, "I have no influence." If God, who knows all things, knows you have no influence, why does He ask you to do anything for Him? Pray for others, think of others, and the way to service will open.—Exchange.

THE COST OF EDUCATION

(Young Folks)

It cannot be said that the process of acquiring knowledge is without expense. It costs both to give and to get an education. In this country alone and we lead all other countries in this respect, we spend two billion dollars a year upon our public school system. That is a large sum of money. But there is no disposition to reduce the amount; indeed the trend is in the opposite direction. We believe in taking care of the body and educating the mind and the hand.

There are definite results to show for this huge investment. Under our present system illiteracy has been almost blotted out; the health of pupils is systematically cared for; the work of Americanization is carried forward rapidly; and a high degree of skill for life's tasks is acquired.

But even the most ardent champions of our public school system refuse to believe that all is achieved for the rising generation that we have the right to expect. The age at which laws are flagrantly broken is constantly getting lower. It will startle us to learn that crime costs us eight times as much as our whole public school system, or sixteen billion dollars. It seems, therefore, that the money we are spending in the education of our children and youth hardly touches the deeper springs of character. It is weak in the production of peace, purity and happiness; the dividends it pays are in terms of the more superficial things of life; it would have difficulty in showing that it is effective in turning out a better type of citizenship. It may boast that it trains the mind, the eye, the hand. But much more needs to be done. What about respect for superiors, reverence for the past, obedience to law, broad human sympathies, willingness to perform difficult tasks, moral integrity, and love for the pure the beautiful and the good? Is the expenditure of our two billion dollars strengthening the pillars upon which our American civilization rests? We want clever and bright boys and girls but we want good boys and girls, too.

TELLING THINGS STRAIGHT

A boy twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now, said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."—The Way.

STORY OF A HOUSE FLY

By C. A. David

You all know how I look, so there's no use wasting time and ink describing my appearance. But there is one thing that you would hardly notice unless you looked at me under a magnifying glass, and that is that my body, legs and feet are covered with very fine little hairs that cause dirt to stick to me when I happen to walk in it. Well, to begin with, one bright morning in the merry month of May my mother left a tiny little white egg in a heap of trash and sweepings in the corner of a stable; and as it was very nice and warm and damp and dirty there, the egg soon hatched, and I found myself a small yellowish grub. While I was a grub I found all I wanted in the way of food in the trash where I was hatched, but after a short time my wings grew out and I flew away—I didn't know where, but I was so happy to be able to fly that I didn't care where I landed. Naturally I went to a house, for we are house flies, you know; but I couldn't get in when I got there. There seemed to be something wrong about that house, as every door and window had a wire screen over it, and no matter how hard I tried I couldn't squeeze through. But at last I found a door that had been left open just a little bit, and I was in in a jiffy. The door opened into the kitchen, and I found all sorts of good things. There was a bowl of milk on the table, and I tasted it and liked it from the start; and while I was drinking my foot slipped, and in I went. But I managed to scramble out, and while doing so my feet got the first washing they had ever had, and all the dirt and germs, people call them, that had stuck to my feet came off in the milk. You don't know how nice and clean I felt. So I sailed over to a shelf where a kind lady had just placed a pound of fresh yellow butter, and I tried that and found it almost as good as the milk. It not only tasted good, but it was such fun walking over it, as it was soft and smooth. As the pantry door was open, I went in to see what new thing I could find, and what do you suppose was the very first thing I ran up on? A bowl of sugar, with the cover pushed over to one side! I sure had the time of my life in that bowl! I had heard older flies talk about sugar, but until I tasted it I had no idea how good it could be. It must be about the sweetest thing in the world, and then people are so good about leaving it so we can get to it. After eating until I couldn't swallow another mouthful, I wiped my feet again and then crawled out. That's one thing about us flies, we are always particular about wiping our feet, something that little boys don't always do. Another thing that I like almost as much as eating sugar is to creep right easy over the pink cheeks of a little baby and tickle its nose. Some mothers are so particular that when they put the baby in its crib they spread a net over it so we can't get in. I think that's real mean, don't you?

LONG-DISTANCE SIGNALING

By Oscar Lewis

Nowhere has the development of the wireless telegraph wrought a greater revolution in the means of communication employed than at sea. Ships equipped with sending and receiving apparatus no longer know the complete isolation that formerly was part of every long ocean voyage. Vessels today can circumnavigate the globe and yet every day remain in closet touch with the events of the world.

Mariners did not always have this remarkably fine means of communication, and many of the smaller ships today do not carry wireless. Nevertheless, communication between ships at sea and between ships and shore stations has always been a necessity, and a number of ingenious methods of signaling have been devised. The best known of these is the celebrated international code, a system of signal flags which when hoisted in different combinations convey a great variety of messages, the meanings of which are identical in all languages. Various semaphore and wigwag codes which spell out messages by the movements of flags or of mechanical arms are also widely used.

One serious defect in these signaling systems, however, lies in the fact that communication can take place only when the two persons signaling are close enough clearly to see the flags of the other. Frequently it is necessary to send a message a distance of several miles, an operation which is sometimes impossible by means of the code flags. For this purpose an ingenious code of distance signals is used. These consist of four signaling devices, two spheres and two cones. The objects, constructed of black canvas stretched over metal frames, are several feet high and when hoisted conspicuously to the mast of the signaling ship can be distinguished for long distances. A wide variety of messages can be sent by this means, the number of cones and balls hoisted, their relative positions, the position of the cones (with the pointed end upward or downward) all have distinct meanings, the key to which is to be found in the international code book, carried on the seagoing vessels of every nation.

A RECIPE

"Take one whole pound
  Of kindliness,
And stir it round
  With thoughts that bless.
  Plenty of Patience makes it nice;
Some Fun will add a little spice;
  Don't weigh out Love, but pour it in;
  Oil of Good Cheer will grease your tin;
  Mix well, in just the old-time way,
  And you'll have made a happy day."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

The boys of the barn force have been busy planting cotton.

Ernest Honaker, a member of the seventh cottage, was paroled last week.

New Sunday caps were given the boys last week. We are expecting to receive straw hats soon.

On account of bad weather the boys of the work force retired to the cottages last Monday and Tuesday.

Mitchell Khoury, a member of the eighth cottage, has been given a position in the shoe shop recently.

Most of the boys were promoted last week. They are all glad to get a chance to try their luck in a higher grade.

Leon Allen, a member of the ninth cottage, has gone to his home for a short visit on account of sickness in the family.

Stanly Armstrong, a former boy of this institution, was a visitor here last week. We were glad to hear that he has a fine job in Greensboro, and getting along fine.

D. L. Rights, H. B. Johnson, F. W. Grabs and J. G. Brunner, all of them Moravian ministers from Winston-Salem, visited the school last Thursday afternoon.

These reverend gentlemen, hurrying home from a convention at Charlotte, made a short visit but expressed a desire to return soon and go over our entire plant.

Mr. and Mrs. House and son, Horace, Jr., are in Florida spending their vacation. We hope they have a fine time. Mr. Hudson has charge of the bakery during Mr. House's absence.

The services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon were conducted by Rev. R. S. Arrowwood, of Concord, who made a very interesting talk on "Stars," giving the boys some valuable information concerning the wonders of the heavens.

We were delighted to have Mr. and Mrs. Earl Robinson with us again. Mr. Robinson rendered two vocal solos, played one trombone solo and led the boys in some fine chorus singing, Mrs. Robinson accompanying on the piano.

We played our first baseball game of the season last Saturday afternoon. The Franklin Mill team visited the local diamond and came out on the winning end of a 8 to 2 score.

It was the first appearance for a number of the school boys and they seemed somewhat nervous and over-anxious. After obtaining an early lead, they made several costly errors, presenting the visitors with the game.

In the Training School's half of the third inning Collier reached first on an error, and scored on Godown's triple; a single by Howard brought the second run across. This ended the scoring for the local team.

Lisk pitched a good game and should have won, but his support was ragged, especially in the fourth inning when the visitors marked up three runs, errors being responsible for all the runs. Another error let in a run in the next inning.

Russell relieved Lisk on the mound in the eighth innning. A base on balls, an error and three hits, permitted the visitors to score four more runs, bringing their total up to eight.

J. Lefler pitched a good game for Franklin, fanning 13 batters. The score:

										R	H	E
J. T. S.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	2
Fr. M.	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	4	8	10	4

Two base hits—Blackwelder. Three base hits—Godown. Stolen bases—Howard 3, Ford. Struck out—by Lisk 5, by Lefler 13. Base on balls—off Lefler, 5, off Lisk 1, off Russell 1. Umpires—Mason and Verbal.

POOR BOYS WHO MADE GOOD

Charles Dickens was a label-sticker in a shoe-blacking factory.

Michael Faraday, the famous chemist and physicist, was a journey man bookbinder, the son of a blacksmith.

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer, the son of a tallow candler.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, whom Italians revere as their liberator, was the son of a sailor, and was at various times a candle maker and a small farmer.

Ben Jonson, on whose grave in Westminister Abbey is the famous inscription, ''O Rare Ben Jonson,'' was a poor boy, the stepson of a bricklayer.

Thomas Moore, author of the ''Irish Melodies,'' was the son of a country grocer.

Napoleon was a penniless second lieutenant in 1785; in 1804 he was crowned an emperor.

William Shakespeare was the son of a glover in a little country town, both his grandfathers were husbandmen.—Lookout.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

p 369

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 19, 1928. No. 17

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U. N. C. Library

HOW CHARACTER IS ACQUIRED

You can not dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Froude.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

The body, mind, and soul of a child cry out for self-activity, children find their greatest delight in that self-activity that constructs, creates.

—Francis W. Parker.

MISTAKEN IDEA OF PARENTS

Sometimes parents are fearful that boys sent to the School will forget home and home people. The aim of the School is to teach the boys to appreciate home and the many privileges that they failed to recognize as privileges while in the home, and to urge them to so conduct themselves as to be worthy of the advantages offered in a good home, when the time comes for their return. They are urged to think little about when they go home, but very much on how they go home. Whether they have grown in such traits of character as honesty, truthfulness, integrity and industry—whether they are strong enough, big enough to do what they ought to do when faced by the things they want to do. When the time comes for parole most of the boys feel sure that they will never do anything wrong again, so imbued are they with the idea of growth while here. Many of them are able to hold to this resolution though beset by many temptations. Others there are, whose weaknesses are so weak that they are easy prey to the lurking temptations that beset their pathway.

The School is anxious that parents be not too solicitous about the re-

lease of the boys before the time, as it is too dangerous an experiment to interfere with the tender graftings of good before they are well set.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE DREAM OF YOUTH

Max Gardner made up his mind to be governor of North Carolina in the year of 1900, while attending a Democratic Convention in Raleigh, and heard Charles B. Aycock make a speech—and at this convention Aycock received the nomination by acclamation. We firmly believe when a decision is reached that the battle is half won. What a man wills to do he will do. Just think, Max Gardner was then a freshman in college and he has lived to the realization of his dream.

The old saying that some people are born great and some have greatness thrust upon them, but by constant right thinking and working to that end one is constrained to believe that the governor-elect made for himself a place in the hearts of the people.

He said in his talk before faculty of State College, "I am willing to fight, not for my opinions, but for my right to have opinions." and this statement brings to mind an altercation between father and a small eight year old son. The little fellow was supposed to have committed some offense, the father without investigating was in the act of administering a severe punishment.

The youth cried out, "wait father, and let me explain before you whip me," but the father somewhat angered showed not the least mercy. The good mother, who always pours water upon the troubled waters, heard the appeal—she hurried to the scene of confusion, and said emphatically, "now, wait Mac, and give Lex a chance to tell his side of the story and then decide as to the nature of punishment." The child's story was clear and convincing, therefore, he was exonerated of the supposed misdemeanor. This child truly contended for the right to express his view point.

The following excerpt taken from a speech of the governor-elect, convinces us that he knows his fellow man:

> "Something must be done for the American farmer. If the world is to be spared it must be through efforts to give the farm boys and girls an equal chance, with all the others."

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MOTHERS AND FATHER'S DAY

Every child learns for the first words to lisp mother—and then father. The thought arises why have Mother's Day to the oblivion of some way

combining the memory of mother and father on the same day? The two throughout life are most intimately brought together as one in thought, purpose and deed; no home can be established without this union and the passing of either leaves a vacant chair that the joys, wrecks or disasters of life can never form a mist that will erase the scene.

It is true around the name of mother shines a glorious halo of bright rays, and her love is true from the cradle to the grave; but happy, thrice happy is the child who has shared the love and wise counsel of a kind father.

The divine injunction is "what therefore God has joined together let not man put asunder," therefore, we believe the memory of both should be intimately associated on the same day. This thought comes to some of us who have lost both parents, because there hangs upon the memory walls the picture of a grand and noble old father—the companion of MOTHER as long as life lasted.

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SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU

There is a lot of blustering amongst people till they reach the firing line, but it takes nothing short of courage to meet the real issues of life let it be in time of peace or war. The following story is taken from The Lutheran and there is so much of the human in it that we feel it will make good reading:

> "It describes the conduct of the canine pets of two neighbors whose back yards were divided by a picket fence. When these dogs would get sight of each other, they would bark menacingly and race wildly back and forth along the fence, as dogs loyal to their masters are wont to do. One day a storm blew some of the pickets down and left an opening. There they paused and looked at each other. It seems that neither was what the other thought him to be."

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THE SPIRIT THAT HELPS

Two old men, one 107 years old, the other, his son, aged 84, attended the Soldiers' Reunion in Arkansas the other day. When they got off the train at their destination each appeared anxious to assist the other, both claiming to be the more able to help. That's the game spirit that makes possible, or certainly helps to make possible, such a ripe old age as those two old men are enjoying. It's fine to see a real game old man, one not always grunting and complaining about his troubles, but one still defying the ravages of Father Time, and showing the game spirit to keep a going.—*Stanly News-Herald.*

The above story of father and son brings to mind an incident that a

wag used to take great pleasure in telling. There lived in a certain eastern Virginia town two old colored women, and a stranger could not tell which was mother and daughter, because one was as old looking and as feeble as the other. One day this wag relates that he was passing the house in which Aunt Maria (the mother) and Aunt Jurushia (the daughter) lived. He said, he heard a terrible confusion caused by an argument. He stopped to see if he could find out the nature of the trouble. He heard, so he said, Aunt Maria say: "Now, Jurushia, I want you to understand I am your mother." Old Jurushia replied: "Maria, you are telling a lie, I am your mamma." This wag declared this argument really took place between the two old colored people, and that the discussion kept up at a lively rate for quite awhile, therefore, growing weary he left before the question was decided

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SIMPLE FAITH

We knew an old grand-mother of the tenant class, and heaven knows the heavy lines in her face, her bent body and rough hands told the story of her past life; but through it all her bright eyes and kindly smile radiated hope.

She was sitting near the cradle watching an infant grandson who was sick, and as she looked down into the innocent face of the baby, she said, "he will make a man some day." We were impressed with the faith in the unseen power of this poverty stricken woman as she sat contentedly in this gloomy, unkempt home. That faith was sweet and secure that bore this old and decrepit soul on through life—but the baby died. Life without hope would be likened unto the days without sunshine. Hope emits a brighter ray as darkness, or despair overcomes us.

When faith and hope fail, sometimes they do, we should try charity which is love in action, a service to keep mind and hands busy. Don't speculate, but get busy and do your duty even if done blindly like the old grandmother who rendered a service in caring for the baby while mother and father toiled in the field—and life was made smoother and sweeter because she believed "some day he would make a man."

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THE COLLEGE JESTERS

The Wesleyan College girls gave a startle when writing up in the college annual "Jester-Edition" about the Chinese girl making a non-stop flight

from Macon to Shanghai. They pulled off a fine April fool. We were constrained to believe the story ourselves because the whole story was so cleverly told. To show how seriously the joke was received by others, we give the following from the Christian Advocate:

> In many respect this is more remarkable than the first (Lindbergh's flight) because the distance is longer, the dangers greater and the pilot a Chinese girl.
>
> We rejoice that the heroine is a product of Methodist missions and a student of Wesleyan college. We are thrilled that the name "Wesleyan" bore this lady from China over the raging seas from these shores back to her native land and that it has been and ever will be the spirit of Wesleyans to lift women above the low levels and raging storms to the highest reaches of heart and mind.
>
> We are glad a Chinese girl won this honor. Had some society woman sponsored by some rich party done this deed volumes of front pages would have come to her.

This was the sport of young girls, and even if you did bite, there is nothing to do but laugh with a crowd of jolly, care free college girls.

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> "Commending Governor McLean's commission to study adult illiteracy, the Salisbury Post urges larger appropriations in that direction. The Hickory Record thinks it would be better to increase school terms for children. Why not both? Education for all is the goal."

The Uplift advocates doing thoroughly the educational program of our school system, because the girl and boy today are our future citizens.

We believe illiteracy will be blotted out in North Carolina only by giving, and seeing that the children are getting the benefits of the opportunities given. If you did but realize it the child can impart much information, and teach the subjects of text books to the older members of the home. The boys and girls should be our first and constant thought.

TEN VARIETIES OF WIVES—WHICH ARE YOU?

By C. W. Hunt, in Mecklenburg Times

The last number of the American carried two articles: "What I Cannot Understand About Women and What I Cannot Understand About Men." After telling all the faults and no virtues of both sex the editor offers a prize, three of them, to those who can further slander the wives and husbands and sweethearts by telling other faults or strange freaks of both sex. It was interesting reading, though to old married men and women little of it was new. Reading all the things that the writers could not comprehend and understand why the faults, I was reminded that no two wives are exactly alike. I say wives for the reason no woman knows real life until she is a wife. There are certain things all women (except oddities) are alike in, and no one thing covers it all like does the matter of dress; and dress means good looks. To want to look good is natural; any woman who does not is not a natural woman. God made 'em to be attractive to the male of the race, and all women feel alike about that except the mentally masculine woman who becomes absorbed in a profession or a job and her mind becomes diverted from natural female channels; those things that occupy the great majority of her better sisters, and who are legion in comparison with freaks.

There are more, but for the sake of brevity I am describing just ten kinds of wives, based on observation through sixty years, not that I have lived with any save my own one and truly blessed and loved mate. And what I say here is personal to no one. The best I put first, and begin with a well raised girl with good sense. She was reared in a real home, had real sense, was educated, grew up into a perfect young woman with poise and standing. The trashy young man was not attracted to her, but a real man found her, a man in her class mentally, socially and financially. They married, because both knew that meant real life and in spite of all their perfection they loved and she set out on the matrimonial journey of life with but one aim: to make a real home and be the very best wife she she possibly could make and she knew and understood what was required of such. They succeeded from the beginning, were looked up to as models by their friends. The size of the family came on a pace without fuss or distraction so far as known. The whole was ideal, and appeared to come as a matter of course. It was a balanced Christian home without frills and furbelows and all that came from it showed what was back of it all. Love, mentality, understanding.

The second began as a girl with good ideals, but with not all the poise of the first, but fully awake to her value and position, even more affectionate than the sister above; a loving clinging, innocent that could be called the clinging vine kind of a wife. She expects petting, has to have it, else she may pout gently. She wants many things, must have them to keep her the sweetest, but if she does not get all the clothes and petting she would

like the world is none the wiser. She too, grows a family that show what they come from. The main difference between this one and the first is she is slightly more noisy, but to many men would be considered the better wife. The reader may think she should have been placed first.

The third grew up in the same general class of the girls above, as regards mentality and general character, but more anxious than either of them to become a wife and the mate in a home She never had the least idea of being an old maid or being a business woman. She married early, but not hastily; she took no chances of being in the old maid class even. She is not quite as interesting as number two, but feels she is the equal of her husband in any and every way; she inquires into things that concern them. She is a real wife, means to be good all the time, but loses her temper. She wants to appear as well as other women, and stand as well in the eyes of her friends as any of them. She loves her children, but left to her she would not raise very many.

The fourth is different, really different. She did not take to men as a passion. She is matter of fact. She is not sure she loves men as men, or that she would be content as a mate to any man she has ever seen, but being good looking and reasonably attractive, she is sought and finally decides that it will be best for her to marry a good friend, whom she likes. She is good and clean, her husband is the quiet impassionate man, and the world does not know if they are happy or not. Both have good sense; she makes a nice home and a good housewife, whereas had she tied up with a high-tempered, high-stepper man she would not have fared so well, for he would have wanted more action. She used her senses; she likes nice things but does not worship them nor is she envious. She cares little for children and none ever came.

The fifth was a wit and a humorist as a girl, attractive, never lacked for company, had more suitors than she knew what to do with; fact is she ran well into the old maid class on account of her popularity, but finally settled and made a poor choice, compared with the many who sought her hand in time. She lived single, too long, as well, and has ideas of her own about many things. She feels that if she could direct the household it would be better, and perhaps it would but the man she calls husband is still the head. She spends much time lamenting "what might have been" and on the whole life is not very bright to her. But she keeps her own secrets and the world will never know just how she feels. The children came far apart, and were normal and no scandal or gossip of any kind ever was tattled about that home.

The sixth lady was reared in a home where there was more or less friction. She wanted to have her own way, and because she could not she deliberately set about setting up a home for herself, and married the first opportunity more to get from under parental control than for the need or the love of the man she hastily tied to; and early in the game she realized she had made a leap into the dark and hit a snag as well. But pride gives her courage to stand up and face it. Babies come every fifteen months and at the age of 25 she finds herself with a family of five children and a slave. She raises her part of the friction and envies her more fortunate sisters, but she sticks to the job,

and lives by sheer hard work. Fortunately her husband while not an expert and his wages are small, is really a worker with even temper, and they get by without the world really knowing how they do as well as they do. A case of making the very best of a bad situation and worthy of sympathy and consideration.

The seventh was a little fool to begin with. Short of natural sense. She waked up to find she had a very small idea of what was required to make a man a wife. She had played at night and slept in the daytime and had married a young fellow with only a job and no real business trade. His job depended on his getting to work at seven A. M. That time of day did not suit her to be in the kitchen. She dodged motherhood, was a flapper and a gad-about, spending all he made and not taking any care of him. They fuss. One day he disappears without leaving his address. Shs is back with daddy and their names are to appear in the divorce court in due time.

The eighth was born masculine in nature. She likes the out-of-doors, especially work. Left alone she would never have sought marriage, but would have gone naturally to old-maidhood, but she was thrown, in her work, in company with a modest, weak small fellow, and association bred like, and before either were aware of what was taking place there had formed an attachment, and found they liked and sought each other's company. She was stronger physically and mentally than he was, yet they made a well mated couple from that standpoint; she being the real head of the home. They were on a farm and she ran it, he worked and did not know any better than he was doing; he was doing well. The family increased and good children came out of the home, who never knew anything of how these good people came to be their parents.

The ninth came of a poor home, with the very minimum of what goes to make a wife worthwhile. She had no training in wifehood, home-making or else that helps one. She looked pretty good and some ignoramus picked her up on the spur. Being a wife was irritating to her, especially since she had as poor a husband as he had a wife. She became a slattern, a slouch; lived in dirt and mire. Children came and thrived in spite of the dirt and grime. She lived on and quarreled with herself and everything else. She knew little else than her surroundings, and had she any desire for better things she had a poor show at getting them. The last time I saw her she was still the same and will be when she passes out, unless picked up by a Providence that I am not acquainted with.

The tenth? Ah! she happens to be mine own. She has many, has most of the qualities of all the best of the above and then some. She has stuck to a very ordinary husband through thick and thin, sickness and health. Is still very much alive and as full of hope as the day we wed. To know her is to love her. It would possibly be a blessing to both, could we pass out at the same time. But we are not wanting to pass yet. There is hope we may still add to the happiness of those our lives touch.

Silence is a true friend who never betrays.—Confucius.

HARD WORK NECESSARY TO LONGEVITY

(Asheville Citizen)

Hard work, frugal living, sobriety, and a clear conscience were the recipes offered recently by Col. Virgil Stewart Lusk, on his 93rd birthday for longevity.

Long life, he believes, has no magical formula. It consists more in common sense than in panaceas and maxims.

In proof of his belief in hard work, the beloved nonagenarian started off his birthday with a turn in his garden. He rose at 5 o'clock and broke clods for three hours.

Then he went to his office, after the manner of his living for many years, and put in a hard day preparing cases for trial in Buncombe Superior court.

Col. Lusk is a firm believer in the value of sunshine. He thinks that it has much to do with keeping a man hale and full of vigor.

He had, to begin life, a sturdy constitution, and he has always taken good care of it. He has always been temperate he says, in all things. In the days when North Carolina was fighting to unsaddle the saloon, Col. Lusk fought vigorously for the cause of temperance, and in his personal life, he says, he has always practiced it.

While looking over the flood of messages which poured into his office yesterday morning, the Colonel recalled that he spent two of his 93 birthdays in a Yankee prison at the end of the war. In the War between the States Col. Lusk fought on the side of the Confederacy.

"Life wasn't so easy when I came home from the War," he related. "I had nothing. Not even a pair of shoes."

"In fact," the Colonel related, "I didn't have a thing but a wife."

Here is a picture the Colonel painted of conditions as they faced him:

"I got a hoe somewhere and bartered for a plow. I traded for a broken down horse that the Yankees had left and with one nigger I started to work. I didn't have any shoes and by the time I'd done a little plowing I had stone bruises on my feet the size of hen eggs. I walked 10 miles to buy a bushel of corn on credit for $6.00. I carried the corn home on my shoulder. We had corn bread that night. My brother gave us some meat so we had poke salad. I made a crop that year, and a good one."

Col. Lusk's law career began the year after the war at Marshall. He walked from Asheville to Marshall to try his first case. In 1868 Col. Lusk was elected solicitor of the 12th judicial district, which included several counties beside Buncombe. In 1870 he was named United States Assistant District attorney and went to Raleigh to set up his office. He was named district attorney for the Western Division in 1872 and served three terms. He was elected Mayor of Asheville in 1881.

Recently the Colonel was the dinner guest of Wayne Beachboard, his law partner.

AN APPRECIATION OF McLEAN

(Charity and Children)

Probably not many North Carolinians are fully aware of the record made by their present Governor. We hold no brief for Mr. McLean. We are by no means ready to endorse everything he has done, nor are we proposing him for the Presidency. But not long since the Governor's name was mentioned to a banker. from one of the great northern cities and this cold-blooded, unenthusiastic, Yankee business man suddenly grew almost lyrical in his praises of North Carolina's chief executive. The point is that the McLean record is one that appeals powerfully to a banker. This one explained his enthusiasm by saying that not only are North Carolina's financial affairs now on a sound basis, but that they are for once intelligible. He asserted that it is all but miraculous to find a state whose books are in such shape that an accountant can readily understand them. The bookkeeping of politicians is, as a general rule, the despair of bankers. Separate departments, taken singly, may be easy enough to follow, but Governor McLean, according to this man, has made it relatively easy to determine the financial condition of the state as a whole, and to the banker that stamped McLean as a veritable wizard among governors. At first it may not seem to matter much to the man in the street whether the great bankers of the North admire the Governor of North Carolina or not. But as long as the state is borrowing money, it is highly important, because a Governor who can command the confidence of the banking world can get money for his state at a lower rate of interest than would be possible otherwise, and a lower rate of interest on the state debt means less taxes for the man in the street to pay. McLean's fiscal policy may not win him many votes, but it has kept money in the pockets of the voters whether they realize it or not.

STAY ON THE LAND

When any people persistently leave the land for any reason, they place their feet on the path that will eventually lead to their undoing. Any nation is as strong socially and economically as its land-owning population is numerous. Pyramided wealth, that we consider an evidence of social stability, is, in reality, an evidence of approaching instability.

From a long distance comes the voice of one who has spoken to us: "Shall we not then divide the land?" Yes, yes! Divide the land! To which, as I close these ruminations, I would add: and populate it!

—Col. J. C. Breckinridge.

FOUND—A MOTHER

By Alma Hantel Arnold

Sunday school was almost over. Miss Wayne and her class of girls, ranging from ten to twelve years of age, were closing their books and she was saying:

"And now, girls, what is next Sunday?"

"Mother's Day," they answered in chorus.

"Yes, that is right, and every one of you must try to make your mother promise to come to church. There is going to be a lovely service and we do not want anything but sickness to keep anyone away. Right after we close now we will practice our song. Helen Mae, you did the solo part very well last time. One thing yet, do not forget to wear a flower. If your mother is living, wear a red flower and if the Lord has called her home wear a white one."

One little hand went up.

"What is it, Helen Mae?" asked the teacher kindly.

"I do not know what color of flower to wear," she answered. "You see, I am only adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Meiner, so she is not my real mother."

"Is your own mother dead, dear?" softly questioned Miss Wayne, going to Helen and placing her hand on the little girl's shoulder.

"I don't know, for I was raised in an orphanage, and lived there as long back as I can remember," replied Helen Mae.

"Well, I tell you what we will do," smiled the teacher through misty eyes, "you wear a pink flower and that will be half for the unknown and half for the mother you have now, that will be just fine."

Sunday school was dismissed and Miss Wayne was speaking to the superintendent about Helen Mae.

"I have visited the family twice," she said, "but no one was at home, so I know nothing about them. Helen is a very bright and sweet little girl and I am anxious to find out more about her."

"Maybe Pastor Simmons could give you more information," said the superintendent.

"I will not bother him, but will make another effort myself this week," and smiling, Margaret Wayne ran upstairs to the church service.

* * *

The first chance Margaret had she called on the Meiner family. Luck favored her this time, for the door was opened at once.

"I am Margaret Wayne, the Sunday school teacher of Helen Mae," she said smiling into the kind eyes of Mrs. Meiner.

"Very glad to know you I am sure, Miss Wayne, come in. You need no introduction for Helen Mae has something new to tell me nearly every Sunday about you," and she ushered the young woman into a refined and richly furnished room.

She seemed to be a very pleasant woman, and Margaret felt some surprise that she had never seen her in church. She spoke about it and Mrs. Meiner answered:

"We have lived in this city for some time, but just lately moved to this neighborhood. We are Presbyterians, and as we are not near our

own church, I thought best to send Helen Mae to your Sunday school, so she could go every Sunday, and I could trust her alone."

"I am very glad your little girl comes to us, and likes it there. She has a lovely voice for one so young, and what large pathetic brown eyes she has," said Miss Wayne.

"Yes, she is a very dear little girl and, although we have had her only two years, we love as though she were our own daughter," answered Mrs. Meiner.

Miss Wayne told her about wearing the flowers the next Sunday and what Helen Mae had said.

"Would it be asking too much for you to tell me what you can about Helen?" asked Margaret.

"No, I will do so gladly," said Mrs. Meiner as the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Years ago a little girl was born to us and we loved her so. Maybe we loved her too much, for after a few short years the Lord took her back to Him and never sent us another. Two years ago I suggested to my husband that we adopt a child, our life was so empty. So we went to the orphanage at L—— and inquired and looked at the dear little things. For some reason, as soon as I saw Helen Mae (she was eight then) her great eyes seemed to beg me to take her and I felt drawn toward her. She seemed to awaken something within me that had lain dormant since the death of our own little girl."

She paused a short while, and then continued:

"The Home gave us her record after our inquiry about her. They knew almost nothing about her, not even her name."

"Poor little thing," said Miss Wayne, "we who have mothers and fathers do not appreciate them half enough. But go on, Mrs. Meiner, with your story. Excuse me for interrupting."

"You remember, do you not, of reading about the dreadful flood that swept through the Mississippi Valley about ten years ago?" asked the narrator.

"Yes, indeed, I read it," answered Margaret, "and the horror of some of the things I read stayed with me for a long time."

"Well, it seems that Helen and her parents lived in that valley. One day during the flood a woman, whose home had not been washed away, saw a raft caught along the bank with what looked like a bundle on it. She ran down and saw it was a basket tied on to the raft. With the help of some of men they got it untied and found in it a sweet little baby girl sleeping peacefully. Nothing else was on the raft.

"It was supposed that the parents had started out with the baby and were either washed off or tried to save someone else, or the raft got away from them—at any rate, the baby was found alone and unharmed.

The woman took the little thing to her home. It seemed to be very hungry. They thought it to be eight or nine months old. She loved it and would have kept it, but they had six of their own and lost much through the water so thought best to give it up. They kept it for a few months, hoping someone might come to claim it, but no one came. So, it is supposed that the parents

perished in the flood.

"After some months this kind woman took the little one to the orphanage at L—— and that became its home until we adopted her."

Mrs. Meiner paused and Margaret said eagerly, "That surely is a sad story. But was there no mark nor anything on the clothing?"

"Nothing whatever, only she had a tiny gold ring on one little finger with the initial 'H' on it. So the Home decided to call her Helen, and as they already had one child by that name, added Mae to it. The Home advertised for a long time, but nothing more was ever heard. So no doubt she is a real orphan."

Margaret Wayne rising to go said, "Thanks so much dear Mrs. Meiner, for telling me all this and I think the sad story draws us all closer together. You will try to come out Sunday, will you not?"

"Yes, we will come," smiled Mrs. Meiner.

* * *

A few days later Margaret was looking over her list of families to visit, given her by the pastor, and found she still had two left. She was a working girl and did not have much spare time, but she tried to do all she could for the church.

After her evening meal she started out to visit the Gault and Haulet families. Both were strange to her, but that was to be expected in a large city.

She found Mr. and Mrs. Gault very pleasant people. They were Lutherans who had been living here but a short time. No, they had no children for Sunday school, he had answered. Yes, they would come to services next Sunday if possible.

After a short visit with the Haulets she went home tired but glad she had done her duty. During the rest of the evening Mrs. Gault's face arose before her and she wondered at its strong Christian expression and felt that she would be a wonderful worker in the church.

* * *

Mother's Day dawned beautiful and clear. Autos were sent for all who were feeble or had no one to take them. An effort was made to give every mother a chance to get to the church services. Mr. Simmons paid a touching tribute to the mothers of the world and the choir seemed inspired.

Just before the close Miss Wayne's class sang its very beautiful song, and as Helen Mae's sweet, tender young voice sang her part about a mother's love not many eyes were dry.

From the beginning of the song Mrs. Gault listened with rapt attention, but as she studied the little singer's face she was unconsciously drawn toward those large, dark, appealing eyes. She did not realize that she was leaning forward in her pew; she did not know that her face was pale as death and that her own dark eyes were opened wide as though some dreadful past picture was held before her.

The service was over, but she saw no one; she hastened to the minister and with strained face and dry lips asked him that little singer's name and address. He gave it to her wondering at her peculiar manner. She hastened to their auto where Mr. Gault was waiting.

Without a word of explanation she stammered, "John, drive to 419

Valley street at once.''

He gave her a searching glance and understood immediately. His eyes filled with tears, for he remembered many similar trips made like this one, only to end in despair.

He drove around as long as he dared, and then at her sought. All was silent. No door opened at their ring.

''Guess they have not arrived yet from church, dear,'' he said softly and oh, so kindly. ''You know we hurried away. Let us drive around a bit and then come back,'' and he led her gently out to their car.

He drove around as long as he dared and then at her pitiful voice voice to try again he drove back.

As they neared the house they heard the laughing voice of a little girl as she was playing with her dog.

Mr. and Mrs. Meiner were still standing on their porch, having just arrived. But Mrs. Gault did not see them as she jumped lightly from the car and ran up to the little girl.

With trembling voice she asked barely above a whisper: ''What is your name, dear?''

''Helen Mae Meiner,'' came the reply sweetly, and looking up into the dark, sad eyes so like her own, felt a wave of unexplainable happiness flow over her.

As though afraid of what she was about to do, Mrs. Gault hesitated. Then her lips moved as if in prayer, and, pushing up the left sleeve of the little girl's dress, stared at the exposed shoulder. There on the tender, white skin was a birthmark, the perfect picture of a rose.

With a low cry of unspeakable joy she crushed the child to her heart and stammered, ''Hope, my little baby, given back to us from the grave. Hope, darling, I am your mother.''

COMPENSATION

The universe pays every man in his own coin, if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, criticise and hate and you will be censured, criticised and hated by your fellow men. Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust, and confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness, love begets love. Resist and you will be resisted.—N. W. Zimmerman.

EDDIE GOFF'S EXPEDIENT.

By Fenimore Martin

A group of old-time engineers were gathered at a convention not long ago, conspicuous among whom was a grizzled oldish man who had a curious red scar bending around from his forehead across his right temple and upon his right cheek, as if it had been marked there with a compass. The redness of its color indicated that the mark had been inflicted not very long before.

The man who wore the scar had taken no part in the conversation in which the group was engaged. Presently one of the number, a Westerner, said to him:

"Come, Brother Rawlings, you ought to have a story to tell. How did you get that scar?"

The oldish-looking man colored a bit and looked uneasy.

"You fellows can tell stories," he said, "and I can't. But I will say this—I was never thankful for a hard blow in the face but once, and that was when I got this scar."

Then he subsided into silence, apparently supposing that there was nothing more to say. Of course the engineers about him raised a loud demand for the rest of the story, which seemed to surprise the other. Under this pressure he went on, a little awkwardly.

"I haven't had this scar for more than a year," he said. "I was running the three-thirty passenger out of Boston on the Cape Cod Division, as I am now when I'm at home. We had passed Wareham one blustering, blowing, rainy November afternoon; it was half-past five by then, as the sky was thick with clouds, it was just as dark as pitch.

"Between Wareham and Buzzard's Bay there's a stretch of woodsy, scrubby country where the track is pretty crooked, crossing and dodging the salt-water inlets. You can't see far ahead of you at any time.

"But if I'm going to tell you this story anywhere near right, I've got to get out of my cab and onto the Cape Cod Flyer; and that's a great privilege, I can tell you, for they say it takes a patent of nobility to make you eligible to ride on that fast express. It's a swell affair, that runs down on the east shore of Buzzard's Bay.

"By the hour I mentioned the flyer should have been at Wood's Hole, her run made; but she had stopped at Middleboro on account of a hot box, and was way behind time. She had gone on, and was flying along through the woods between Wareham and Onset, not more than fifteen minutes ahead of our time, when that same box began to smoke again, hotter than fire.

"There was nothing for them to do but haul up and cool her off. But they knew that we were coming right behind. The flyer had just made a curve where the track follows the bend of the bay, and it was a bad place. I shouldn't have seen the flyers rear lights around that curve until we were right on her. Of course they sent a man back with a lantern to signal us. The man they took for the duty was a young brakeman, not over nineteen, by the

name of Eddie Goff. He hadn't been working for the road more than two years, but he came of a very good family of folks in the south of the State, and was a mighty bright gentlemanly sort of a youngster—just the kind the swells, who travel down to the bay, like to have on the flyer.

"He'd been put forward a good deal for a fellow of nineteen, and it was somewhat the result of favor, I guess, that he was on that train; but they all had a great deal of confidence in him. I'll leave it to you to say whether the confidence was justified.

"Well Eddie set out in the dark and rain and wind with his red lantern back along the track. He had to go quite a piece, for there's a second curve along back a little ways on that crooked line there, and after that a long, clear stretch, and he wanted to get around the second curve and warn us.

"He was making pretty well along toward the second curve, running his head against the storm, and was just where he was out of sight of of both trains—the flyer standing still and we coming—with woods along the inner side of the curve, so that nothing whatever could be seen of him or his lantern at that point from either train. Then suddenly he heard my train rolling up in the distance.

"He started to run, Eddie did, to get around the second turn in season to signal me there. It seems that he knew he had plenty of time to make the bend, as he owned up afterward, but he wanted to be mighty sure.

"Just as he started up, what do you suppose happened? A stronger gust of wind than any of the rest came along, whistling through the scrub, and that and the motion of Eddie's start to run blew out his lantern. Then my train coming along roared louder yet, for the wind was coming to him from my way.

"Eddie wasn't at all scared. He knew he had time to strike a light. He put his fingers in his upper vest pocket after matches. No matches there. That made him feel kind of queer. Then he put his fingers in his other upper vest pocket. None there.

"Then he felt in the lower vest pocket; in the inside ones—in every blessed pocket he had. There wasn't a match on him.

"He heard my train roaring nearing nearer and nearer. It was coming around the second bend. Then, he owned up, Eddie was a good deal scared.

"He jumped right down the middle of the track in the dark toward my train, not knowing what he was going to do, but feeling somehow or other that he was going to stop the train before it went on and crashed into the express. As he ran, my headlight loomed out on him through the mist, coming up around the bend.

"He yelled like a madman, but his voice might as well have been the squeak of a mouse. Not a sound could be heard through the racket that the storm and locomotive made together, as you all would know very well.

"As for me, I never heard or saw a thing in the track before me, though Eddie stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving

the lantern with no light in it, and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick pudding of rain and mist.

"Eddie told me that he stopped all at once, when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet from him. Probably it was more than that. It occured to him that he hadn't any time to be scared. He must take time to think. He thought; and the lives of two hundred people depended on his thinking to good advantage.

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. But he reflected that the chances were ten to one that no body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smash-up.

"Anyhow, he resolved not to throw himself down, but to do the thing he did do. He stepped off the track —and by this time I saw him dimly by the light from the headlight—and measuring his distance coolly, he threw his lantern with all his might straight through the side window of the cab!

"As luck would have it, the lantern got free of broken glass before it struck me, and the bottom of it hit me fair and square in the side of the head, here, just where you see the mark. For an instant it stunned me, but by the time I got back my senses I found that I had reversed the engine and put on the air-brake, and the train was coming to a stop.

"It was just second nature to any engineer—and Eddie Goff knew well it would be—to know that any human being wouldn't do a thing like that unless there was some good cause for the enginee to stop. My fireman would have stopped the train if I hadn't, when he saw the lantern come in; but he says that he hadn't more than heard the crash of the lantern through the window before he saw me jump for the throttle and the air-brake.

"After the train had come to a stop, and I without knowing what had really happened, was wiping the blood off my face and thinking that somebody had tried to kill me and wreck the train, that boy came running up alongside the cab, panting, clean out of breath, and climbed up all wet into the cab!

" 'Heavens!' he managed to get out, pretty soon, 'did I hit you?'

" 'Somebody hit me,' says I; 'I don't know who it was or what it was.'

" 'I threw my lantern at you,' says he, as cool as a cucumber now.

" 'You did!' says I; 'well, what did you do that for?'

" 'To keep you from running into the flyer,' says he.

" 'By this time he was up in the cab, and he and the fireman were sopping my face with water. And then my head was swimming around again and I didn't know any too well what was going on.

" 'But, by the time that the conductor and train-hands and about two-thirds of the passengers had come swarming around. I was able to order 'em back, and we pulled up and overhauled the express, slowly.

"Eddie was full of apologies to me. 'I hoped I shouldn't hit you,'

said he, 'but I was bound to stop you anyway.'

"'That's so,' says I; 'don't talk about it any more. I might have passed you and never seen you, or if I had noticed you waving your arm by the side of the track I should have taken you for some fool of a tramp, and like as not paid no attention to you, and gone at full speed around the next bend. But,' says I, 'you'd better go on to your own train now.'

"'I wish some of you fellows would lend me a lantern,' says he.

"I looked at his lantern, and saw that the glass had smashed when it went to the cab floor after hitting me.

"'What's the matter?' says I. 'Haven't you got any more lanterns on your train?'

"'I'd rather go back with one,' says he.

"That made me laugh. He wasn't going to let on but what he'd stopped my train in the regular way. And I don't believe he did. There was no occasion to report it to anybody. That boy wasn't after any hero's honors, or any of that business.

"But of course it came out, because though I didn't ask for any leave, I had to go around for quite a spell with my face all plastered up.

"The doctor fixed me up all right. Eddie offered to pay the bill, but bless you, I'd never let him do that, even if the doctor had charged me a cent, which he didn't.

"How is Eddie getting on? Oh, first-rate, I guess. If they ever thought of reprimanding him for not making sure that he had matches with him when started out to signal that train, I guess they reflected that he'd shown qualities that redeemed that fault, and that the chances were that he'd make a first-rate railroad man. He's still braking on the flyer. But it won't take many years to make him a conductor—you can depend upon that!"

THE BIRDS OF CHARLOTTE

By Rev. William B. McIlwaine, Jr., in Charlotte News

When we began this series of articles with the first of April the sparrows were passing through in great numbers. Of course, all the migrant sparrows are gone now except the white throats. And with all our song birds back for the Summer. I believe the sweetest music I heard the past week was a chorus of white-throats in the back yard of Mrs. C. B. King on Dilworth Road. And they were feeding right up to the door step. When we began this series the robins were migrating in vast flocks. Now all the migrants have settled down in their northern homes, and those left to us are busy with housekeeping. One pair has a nest on the porch of my neighbor, E. V. Irvin and before this article goes to print that nest will be empty as four little speckled baby robins have gone out to make their fortunes. With the first of April the thrushes were but beginning to arrive. They seemed delayed about housekeeping by the very late Spring. But I could lead you now to several thrasher

nests with their four cinnamon peppered eggs, and Wednesday I found a nest with little ones.

Thrushes Building

The thrushes and the catbird arrived two weeks ago. And the thrushes are building fast. Thursday down in Latta Park I saw one wrestling with a large piece of paper. Somehow a robin conjured up the temerity to attack. But when the thrush put down his paper the robin's courage failed. The catbirds have spent a blessed season of "spooning" and are now settling down to home making.

Of course all the resident birds have been nesting a long time. Even my buzzard in a few days will be presenting the city with two fuzzy snow-white babies.

But while all this is true, yet the migration is not yet over. This is the season of the warblers. Each day will have its new arrivals. Many we have named already in this column. Those that I have seen the past week for the first time this season, are the black-polled warbler, and the black-throated green warbler, and I think, the worm-eating warbler, and the chat. I heard a little inconspicuous sound, and I stopped under a low larbor viate tree in the park to listen. Just then I saw them and they saw me, and one of the three little black-throated green warblers came over to investigate. He was not a bit timid or bashful, but came within three feet to look me over up and down. And he was a little beauty. And what would the sunny tangles be without the yellow-breasted chat? Almost everything about him is funny, whether it be his aerial antics, including somersaults and floppings with head and feet and tail hanging down, or his song which, given by night or by day, has a marked resemblance to what in a growing boy would be called "a bad case of goslin's." You surely do miss him when he leaves about September 1. He is the largest of the warblers. Where you find the chat you can safely bet you will see a pair of Maryland yellow throats.

A number of the most brilliantly plumaged warblers are yet to come. I might name the exquisite little fellow in black and orange and white, the red start, with his wife exchanging the black and the orange for gray and yellow. Or there is the Blackburnian warbler, by many said to be the most beautiful of all the warblers. This bird I have identified but once, seeing him that time in the yard of Mr. P. S. Gilchrist on Park Avenue. But I do not know where the warblers are this year. I have often stood in Latta Park and seen them thick in the trees. This year I have seen quite a number of species, but not once have I seen what could be called a flock. My friends, Mr. Jennes, of Mount Holly, reports the same thing. The flocks of purple finches never did appear. But my! the goldfinches! This morning I stood listening and admiring as one of these little fellows gave me a splendid serenade diversified and rich.

Kingbird

I have not seen an oriole, either Baltimore or orchard, with the possible exception of two immature male orchard orioles. And I have not yet seen a scarlet tangar. Both orioles and tangars Mr. Jenness reports from Mount Holly. The kingbird is back, and the great crested

flycatchers. This latter is the bird that for some mysterious reason weaves into its nest a piece of snake's skin. I remember telling this strange trait to a very bright and attractive young lady with whom I was associated in a Summer conference at Davidson College. She was very much interested, though a bit incredulous. But of course she tried to hide her doubts. The next day I told her I had located a nest of this bird in a hollow whence I could get to it. After reaching it I rather avoided my skeptical young lady. But she was after a report, and she cornered me. "Oh Mr. McIlwaine, did that nest have its snake's skin?" And I answered, "No, ma'am." And she smiled. But the books say they do have them almost invariably.

The great-crested flycatcher is noisy enough. But with no exceptions the noisiest thing in feathers is the blue jay, and this is his noisy season. He seems to have gotten off his first brood, and to be leading the young folk around to show them all points of danger. They come and gather around some poor luckless person, and start their concert of "Thief! Thief! Thief!"

And the prettiest thing I saw this past week was a rose-breasted grosbeak. Of course this is not the first time we have seen him. But this particular gentleman had some sudden and rather violent disagreement with his wife. I saw it. He went one way and she the other. And to show her he did not care he flew off into the sunshine, his red breast flaming against his snowy sides, and singing the softest, sweetest song in flutelike covered tones that slurred one into the other. If he cared he surely put a better front than I could have done. But you see, they will be far away up North before they must get together in matters of the household. And when there are no home responsibilities to tie them togeher the marital bonds lie lightly, whether it be on rose-breasted grobeaks, or on cowbirds, or on folk.

A word of suggestion. If you really wish to see the birds make your visit to their haunts just as far as possible from mid-day. In the later afternoon there are many birds to be seen; in the early morning there are more. The best time is the time I go, between 6 and 8 A. M.

LAUREL MAGIC

By Willametta Preston

"Oh, dear." Olive Burton looked about her as she closed the outer door. As usual, the living and dining rooms were deserted. They were dreary beyond power of description. "And the place might be so pretty and homey, with a glowing fire in that blackened fireplace, with flowers and music and laughter—and there are twenty of us girls—and—and it's just a dreary old boarding house!"

It seemed a harsher contrast to beauty-loving Olive for it was her birthday and just a year ago she had been in a lovely home with uncle and aunt to love, to shower her with gifts. Then an accident had taken

uncle and aunt from her. Creditors had taken the home. There was nothing left for Olive, untrained as she was, but a place in the knitting mill and a room in this cheerless boarding house. She would go to her room and have a good cry.

Blocking the entrance to her room was a large express box, addressed in the clear round hand of her chum, of the dear old days. Daisy had remembered her birthday. Daisy had sent her a box of laurel. Quickly she pried off the cover.

Yes, there it was, a quantity of mountain laurel with glossy green leaves, with fluted fairy-like blossoms of pink. She lifted out the branches one after another. She recalled the story of the laurel that Daisy had told her, a bit of folklore it was, that the laurel had a magic power all its own. Put a bit at your belt, keep it in sight all the time and it would bring the wish of your heart. Because of Daisy, she tucked a sprig in her belt, securing it with a small safety pin.

"Laurel, laurel," she whispered into the little spray, "bring me a home, a real home, with a dear housemother and other girls to have good times with—why—this is a home—with a mother, with other girls—I wonder—if it could be changed from a boarding house into a home—"

There was a crash as of a falling body—a groan as if someone were hurt. Olive ran to the back stairway. There was Mrs. Westner, crumpled in a heap on the floor below.

"I missed a step, I guess I've broken my ankle."

Olive helped her to her room which was upon that, the second floor. The ankle was swelling rapidly. Olive telephoned for the doctor, then made Mrs. Westner as comfortable as possible.

"What can we do about supper?" groaned Mrs. Westner. "It's Becky's day out. There's no eating place near here for you girls to go. Oh, Miss Olive, I'm clean discouraged. I thought I could keep boarders if I couldn't do anything else. I'm trying to pay Jimpsy's way through college. He's lame and can't work his way like other boys, so I took this place, to keep the boarding house for the mill. I wanted to make a real home for you girls—but—I can't get good help. I get so tired I have to do things the easiest, quickest way. Now—I'll have to give it all up and—what'll Jimpsy do?"

"Supper comes first. Tell me what to get. I'll have the girls help me. They'll be glad to, I know."

"Why the potatoes to fry, they're boiled ready to slice. I made cupcakes today. You can open a can of fruit, whatever you like. Do what you please. Oh, dear—" There were tears in eyes and voice.

Olive ran up to her room for an armful of the laurel and reached the lower hall just in time to admit the doctor. She dropped the laurel on the nearest chair as she looked at the clock. It was just half-past five. The girls would come for supper at six.

"There'll be no fried potatoes tonight," she told herself, as she found plenty of milk, "I'll cream them, for a change." She minced some cold meat to serve with them. If only she could find a clean tablecloth—why, of course it would be in one of the drawers. She would send the soiled one out with her own laundry. What a difference a clean cloth made!

She filled a vase with the fairy-like flowers for the table.

Then the doctor called her. Yes, the ankle was broken. It would be six weeks before she could use it again. He gave a few directions for its care. As Olive let him out, some of the girls came up the walk. They had been to the company drug store for sweets to help while away a dreary evening.

"Come and help me, Laura, Doris, Edna, all of you," she called "Mrs. Westner has broken her ankle and Becky is out. I'm getting supper."

Down went letters and parcels on chairs or floor. Into the dining room came the girls, eager to help. They almost held their breath as they saw the laurel, it was so lovely.

"May I use it all and trim the front room?" asked Laura eagerly. She found a slender vase for a single spray. "For Mrs. Westner." She filled great bowls of it for the mantel and table in the long dreary living room. Then she ran out to the corner and pulled tall ferns to bank the fireplace. She drew the chairs from their prim order. Just this gave the room a more cheery aspect.

Meantime, in the kitchen supper was taking unwonted daintiness. Edna cut the bread in thin, even slices and set the table the best she could. Doris found the fruit and opened a large can of luscious peaches. Then she had time to polish and fill the glasses. Except for creamed instead of fried potatoes, it was their usual supper—all the difference was the laurel "magic." Yet tonight was almost homey.

"If it could only be like this all the time," sighed Irene Cutter.

"It can be, if we want it enough to try," Olive had taken the head of the long table and was pouring tea. "If we want a real home enough to help make it and keep it so. We'd expect to help—in any real home——each of you used to—well, why not here? It wouldn't take any more time than we've spent grouching."

"But Mrs. Westner—would she be willing?"

"She was heartsick to think she could not give us the home she had planned for us. Girls, we've thought she was careless, stingy, that she did not care for anything except to make money. Well, she just cried when she found she'd broken her ankle. She thought she'd have to give up this boarding house—and—I'll tell what she uses the money for, it's to keep Jimpsy in college. He's lame, so can't work his way as other boys, do and she's working her life out for him."

"Then I won't care if we have fried potatoes every night!" exclaimed Doris impulsively. "I grouched because I detest stingy folks."

"But we can't afford to pay any more than we do!" objected Irene, who was trying to help pay off a mortgage on the home place.

"We could each take a few minutes a day, after Mrs. Westner comes back—keep our rooms in dainty order keep dining room and living room in order except the heavy sweeping. Taking turns, fifteen minutes a day would do wonders. But—for the next six weeks we must shoulder the things Mrs. Westner used to do. We can send out the laundry, that will take a big job off Becky. It's a pity if twenty girls of us can't take turns getting the meals."

"Let's make this into a real home and just love Mrs. Westner into being the house-mother we all want,"

added Laura tremulously. Her own mother had been so short a time absent that Laura missed her sorely.

"The laurel transforms the place tonight. It won't last," Kate was always the fault-finder.

"We can have wild flowers and ferns and house plants and glowing wood fires. Let's try it out." Irene already could see it as she wished it might be. They all had wanted "a real home."

"Supposing part of you go into the living room and make plans while the others clear up and get ready for me to wash dishes while I take up Mrs. Westner's tray," suggested Olive. She found a fresh napkin for the tray. She had kept hot some of the creamed potatoes and the minced meat. There was bread and butter, a cup-cake, a dish of the peaches, a small pot of fresh tea and the spray of laurel.

The "kitchen maids" did not leave the dishes for Olive. It was "fun" after long hours at the machine, to plunge their hands in the hot soapy water, to wash and wipe the dishes and reset the table. As they worked they also were planning ways of transforming the boarding house into a home. They were all in the long living room when Olive came back.

"Work all done?" she smiled. "I didn't mean to stay so long, but there were lots of things to talk over. Mrs. Westner says we may do anything we like, if we'll only stay. All the money she has is what we pay her—she gets her rent and firewood for running the place and what she can make besides. I had her tell what she pays Becky and what she needs to send Jimpsy and what she pays for the table. Really, girls she spends enough for food to feed us well. It isn't stinginess—it's because she don't have time to buy or cook carefully. Now—let's take turns at the meals, five of us each week, that will give us each a turn a month."

"And the rest of us will take turns, five a week doing dishes, another five ordering up halls and rooms, another five doing odds and ends."

"And we have committees for our evenings, too," announced Laura. "You know how we've grouched because we were so far from good times—as if twenty girls couldn't get up good times ourselves. How many of you can sing? Good. We've just found that Madge has an auto harp at the bottom of her trunk. We've elected flower committee, music committee, program committee, something for each evening; you're on that, Olive."

By bedtime plans were well settled for the first week.

"Each of you take a bit of the laurel with you, to wish on." Olive had a small spray for each, so full had the box been packed by loving hands. "The laurel has magic all it's own, to help us gain our wish."

They just stopped at the door, on the way to their rooms, to say goodnight to Mrs. Westner. They had never seen how sweet she really was.

"Dear little house-mother," whispered Irene. She was surprised to see tears come into the tired eyes.

"You blessed girls. Olive told me."

Olive came into the kitchen next morning at one door as Becky entered at the other, an told her of Mrs. Westner's accident, but that the

girls would all help.

"Indeed I'll not have any of ye mussing about in me kitchen."

"You can't do all this work alone, Becky. If you won't let us help, Mrs. Westner will have to give up the house, and think what it will mean to Jimpsy—"

"Jimpsy—who's he?"

So Olive told her of the lame boy in college, for whom Mrs. Westner was working so hard. Becky softened instantly.

"Do whatever ye like an' I'll do me best. Now—for breakfast—shall I bake some pancakes? I can, ye know, but I never has."

So they had pancakes with bacon fried to the right crispness and Olive made some sugar syrup. They took their luncheon for this first day—just a sandwich apiece, there was plenty of the minced meat and they would get some fruit on the way. They would plan at night with Becky what they could do at noon. They were near enough to come home as usual.

Becky surprised them with hot biscuits for the supper-dinner.

"Sure, ye are to come home for. dinner. I kin get dinner—if ye do the housework as ye've planned—ye just tell me what for dessert."

That night Laura brought home some fruit and took it up to Mrs. Westner.

"I would do it for my own mother—if I could. Please let me do it for you, dear house-mother. That's what we're calling you, if we may?"

After supper was a "called meeting" of the three committees to meet in three corners of the long living room, then they came together to announce plans.

The music committee first. They wanted a helf hour practice three evenings a week, then one musical evening each week. They were very modest in their request that each girl "sign up" for glees or solo or quartette parts. The flower committee simply promised to keep the rooms bright all the time, with decorations for special occasions. The program committee announced a series of "evenings."

Monday evenings, music. Tuesday, read and talks. Wednesday, dramatics, starting with charades. Thursday night, half the girls would be "at home" to receive the other half as callers. Friday night would be "party night," one acting as hostess to the group. Five nights a week of the desired good times.

"Now, tonight, we have nothing special planned, so our committee decided to ask Olive to tell us what she means by 'laurel magic'."

Until the night before these girls had been Miss Burton, Miss Cutter, Miss Ellis to each other. So quickly had a common interest brought them together as girls of a family.

"I don't know quite how it came about," smiled Olive. "Its folklore away back somewhere—but if we wish upon a bit of laurel, keep it in sight and remember our wish, it will come to us. Really, I think it's the remembering that's the magic in it. If we want a thing enough to remember daily to think about it, most likely we'll work toward it. Now I wished the moment I put on the bit, last night, for a real home a dear house-mother and some girls to have good times with. I have all three—here was the home, all it needed was the laurel pretties, Mrs. Westner was just waiting for us to want her—and all you girls were

here—just waiting for me to want to know you.''

''I see. My wish was for music—and here we are to have it—we can really study it if we like, help each other with it. Now, let's try our first sing.''

They needed practice to keep together without an instrument. They waited while Madge ran upstairs for her auto harp. That was exactly what they needed.

Of course there were accidents, ''unexpected,'' but these might happen in any home. Becky grew really to like the girls, to plan little ''surprises'' for them. They had won her heart when they insisted upon sending out all the laundry, thus taking a load from her shoulders. If it cost them more, the ''homeiness of a home'' more than made good.

Then came the event of Mrs. Westner coming downstairs for the first. She waited, as she had promised, until they came home at night. They were all at the foot of the stairs to welcome her. They took her first into the living room, bright with firelight and flowers. There were a few new pictures on the walls, contributed by the girls. They whispered their secret—they had cut them—copies of famous paintings, from magazines and had framed them themselves. There were scrim draperies at the windows, from Olive's old home.

The dining table was carefully set. they seated Mrs. Westner at the head, despite her protests.

''We girls take turns, two at a time, as waitresses. It's my turn tonight,'' insisted Irene.

The dinner was of Edna's planning, as fine a ''company dinner'' as she and Becky could evolve from their weekly ''allowance.'' The dessert was berry pie, for which the girls had picked the berries the night before.

The music committee had a concert. Doris had cut a ''Log of the Good Ship Home,'' which they would keep weekly. Upon the first pages each was to write her name and birthday. They would celebrate each birthday, if only with nonsense rhymes.

They were surprised to find that Mrs. Westner's came within the month. They must celebrate that—but how? Then came planning, careful planning. They must have a big dinner—a real birthday dinner. They had promised each other to give no birthday presents, that would soon become burdensome, but they could give a present to the house. It was Olive who was chosen to select it as she had to take a day off from her work for business—her uncle's lawyer had sent for her.

All the girls contributed toward this gift for the home, not in equal prescribed amounts, but each as she could. Olive was to get the best ''set of dishes'' she could for the money. ''Two dozen of everything, a complete double set, so if one breaks we won't have to use odds.''

Besides the dinner and the dishes they had a surprise planned for dear ''Mother Westner'' as they now called her, a surprise that was all for herself—if it only came in time.

Olive was most successful, she told the girls on her return. She had a little gleefulness that the girls did not quite understand. She had, by unexpected good fortune, found a double set of semi-porcelain with a pattern in soft greens with a narrow gold band.

They kept it all as a grand surprise. Mrs. Westner had entirely forgotten the date until the girls met her at the door of the dining room and sang a birthday song that Inez had written.

Olive had made the birthday cake that morning, coming downstairs before even Becky was up. She had decorated it at noon, taking an hour off for the purpose. They still kept their accounts for the house, they did the buying, they planned the meals, thereby, "taking the very hardest part" from Mrs. Westner. They had enough in their house-purse for this birthday dinner. Fried chicken, combination salad, with Irene's home-made "thousand island" dressing. They had floating island custard to serve with their birthday cake.

Upon the table were the new dishes—in their qniet, restful beauty.

"No—they are not a b irthday present to you, especially. We voted not to give presents to each other. This is to the home we have all wanted," explained Laura.

There was a glowing fire in the living room. It was as pretty as a private home, yet it was large enough so it did not seem crowded with the twenty girls. As soon as the dishes were done—for the girls still took turns helping with them, they gathered about the fireplace, talking happily, yet Olive and Irene wondered if their surprise was to fail them.

Then came the honk-honk of a car into the yard.

A young man came in. They had expected Jimpsy—this young man was not on crutches as they had expected, but he walked with a slight limp.

"Jimpsy," Mrs. Westner sprang toward him in joy.

"But—your crutches—" she exclaimed after a long embrace.

"That was why I couldn't come home for the summer vacation, Mother. I was having my leg fixed. Then one of your girls got her cousin to bring me up for your birthday. May he come in? We have to start back at midnight. Can this be your old boarding house? I used to hate it so, but this seems to be so pleasant and homelike."

"It is home," smiled Olive, who had seen her cousin at the door and brought him in. "It is our home, all of us together."

"You can give it up, Mother, as soon as I get to work, only another year of colloge and I'll take care of you."

"Indeed she cannot give it up," chorused the girls. "She belongs to us. She is our dear house-mother."

"You'd have to take a whole bunch of sisters if you try to dislodge her," laughed Irene.

"Oh, well, this isn't the boarding house I so hated," Jimpsy admitted at the end of the long, happy evennig. "I guess I'm willing she should be your house-mother, if you make her happy like this."

He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—Parkman.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

All the boys and officers enjoyed a chicken dinner last Sunday. 130 of our young chickens being slaughtered for this occasion.

A shipment of Sunday uniforms has been received and all those who are in need of one will now be fitted out.

Now that the weather is warmer, the boys go outside after supper and enjoy themselves at various games. We all like this better than sitting around in the cottage as it gives us a chance to stretch our limbs.

Last Friday Dr. D. G. Caldwell, of the Cabarrus Health Department, gave about two hundred and fifty boys the first of the series of vaccinations for prevention of typhoid fever. They will be given one each week, and have only two more.

Mr. Roy Ritchie, an officer of this institution, had the misfortune of being run over by one of the tractors not long ago. As luck would would have it, it happened in soft ground and was not serious. It caught his right leg under one of the wheels. He is now laid up, but we are glad to report that he is improving and we hope to see him out again soon.

Thomas Martin, a member of the fifth cottage, was run over by an automobile while crossing the highway about a month ago. He was not seriously injured, only a leg broken. He stayed in the Concord Hospital several weeks, and is now back with us. He still has to use crutches, but before long he will be running around with the rest of the boys.

The Franklin Mill baseball team made its second visit to the Training School last Saturday afternoon, and this time the local boys defeated them by the score of 4 to 3.

It was one of the fastest games ever played on the local diamond, requiring but one hour and thirty-nine minutes to complete the game.

Lisk pitched a good game, keeping the visitors' hits well scattered and not issuing any free passes to first base. The fielding of the school team was excellent, the boys showing great improvement over last week's performance. Alexander at second, and Johnnie Holmes in left field, made several fine plays.

The visitors scored two runs in the third inning and one in the fourth Mason banging out a double and Green a triple.

After five scoreless innings the school boys scored two runs in the sixth, and added two more in the seventh when they bunched five hits and Mason issued two passes.

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 0 2 2 0 x	4	8	2
Fr. Mill	0 0 2 1 0 0 0 0 0	3	8	4

Two base hits—Alexander, L. Ford, Mason. Three base hits—Green. Stolen bases—Russell, B. Ford, Solomon. Base on balls—off Mason, 2; off Lefler, 2. Struck out—by Lisk 6; by Mason 6; by Lefler 1. Umpires—Verble and H. Ford.

Well, the push ball arrived, and in good order, last Friday. The first time it came, the bladder was not good, so had to be returned. It was already inflated and ready for use. Mr. Carriker and a number of the wood shop boys had to cut a hole large enough for it to be stored in the granstand, so it would be handy for use at the ball ground. As only a few here had ever seen one before, it created no little excitement. It is about five and one half (5½) feet in diameter. It is a gift to be appreciated, and we have not forgotten to thank those kind-hearted gentlemen of Charlotte for their generous gift.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's day was observed at the school. The white and red roses cessary in a boy to make him a worthy son. It was a very interesting and adorned the coats of the boys.

At the afternoon services, Rev. Trueblood talked on some qualities ne-instructive talk and appropriate for mother's day.

MOTHER O' MINE

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body, and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE HOME

The home is dedicated to good will. It grew out of love. The two heads of the household were called together by a higher power than theirs. To this decree they are obedient. Every tone of the voice, every thought of their being is subdued to that service. They know that their peace will go unbroken only for a little time. And often they suspect that the time will be more short even than their anxious hope. They cannot permit so much as one hour of the brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice. The world's judgments have lost their sting inside the door of the home.—Christian Observer.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To	New York	9:21 P. M
No.	30	To	Washington	2:12 A. M.
No.	136	To	Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	To	New York	10:23 A. M.
No.	34	To	New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:09 P. M.
No.	32	To	New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To	New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	To	Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:15 A. M
No.	11	To	Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To	Atlanta	9:45 A. M.
N.	37	To	New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., MAY 26, 1928. No. 18

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

JUST BE TRUE

"I have to live with my self, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.

I want to go with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself."

—Selected

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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WHEREIN I AM DIFFERENT

The thought of a trained psychologist.—Miss Zoe I. Hirt.

By nature there is no difference between me and the woman I visited the other day in the county jail. She had broken her parole and was facing sentence to a term in the workhouse to pay the penalty for repeating a grave offense against society. I examine myself and find that I have the weaknesses which are a part of all humanity, therefore I neither have done nor can do anything to merit my blessings. But my lot has been cast in an environment where God's grace has been accessible to me as it has not been to that unfortunate sister in prison.

WHY BOYS REMAIN AT THE SCHOOL

It is a source of a great deal of speculation and interested comment among visitors to see how five hundred boys are kept at the School when there are no walls, no bars, no guards. The absence of such measures of restraint is in line with the ideal of the School. Any one would feel that a home that had to build a wall to keep its children there, was not properly functioning as a home. 'Tis true that occasionally you will find a boy who cannot become adjusted to conditions and he will not stay. Yet

it would not be the sensible thing to do, to build a wall around all homes on the ground that an occasional instance is found when one boy cannot become adjusted. Since the School attempts to function as an ideal home for boys, the same lack of respect would be felt for it, did it attempt to hold its boys with walls, guards and bars for the sake of the few that cannot become adjusted to its conditions. The homes here, (and there are 16 in number, each containing from 30 to 33 boys) as well as homes elsewhere will never be exempt from the nervous, restless spirit that prevents boys from adjusting themselves to conditions, and hence there will always be a percentage of them leaving, whether there be walls, bars or guards. One fact stands out boldly that if kind, sensible, proper treatment fails to make its appeal to man or boy, he is beyond the power of walls or guards to reach down and pull him up.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

GUILFORD LEADS

Guilford County is in the lead in having the first building for children at the County Tuberculosis Institution. This building will take care of 24 children, and by a stretch can accommodate 30. Also plans are under way for 20 additional beds for negro children in close proximity to the ward for negro adults.

After a most careful survey as to the needs of this institution by the city and county health departments it was convincing that this building for tubercular children was badly needed, so to-day the hopes and plans of a merciful people are consumated in a building that is complete in every appointment at an approximate cost of $45,000.

Proof as to the needs for such a refuge for the little folks is shown by the announcement that "although all beds were not filled just at once, but it is expected they will be at an early date because many calls have come in from various parts of the county." This is surely a very worthwhile investment for Guilford County.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE RHODODENDRON PAGEANT

The first Annual Rhododendron Festival to be held during the week of June, 4-9, in Asheville, is attracting wide spread attention from many southern and eastern states. There will be sponsors from several states to participate in the program; these debutantes will be chosen because of their beauty and personality, and dressed to represent the respective states

by featuring in their costume their state flower.

This Rhododendron exhibit, given in the height of the blooming season, not only cultivates an appreciation of the beauty of the gorgeous mountain flower, but at the same time gives publicity to the beauty of western North Carolina.

The following will show that Asheville is trying to cultivate a taste for the aesthetic by the combined efforts of the garden clubs of the city in sponsoring "The Spring Flower Show."

> Asheville can be and should be far famed for its flowers; and the spring flower show, which will be held in the ballroom of the Battery Park Hotel Friday will reveal, we are assured, the range of beautiful plants which flourished here at this season. All the garden clubs of the city are taking part in the flower show and many exhibits are promised also from nearby places. It is promised that this show, the third of its kind, will be the biggest and best the Associated Garden Clubs of Asheville have yet staged. All flower lovers, residents and visitors, should welcome the opportunity to visit it.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

SUPERINTENDENT REAP, OF STANLY COUNTY

Superintendent Charles A. Reap, for nine years Superintendent of public education in Stanly County, has resigned. He made a success—during his term of office the consolidated school system was realized and Superintendent Reap's ambition was to have a strong faculty of teachers so as to burgeon out the best in the child. He had but one passion—the welfare of the child and at the same time see Stanly progress educationally and stand the equal of any county in the State. There is a wide difference between the man who works for good results, and the one who works to hold an office.

The Albemarle Press states editorially that, "Charles A. Reap has done a great work for Stanly County. He has labored faithfully, and the county is losing one of its best servants. He has met with opposition, but the worthwhile things are always opposed. The words of a man to whom we were talking the other day pay a tribute to Mr. Reap which expresses our feelings exactly. Said this man, 'Some people in the county oppose Mr. Reap, but some day the citizens of Stanly will rise and call him blessed.' "

It is a true sign, that when some people oppose you, or begin to take out their hammers the person who receives the knocks is making a success, therefore, it is wisdom to assume an attitude of not hearing. We know Stanly and the character of its people. They appreciate real worth

and when once a friend you may rest assured they hold on with a bull dog tenacity. We feel sure from the comments of The Albemarle Press that the schools of Stanly are losing a most valuable school man.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

IT IS COMING

Hugo Junker, the builder of the Bremen, not a builder alone but a scientist, affirms that it is safer to travel by air than by railway. It will take much time to get people in the right frame of mind to take a flight without much trepidation. But changes come not all at once, but the process of developments absorb our interest, until finally we accept the new ventures just as if we had always been accustomed to the same. We passed from the stage coach to the trains drawn by locomotives; from the canoe, or sail boat to the steam boat, and so on; from the buggy and horse to the fast automoile without a shock, and before we realize it we will take to the airplane as easily as we became used to spinning in a high powered car. The Pennsylvania Railroad and other roads plan to use airships in connection with rail road service so as to save time in travelling. The common remark used to be "everybody is on wheels," the next comment will be that everybody is in the air.

We recall that in 1913 the Hon. Josephus Daniels predicted that airplane service would be in vogue before the passing of much time, and his prophesy has come true.

The following editorial from the Asheville Citizen tells something of the expectations to be realized by the joint service of rail roads and airplanes:

> The most impressive flying scheme yet proposed in this country is that of a joint airplane and railway service from New York to San Francisco. A company with abundant financial support is being organized to operate this service in co-operation with the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Atchison System. A regular 48-to-52 passenger service will be attempted.
>
> What makes this service so promising is that it has the support of the leading men associated with the development of aviation. Colonel Lindbergh was invited to become the head of the organization but so far he has not accepted, his position being that he does not care at this time to become financially or commercially interested in any individual air-craft operation, although he believes that the combination of the service offered by the railroads and the air lines will make for the swift advancement of flying in America.
>
> Schedules for the air and railway system will be so arranged that passengers will not have to fly at night and also with a view to the use of the airplane over those sections of the country best adapted and

best equipped for such service. At night the passengers would travel by Pullman and by day in tri-motored planes carrying fourteen passengers each and capable of a speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, although the schedule calls for only ninety miles an hour.

If America seemed for a number of years to lag in the development of commercial aviation that was only because the American people had not begun to think in terms of flying. Once Lindbergh's amazing performance of a year ago made them air-minded, the situation began to change. The progress of the past year has been swift and sure and the results will be more and more striking from now on.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A FINE MAN

One by one the older men of the old school class are passing on to their reward after years of faithful and conscientious service to their country and fellow man. Mr. Baker Morrison, one of the most widely known citizens of Cabarrus County, because of his many years of intimate association with the people as a merchant, who died May 10, will be greatly missed. He knew just how to greet you, and his salutation to his customers was unique as well as genuinely cordial to all classes. He was a most worthy citzien, a high type of Christian citizenship, an no one was ever heard to speak other than kindly of Baker Morrison.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A PUNCTUATION TEST

Just for pastime we suggest that the teachers of the Jackson Training School have the older boys ponder over the following and punctuate the same so as to have it read "as it ought to be." Then turn over to The Uplift next week the correct interpretation with boys' names signed. The decision is to be made by the teachers as to the most correct punctuation:

A funny little man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true, when told as it ought to be
It only needs punctuation you see

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND TAXES

By C. W. Hunt

If any one thinks the complaint about high taxes is new, let him read the following from that great man, Benjamin Franklin, who has been quoted through all the ages of this country:

"Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them —but we have many others and much more grevious to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement."

There we have it written perhaps more than a hundred years ago, by one still known as great, that taxes were complained of then, but the complaint he registered there was most probably made that he might bring forth those last three taxes, the taxes of idleness, pride and folly. That paragraph in black type above was written when this country was young, when the most people in the country were busy fighting down savages and clearing the land that it might make a living for all concerned; at a time when idleness must have been nothing as compared with now; when pride was at a low tide in comparison with present day pride, when folly must have been small as likened to that now existent.

Here are three things that I do not recall ever hearing mentioned as a tax on a generation, on commonwealths and individuals. The matter of idleness reaches far and wide. There are families who are kept ground down by being forced to clothe and feed some member well able to take care of self, but who for the want of energy or for false pride walk the streets in dress parade or loaf in dirty idleness, too lazy to do a turn; yet some one slaving to keep such up; to keep up and alive a sorry non-producer.

But as heavy as is that tax of idleness the tax of pride is even a worse one, for it affects a greater number. Pride of place, pride of family, pride of name, pride of self. There was a time when one's place in society could be judged by the dress one wore, but not now. In order to gratify pride those wholly unable to do so dress and look like those in better circumstances, wear even more finery and make more show than those with the ability to have all they desire. Then for our folly! What a tax! Men and women slave and save and fight and complain that they may leave their progeny in such shape that they will not have to dig and toil, only that it may be wasted in "Riotous living" or worse invested in the hands of the thief lying in wait for a sucker; but as that is there is more of such wasted by the folly of those who think they can do anything and undertake to do that of which they know nothing and the money they or some one else accumulated for them goes the "way of all the earth."

In this I am not trying to make the point that taxes are reasonable and we should pay them without a murmur, but I am trying to say that

if the commonwealth was rid of idleness, pride and folly there would be a larger amount available to pay taxes with: and furthermore, this matter of pride and folly does not stop at individuals and families, but the worst pride and folly of all pride and folly is found in State, county and municipality pride; when either of these decide that present environments and conditions are not in keeping and go pell-mell into debt that there may be modern things; that the present school house is not in keeping with other communities; the present city hall is not large and expensive enough for the size of the town; a county as big and rich as Mecklenburg, Guilford or Forsyth, ought to have a court house as fine and as large as any county in the United States. Any one of these that was not in reality needed to transact the business of the county is the result of pride or folly, perhaps both. Go at this season of the year to any court house in North Carolina and witness the crowd of workers at the county expense, listing taxes that they and others will later have to pay. Taxes are a necessity. They ought to be placed where they belong; they should be equally divided and all property bear its part, and if it is not so old folly plays a large part here again.

But, has it not been a long time since a man like Franklin told a truth like that in the black type above and at the head of this? Did you ever sit down and think what these three things, idleness, pride and folly have meant to you, in your individual life? Can you run back in the storage of memory and recount where one of these sins (they are sins) played a trick on you, your parents or grandparents, which placed you in cramped circumstances, as compared with what it might have been? Would we not do exceedingly well if we kept these things in mind day after day, as we go about our daily tasks in effort to make the best of life?

These things are insiduous; they come in the guise of all sorts of things rather than their own selves. In our limited view we are sure there can be no mistake about this or that transaction; yet we would all do well to keep Benjamin Franklin's wisdom before us. Idleness, Pride, Folly. Which is the greater?

TEN GOOD RULES OF LIFE

1. **Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.**
2. **Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.**
3. **Never spend your money before you have it.**
4. **Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.**
5. **Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.**
6. **We never repent of having eaten too little.**
7. **Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.**
8. **How much pain those evils cost us which never happened!**
9. **Take things always by the smooth handle.**
10. **When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.—Thomas Jefferson.**

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Straw hats show which way the wind blows.

—o—

Good, old-fashioned work continues to be one foundation of success, some of today's young folks to the contrary notwithstanding.

—o—

A certain coffee house having long enjoyed its exclusive slogan, "Good to the last drop," is now having a rival. It is aviation. It's good to the last "drop."

—o—

The honeymoon is about over when young wifey begins to tell the young benedict what kind of meat and vegetables to get at the market; and what colored suits and neckties he should wear.

—o—

I saw a farmer some time ago who twice a day drove his hogs nearly a mile to water them. He was asked why he did not sink a well near his hog pen, it would save him a great deal of time. He drawled out, lazily: "What's time to a hog?"

—o—

Brain work is a wonderful thing. Did you ever think about it? Brain control is one of the most important things in this life. Some great psychologist discovered years ago that the average man uses only about one-tenth of his brain power. Most of the brain cells refuse to work when commanded to do so. The cells which deliver the extra service, the overtime work, the unexpected effort—are asleep at the switch in a majority of cases. A great skyscraper rises in massive beauty. But somewhere is a man bigger than the building; the man who conceived and built this miracle of architecture. A great ship plows through the waves. It is a marvelous thing but the man's brain which is responsible for the ship is much more marvelous. There are certain things which must be right before any man can start counting the mile posts on the road to distinctiveness. His friends must be right—his reading must be right—he must have the right attitude towards his work—he must have the right attitude towards life in general. And above all he must be right with his Creator to reach the highest pinnacle of success, and bring into reality the vision in his brain.

—o—

There are waves and waves. We have the ocean wave, which, at times, are destructive. The radio waves that bring us the voices and music out of the air. Handkerchief waves that mean good-byes for lovers and friends. Marcel and other kinds of waves that bring beautiful adornment to the heads of lovely women. But to me one of the most thrilling waves is a little hand, with fingers spread and no regard for style—just a childish hand wave, with a smiling face behind it, as innocent and as beautiful as the modest violet, or opened-face pansy, that blooms in a flower garden. When I pass up and down Liberty street there is a bright-eyed, happy-faced little cherub, hardly three years old, who waves his hand at me whenever he is out doors. It is so cute, cunningly and innocently done that it is an inspiration to me

in the mornings, and a benediction at eventide. God bless the children and the little waving hands everywhere.

—o—

The highfalutin days are coming. In fact they are almost upon us. The commencement season—the festive season of florid—eloquence and glittering generalizations—is drawing nigh. Soon the rippling strains of the quick-pulsing and deep-flowing streams of oratory will be heard in the land. Flexible lips of impassioned collegians, thrilled under the inspiring wand of sophomoric effervescence, will again quiver with the limpid flow of "words that burn and thoughts that breathe." Youth will open the doors to beautiful visions in the future. I rather like it. I like to see these budding orator and oratoresses, and hear their orations. However, some may think they are as worthless as the foamy bubbles riding the current of a deep river; or the sparkle which is seen in the flash of beauty's eye; or the froth which rests invitingly upon the bosom of syllabub—still they add a grace, thrill and a piquancy, which is indeed most pleasing, and is what's the matter with commencements.

—o—

Some of the ideas of the young folks we get to work for us these days sure do beat me. I am reminded of an old darkey a friend of mine hired to be a handy man around the place. The first day old Tom just sat around, like he was thinking.

"Is that all the work you can do in a day?" asked my friend, towards evening.

"Well, suh," says Tom, scratching his head. "Mebbe like enough ah could do mo', but ah nevvah was no hand fo' showin' off."

Maybe the youngsters do not want to show off.

—o—

Traveling up and down, and across, this fair land of ours one observes many human interest events that are stranger, or more interesting than any fiction put on paper. I was in a railway station not long ago and witnessed a very sweet little romance. Quite a number of passengers were there waiting for their trains. Among the number were a little girl and a little boy, each apparently about four years old. They were strangers, as their mothers were, who had them in charge. These little tots eyed each other for some time and exchanged smiles in a loving coquettish manner. The boy held in one hand four small, dainty crackers. The girl held in one hand a package of chewing gum. The eye lanage was understood by both, and finally the little Lochinvar sidled across the room and stood smiling beside the miniature Juliet. Her face was wreathed with smiles. His beamed admiration. She pulled a stick of chewing gum from the package she held in her hand and handed it to him. He accepted it with pleasing grace, and in turn placed the crackers he held in her hand. She accepted them with the same pleasure he had exhibited. Not a word was spoken between them—all smiles. Then the little man went back to his mother, sidewise, his gaze riveted on his little fair inamorata, who was beaming joyously on him. It was a beautiful little romance, in a railway station enacted with laughing eyes, and who knows but what it may fruit into a lovely romantic flower in the years to come.

U. S. HOLDS THIRD OF WORLD'S WEALTH

"The total wealth of the world is about one trillion dollars. Of this amount the United States has one-third, most of which has been accumulated in the last twenty-five years. We have also five billions in gold, or about five-eights of the known gold of the world," declares C. E. Torrey, general manager of the Ohio Power Company.

"Why have we accumulated this? Because of the application of electrical power in some form to every process of manufacture. Manufacturing has increased more than 400 per cent during the present century; forty billions are paid out yearly in wages and salaries, and the amount paid for labor has increased 300 per cent since 1900.

"Why?" Because the power engineer has placed nearly five electrical horsepower at the command of every worker.

"Our labor receives more than twice as much as labor in any other country for similar service, as a result of which our living standards are higher than in any other nation. These favorable working and living conditions have produced greater comforts for our workers, because of the power engineers' untiring efforts in harnessing electrical energy to the world's work. Man's power has been multiplied many times. Creature comforts have been multiplied, standards of living are raised educational advantages placed within the reach of all, and the great mass of our people enjoy comforts that were undreamed of only a quarter of a century ago, and in these accomplishments the power engineer has, perhaps unwittingly so, become one of the greatest benefactors of mankind."

LOST—A BOY!

Not kidnaped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and raise a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately the losing of this lad is without dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real. The fact is, his father lost him. Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only heroes of the boys, he let go his hold.

Yes, his mother lost him. Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners and club programs, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to his home.

Aye, the church lost him...Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity, the minister and elders were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness. And so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.—The School Index.

PLANS FOR FLOWER SHOW PAGEANT ARE COMPLETED

(Asheville Citizen)

Plans for the Pageant of the Rhododendron which is to be presented in the Asheville Stadium during the Rhododendron Festival have been perfected and the rehearsals have already gotten under way, Miss Edith Russell of the Worshop Theater director announced recently.

The Pageant is being sponsored by the Asheville Little Theater and by the Chamber of Commerce of Lenoir, Franklin, Weaverville, Marion and Brevard, five towns covering an area of 200 miles.

Each of these cities will produce a special episode in the Pageant. It is expected that each cast will contain more than 100 people.

Franklin will present the pageant of the Rhododendron in Russia, one of the nations of the world which has gorgeous Rhododendron like that of Western North Carolina. The role of the Tsaredna will be played by Freda Siler, who will do a solo dance, "The Spirit of Russia," an authentic Russian dance. The role of the Tsarevitch will be played by Dick Jones.

To Picture China

Brevard will present a Chinese episode. President Browfield of the Brevard Chamber of Commerce will have the leading role, while Mrs. Hugh Walker, president of the Business and Professional Women's club of Brevard will play the role of the Goddess of Mercy.

Lenoir will present the pageant of the Rhododendron in Greenland with Mrs. J. M. Pritchard in charge of the casting. J. M .Pritchard will have the role of leader of the Norsemen.

Weaverville will open the Pageant with an episode depicting the Rhododendron in England. Mrs. J. R. Reagan will be chairman of the casting committe. Among the special numbers scheduled for Weaverville are a Morris Dance, a May-Pole dance and scenes from Robin-Hood with a chorus from the opera.

Marion will depict the Rhododendron in Japan. Mrs. H. C. McCall is group Chairman.

Two episodes will be presented from Asheville, one the Rhododendron in India, the other the Rhododendron in Western North Carolina. Mrs. Raleigh Allen is chairman of the local casting committee. More than 350 people will participate in the local casts.

The dancers are being trained by Mlle. Lucille Laniere, who will dance the spring dance. Miss Russell will have general direction of the pageant while H. R. Harrington will be technical director.

More than 1000 sketches of the pageant costumes have been blue printed and placed in the hands of the various casts, and work will be done this week in preparing the special costumes to be worn in the several episodes. Upon completion of the costumes by the people of each town Miss Russell will personally supervise the dying of them.

Bids are now being received for the lighting equipment and system

of amplifiers to be used, and contract will probably be let the first of the week. Open air flood lights portable flood lights, spot lights, combination flood and spot lights, and a system of amplifications will be installed to make the pageant available to every part of the Stadium.

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know."
—Kingsley.

RAYON ONLY HOPE FOR COTTON

(Marshville Home)

Hope for the cotton industry in the future lies in the increased manufacture of artificial silk from cotton and in that alone, in the opinion of German textile manufacturers, 27 of whom arrived in Boston from Germany for a thorough tour of the South where conditions of the industry will be studied.

This group of distinguished German manufacturers in addition to making a detailed study of the cotton textile, situation in the South will offer explain, and demonstrate the new process for the manufacture of a new and perfected artificial silk from cotton which has been developed to a great extent in Germany, and with this product it is believed that manufacturers will be able to compete for all lost trade.

In the opinion of the German leaders of the textile field there is hardly any hope or likelihood that women will ever again restor to cotton underwear or hosiery. And they do not look for a return of longer skirts to add to the consumption of cotton goods.

It is only through the increased use of artificial silk that any cotton manufacturer may hope to get back lost business.

With the new and perfected artificial silk the German textile leaders declare the entire cotton industry will be revolutionized and prosperity beyond expectation enjoyed. The new product it is declared will likewise ruin the production of real silk goods so perfect is the artificial product in comparison.

Among the group of 27 German teltiles leaders preparing for the extensive tour of the South are such leaders as Otto Segler, Ernest Fiesscher, Alfred Hildebrandt, Dr. Hanz Schaeffer, Wilhelm Kohlstedt, Martin Marx, Eugene Negler, Albert Osterman, Rudolf Pfitzner, Walter Richete, Ulrich Rudert, Otto Schens, Hugo Stompe and Wilhelm Voigt.

Several of the German leaders are accompanied by their wives, and the Southern trip, which it is stated, reaches every "nook and corner" of the textile field of the South, will also be blended with extensive sightseeing.

BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING

(Greensboro News)

The Guilford county institution for the treatment and prevention of tuberculosis in children appears as the completion of the scheme to eradicate this malady, whereas attention to childhood properly belongs first. When the first unit of the hospital was projected the medical authorities, in instructing the Guilford public, did not emphasize tuberculosis as a disease of childhood. Latterly they have been doing so. It is now the dictum of the profession that if childhood escapes infection manhood and womanhood are, to practical intents and purposes, immune. And so, since tuberculosis can be arrested upon early diagnosis, and is closely related to undernourishment, "erdaication" is the word logically to be employed. That it can be arrested is stated as a rule, and not as a universal proposition.

The establishment of a department at the county sanatorium for children is basic work in the eradication of tuberculosis because the educational result will bear more directly upon beginnings. This county has learned, since it had the hospital and Superintendent Spruill, that the most such an institution accomplishes is not upon its patients but through them, by means of the contacts established with people outside. The chances are that the instruction in special phophylaxis that will radiate from the children's department will be brought to bear directly upon child life outside in more cases than that resulting from contacts established by means of adult patience. If we accept the medical dictum absolutely you cannot "prevent" tuberculosis in adults, because it is not of adult incipiency; so that no matter how much nor how able education is applied to adults, it cannot be of fundamental effect in the sense that preventive knowledge applied in the lives of children is.

When it was established in the minds of such of the people as take the trouble to be informed about such matters, that a county sanatorium for treatment of tuberculosis is mainly valuable as a center for the dissemination of education in prophylaxis, and that tuberculosis is essentially a disease of childhood beginning, there was no course, in ordinary intelligence, except that of making provision for the care of children. Investigation had disclosed that there were enough cases available to warrant; and the treatment of a condition associated with undernourishment, and but recently developed, being even of more promise than the treatment of an adult with symptoms recently developeed.

Dr. Spruill was prompt to declare the faith that was in him. He had the confidence of his board, of county authorities, of the people, and the new department is now completed and ready to begin its work. It should be a greatly deeper and broader work than that which has hitherto been done by the institution. In conjunction with the other agencies working to the same end ,of correcting the effects of undernourishment, it should reach every child in Guilford. If Guilford recognizes the responsibility, or the profit, which you

will, of treating any children whose parents will surrender them to the county for this purpose, it should recognize that of treating all children whose parents are willing. And any other children exhibiting the symptoms of tuberculosis have rights equal to the rights thus established to those whose parents wish the county to aid them; the county will logically see to it that every child who contracts tuberculosis is given the proper care and nutrition, either in this institution or some other, or in the home.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

By Alma Hantel Arnold

In a small village a fair was going to be held and the superintendent announced that a prize would be given for the most beautiful hands. He said any could take part who wished, old, young, poor or rich. The fair was to be within two months and so those who took part would have plenty of time in which to make their hands look as well as possible.

Time passed and at last there was only one week to wait. The platform was arranged and decorated where the judging was to be done, and other necessary things attended to.

At last the day arrived. After other things had been judged and prizes given the time came for the hands. The superintendent told all those who wished to take part to come to the platform. Twelve young ladies came forward. They all stood in a row and were told to hold out their hands. Oh, how lovely they looked, so soft and white and many were bedecked with rings.

He began telling the history as he looked at each pair of hands. "Well," he said, as he took the first pair of snowy hands in his own, "these hands have never known work. They have glided through life like sunshine and have never known bitter pain."

So he went on and on in like manner. Finally he came to the twelfth pair, but these were not soft and white nor beautiful with rings. They were hard and red and rather clumsy but the girl was not ashamed of them even if they were ugly.

The superintendent told the following story:

"These hands have not seen many an easy day; they have worked hard for two years since the mother and father have been taken away. They have washed, ironed, sewed, cooked, dressed the children, made baskets and they have also made a person happy as they brought a beautiful bouquet of flowers to a sick friend. These hands have had a hard life."

He stepped back, motioned to the young ladies to be seated and then said: "Now is the time to choose the most beautiful pair of hands. The judges will now get busy."

After a short time they were ready and the superintendent stepped forward and said: "The twelfth pair of hands receives the prize, for in working for others they have made themselves the most beautiful."

Little people, listen—hands that work for others and do good are a great deal better than those which rest in the idler's lap.

THE GRACE OF FRIENDSHIP

(News and Observer)

That was a discriminating appraisement which Judge George Connor made of Hon. Frederick A. Woodard upon the presentation of a portrait to the school bearing the name of Mr. Woodard at Wilson. It is a happy way of holding in remembrance the virtues of home leaders to preserve their names in public school buildings, particularly of men whose vision and service made possible enlargement of educational opportunities. From its earliest history Wilson led in its excellent schools. Distinguished teachers like Deans, Hooper, Richardson, Hassell, Nadal, Foy, Brewer are some of those who laid deep foundations before the establishment of Wilson's fine public schools. From the opening of the first graded school Frederick A. Woodard was a strong pillar of support as citizen, trustee, wise counsellor. He saw the marked ability in Charles L. Coon and gave him support when Wilson county's public school system became a model for the State.

Mr. Woodard won eminence at the bar. He won high place in the National Congress. He was long Wilson's first citizen, whose lasting distinction was the encouragement he gave to ambitious young men and a certain sort of stimulating and unselfish friendship which marked his beautiful and helpful spirit. It is fitting that children of today and tomorrow will look upon his portrait in the school bearing his name and see in the well chiseled features the picture of a man clean of thought, clean of life, whose undimmed faith is a priceless heritage to his community.

Mr. Connor happily placed emphasis upon a virtue that Mr. Woodard possessed and illustrated when he said "he found his chief source of happiness in the service of friends." Beyond any personal ambitions of his own, to mention only two close friends—Charless B. Aycock and Henry G. Connor—to whose advancement he contributed and whose honors were very dear to him, he found his greatest joy when those he loved and trusted received from others the confidence and esteem in which he held them. Unselfish friendship is one of the rarest and most beautiful of virtues, embracing, as it does, a kind of nobility born of love of those worthy of the affection given them. Mr. Woodard incarnated and illuminated this grace in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries. He held his friends "without capitulation." He hoped for no return for the happiness which promoting their ambitions brought him. Such a life is a benediction to his town and commonwealth and will prove an inspiration to the youth taught in the Frederick A. Woodard School. He doubtless felt with Sidney Smith: "Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence."

The nation that has the schools has the future.—Bismark.

TOMBOY TESS

By William T. McElroy

Busy Dr. Betts looked sternly over his spectacles at the two girls who had dared to beard the lion in his den, the den in question being the somewhat untidily kept office of the crusty medical practitioner.

"You want a subscription for what?" he demanded.

"Why, for the Camp Fire Girls we are trying to organize here in Greenvale."

"Camp Fire Girls, eh? What's that?"

Dr. Betts was tall and spare with a sharp nose and thin lips and square chin, and he seemed to bristle antagonism from his stubborn red hair down to his large square-toed shoes. Under his keen-eyed scrutiny Tessie Whitefield and little Betty Grant were beginning to get nervous and to wish that they had not come to him for a subscription. Betty, who was only old enough to be a Blue Bird, sat down in the nearest chair and looked depressed and helpless. It was up to Tess, therefore, to carry on alone.

"W—why, it—it's something like the Boy Scouts, only its for girls." stammered Tess. "There are quite a few girls who can't afford to belong unless we can get some—"

"Huh!" snorted the doctor. "Some more new-fangled notions, eh? I don't know what this town's coming to. Every time you turn around somebody springs some new fad on you. And pray, what do the Camp Fire Girls do, anyway?"

"W—why, why, they study things and they go out in the woods and build camp fires, and they try to help people that need help and they obey the laws of the Camp Fire—oh, lots of things," explained Tess, who could have given a much better explanation if the doctor had not glared at her so hard and looked so angry.

If Dr. Betts was favorably impressed, he was very successful in keeping the fact well hidden.

"Trying to make tomboys out of all the girls, I reckon," he said. "Some more of those fool uplift ideas, probably. The only way to uplift the young generation is with a shingle or a razor strop, and that's what they'd get if I had my way. What's your name?" he demanded, pointing a long finger at Tessie.

"T—tessie," she stammered. "Tessie Whitefield."

"Tomboy Tess!" exclaimed the old doctor. "A good name for you and for all those who are trying to make boys out of girls and men out of women. Now listen here, Tomboy Tess, and you, too—whatever your small friend's name is— I'll not give you one red cent to help any such foolishness as this Camp Fire Girls or anything like it. A woman's place is at home, and that's where girls like you ought to be, learning to be homemakers. Instead of that you all want to put on boys' clothes and tramp around over the country, wasting your time and making a nuisance of yoursevles generally. What with bobbed hair and knickers and all this silly foolishness, it has gotten so you can't tell whether a woman is a grandmother or a grade-school girl. No wonder the world is

going to the dogs. Clear out, now, youngsters, and don't come around here asking for any more money to help on such foolishness. You'll never get it from me."

Angrily the doctor stamped back into the little room behind his office, slamming the door as he went and leaving two crestfallen and embarrassed girls to make their way out alone.

"The mean old thing!" exclaimed Tessie when they were on the street once more. "Did you ever hear such a tirade in your life? Why, you'd have thought were were criminals being sentenced—or—something. And Camp Fire does teach girls to be home-makers and to do worth-while things," she choked, but was unable to go on, tears being too near the surface to allow further words.

It was to the girls' credit that after such an unpleasant experience they were willing to continue their canvass, and the cordial response they received in other places soon dulled the edge of their mortification. Saturday when the several pairs of girls who were working for the new organization met to report results, they were all delighted to find the movement was a success and the Greenvale chapter of the order was now a certainty.

When Miss Webb, who was the organizer, suggested that they celebrate their success with a picnic in the country on the following Tuesday, the suggestion met with great enthusiasm, and all began immediately to make plans for the event.

Tuesday morning found the ten girls in their camping togs on their way to the grove a short distance from town. In harmony with the teachings of the Camp Fire Girls' organization, they had decided to "hike it," instead of going in automobiles, and with their lunch baskets on their arms marching two abreast they were prepared for a happy day.

As they went, Miss Webb, who was a teacher of natural history in the Greenvale High School, taught them the beauties of the flowers that they gathered along the way, described the habits of the birds and insects they saw, and in other ways began their education as members of the great organization of which they were soon to be a part. A nature-lover herself, she soon inspired them with something of her own enthusiasm, and lunch time arrived before they realized that the sun was well overhead.

"Time for lunch, girls," she said, "and if we are going to hike over to the mill-dam for a swim this afternoon we had better start. It'll take more than an hour to make the trip, and another hour to get home after our swim, so we have not much time to lose. Now, the first thing as real Camp Fire Girls is to build a fire to make cocoa to go with our lunch."

"But we have no wood to make a fire," protested one of the smalled girls.

"No wood, when we are in the midst of a grove?" laughed Miss Webb. "Shame on you! There is wood all about to be had for the taking. Imagine a Camp Fire Girl eating lunch without a camp fire! All of you get to work and pick up some of the dead sticks that are lying about. You collect them and Tessie can be cutting the branches into appropriate lengths with this little hand-axe. Scatter, all of you, and get busy! I'm going over the

hill and read my new copy of Harper's for fifteen minutes. When I come back, I'll expect an elaborate and elegant luncheon to be all cooked and waiting for me.''

There was a shout of laughter and in a few moments all were at work with a will. Soon a pile of dead sticks and branches, nicely chopped into convenient lengths, was growing larger and larger.

''That will be enough, girls,'' said Tessie finally as they all came up with arms filled with dead branches. ''Now we can prove to Miss Webb that she's the guardian of the smartest group in the State. Why, Mary,'' she broke off suddenly, ''what is the matter?''

Mary, one of the older girls, had been running toward the camp, her arms full of wood. She had stumbled and fallen, and instead of springing up again, she now sat in a forlorn heap, her face as pale as a sheet. In a moment the others crowded around her. She was clutching her left wrist with the fingers of her right hand, and as the others, wondering what had happened, looked on, big drops of blood began to trickle slowly through her fingers, onto her dress.

''A broken bottle,'' she exclaimed. ''Some one must have left it here after a picnic. As I fell, I threw out my arm and it hurt—my wrist.'' As she held out her hand the girls could see an irregular cut across the lower part of her forearm. from which the blood was running almost in a stream.

There was a moment of terrified silence. The girls had learned enough anatomy at school to know the serious effects of cutting the large veins in the wrist, and they realized at once the danger their companion was in unless that flow of blood could be stopped.

Tessie's voice broke the silence like the crack of a whip. Not for nothing had she studied the Camp Fire book and done the preliminary work that entitled her to membership.

''Quick!'' she exclaimed. ''Betty—somebody—hand me a scarf. And some one try to find Miss Webb. Hurry!''

Seizing one of the several scarfs that were immediately extended, she twisted it into a string and tied the ends together around Mary's arm just above the cut. Picking up a short, stout stick from the ground, she thrust it between the arm and the handkerchief, and began to twist the hastily improvised tourniquet tighter and tighter.

''It's going to hurt, Mary,'' she said as the other began to wince under the tightness of the tourniquet, ''but it'll stop the flow of blood till we can get you to a doctor. Otherwise you would soon bleed to death. Now,'' she continued as the flow of blood stopped, ''another of you run for the doctor while the rest of us help to get Mary to town. Oh, how I wish Miss Webb was here. But we mustn't wait for her. Elizabeth is looking for her and they can follow us.''

As one of the girls set out on a run towards town, Tessie and the others lifted Mary to her feet and all started towards home. Soon it became evident that the injured girl would not be able to make the trip on foot. Weakened as she was from loss of blood and nervous from fright, her steps lagged more and more, and in spite of the help of willing hands

she sank at last on a grassy bank beside the road.

The girls looked at one another in dismay. They were still half a mile or more from town, and Mary was so heavy that for them to attempt to carry her was out of the question. Yet they must get her to town as soon as possible. Then it was that Tessie had her inspiration.

Near the road, under a tree quietly chewing their cuds, a number of cows were grazing. Tessie knew them to belong to Mr. Matthews, through whose large farm they were now passing, and she had more than once seen Carl Matthews, who was one of the members of her brother's Boy Scout troop, riding the cows in a spirit of fun. The cows eyed her placidly as she came up to them, and selecting one that seemed more gentle than the others, she drove the unwilling animal to its feet, and, catching it by the halter led it back to the surprised group of girls.

Hastily explaining what she intended to do, she climbed to the broad back of the cow and had the others assist Mary up in front of her, and with two of the girls leading the animal, the strange procession started down the road. It was not an easy task for Tessie to stay on the broad back of the cow and hold Mary on safely, but she did it. Fortunately, she did not have to hold her very long, for they had not gone far when they saw Dr. Betts' machine speeding out to meet them. The girl who had been sent to get him had met him on the road, returning from a country call he had just made. In a few minutees Mary was on a couch in the doctor's office, with Tessie and to girl who had come to get the doctor standing on either side of her.

"Pan of water!" ordered the sharp-spoken doctor, as he rolled up his sleeves and washed his hands. "Warm, but not hot."

Before he was ready for it, Tessie had the water by Mary's side, and Dr. Betts nodded approval of her efficiency.

"Good," he said. "Most of the girls would have spent more time than that asking where and how. Now, can you stand the sight of a little blood? Well, then, hold the pan while I untie this thing around her arm."

Nothing further was said until the wound had been cleansed and treated and bound up. By that time the rest of the girls and Miss Webb had arrived and were crowded into the little office. As they came in, Mary sat up, some of the pallor already gone from her face. Dr. Betts glanced at her keenly for a moment, then as he dried his hands on the towel Tessie handed him, he turned to Miss Webb.

"I congratulate you on thinking to put that tourniquet on her arm," he said. "Otherwise that cut would probably have proved fatal."

"I didn't do it, Doctor," Miss Webb replied promptly. "I was up in the woods reading when the accident happened. It was Tessie's idea, and she had it on and Mary safely headed for home before I even caught up with the the party."

"Tessie!" he exclaimed "This girl who has been helping me?"

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Betts turned his bushy eyebrows in Tessie's direction. He studied her a moment, then began to chuckle.

"And I suppose," he said as the girl began to flush with embarrasment, "it was your idea, too, to use

this—er—novel means of conveyance that I met on the road?''

The red on Tessie's cheek grew deeper, but she laughed with the others. ''Yes, sir.''

Uh, huh.'' The doctor for a moment seemed to be lost in thought, then he spoke. ''Aren't you the girl who was in here the other day asking for a subsciption for some new-fangled idea or other?''

''Yes, sir.''

''And I called you Tomboy Tess and was a little rude and altogether ungentlemanly?''

''Yes, sir.''

''Hum! And did the Camp Fire Girls, as you call them, teach you to do such quick thinking and acting?''

''Yes, sir. Besides, my brother is a Boy Scout, and I have been studying his books. I have learned about the tourniquet from them and decided to get my first Camp Fire beads for first aid. To use the old cow to get Mary back to town was my own idea.''

''And you say the Camp Fire Girls are—er—very much like the Boy Scouts?''

''Yes, sir.''

''Well, Tessie, I apologize for calling you Tomboy Tess the other day, and to prove I am really sorry, I'm going to give you ten dollars right now to help start the Camp Fire Girls. More than that, I hereby offer my professional services free to the organization any time they are needed, starting with the patient I have just treated. All I ask is that you invite this grim old doctor to your next picnic. If you're a tomboy, I hope, all the girls become tomboys right away.''

Thus it was that the Greenvale Camp Fire Girls gained their first honorary member.

''EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITIES''

It is interesting, if not inspiring, to listen to sentimental ''uplifters'' preach the gospel of ''equality of opportunities''—which means abundant and easy opportunities. In all ages men who have made greatest achievements attribute their successes, not to easy opportunities, but to the hardships they endured voluntarily, either from choice or necessity. It would be interesting to assemble old students of Union Institute in an experience meeting and hear them tell about how they enjoyed themselves, working fourteen hours a day, with no popular games for diversion and recreation. These reflections came into my mind when I read the radical and reactionary views of one of the Union county candidates who wants to add an hour or two a day to the time employed in public rooms. That sort of argument would have been universally approved thirty years ago, but it is all out of date now.

We are living in a supremely progressive age, and old fogies who are unable to keep in ranks should quietly step aside and see the happy procession go by.—Zeb Green, in Monroe Journal.

ADULTS, CAUSE OF MOST ACCIDENTS TO CHILDREN

(N. C. Health Bulletin)

One morning in early October people throughout the State were shocked on reading the account of an accident which occurred at a school in Edgecombe County the previous afternoon. Somebody had carelessly left a two hundred gallon empty discarded gasoline tank on the school ground. The screw cap top had been carelessly left loose, and was easily removable. After school had dismissed for the day a group of school children with natural normal curiosity, like healthy children anywhere, any time, assembled around the tank for the purpose of a curious investigation. One of the children succeeded in getting the top off and another little chap very naturally threw a lighted match into the tank to see what would happen. As would have been expected, by even the morons who left the tank on the school ground in such condition, plenty happened. A terrific explosion occurred, resulting in the instant death of one child, the death of another a few hours later, and the newspapers reported a third in a serious condition. Several others were badly injured, and the whole community very properly shocked and terrified.

Children are naturally curious and of an investigative turn of mind. It is well for the advance of the human race that such is the case. This is normal and natural among healthy children anywhere in the world. Through this curiosity and the desire for information in every conceivable subject the progress and advancement of the world is maintained. It has been our observation throughout life that nearly all the serious accidents of children occur as a direct result of the often criminal carelessness of their so-called adult protectors. Any thoughtful man or woman can look back over an active life and recall the many times that serious chances were taken, often, of course, through thoughtlessness, but more often on account of ignorance. We can look about us today anywhere and see the hazards to the safety and actual lives of children existing apparently without care or thought on the part of parents or adults. There is hardly an issue of a daily paper anywhere that does not carry a story of an injury resulting in death to a child somewhere. One of the frequent accidents reported is the death of runabout children between two and six years of age, caused by the backing of automobiles out of garages, at home or on the street, in which the child is killed. This is an accident that should never happen, and is due to sheer unadulterated carelessness on the part of the person backing a car. Every one who operates an automobile often shudders on driving up to a filling station for the purpose of obtaining gasoline or oil, to note how very often the operator of the station removes the cap over the gasoline tank, turns on the gasoline and sticks his nose right down to the opening in the tank with a lighted cigar or cigarette, puffing

away. Very likely within three feet of his head is a prominent notice on the tank or on the station stating "No Smoking Is Allowed." Such cars are often filled with children in the rear seat, and only a kind and merciful providence prevents more numerous explosions and deaths than are reported from this cause. Now and then a child is killed on account of falling out of an upper story window. This another accident that should never be allowed to happen. Children from six months old to ten years should rarely be left for a single moment away from the watchful eye of a careful adult.

We could go on and fill the Bulletin with samples of carelessness all of us see about us everyday, but probably the foregoing is sufficient to call attention to the necessity for a more careful and conscientious accountability in the dealings with our children.

The Enterprise did not expect any other result than that the 1928 meeting of the Confederate Veterans would vote to meet in Charlotte. Much is being said about the Queen City's ability to cope with the situation and fears are entertained lest the veterans and other visitors on this occasion may perhaps not be abundantly provided for. All that is useless wrangle, for wherein has Charlotte ever failed to meet any emergency when it comes to putting over big propositions? Nothing will be lacking in entertainment on this memorable occasion. We congratulate Charlotte on landing this meeting and we hereby tender our assistance in whatever capacity we may be called upon to serve.—Mooresville Enterprise.

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME

By Corsham Yate, in Young Folks

There were three in the litter of two-month-old police puppies from which we chose him, but there was only one for me, and that was he. His marking was as regular and beautiful as theirs was hap-hazard and disfiguring. A fawn background on which four black paws, a black tail and a jet-black saddle stood out in striking relief. And whereas the two others held back and viewed us, my nephew and me, distrustfully, from a distance, this little tyke hastened to greet us and solicit our notice and friendship. He had mine from the instant my eyes fell on him. We took him home.

He was a live wire even for a puppy; always aquiver with excitement. In four months he developed into a magnificent animal, with distinct individuality.

He was my nephew's dog, but lived with me, and (I suppose because I was a woman) he always displayed a protective instinct towards me.

He went with me every morning to do my shopping, holding a fold of my dress in his teeth, and trotting by me with that light, wolf-like tread which is part of a thoroughbred police dog; his lovely head held high. He always accompanied me to my bedroom in the afternoon to watch me dress; which seemed to be a very interesting process to him. I am a fresh air fiend and my windows are open day and night in all seasons. One day there was a strong and cool wind blowing through the room. Lad felt it. Now, oftentime when lying down I drew the eiderdown over me and Lad lay on the outside. He had taken to the use of that eiderdown, and now he walked to the foot of the bed, caught the comforter between his teeth, dragged it up to the head of the bed and crept under it. The ludicrous picture he made, covered to the shoulder by the quilt with only his head visible, broke me down into hysterical laughter. Whether he realized that I was laughing at him and resented it, or whether he was excited by my conduct, I do not know; but he flung off that coverlet, sprang to his feet and barked at me vociferously. I had to put my arms around his neck and make love to him before he would be quiet.

The kitchen is oil-clothed, and oilcloth in a room that is always kept open to the outer air is cold. One day, later, Lad found it so. I thought when he got up from where he was lying and trotted out of the room, he had gone to lie on the sofa in the living room. Not he! In a minute he returned, dragging my eiderdown over the floor to his chosen spot, and there he lay down upon it. I did not exactly relish this abuse of a rather costly article, so I got a large, soft cushion and lifted Lad on to it. He stepped off, stood gazing in turn at both cushion and quilt; then his beautiful eyes came up to mine.

"That's your bed, Laddie," I said firmly, pointing to the cushion. He lay down on it and looked up at me for approval. Never again did he drag my edierdown out of my room for himself. But the cushion he carried from room to room as I moved.

He was certainly a sybarite for comfort! He delighted in the hearthfire and would lie for hours with paws outstretched to it, head lying on the paws and his brown eyes watching the leaping wood flames. One day a friend who had been paying me a visit took rather long in saying good-bye, and the fire, which I was not facing, went almost out. Lad was not going to endure such deprivation of comfort! I became aware of something pushing itself between me and my friend and, looking down, I saw an eager animal face lifted to mine with, in its jaws a stick of wood. When he saw that I realized his presence he trotted to the fireplace and when I reached him he held up the wood to me.

"You want me to put it on?" I laughed, taking it from him, and he barked in triumph at having made me understand. He picked another log out of the basket and held it up to me also. As soon as a blaze sprang up, down he lay again, head on paws, and resumed his delighted contemplation of the flames.

He was rather fond of raisin-branbread, but he insisted on butter. One day I flung him a slice without it. He sniffed at it, then picked it up

and brought it to me. To test his meaning, I said: "What do you want, Lad?"

He trotted over to the cooler and looked up towards the upper shelf, from which he had always seen me take the butter. I could hardly believe I understood his action correctly. I took out the butter plate and Lad's delighted bark told me at once that I had done what he had been asking me to do.

He was the gentlest soul for a police dog! Only once did I see him angered. He and a white chow, belonging to a friend on our street, were great friends. They played together like kittens. One day, however, when Lad and I were on our way into the village, Milton displayed new and determined interest in me. He insisted on my petting him and, that achieved, he began trotting along by my side, his eyes raised to my face. This was altogether too much for Lad! Jealousy flamed in him! He passed behind me and fell on that hapless dog. Sinking his teeth in the long fur of the neck, he lifted him high and began to convey him away from my vicinity. When I ran after him he only ran the faster. No dog that breathed was going to usurp his place as my protector, or share my caresses! When however, I called sharply, "Drop him, Lad!" he turned to see if I could really mean to ask him to obey such a hard command. I repeated it and he obeyed. He leaped back to me—he never cringed—and tried to explain that it was love for me that had made him do what he had.

"I know, Lad—" I said "—and I prize your love. But we mustn't hurt dogs smaller than ourself!"

His look when, later on, we passed that hapless chow, said as plainly as words could, "I'm only sparing you because I'm told to! But don't you dare to claim her again!"

There was a room in my house which his master occasionally used, and where he kept some clothes. When he was not with us, Lad would jump up suddenly, run into that bedroom and return bearing in his mouth a slipper or a sock and down he would lie again with the dear reminder of his absent master held between his paws. Sometimes he would bring it to me and display it as if to say, "Here's something that belongs to him!" Evidently he realized that we were a unit in our love for Donald.

There lived next door to us a young couple with a six-months-old baby. A young nurse-girl took care of it. Part of her duty was to take it to the shore and let it lie on the sand to absorb health. One day I heard a shout of laughter in the street, and going to the window, saw Lad with my precious eiderdown in his teeth, tearing down towards the sea, the comforter sweeping the ground like a train behind him. I flew out to the rescue. He was too resolved to carry out his design, whatever it was, to listen to my forbidding cries! Along the road, accompanied by crowds of laughing children, to the cliff's edge and down the steps leading to the bathing cove I followed him, and there, on the sand, I found the reason for his deed. Forsaken by its youthful nurse, who was no doubt enjoying some form of play with her friends, lay my neighbor's baby, crying lustily. Straight to it tore my offending dog, and right on

top of it dropped he the eiderdown. Naturally, the cries ceased! Astonishment and threatened suffocation accomplished that! But Lad was triumphant. He had been right in his instinct! The baby had been cold. He knew what it was to be cold and that this thing he had been bringing to her was the only cure! Every wriggle of his triumphant body told me this as he eagerly appealed to me to acknowledge how rightly he had acted. I wouldn't have scolded him for ten eiderdowns.!

One memory of him reduces me even now to tears the tears he could not endure seeing me shed! I was shedding them one day, just as Lad came bounding into the house, excited after a frolic with his chow chum. He paused as if shot, and stood looking at me. Usually, on coming in, he would almost knock me down with the vociferousness of his greeting. Not this time! He stood where the sight of my tears had arrested him—how did he know that tears meant sorrow?—then, in a hushed kind of way he came to me, put his paws on my lap (I was sitting) and with a gentle tongue licked away those tears. Then he laid his beautiful head across my shoulder. Who could mistake his meaning? "O, don't cry! I can't bear it! I love you so!"

Don't talk to me of "humans!" There is no humanity as tender as a dog's!

I said one memory. That is all we have of Lad now. For six wonderful months he was the pride and delight of our hearts. Then—

There came a day when my neighbor had to go into San Diego for a few hours. I gladly undertook the charge of Lad's and my little pet. The nurse-maid had been dispensed with some time before. I laid the wee one on a quilt in the patio and sat beside her, filling my heart with her chuckling responses to my banter and tickling. Lad watched us both with great enjoyment.

I had to go in to see to something I had on the stove. "Watch her, Lad!" I said. I knew he would. As I turned from the stove the doorbell rang. A friend stood there, and a car at the foot of the long flight of steps leading down from the veranda. My friend begged me to go down and speak to the occupants. I knew the baby was safe with Lad. and she was evidently still sleeping, for there was no sound coming from the patio. I went down; and I was, as so often happens, kept longer than I expected. Suddenly I became aware of crying. I made a very hasty farewell and flew up those steps! As I reached my front door, opposite to which are the two doors leading into the patio, I saw Lad going from my bedroom with my poor eiderdown trailing after him. His reasoning was plain. He had quieted baby before by covering her with it; this was what he must do again!

But now another factor entered into the drama. Through the door we both could see, standing on the top of the wall surrounding the patio—which top was level with the terrace behind it; the patio is in a well—a sheep dog. But O, such a sight! His fangs were dripping, his eyes red, his tail drooping and his head hung low. I knew the signs and so apparently did Lad. At all events, no other dog was going to touch his baby! The eiderdown was instantaneously dropped and as the sheep dog sprang into the patio, Lad

was on him! I snatched up baby and put her on my bed, closing the door and leaving her to cry. My duty now was with my dog. I seized a long rake and mercilessly beat the poor animal on the head. It fell, stunned, at last. But too late! Lad —my Lad—had been bitten badly!

I will not, because I cannot, give the subsequent details! I am trying, unsuccessfully, to forget them. There were two in this world in comparrison with whose happiness nothing else counted: they were Donald and Lad. There is only Donald left. There is no Lad now to lick away my tears!

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

Ever since follies have pleased, fools have been able to divert.

It is better to take many injuries, than give one.

Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

To be humble to superiors is duty, to equals courtesy, to inferiors nobleness.

Here comes the orator with his flood of words, and his drop of reason.

Sal laughs at everything you say. Why? Because she has fine teeth.

If what most men admire, they would despise.

'Twould look as if mankind were growing wise.

The sun never repents of the good he does, nor does he ever demand a recompense.

Are you angry that others disappoint you? Remember you cannot depend upon yourself.

One mend-fault is worth two find-faults, but one find-fault is better than two make-faults.

He is no clown that drives the plow, but he that doth clownish things.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

The good pay master is lord of another man's purse.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Do not do that which you would not have known.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

In a discreet man's mouth a public thing is private.

Let thy maid-servant be faithful, strong and homely.

Keep flax from fire, youth from gaming.

Bargaining has neither friends nor relations.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.

Here comes Courage! that seized the lion absent, and ran away from the present mouse.

He that takes a wife takes care.

Nor eye in a letter, nor hand in a purse, nor ear in the secret of another.

He that buys by the penny, maintains not only himself, but other people.

He that can have patience can have what he will.

Now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. Sam Kennett, a former employee of this institution, paid us a short visit last Monday afternoon.

—J. T. S.—

Miss Barber, who has been at her home, at Kings Mountain for quite a while on account of illness, has returned to work.

—J. T. S.—

A crate of pint milk bottles and a number of pint crates have just been received. They will be used for cream.

—J. T. S.—

Miss Vernie Goodman, executive secretary in the Superintendent's office, has returned after a ten days' visit to her home in Mooresville and with her brother in Newberry, S. C.

—J. T. S.—

It won't be long before we will be getting watermelons and cantaloupes in abundance. The barn boys have finished planting them, and it won't be long now.

—J. T. S.—

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Scarboro, who has been confined to bed with illness, is improving a little. We wish her a speedy recovery. Miss Brown is taking her place as matron at sixth cottage.

—J. T. S.—

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He took for his text: "Good Master, what shall I do, that I might inherit eternal life?"—Mark 10:17. He preached a fine sermon and was enjoyed by all.

—J. T. S.—

Mr. Roy Crooks, a Linotype man of Concord, came out to the School last Monday night and worked on one of the Linotypes. He did not fix it completely, but fixed it so that it would run until we can send a piece to the factory.

—J. T. S.—

Last Monday night a few of the officers went frog hunting. They did not have much luck, but had a fine time. Mr. Morris caught an eel about two feet in length and about as large as one's arm. Mr. Hobby caught one frog. Well, maybe they will have better luck next time.

—J. T. S.—

Now that strawberry season is here, we are getting plenty of strawberries. Our patch is now "in full sway." They are being gathered about every other day. A good deal have been sold, and the boys and officers are getting about all they can handle, usually there are some left over.

—J. T. S.—

Some people have a habit of riding by here on Sunday afternoon and stopping in to "just speak to their boy." Wednesday is visiting day, and it is against the rules for them to see the boy, but as some have come a long distance, they are sometimes allowed to see them for a short time. It would not make quite so much difference if it were only one once in a while, but when about a dozen come in one afternoon, as last Sunday, it it rather troublesome.

This item is carried as a notice to all to wait until Wednesday.

—J. T. S.—

The Cabarrus Mill team was scheduled to play here last Saturday af-

ternoon, but they failed to make their appearance. Rather than disappoint the boys who had donned their baseball "togs," a scrub team was selected from the visitors in the grandstand and a five-inning practice game was played. Rain halted the game the beginning of the sixth inning.

MOTHER

Nobody knows of the work it makes
  To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
  Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
  Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows—
  Nobody's hurt like mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
  Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
  Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
  Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience saught,
  Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
  Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after-years,
  Nobody knows—but mother.

Come, let us kneel at the throne above
  To thank the heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift, a mother's love.
  The love of our own dear mother.

—The Fireside.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To	New York	9:21 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	2:12 A. M.
No.	136	To	Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	To	New York	10:23 A. M.
No.	34	To	New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:09 P. M.
No.	32	To	New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To	New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	To	Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To	Atlanta	9:45 A. M.
N.	37	To	New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

C364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 2, 1928. No. 19

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WHAT MAKES A MAN?

Not what you have, but what you use,
And also how you use it;
Not what you see, but what you choose,
And whether you abuse it;
Not what you gain, but what you lose,
And why and how you lose it.

—Boys' Weekly.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

"BOYOLOGY"

At a meeting of the International Boys' Work Council, Roland C. Sheldon, executive secretary of the Big Brother Federation, presented an interesting report of an experiment in juvenile courts at Toledo, O. Five public men are selected to undergo a course in "Boyology" just as they would study bridge or golf. These five men constitute a Juvenile Adjustment Bureau, passing upon juvenile delinquency and acting as court referee. In Toledo the number of arraignments in juvenile courts have been decreased 300. The plan is really a Rotary Club project, but may be organized by any service club or fraternal organization. The principal necessity is the securing of the right kind of men.

The study of boyology is an important and necessary subject. It is quite true in selecting the five men for the Juvenile Adjustment Bureau the man with a welfare spirit is the only kind to fill the place. But to get a man with the right spirit "is the rub." The most essential thing in welfare work is the spirit—a real love for your fellowman.

FAITHFULNESS

There are poems and prose written on faithfulness of man and beast. Our hearts beat with tender feeling when a story is told of faithfulness. It appeals to our inner selves and tends to hold us closer to the duties which

are ours. Listen to what Mr. T. M. Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in Charlotte has done and see if you won't agree with us all, that Mr. Shelton is an example of faithfulness. Some four years ago Mr. Shelton came to the School and asked that he be allowed to have some work with and among the boys at the School. After some discussion it was agreed that he was to be responsible for the services at the School on each fourth Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Since that time, Mr. Shelton has been on hand at the appointed hour with a good programme for the boys. He has brought with him during this time the ablest men, both preachers and laymen to talk and some of the best and sweetest singers that Charlotte affords. He has never forgotten the date nor has snow, rain or mishap of any kind ever made him late. He has always been on time and always enthusiastic for the happiness and welfare of the boys. He never forgets the boys at Christmas. It was at his instigation that the Men's Club of the second Presbyterian Church gave the boys one Christmas a tie and a handkerchief for each boy at the School.

The boys have learned to look forward to the fourth Sunday with a great interest. All of us think Mr. Shelton is worthy of being classed as one of the faithful.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE THRILL OF EXPERIMENT

The spirit of venture is in all of us, and occasionally the most conservative will experiment when knowing the game is not worth the price or time.

In Randolph County on the game farm, according to special to Daily News from Asheboro, one hundred wild turkey eggs have been purchased at the cost of $1 per egg, and part of them were set under hens and part in an incubartor.

The question that arises in the mind of interested poultry fanciers is what will be the nature of the young turkey? Will the hatch be wild or will it be like any other barn-yard turkey? We recall once suddenly walking upon a wild turkey hen with a brood of little turkeys; and the first thought was to catch the small turkeys and with pride take the game home. But quick as a flash the mother gave a wild cluck as she flew up in a nearby tree and instantly every baby turkey hid so securely under the grass and dead leaves till it seemed that the earth swallowed them as a whole. If this hatch of wild turkey eggs on the game farm in Randoplh County can be domesticated it is conclusive that the environment in the barn yard is effective, and we concede that the hen that hatches the eggs is the mother and not the hen that lays the eggs.

We suggest that Superintendent Boger make a similar experiment, because it will prove interesting to all of the boys as well as the officers of the School.

There will be turkeys though at the Training School in due time for Thanksgiving dinner; because we learn that Mr. Lisk, who has charge of the poultry yard, has one hundred and seventy turkey eggs (not wild turkey eggs) distributed so as to place part of the eggs under hens and others in the incubator.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE OBJECT OF THE UPLIFT

The Uplift has a twofold mission in the life of the Jackson Training School. The boys of the printing class pass from the school room right into the Uplift office, and there they put into practice the fundamentals of an education, spelling, reading, composition and punctuation, and unconsciously learning as they go a vocation that gives them an assurance of a livelihood when paroled from the school.

The Jackson Training School is proud to acclaim that the Uplift office has sent out linotype operators that are holding responsible positions in some of the largest newspaper offices in North Carolina, as well as in other states. The members of the printing class of the Uplift office never flounder around after leaving the school in an effort to place themselves in life, but they are sought out and command at once a living salary.

Another object of the Uplift is to carry in each edition clean, wholesome reading and a selection of short stories that appeals to the best in the boy, and at the same time aids in supplying the demand for good reading matter in a crowd of near unto five hundred boys. As an evidence of the need we heard one of the officers say that on last Sunday many boys of his Sunday School class came to him and asked to be permitted to get the Uplift to read.

Now, there are some magazines, for the Training School boys, given by the King's Daughters, church societies and civic organizations, but, the contiuation of such contributions comes with no certainty—these depend upon the life or interest of the society or order—but the Uplift printed by the boys, under the supervision of officers in charge of the printing class, is a certainty. You will agree that nothing is more pathetic than to see a crowd of restless young boys sitting around at quiet hour holding their hands.

In conclusion we say unhesitatingly that from an educational, as well as vocational, viewpoint the Uplift is a wonderful factor in transforming

the boys into fine manhood.

Again we know of some fine journalists in the state who are products of the printing office, and who never enjoyed the distinction of attending a School of Journalism.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A THOUGHTFUL MOVE

Really Mr. A. B. Pounds is a hustler. He never misses an opportunity to study the interest of the people at large, and this is an important factor in the success of any business.

A few days ago one of Mr. Pounds' men with his ice-wagon, was out on the Mt. Pleasant Road, soliciting customers with the view of establishing an ice route during the heated season.

Ice is a necessity and Mr. Pounds in his business watches for an opportunity to serve the public. He is to be commended for this progressive move, because it is a great help to the busy farmer (especially during rush season) to have ice delivered at the door.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

STRAWBERRY SEASON

When we think of Chadbourne we thing of strawberries, because the strawberry as a commercial crop has proven a valuable asset to that part of the state with Chadbourne as the central point for shipping the delicious berry.

The Jackson Training School farm is the Chadbourne of Cabarrus County this season. It is an interesting sight to see seventy-five boys in the five acre patch gathering the luscious fruit. By the end of the season it is safe to say that not less than five thousand quarts will have been gathered and sold to the markets both in Concord and Charlotte.

Aside from all of the berries that have been sold the tables of each cottage have been bountifully supplied, and many hundreds of quarts have been preserved and put away for winter use.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

TELEVISION

The information comes that the television outfit is no longer an experiment, but that the entire apparatus (if correctly termed) will soon be put on the market at a cost of about $100. We are waiting to see the results in this scientific development—but if true surely the cost $100 will not stand in the way of all classes, high and low, rich and poor, possess-

ing a television. Wonders will never cease. Just think of being able to see as well as hear by means of radio and telelphone. The time is not distant till every home will have its fireside television set at a nominal cost.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

GET IT DONE

It isn't the job we intended to do
  Or the labor we've just begun,
That puts us right on the balance sheet
  It's the work we have really done.

Our credit is built upon things we do,
  Our debit on things we shirk,
The man who totals the biggest plus
  Is the man who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay our bills,
  It is easy enough to plan,
To wish is the play of an office boy,
  To do is the work of a man.

—*Waverly Press, Baltimore.*

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

The two Carolinas were named for Charles II of England. As he had two II after his name I guess that is the reason they had to have a North and a South Carolina to fit his appellation. Charles' namesakes are doing pretty well, thank you; especially the first one.

—o—

The children are told fairy stories by the women. And the women are told fairy stories by the men—especially husbands.

—o—

I once heard of a little girl whose mother told her she better not have another piece of chicken, as she must leave room for the cake. The little one replied: "Oh, mamma, the chicken can move over a little."

—o—

It is stated that the active life of a dollar is about twenty months. Now they are going to make new notes in the near future that will last 40 per cent longer than the old ones. I am glad of this. A dollar bill never did live with me longer than a day, or a day and a half.

—o—

It is false economy to think you are saving by putting larger holes in doughnuts. It takes more dough to go around a large hole.

—o—

I firmly believe it would take an earthquake to shake some people from their old fogy notions; and I doubt if that would be effective with some. But everybody should be a booster for the town in which he lives. A booster—not a flippant boaster. The true community spirit is a creed something like this: "My community is where my home is founded; where my business is located; where my vote is cast; where my children are educated; where my neighbors dwell; where my life is chiefly lived. I have chosen it after due consideration from all the communities of the earth. It is the home spot to me. My community has a right to my civic loyalty. It supports me and I support it. My community wants my citizenship, not partisanship; friendship, not offishness; cooperation, not dissension; my intelligent interest, not indifference. My community supplies me with law and order, trade, friends, education, morals, recreation and the rights of a free-born American citizen. I should believe in my community; work for it; and I will."

—o—

It must be due to drinking goat milk that makes so many people always wanting to butt in.

—o—

A rooster can't crow unless he rears back. A man always rears back when he crows.

—o—

The other day I saw a little old woman walk from the sidewalk to just beyond the curbing, to pick up a piece of glass. I maintain that that little old wamon did more of a community service than many public speakers do. The gift of gab isn't everything.

—o—

A good proverb for the present day would read about this way: We pass our lives in doing what we

ought not to do; and leaving undone the things we ought to do.

—o—

I have not yet taken up golf. But I want it distinctly understood that when I take up golf I will hold the club the way I want to. I believe there is a lot of "bunk" in the instructions given by professionals and experts, relative to the way one should hold the club. I believe that in some phases of the game, one's natural position and inclination are the best. When I get to playing golf, I will hold the stick the way I want to and will stand knocked kneed, because that's the natural way for me to stand. I don't want any of the "golfists" to tell me to stand bowlegged. If I can't play a knocked kneed game, I won't play at all. Let the experts realize that fact before hand.

—o—

A beautiful young woman tripped into the office of a North Dakota newspaper the other day, and endeavoring to persuade the editor to print a little free publicity for the cause she was interested in, suddenly threw her arms around his neck and kissed him as if her heart would break. They do not make such warm and strenuous requests like that down this way with editors. While this beautiful young lady's argument proved unsuccessful in this case, I hope she will not regard this one failure as establishing a precedent.

—o—

What a minister said during a funeral sermon: "The deceased led a very quiet life. He never married."

—o—

To those who talk and talk and talk,
This proverb should appeal:
"The steam that blows the whistle,
Will never turn the wheel."

—o—

A scientific expedition is now in the wilds of Brazil seeking "a particular vicious mosquito." I would not even go across the street looking for such a critter. But what I started out to say was that the varmint they are after can be found in most any town where they do not clean up properly.

—o—

I was over at Chapel Hill Sunday afternoon and heard an organ recital in The Chapel of the Cross, the beautiful Episcopal church at that place, rendered by Harold D. Phillips, Mus. Bac., (Cambridge), F. R. C. O. The organ is a fine one, perhaps one of the largest as well as one of the sweetest tone, of great volume, in the state. It was a delightful entertainment, and Mr. Phillips appeared to master the keys with an expert hand. His selections were well chosen. There was the fantasia of Bach; the soft-flowing rhythm of Fletcher; Bennett's barcarolle; the ringing chimes melody of Luigini; the sweet Evangeline harmony of Banks; and the impassioned moving notes of Liszt. The whole blended into a "concord of sweet sounds," that charmed a good-size audience.

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No, friends, I have no complaint to make. Complaining is disheartening. There is a way by which things work out in the end with good intent. I just keep on striving to do my best, and trust in Providence for the results. I envy no one; least of all my fellow man. He has his troubles and worries. I have mine; and mine will do him no good by rectiting them to him A power Di-

vine will work out all the troubles of mankind. Forgive and forget is a mighty good practice. How can you say the Lord's Prayer, conscientiously, and expect the Lord to forgive you if you do not forgive others their trespasses. Using the prayer is a mockery, if you don't. There is a sweet calmness, and inward joy, when each day comes to a close, and you seek repose and "'nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep,'' to feel right down in your heart that the Great Father knows I've done my part and my best.'' And when you have done your best, to your God and your fellow man, that brings that ''peace which passeth all understanding.'' That is thankfulness built on loyalty and cheerfulness; and you bless others as well as yourself.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.—James A. Garfield.

SEEMS A GOOD SUGGESTION

(Stanly News-Herald)

We do not pose as a school administration expert, but looking at it from a commonsense viewpoint, the recommendations of retiring superintendent C. A. Reap to the County Board of Education appear to be entirely practical and at least worthy of serious consideration. Mr. Reap figures that the total salaries of the superintendents of the Albemarle city schools, the Wiscassett and Efird schools and the county superintendent of public instruction aggregate approximately $13,000. He throws out the suggestion that these, or a part of them be put under one unit. In other words, as we understand, by making the superintendent of the county schools also superintendent of the Albemarle City schools, and possibly also superintendent of the Efird and Wiscassett schools, several thousand dollars could be saved to the tax payers of the town and county. Of course, it may be a matter of impossibility for one man to act as superintendent of the Efird and Wiscassett Schools, the Albemarle City Schools and also as County Superintendent of schools, but, we do believe that it would be possible to put the Albemarle City Schools in the hands of the County Superintendent. Of course, to do so would of necessity throw more work on the Albemarle city schools principal, but anyhow, the proposition seems to us worthy the joint consideration of the county Board of Education and the Albemarle City School Board. If anything can be saved to the already overburdened tax payers, without crippling the good work of education, then certainly it should be done.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION

(Swannanoa Valley Methodist)

Education consists of a clear understanding of the facts of the world, and the power to use these facts for the accomplishment of work. Knowledge of facts may be used to build up or to destory, to aid human life or to injure it, to bless the world or to curse it. Religion has to do with attitude and relationshisp. It determines the direction we go. If our faces are turned toward God then our religious life is started right. Education determines in large measure the efficiency with which it continues. The two together are God's chief hand maidens for bringing to His children the larger life He desires them to have.

Commencement time! Time for examinations and white dresses and patent leather shoes and Stacomb and floods of oratory and plays and choruses and flowers and certificates and diplomas—and here and there a touch of romance. Lots of young people exposed to an education, and some of them catch it.

In Enoch Arden, Tennyson's beautiful and touching poem, Enoch had married pretty Annie Lee, his childhood playmate, and love and happiness reigned in the simple little home.

Then children came. "First a daughter in him woke,
With his first babe s first cry, the noble wish
To save all his earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renewed,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas."

Such too, has been the wish, and such the struggle of many another father and mother as they have toiled and sacrificed to send their children to school. To all of us it is a source of untold satisfaction that in recent years especially this has been possible. In one short generation in North Carolina the number of high school students has increased tenfold. Perhaps never before in the world's history has such a large and rapid increase been made. We can only express the hope here that the children shall endeavor to be worthy of the sacrifices made in their behalf.

It is estimated from carefully complied statistics that each day a child or young person spends in school brings back in later years an average of $9. That is to say that one's knowledge, skill, initative and general intelligence have been so increased that he makes enough during his life more than he otherwise would to run up to $9 for each day spent in school. When we consider that the time of children and young people often has no money value, and seldom goes above two or three dollars a day, we see that parents ought to make any reasonable sacrifice to keep their children in school. This should be done, however, in the case of young people only when they ap-

preciate and make faithful use of the opportunity. Otherwise the best than can be done for them is to turn them over to the tender mercies of a bill and a boss.

But important as a larger earning power is, a thing of far greater value, is the enlarged life, the greater appreciation of the glories and wonders of nature, the beauty and inspiration of others' thoughts, and the increased satisfaction of human fellowship.

THE DOMINATING PASSION

(News and Observer)

Recently at Louisburg, Richard H. Wright, pioneer tobacco manufacturer, inventor and millionaire of Durham, by a generous act heartened all the friends of Louisburg College. His gift of $150,000 for a new building was outright and construction on it will begin at once. He also made the offer to give an additional sum of $100,000 on condition that other friends of the college would raise $500,000 thus providing an endowment for that excellent institution.

Prior to this gift Mr. Wright had given $80,000 to build the Pattie Julia Wright memorial building, erected in memory of his sister who was a member of Louisburg Female College, class of 1868. They had not then stricken the word "Female" from the name of the school. He had also given $100,000 as a fund for the education of poor girls. This makes his outright gifts to Louisburg College over $300,000, and when his conditional gift meets response, Louisburg will have received from this generous man nearly half a million dollars. Among his other benefactions may be noted, $100,000 to orphan children of Durham county.

These benefactions show the dominating passions of the strong man as he faces the sunset. It is love of early scenes and loved ones of youth. Mr. Wright left his native county as a young man he helped to establish the big Duke tobacco concern, he has made a fortune out of royalties from inventions, he has been a globe trotter, and has lived everywhere since manhood except in the county of his birth. But when he came to decide where he should make the best investment of a large sum he chose the leading institution of his church in the county where he was born. And he made the first memorial to his sister who was trained in the college.

The ruling passion in fruitful age is love of the first scenes the eyes rested upon and his best loved kin. Mr. Wright's donations and gifts prove that truth.

ALWAYS HOPE

However, as long as our great magnates keep a philanthropic spirit and amass fortunes only to return much of them to the public in different bequests, a healthy balance is maintained and the life of the nation remains sound.—Asheville Citizen.

CHILDREN AT HOME

(Asheville Citizen)

The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor reports that in child welfare work it is better to follow the principle of providing the the mothers of small children with money from public funds than to transfer the minors to institutions. This plan is wiser and more economical in the long run. The Bureau states that "home made children, cared for by their own mothers, have the best chance of becoming healthy normal citizens."

The legislatures of all but five States have passed laws for mothers' aid. However, only about half the needy children in the United States receive the help thus allowed. This is due to the fact that in many States inadequate funds are provided. A mother with three dependent children should be allowed $1000. New York State leads the country in this work. Also New York City spends more money in proportion to population to keep poor children in their own homes than any other city.

Another way for providing care for children is also developing greatly. This is the plan of having all-day nurseries for the children of poor working mothers. Under this system home training is made possible, but there is also institutional care during the working hours of the mothers.

The problem of poor relief is one of the most difficult before any progressive nation. The wholesale collection of paupers in public homes tends to lower their self-respect. Also, when minors are involved, there is grave danger of inadequate care and training. In his famed novel: "Oliver Twist," Dickens graphically portarys the evils of this system in mid-nineteenth century England. On the other hand, the practice of granting outdoor relief, as money and supplies for the poor to use in their homes involves serious risks of waste, More is apt to be granted than is really needed—especially when several charity organizations work in the same community and tend to overlap each other in their services. In Continental Europe poor relief is conducted by the local governing bodies. A special tax is collected to provide funds for this. Also begging and private giving of aid is prohibited. But in England and America there is both public and private charity. This has the danger of causing great waste, which the Continental European plan largely obviates, but it stimulates a spirit of philanthropy.

The question of aid to minors is a special one. If we are to accept the report of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, it is beter to give money to needy mothers to care for their own children at home. Yet there are many public and private orphan houses that are doing a noble work. Doubtless circumstances in individual cases need careful investigation. But where public or private aid can make possible the rearing of poor children by their own parents, this is doubtless the most satisfactory plan to all concerned.

Do unto others as though you were the others.—Elbert Hubbard.

TO BECOME GREATEST UNIVERSITY

By A. A. Wilkinson

Duke University known as the most richly endowed denominational institution in the world seems distined to become one of the nation's greatest universities from an academic standpoint, and one that will play a great part in leading the new south back to its place in the educational and cultural sun. Founded in 1838 as Normal institute and then Trinity college, it possessed deep-rooted traditions and stalwart foundations when James B. Duke selected it in 1924 as the chief beneficiary for his unexcelled benefactions contained in his endowment.

Growth for Duke university is certain; large funds have already been set aside for building expansion. There is nowhere in the world, nor at any time before in the history of the world, has there been a greater program of educational expansion. Buildings, grounds, faculty, equipment, selected students—all these, and of the finest quality, will more and more characterize Duke university.

Duke is Spending Millions

Duke is spending millions of dollars in preparing its magnificent new home, its second unit of buildings. Furthermore, it is getting full return for every cent of it; no great construction program was ever carried on with greater economy or with so extensive a scope, paradox though it may seem. Just now the real beauty of the second unit—containing something like 45 buildings, all connected—is beginning to be perceived. The handsome vari-colored stone walls are now rising, in several buildings to the second floors; and the beautiful stone carvings on windows and doors are almost matchless. It must be seen to be appreciated. At least $2,000,000 is being saved by the university because it is quarrying its own stone from its own property. Its own locomotives moves its own cars over its own track; and when the beautiful rock arrives at the site it costs Duke about $3 a ton. Otherwise, the cost of this material would be approximately $17 a ton Economy, perfection, speed, beauty, utility are words that are having some meaning as Duke goes about its great task of building. Results, too, are forthcoming. Quietly, but surely, there is rising on North Carolina soil the new home of an old institution, which will not only be a source of pride for natives of Durham, North Carolina, and the south, but one which is destined to attract national and world-wide attention. This is true because nothing just like it was ever attempted before on so large a scale.

Most Beautiful Campus in State

Already Duke has the most beautiful campus in the state, if not in the south, to visit the grounds once known as Trinity college is to be struck by the transformation which has taken place during the past year. Landscape gardners are placing the finishing touches on the new Georgian quadrangle; the old athletic field of Trinity college of three years ago is so thoroughly gone that one who never saw it can not realize that it ever existed. Instead a handsome group of a dozen new buildings

dominated by a towering auditorium. Trees, new grass, shrubbery are making the site a veritable Taj Mahal for North Carolina.

Just as the old Trinity campus has undergone a transformation; so will there be an even greater change in the woods just west of the city of Durham. The towering spires of Duke's new Gothic cathedral-like chapel, rising heavenward as tall as a 25-story building, will be easily seen, on clear days, by people in Chapel Hill and Hillsboro. Wooded drives, sparkling lakes, green golf courses, great tract of untouched flora, will surround this future home of Duke university. Inspiration and meditation are not always derived from the cold pages of books: with its ideal environment Duke university hopes to afford that deeper inspiration which students so often find lacking in many institutions. Thus there is a worthy purpose in the university's desire to have a beautiful home Otherwise, it could have stayed on its old Trinity campus of 125 acres and built floor on top of floor.

Spiritual Growth

Duke is not only growing in material things, but there is a spiritual growth which is interesting. Cherishing the traditions of old, finding pride in the accomplishments of the present, alumni, students, faculty, and officials of the university are looking eagerly to the future when the scope of its service will be vastly increased, and when the good that the institution is destined to do will be in greater evidence. A great ideal lies back of Duke university's growth; this ideal began with the institution and is permitted to grow larger through the benefactions of the Duke family, the members of which themselves caught the ideal in a beautiful way.

"Erudito et Religio" are the words on the great seal of the university. It is fortunate that Duke above all other universities is able to combine scholarship, learning and religion in training young men and women toward capable Christian citizenship.

THE OLD FOLKS

We occasionally hear a member of the younger generation railing at the old folks, and referring to them as "old foggies" and "behind the times." When we do we renew our thanks to the Almighty for providing us with old folks. They supply the balance so necessary in not only this but every day and age; they can profit by years of experience while youth has yet to go through the fire. This "pep" in youth is all right, and a part of life. But the world needs, and cannot get along without, the wisdom and sageness that come with the years, and the opinions and advice that only old folks can give. One generation must act as a check on another, and must halt at the right time a recklessness that would be dangerous if not checked. These are but a few of the thousands of reasons why, as much as we love boys and girls, we thank God that we also have old folks.—Selected.

THE OLD TIME COUNTRY HOME LAID FIRM FOUNDATIONS

By Dr. Gus W. Dyer

The success or failure of human institutions is determined by their fruits in manhood and womanhood. The function of all normal institutions of society is to prepare men to grapple successfully with the problems of life and civilization as they present themselves day after day and year after year. The prime function of the home, the state, the school, the church, the industrial system, is to train and guide men to the end that they may win out in every contest with the forces that would impede industrial and social progress.

Practically every great civilization of the past failed. The downfall came when the institutions failed to give to the individual that training that was necessary to meet the crisis. No greater crisis ever came to the institution of any civilization than that which came to the South as a result of the civil war. It is difficult to find any other people in all history who were brought so low by a war crisis. The South lost everything that men value, and the future seemed hopeless to many. When the ragged remnant of the once strong Confederate army returned from the war in 1865, their shattered homes were all that they found left. But these country homes stood like a stone wall throughout the terrible crisis and came out stronger at the close of the war than they were at the beginning.

It was this country home that trained and inspired the boys of the impoverished South for leadership under the new order. It was out of this simple country home, handicapped in a thousand ways, that the great industrial leadership of the South came—a leadership that has lifted the South from the ashes of ruin and given it a place of first rank in the industrial progress of the world. The country home has never received that study and consideration that it deserves. More than any other institution it was the source of all that was great in our national life of the past.

By choice the country home was isolated. Seclusion was the fixed policy of practically every family. They preferred seclusion. It was very unusual for two farmers with adjoining farms to build their homes near each other. They seemed to feel that close proximity of families violated the proper secrecy and sanctity of home life. This seclusion accentuated family solidarity and made home life more intense. The family was a little world to itself, and in large measure it was sufficient unto itself. It was literally true that there was no place like home. This was not a lonely place; it was full of life and interest, and people liked to go home. Real home life without home seclusion is almost impossible. Lack of seclusion is a big factor in the downfall of the modern home. "Getting together" is helpful in some things, but it is destructive to the essential nature of the home.

The old country home was a working, producing institution. Every-

body worked, and every body was a producer. The husband and the wife were partners in business. Both were producers of wealth. The economic activities of the wife were as important as those of her husband. There was a natural division of labor between them. The men took the outside, heavy work and the women assumed control of the economic activities in and around the home. The economic activities of the woman were of vital importance and often meant more in the support of the family than those of her husband. The family was fed chiefly from the products of her toil. It was her work that supplied the chickens and eggs and butter and milk and turkeys and vegetables and even the bacon and hams in many cases for the support of the family. In addition to these activities, she looked after the sewing and mending and the laundry and a thousand other things connected with an active, living home.

Children were economic assets in this institution—the more children a man had the "better off " he was. The large family was not a problem. The family without children was the serious problem here. The varied economic activities in the home could be adjusted easily to children of all ages and it was never difficult to find jobs for all. Children began to do useful work at a very early age, and soon became self-supporting. They went to school in the winter when there was little work to be done at home, and took up the activities of the farm as the spring opened. They had a twelve months school, and it was a good one. The intellectual, moral and industrial training they received through the regular activities of the home and the farm had a very high educational value. The chief defect in the modern school system is that it has not been able to make any adequate substitute for this essential part of a normal education. The school system at best can give only a partial education. The boy or girl who has been educated exclusively by the schools is not educated. No one yet has found a more appropriate slogan for education than that given prominence by John Dewey, "Learn by doing." This was the educational philosophy of the country home and it produced marvelous results. It is not strange at all that so many great leaders in practically every sphere of life in the cities got their training—their education—in these simple working, producing homes in the country. These men really had superior training in their youth, they had exceptional educational opportunities, although they "went to school" but little. It wasn't necessary to "go to school" so much when they lived and moved and had their being in the best school in the world all the time. Their leadership is not accidental, neither is it due to their inherited capacity alone, it is the product of home-training down on the farm.

The unquestioned theory in vogue today that a man should support his wife and children is a very modern doctrine and was unknown in the old country home. There were no parasites in this institution. No one counted on eating his bread in the sweat of another's brow. Each prayed for his daily bread. Each member of the family did his part in this great mutual co-operative enter-

prise and each shared in its common fruits. It was this co-operation in the performance of a common function that made this home invincible. Constructive, productive work, carried on by the joint efforts of every member of the family, was the chief cornerstone of this structure and was the chief source of the life and the stability and the contentment that characterized this greatest of our institutions. Home in the truest sense without work is practically impossible.

In cities and towns, and even in the country now, a considerable portion of the family income is spent for luxuries. This was not true of the old country home. This does not mean that the people of this time did not have luxuries. In many instances they had far more luxuries than the average family of the city has today. But they did not spend money for them. Luxuries came as the by-products of their regular life activities, and for the most part were without money and without price.

Living in isolation in a working community, the family didn't "dress up" except on Sunday. Everybody was comfortable at least six days of the week. Working clothes cost but little, and those who wore them under the old conditions in many instances enjoyed more luxury from the comfort they gave than the people who are compelled to "dress up" every day in the week. These people enjoyed the luxury of horseback riding and buggy riding, but there was little or no cost connected with it. Horses "made their keep," and the luxury they gave to their owners was gratis. Hunting, fishing, swimming, dancing, racing, all had wonderful thrills, and were luxuries of the highest order, but they didn't cost anything. Social activities, parties, picnics, gatherings, dinners, quiltings and son on, were rich in social life, but they were practically without expense to those who participated in them. "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and "Out at Old Aunt Mary's" give us a suggestion of the luxuries of this simple life and add meaning to the appeal.

"Let's go back to Grigsby's Station
Where we lived together so happy
and so poor."

* * *

Everybody had a home, and everybody lived at home. Each home assumed the responsibility of taking care of every member of the family. Old people were not committed to the state, nor farmed out. They were not in the way. They had a home, and the home cared for them when they needed attention. They nursed and cared for their children in their early years, and in turn the children accepted the responsibility of caring for their parents in the old home when they were unable to care for themselves. There was no demand for social welfare work by professionals. Each home did its own social welfare work.

It wasn't necessary for any man to defer marriage on account of a small income. A poor man was better off married than single. It really cost less to keep two than one.

Under the old rural conditions a poor, ambitious man couldn't afford to remain single. The barriers to marriage now were the chief arguments for marriage then. Marriage then was not the assumption of the responsibility on the part of the man to take care of and support his wife. It was a sacred compact entered in-

to for life under which husband and wife went out to establish a home and by mutual sacrifices and service shape its destiny as a unit of human society. There was no thought of parasite dependence here. Marriage was a call to work both to the man and to the woman, and thus it was accepted. Hence there was a reason for the postponement of marriage on economic grounds. There was every reason why this great co-operative enterprise should be started as early as possible.

This condition solved the marriage problem. Since it was to the interest of practically every man to get married early in life, the demand for wives was about equal to the supply and hence practically every woman could count on a "proposal."

Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, inveracites, insinuations and misrepresentations which are uttered against him.—Henry Ward Beecher.

DISPLAY NEWSPAPER MAN'S NEW SONG

(Durham Daily Sun)

The Corley Company, for the first time in its long, honorable and successful business career as a musical house in Durham, has its front window handsomely decorated, in its entirety, with a Durham product. It is a compliment to the Durham author, and displays patriotic town pride, and should attract a great deal of attention.

It is what might be termed a "Jim Robinson song window." It is a display of J. A. Robinson's (better known in newspaper circles as "Old Hurrygraph") latest song, "When I'll Need You Most, Sweetheart." The arrangement of the display is very unique. In the center of the window is a revolving dais on which various kings of musical instruments which pass in review. Around this dais copies of Robinson's song are bowed and placed like the petals of the peony. Copies also border the facing of the window in an attractive manner, so the title can be easily read. It is published by Frank Harding, 228 East 22nd St., New York City.

The Corley Company are the sellers of the song in Durham for 30 cents the copy.. Those who have tried it pronounce it a song of sentimental tenderness; a very sweet melody, which is very catching and lingering. The sentiment is with those who are growing old. The chorus runs this way:

"When dreams of love have faded
And time our eyesight shaded;
And cares press down on us in a mighty host;
When age turns our locks to gray—
We are feeble in what we say;
'Tis then, sweetheart, I am sure I'll need you most."

BILLY'S NERVE

By Flora Sweetnam

Billy Allen had been working in the hayfield for Mr. Morrison, and, as he went home on this Saturday afternoon, he carried a brand new fivedollar bill in his pocket. He stopped at the barn, climbed to the hay-loft and began to draw forth from a certain corner a motley array of articles. There was an old frame of a bicycle, an old, but good saddle and two wheels, mostly without spokes. Bill looked them over and then, from a box beneath a pile of junk, he drew forth an old pocket-book. He emptied its contents on the floor and counted the silver pieces.

"Two and a half," he counted, and as he added his bill, "seven and a half in all. I believe I can do it."

"Hey, Bill," came a voice from outside, and Billy put his pockt-book away and went down.

"What you say?" he inquired as he saw his special chum, James Norton.

"I say, what are you doing in the hay-loft? It looks to me like you've had haying enough for one spell."

"I'd go back again Monday if he wasn't through," declared Billy. "I got a five-dollar bill. Now I think I can buy the rest of the parts and finish assembling my bicycle."

"You sure have got a lot of patience," said James. "I'm afraid I'd have given it up long ago."

"Not if you wanted a bike as badly as I have," laughed Billy. "Ever since I traded around and got what parts I have," he went on, "I've scrambled and scratched to get money enough to buy my spokes and tires and the rest. I've had it two or three times, but every time something happened that caused me to have to spend it for other things. This time I'm going to have my bike if I have to go hatless and shoeless."

"I admire your spunk," grinned James, "But I don't believe I'd have held out. Where are you going to get the stuff!"

"I've got a catalogue," said Billy. "Just wait till I run up and get it."

He dashed away and soon returned with the catalogue in his hand. They sought the front porch of the farmhouse, and James sat in the swing and turned through the catalogue while Billy ran to hunt paper and pencil to make his order. When he had found them he joined James in the swing and together they bent over the catalogue. Billy figured all over a sheet of paper, estimating the cost of all the things he was going to need. It took close work, but at last the order was made, and it was strictly inside his seven-and-a-half-dollar limit. He was not going to ask anybody for a cent.

"Now, do you believe you can assemble one, once you get all the parts?" demanded James.

Billy laughed. "I've studied about it so much, I believe I could assemble one in my sleep."

It was near milking time and James got up to go home. "I'll see you when the junk comes," he promised, "and help you some if I can. I hope you can make it work. We need you on our biking trips."

"Oh, I'll make it work," said Billy. "No fear about that. All I'm afraid of is that there'll be a fire or a flood or an earthquake before I get this order off."

"Then don't fool away any time about it," urged James.

"I don't aim to," said Billy, "but I've got to go and hunt he cows now."

James went his way and Billy carefully folded his order and placed it under the clock for safe-keeping. That was a rule in the Allen family. He fully intended to get it off in the morning, but found that he would have to get a money order from the post office, and that put it off another day. In the meantime, about dusk of that day here came a message for Mr. Allen, stating that his father was very ill and that he must come at once.

"Of course you'll have to go," said Billy' mother.

"I shall have to borrow the money, then," was the answer. "It took everything I had except one quarter to pay for that last lot of fertilizer. My, but it does keep a fellow hopping to keep out of debt. But that's the only way to get the farm paid for."

"But it's only fifty miles or so," Mrs. Allen reminded him. "That won't take much; only about two and a half."

Billy's heart sank, but nobody else knew that. He got a lantern and went to the barn. Presently he came back with a handful of silver, which he offered to his father.

"There," he said cheerfully, "I can let you have it."

His father hesitated a moment, but looked so relieved that Billy was glad he had the money. His father counted it over. "I'll see that you get it back, Bill, as soon as possible," he said.

"That's all right," smiled Billy. "I'm not worrying."

He ran back to the barn to hitch up the horse to drive his father to the station, and as he worked he kept telling himself over and over that he could earn another two dollars and a half, and that he was glad it had not taken it all. Besides, his father was sure that in another two years the farm would be paid for and then things would be different.

By the time his father was ready he was back at the gate with the horse and buggy. His father came out and they drove the three miles to the station almost in silence, except for an occasional word of instruction as to how Billy was to carry on in his father's absence.

Mr. Allen was going to take the midnight train, so Billy did not wait to see him off. He would have to be up early in the morning. He was to be the man of the house for a few days. The next morning he was up and had part of his chores done before breakfast. Just as he rose from the table the telephone bell rang. He answered it.

"Bill, is that you?" came Mr. Morrison's voice. "Can you come over and help me milk those seventeen cows? Nort had to go and get kicked by a crank and get his arm broken right in the busiest time."

He stopped to take breath and Billy called, "I don't know whether I can or not. You see, dad had to go away last night, and—"

"Can't do what?" and Billy look-

ed around to see James in the doorway.

"Can't go and help him milk. The car kicked Nort and broke his arm," Billy explained hastily. "You see, dad had to go and see grandpa and mother has to have me."

"Go on," said James. "Tell him you'll be there. I'll do your 'stunt this time. I'll bet a hoss you gave your father part of that money."

"I did," said Billy, "and I'm glad of it. Coming!" he yelled into the telephone and hung up.

Billy dashed out across the fields and was soon busy milking, while Nort, his arm in a sling, followed him around, talking and asking questions.

"Did you get off your order?" he asked at last.

"No," admitted Billy. "I—I—let father have part of the money."

"Good-bye, bike," said Nort. "But then," he added, "you couldn't have assembled it, anyway. You'd beteter be glad you didn't waste all your money."

"I'll get it some time and then I'll show you," said Billy.

Mr. Morrison was milking the cow next to Billy's. "Of course you could fix it," he said. "I haven't a doubt of it. Nort couldn't. He couldn't make a bootjack. I'll lend you the other two and a half."

"I—don't like to go in debt," began Billy.

"Stuff!" snorted Mr. Morrison. "I'm always needing you. You'll take it home with you this very morning and make your order. Can you help me again to-night?"

"I guess so," Billy told him, "but I may be a little late. We have nobody there to do anything but mother and me."

"That's all right," Mr. Morrison assured him, "I'll take you when I can get you."

Billy finished with the milking, took the money and went home. He got his order ready, and the kind-hearted mail-man promised to get a post office money order and put it in for him. Billy watched him drive on with a much lighter heart. He realized that for a time he would be so busy the waiting would seem short.

About the time his order came, his father returned. His grandfather was much better. Billy now had more time to help Mr Morrison, and his debt was soon paid. During his spare time he worked on his bicycle, and it gradually grew under his skillful hands. James was there frequently, watching and wanting to help, and occasionally givig some real help.

The boys of the neighborhood had planned a little trip to Howe's Mill on their wheels Billy had promised to have his ready by that time. Two days beforehand, he mounted his wheel and rode round to James' home. James was filled with admiration.

"It's the real thing," he declared, "even if it isn't handsome."

"It'll be handsome when I get it painted," said Billy. "And I'm going straight home and do that. I just wanted to prove to you and Nort that I could do what I set out to do."

"You've proved it. Has Nort seen it?"

"No. I don't aim for him to till it's painted."

Billy rode home and got busy with his paintbrush. He had before him a bicycle catalogue with the pictures in colors, and he modeled his after

the one he liked best. Nort came along just as he had finished and was trundling his wheel onto the front porch to dry. Nort stopped and stared. Billy's father also came around to take a look.

"Why, you couldn't tell it from a new one," cried Nort. "It's a better looking one than mine."

Billy viewed it with some pride. "I don't think it's such a bad job," he grinned.

"Well," and Nort drew a deep breath, "I've got to hand it to you, Bill. I just didn't think it was in you."

"I was waiting to see," said Mr. Allen. "Bill's gdanddad intended to buy him one if this failed."

"My compliments to granddad," smiled Billy, "but I like this one all right."

"Nothing equal to Billy's nerve," said Nort. "Say, Bill," he added, "what'll you take to paint mine?"

Manhood, not scholarship, is the first aim of education.
—Ernest Thompson Seton.

DADDY IS MY PARTNER

(Progressive Farmer)

He was a bright-eyed little chap, just old enough to join the young people's clubs. He had just started to double back with the disk, having gone over his acre once, and was ready to cross-disk his acre of land when we saw him. He looked small to be driving two large mules and doing the work of a 200-pound man, but he was doing it better than many do.

This youngster had just become of the age, the tender age, at which boys may become club members. He was at work on the biggest job he had ever tackled. No one had discouraged him. His father had permitted the county agent to select the best acre on the farm and was furinshing the best seed he could buy, and the land, fertilizer, implements, team and had offered to help with the work. But Bobbie wanted to do all the work himself. Wasn't it his his corn patch? Bobbie had plowed the land, harrowed it, and was now double-disking it. In a few days he would be planting his corn and then cultivating it. Later on will come the harvest.

"Which had you rather do, Bobbie, work your field or go to school?" we asked.

"I do both and like them both," was the prompt reply.

"How did it happen that you became a corn club member?"

"The county agent told us about it at school not long ago."

"Did you have much trouble getting your father's consent to your joining the corn club?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Daddy is my partner."

Could a boy more highly compliment his father than Bobbie did? We wish that more fathers would take their sons into confidence and be their partners.

DR. J. HARRY WHITMORE PREACHES SERMON TO FLORA MACDONALD GRADUATES

Dr. Whitmore's text was Deut. 30:15—"I have set before thee this day life and good," the theme of his inspiring sermon being "Essentials to Success in the Larger Life."

"Israel had been 40 years in the school of the wilderness—commencement day had come on plains of Moab, ' he said, "'God through Moses gives them a commencement message. It was a larger life God set before them. The life would be theirs upon certain conditions.

"This, your commencement day; you stand upon the threshold of a new period in life. God sets before you a larger life—larger in privileges, opportunities and obligations.

"Each of you is possessed of certain powers, physical, mental and spiritual. These powers we must use in the building of the temple of life. But before we can use them we must master them. The greatest battle any man ever fights is the battle for the mastery of self. Man wins this mastery of self only as he yields himself to Jesus. We contemplate with admiration man's power to master the forces of nature and utilize them for welfare of man.

"But it is a far greater thing for man to master the forces of his own being so that he can resist the temptations, to selfishness, littleness, sordidness and devote himself to the glory of God in service.

"You have to pay the price for the things worthwhile. The price you will have to pay is hard work, and real sacrifice."

In the May Forum Professor Edman, of Columbia, writing about the job of a college, says wisely:

"If it is the business of a college to do anything at all, that business certainly includes the function of enabling students, before they have quit its precincts, to find some peace in their own souls and some steadying adjustments to their world. It is very rare on a campus to find genuinely vicious or depraved characters. But it is equally rare to find character at all, in that definite sense in which one speaks of the character of a writer or a composer—characer in the sense of a clear direction a personality with a center edge, sturdiness and depth. Indeed, one may say that in so far as the colleges have succeeded in enabling students to approach a unification and clarification of themselves —in so far, in a word, as they have enabled them to achieve a character —they have performed the chief of their functions."

THE DUMB-BELL

By Eva R. Baird

"She only got the Charity Valentine last year," said Bertha Anne thoughtfully.

"Well, it's a Charity Valentine when she gets it, I'll say," said Maizie. "Of all the luck for you to draw her. Say, there's a funny one at Adams' Drug Store that would fit her exactly. I dare you to buy it."

Bertha Anne Wilcox and Maizie Merrill were the centre of a group of Eighth Grade girls who were comparing the names they had drawn from the School Valentine Box. It was the custom for all the names of the grade to be put into a common pile, from which each pupil drew a name, and then sent a valentine to that person. As many more could be sent to their friends as they desired, but the drawn names insured that every pupil would receive at least one valentine. These had come to be called the Charity Valentines. Bertha Anne had drawn the name of Mina Watson, who was considered the queerest girl in school. Mina's clothes were queer; she wore long hair when every other girl in the grade had bobbed, and Mina was queer herself; at least, she seemed so to the other Eighth Graders. She was older than most of the girls and never shared their good times. To be sure no one had ever asked her to, and she stayed studying at her own desk during intermissions. Her family had moved into a tumble-down house on the edge of town the year before, when Mina had entered upon her career as the Class Dumb-Bell, which was what she was called by the Eighth Graders.

The Valentine that Maizie Merrill was suggesting now was a comic called "The Dumb-Bell," with a picture that might have been a caricature of Mina herself. It was of an overgrown girl with flying braids of red hair, trying to read a Primer upside-down. Below were the lines—

"Of all the things this day will tell,
The first is this—You're Our Dumb-Bell."

Maizie laughed when she told Bertha Anne about it. But Bertha Anne, while she loved a joke, didn't think this was the place for it. The other girls had gone on, and Maizie and Bertha Anne were left alone in the school-room.

'If you want to send me a funny valentine, that's all right," urged Bertha Anne. "We're friends, and I'll know it's a joke. I may get some of those comics for our own crowd, but the Charities must be nice. And Mina's will be a Charity for sure, as you say. I'm going to buy her as nice a one as I can even if I do think she's our prize Dumb-Bell."

"Maybe you're right," said Maizie, dropping the subject. "But what are we going to do this year for Our Very Own?" Our Very Own was the name the girls used for the happy group who had most of their good times together. The custom had sprung up among them of making clever valentines for each other, every one trying to see who could make the cleverest. Bertha Anne and Maizie always made theirs together. They lingered on now in

the school-room, planning their valentines for the other girls.

"I heard something," said Maizie suddenly. They both listened.

"Oh, it's just the janitor," said Bertha Anne. "But see what time it is. We must go home. Isn't this the darkest cloak-room?" She brought out both their sweaters as she spoke.

But she did not see huddled in the darkest corner of the cloak-room the form of their school-mate, Mina Watson. Mina had waited for the other pupils to pass out because she hadn't quite the courage to face the school wearing her mother's coat. She had been coming to school early for the same reason. When Maizie and Bertha Anne had lingered in the school-room after school, she had waited for their departure, and when they began talking about her it became doubly hard to make her appearance. So she had just hidden in the cloak-room. Now as soon as the girls were gone, she came out flushed and disheveled. She was not crying; she was too angry to cry, but her eyes were flashing fire.

"Oh, I drew her name," she gloated, "that Maizie girl—I'll make her a valentine. The one thing that Mina Watson could do was to draw. No one in Miltonville knew it, but Mina could sketch folks just as they were, and then add a touch here and a stroke there which would make them as they weren't, but might be. As she hurried home in the gathering darkness she thought of the valentines she would send not only to Maizie Merrill, but to all the Very Own. She hated them all with their gay sweaters and bobbed heads; she hated the glib way they recited geography and history. As she flung along home with her long woman's coat, some of her anger worked itself out in her long strides in the open air. By the time she reached home she could at least control herself.

She came cheerfully into the little living-room, tossed a kiss to her mother, who was cooking supper over the stove, picked up Baby Brother and gave him a hug, and dropped down on a low stool by her father's bed. For the secret of the poverty of the Watson family was that her father had been in bed for a year.

"What's doing in school, Mina?" asked Mr. Watson. Mina's homecoming was always a ray of sunshine in his dull day.

"Valentines," answered Mina promptly. "Everybody makes one for somebody else. I drew Maizie Merrill. She looks like this." She picked up a piece of wrapping paper and pulled her pencil from her pocket as she spoke and sketched Maizie with her nose. Maizie's nose was Roman, and just a bit large, but set in her cheerful face, it was not conspicuous. But as Mina drew it, Maizie was all nose. It overshadowed everything else. Her father laugh- at the caricature.

"Here's her chum, Bertha Anne Wilcox," she said, and drew a Bertha Anne, who was all mouth. Seeing that he father was amused, she went on through the Very Owns, holding up to ridicule every girl's weak point. Mother's call to supper put an end to the sport, but Mina put the sketches away for future use. Not for words would she have added to the burdens of her family by telling them how she had heard herself made fun of that day.

Supper was interrupted by a knock at the door, and a man came in whom

Mina recognized as Maizie Merrill's father, the owner of a downtown store. After a friendly greeting he made his errand known. He had just purchased a job lot of garments, which needed a needle woman to do a bit of adjusting. Mrs. Watson had been recommended to him. She was glad to get the work, and the business was soon disposed of. But Mr. Merrill, being a friendly sort of an individual, was attracted to the invalid on the bed, and soon the two men were engaged in earnest conversation.

Tactfully he drew out the facts of Mr. Watson's long illness, and the farm they had been compelled to abandon, after years of hard work. Mr. Merrill's keen eyes saw the needs of the little family. As he was leaving he turned to Mrs. Watson.

"You wouldn't care to have your pay in advance out of our stock of goods, would you Mrs. Watson?" he said. "I'd be glad to settle accounts that way, and I have nearly everything in ready-to-wears."

"Oh, a sweater for Mina," cried her mother quickly. "She's wearing my coat these cold days."

"And a good warm one it is, Mumsie," chimed in Mina. She couldn't quite bear to appear poor to Maizie Merrill's father. She slipped into it as she spoke, and made a low laughing bow. Mina at home and Mina at school were two different persons.

Mr. Merrill looked appreciatively at the Eighth Grade girl in her mother's coat. "It's all right," he agreed, "but you'd like our new line of sweaters."

That evening at home he was telling his wife about the Watson family, and their brave struggle against circumstances. Maizie suddenly dropped the magazine she was reading.

"Not Mina Watson," she said in amazement.

"I believe that was her name," answered Mr. Merrill. "A tall girl with long red braids."

"Our dumb-bell," gasped Maizie.

"She's not a dumb-bell," said her father emphatically. "She is the brave daughter of a brave family." And Maizie listened while he told again of the invalid father and the family poverty.

"Mina had to miss school while they were on the farm," he said. "She's had very little regular schooling. But she's working hard now to catch up. And she simply won't let her folks get discouraged."

"And we've been making it hard for her," said Maizie contritely, and she told the whole story, even down to her valentine suggestion to Bertha Anne that afternoon.

But Maizie was energetic. When she turned, she turned clear around. The next morning she was proposing new plans to Bertha Anne. Mina, noticing the whispers passing among the girls, wondered if it was some more of the same kind of talk she had overheard in the cloak-room the night before. But her fierce anger had burned itself out. After all, what did it all matter?

At noon she hurried down to Merrill's store and selected her sweater. Returning to school she marveled at the friendly feeling she found on every side, and wondered that the mere matter of a winter wrap could make so much difference.

But whatever the cause, Mina could not resist friendliness, and before the end of the week she had destroyed her little caricatures of the girls and

was making friendly sketches instead. Where she had emphasized ugly noses and big mouths, she now made broad smiles and friendly faces. She played up the strong point of every pupil. She became so interested in what she was doing that she made a little valentine for every person in the grade.

"And I'll only get my Charity," she thought as she started to school in Valentine's Day. "Well, any way I feel better to give them something friendly." Still she dreaded the opening of the Valentine Box. The others would have so many, and she would have only the one from Bertha Anne, who had drawn her name. She remembered that Bertha Anne had refused to send her the comic, and she dared to hope for something nice to bring home to show her folks.

In a breathless hush the Box was opened. "Miss Mina Watson," read the teacher from the first envelope. Mina went forward to receive the dainty pink and blue affair directed to her. It was as lovely as she had hoped.

A few more names were read, then "Miss Mina Watson" again, this time a booklet of verse. She had scarcely reached her seat when her name was called again.

And so it went for half an hour. Other puplis received three or four or half a dozen valentines. Mina Watson's desk was loaded to the number of forty! There was one from each pupil in the school! There were books and boxes of candy and pictures. There were valentines from the drug store and valentines that showed the intimate touch of being home-made.

Mina's eyes shone with happiness, and her heart skipped a beat with expectation. She knew as soon as she thought about it her little valentines, the sketches she had made on little squares of cardboard from inside cracker-boxes, addressed on the reverse side without envelopes, had dropped on the very bottom of the Big Valentine Box. Oh, suppose she had sent those horrid things she made first, when they were all sending her such lovely remembrances. She was happy now in the thought that she need not be ashamed of what she knew was in the bottom of the box. Finally, with turning the box upside-down, out they came, those clever little sketches, showing every pupil in the grade at their best. Everybody oh-ed and ah-ed and wondered. Who was the genius? Suddenly Bertha Anne Wilcox noticed that Mina Watson, who sat across from her, had no sketch, and Mina, striving to appear unconscious, had picked up a pencil from her desk and scarcely realizing what she was doing, was making marks on one of her valentine envelopes.

"Why, it's Mina Watson?" cried Bertha Anne. "See what she's drawing now." And every one near enough turned to see the head of the teacher on the envelope in the same style as the valentine sketches.

Such an excitement the Eighth Grade had never seen as the discovery that their Dumb-Bell was a genius. And no one went home happier than Mina Watson with her forty valentines and the friendship of her schoolmates. Mina had joined the Very Owns.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

The barn boys have been planting potatoes during the past week.

—J. T. S.—

Mr. Ritchie and a number of boys have been cutting hair during the past week.

—J. T. S.—

On account of rain the boys of the work force retired to the cottages last Monday morning.

—J. T. S.—

Mr. Thomas Hobby, of Raleigh, is visiting his brother, Mr. J. H. Hobby of this institution, for a few days.

—J. T. S.—

Last Sunday afternoon some of Mrs. Black's people from Kings Mountain were here to visit her for a short time.

—J. T. S.—

Mr. Hood, who has charge of the tractor force while Mr. Ritchie is not able, drug the roads around here recently. This improves them a good deal.

—J. T. S.—

Mr. Crooks has left on his vacation. Mr. Poole is teaching the boys of his school room and Mr. Scarorо has charge of his cottage during his (Mr. Crooks') absence.

—J. T. S.—

The ice plant has been started up again with the coming of the hot season. It is small, but it is as well equipped as a large one and supplies us with plenty of ice. Mr. W. M. White has charge of this.

—J. T. S.—

Jack Page, a former member of the seventh cottage, has been appointed "second in command" at the receiving cottage. As there are new boys only in this building, it is not any easy job to handle them, therefore Page is placed there to help Mr. Presson with them.

—J. T. S.—

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys worked last week building four new stables at the barn. As yet we have been unable to learn the purpose of this, but they must be going to buy some more teams.

He is now working at the dairy barn fixing the bull pens. These two animals are rather rough and it is a tough job to keep their pens in good order.

—J. T. S.—

About two years ago a friend in Florida gave the School a small alligator. After a short stay here, it took "French leave." Last week an alligator was discovered in a pond behind the dairy barn. Mr. Grier and a couple of boys, went over there and brought him back to the School. He was put into the pen that was made for the other one, but now he has been moved to the pond on the School's ground. We believe this to be the same one that left us. Anyway, we have have an alligator after all.

—J. T. S.—

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. T. M. Shelton, Boys' Work secretary Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, had charge of the services in the auditorium. He had with him Miss Clegg, assistant to the pastor of Westminister Presbyterian church, Charlotte, as a singer. Miss Clegg rendered two selections and was enjoyed by all. The speaker for the afternoon was Dr. Gaines,

pastor of St. John's Baptist church, Charlotte. His talk was based on "Temptation." We all liked Dr. Gaines' talk, and hope that he will be able to come out again in the near future.

—J. T. S.—

The Savona Sunday School team, of Charlotte, visited the local diamond last Saturday, and were easily defeated by the one-sided score of 18 to 3.

The fielding was bad on both sides, the visitors making eight errors and the School boys six.

Lisk pitched a good game, holding the Charlotte lads to seven scattered hits, while the local team pounded out twenty-two safe hits.

Proctor, the visiting hurler, fanned 13 batters, and would have fared better but for a number of costly errors by his team mates.

The score:

Savona	200	000	010—	3	7	8
J. T. S.	002	049	30x—	18	22	6

Two base hits—Godown, Ford. Three base hit—Lisk. Stolen base—Russell. Double plays—Lisk and Godown. Bartley, Alexander and Godown. Base on balls—off Lisk 3; off Proctor 1. Struck out—by Lisk 7; by Proctor 13. Umpires—Harris and Beaver.

HIGHBROW ETHICS—BOSTON

One-third of the girls of Radcliffs College and one-half of the Harvard students who have replied to a questionaire approve of companionate marriage. Two Harvard men and one Radcliffs girl already have entered into companionate marriages, it was revealed. The attention of mission boards is called to these facts. In sending missionaries to the dark places of the earth to teach the inhabitants a right conception of the sanctity of marriage they should not overlook Boston nor forget our colleges and universities.

The principle of companionate marriage is not new. It has been in vogue among the lower class of negroes and dissolute whites for a long time. This is the first serious attempt to make it respectable in Christian commiunities.—Southern Agriculturist.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 9, 1928. No. 20

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BUT ONCE

But once I pass this way
And then.....and then
The silent door swings on its hinges,
Opens, closes.....and no more.
I pass this way.
So, while I may,
With all my might I will essay
Sweet comfort and delight
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim way.
For no man travels twice, the
Great Highway
That winds through darkness up to light
Through night,
Today. —Oxenham.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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RESULTS OF WASTE

"In every life two forces are striving for mastery—thrift and waste. What a man is depends largely upon which element gains the mastery. We have read much of late about unemployment and bread lines. Of all the sights of a great city this is the most pitiful—a long line of dirty, homeless, ill dressed, ill shod, unshaven, down-and-out men, waiting in line for hours for the roll and coffee charity is to hand out. If you would see waste in its last estate, here it is. Go down the line and ask every mother's son, 'What brought you here?' If he is honest he will tell you waste—waste in some form. Sometime, no doubt, he worked and his work gained him money, but his money gained him naught. Waste always ends, theoretically if not actually, in the bread line of want.."—SOUTHERN FARMER.

THE RAINY DAY

Excessive and continuous rainy weather interferes with the work of the School more so than it does with the farmer. Aside from being handicapped by reason of the fact that we can't get out to properly care for the stock, that we are not able to get into the garden to gather and to plant or into the fields to look after the growing crops, there are more than 500 active

restless spirits that force themselves upon you and demand your care and direction. Both the mother in the home and the teacher in school, dread the continuous rainy days. How gladly do they hail the sunshine, so that normal activity can be pursued without interruption. Acting upon the principal that in order to be well satisfied we must have something to keep us busy, the School has arranged a programme to have each boy at the School employed. On normal days this can be carried out, but the rainy day or the rough cold day interrupts our purpose, and those at the School hail the return of normal weather with even more gladness than the patient mother or the faithful teacher.

Some day we hope to have a large gymnasium to which the boys may go on such days to work off their surplus energy and thus save the patience, the nerves, and equanimity of those responsible for them, being too heavily taxed. Both the mother and the teacher would attest the wisdom of providing such place.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE VETERAN TEACHER OF NEW BERN

This issue of The Uplift carries an interesting story of Miss Mollie, a veteran teacher, who has given her life to her profession; and because of her love and faithfulness to her work she is to be honored by her home people in naming one of the primary school buildings, of New Bern, the Mollie Heath Building.

She has taught for forty-four years in the same town, an unusual record; keeps up with the modern methods and developments and recognized as a progressive teacher; universally beloved by her home people; comes out of the test without a scar, and then to be recognized as one without an enemy is an honor seldom bestowed upon a member of her profession.

With such a record behind her it is conclusive she could not have given herself over entirely to the standardization system, and thought of results in cents and dollars, but injected in her work individualism, or personalty, and less machine rule. The story shows, too, she is interested in community life because she takes time to mix with people, and most especially the little folks, therefore, the love she has for children and her profession are the essential requisites for a good teacher.

She started in with the A. B. C. system and has adjusted herself to all changes in the methods up to the present day without a shock to herself, or her constituents, and retains her interest, vigor and youthful spirit.

No finer compliment could be paid woman or man, than to have the love and confidence of a little child.

THE CARDINAL WINS OUT

The Cardinal wins out as the choice of the Progressive Farmer children in the "Choose-A-State-Bird" contest by a majority vote. But the expression of many minds means varied opinions, because the vote showed that the mocking bird was a close follower with the blue bird, quail, robin and Carolina wren drawing many votes, and scattered votes for other birds. The contest seemed to wax warm and interesting for it proved difficult for the judges to make a decision. The prize letters on "Bob White" and "The Story of the Cardinal" make interesting reading for all lovers of birds.

Something like a year ago, perhaps longer, there appeared on the lawn of a nearby home a flock of what looked like black birds. These birds seemed to walk instead of hopping as they fed on the lawn. They were unlike any other bird in form, as well as different from all other birds in every way. They looked like a species of a small crow in shape, but the color of our black bird with some yellow up near the wings. The yellow can only be seen when they fly.

The Burgess Bird book for children tells us, "he is Speckles the Starling, and not an American bird at all." He comes from across the ocean, and it said the Starling is an enemy of the English sparrow, and is imported to this country with the hope of decreasing the number of English sparrows.

We would like to get some lines on the Starling from the Progressive Farmer children.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SEASON OF GRADUATES

Just at this season of the year every newspaper in the state is carrying reports of the graduating exercises of some High School class, and even adding to the attractiveness of the occasion by featuring the class picture composed of both pretty girls and fine specimens of young manhood.

This is an age wherein the young people are receiving due consideration educationally, and after learning "that we are graduating them at a rate of increase in the neighborhood of 18 per cent" we have reasons to feel that within the course of time, a generation or more, there will surely be no cause of alarm or shame about having illiterates.

At one time in the state to be a graduate of some school you were outstanding as one who had enjoyed special privileges; but not to be a graduate of some High School to-day you are conspicuous because of not availing yourself of the splendid opportunities right at your door.

The statistics show that the average attendance of children is not what it should be. Well, if true, that means a loss of time and money, and it looks too as if the officials appointed to look after the child who absents himself or herself from school have fallen down on their respective jobs. Of course, it is impossible to get a one hundred per cent attendance but twenty-three absent ones out of every hundred children is a big per cent. The whole expensive system is not worth a penny if the child does not get the benefits of our schools.

The editorial in the Daily News in referring to speeding up the educational machine states that "it is as yet far from being geared to the quantity production to which it is steadily being pushed." Could the word quantity have been confused with quality?

The following editorial gives the number of graduates this year, also the increase over last year, who soon are to find their way into some college or out into the world in some phase of work. This editorial is informative:

> Dr. J. Henry Highsmith, of the state department of public education, whose word on this subject is worth listening to, pushes aside all other estimates that we have seen and places the number of graduates from both private and public high schools in North Carolina this year at 15,750. Private schools are generally overlooked by those who are pointing with pride, but even the figure which Dr. Highsmith gives for the public schools, 14,250, is higher than any other that has come this way.
>
> The figures tell their own story, but they cannot go all the way. A better understanding comes to him who places them beside the total of last year. By that comparison the state will have 2,855 more graduates this year than then. Which is to say, that we are graduating them at a rate of increase in the neighborhood of 18 per cent.
>
> Reports for other years are not at hand, and do not have to be. Everyone who has given any attention to the situation understood long ago the immensity of the educational machine in North Carolina, and realized that it was as yet far from being geared to the quantity production to which it is steadily being pushed. We are going to keep on raising the speed of this machine, we shall graduate more and more of these boys and girls, and an increasing number of them will go on to the colleges and universities.
>
> Discussion of the needs of the institutions of higher education starts right here. The pressure is from below. All growth that comes to any of these institutions comes because the schools under them are sending this constantly increasing stream of graduates to their doors. The state might as well make up its mind to that fact now. At the colleges they discovered it long ago.

MUST HOLD TO GOD IF WE ESCAPE

By C. W. Hunt

The following clipping and the first paragraph is taken from the Southern Methodist, Memphis, and was presented by one signing himself "Observer."

Harpers Magazine, for April, contains an interesting and informing essay on "The Future of America —A Bioligical Forecast," by an annoymous writer who is said by the Editor to be "an eminent biologist," "nationally distinguished," whose name is concealed in order that he may "be able to prophesy with complete freedom." The concluding paragraph of his dispassionate discussion follows:

"Under these circumstances(those exhibited in the essay) it seems probable that our history will repeat that of many ancient civilizations. There are many parallels between our history and that of Greece and Rome at the height of their greatness. Now, as then, we see a general decadence of the family and of marriage, a great extension of voluntary birth-control and sterility among the better classes, and the consequent breeding of the race from the lower levels rather than from the top. Now, as then, we see the importation of vast numbers of alien and inferior stock and general race mixture. Now, as then, we see the gradual extinction of the most gifted lines as a result of the dry-rot of luxury, the subordination of social duties to personal freedom, the demand for pleasure at any price. Now, as then, we hear the counsel of despair, 'Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die.' The shadows of former civilizations cross the stage like the ghosts in Macbeth—Egypt, Assyria, India, China, Persia, Greece, Rome, Arabia. Will America also join in this ghostly procession?"

There is just one thing that will enable this nation and all Christian nations to stand up to the end of time and that is holding on to God. The nations perished on account of the Christian world understands that these nations perished on account of the rottenness within; and there is no one single thing that means more for the preservation of any nation than the keeping of the Sabbath. Every gain the desecration of God's Sabbath of rest makes brings that much weakness to our hold on perpetuity.

"GETTING EVEN" IS TIME WASTED; FORGET IT

"The don'test of all don'ts is: 'Don't get even'

"The greatest of all time wasted is time wasted on revenge.

"It is not only a waste of time, but also of gray matter, nerve force, vitality and soul juice and life reserves.

'The desire for retaliation is the most dangerous lust that enslaves human beings.

"When you want to hurt him who has hurt you, you want something that irritates you while you want it, disappoints you when you get it, and makes you feel mean after it's all over.—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Kind words are like apples of gold on platters of silver. I was in a friendly cafeteria for lunch the other day, and the young man, on my right, as we were passing along our waiters, selecting our lunch, complimented one of the serving young ladies upon her gentleness, thoughtfulness and attractive ability in waiting on the patrons. It had a desirable effect. Appreciative of the compliment the young lady was particularly nice from that time on. The young man got the choicest things with smiles in service. And some of them found their way to my waiter, and I was a waiter no longer by the fair waiter. It is remunerative to say kind words.

—o—

I hear that a little three-year-old tot went to church with her mother for the first time. When the invitation to prayers was extended and the congregation bowed their heads upon the back of the pews, she said to her mother, in an audible voice: "Mamm,a the ladies have all gone to sleep. Don't you go to sleep, Mamma." The innocent little darling.

—o—

I am not in that class that believes the world is going to the bow-wows. We hear so much of the bad, and so little of the good, that it is inclined to make one doubt. But I do not doubt. The world is full of loyal hearts and brave spirits. There are souls all around us that are good and true. If you will give the world the best you have the best will come back to you. Truth pays in kind. Honor will meet honor. And it never fails that a smile that is sweet is sure to find a smile that is just as sweet.

—o—

When a woman is driving a car and puts out her hand you may know she is going to turn to the right; or turn to the left; going to stop; or make a circle turn; or going straight on; or she may be just talking and using her hand for expression and emphasis. Now a man —well, some put out their hand, but generally they just roll along and expect you to be a mind reader.

—o—

There has always been a considerable difference between preaching and practice, and I guess there always will be as long as the world stands and human beings inhabit it. It is just as natural for people to preach to others as it is to slip off a slick log; but it is almost supernatural to practice everything they preach. I'll bet Col. Solomon, who said it was better to meet a bear, rob her of her whelps, than a fool in his folly, always chose, personally, to meet the latter if it came to a showdown.

—o—

I am not over-burdened with a great amount of business sense, I'll admit, but I do know enough not to enter into commercial relations with the perfect stranger, who writes me about a wonderful money-making opportunity, addressing me as "Dear Friend" That is the flattery to your hard-earned dollars. As the old proverb has it, "Beware

of the geese when the fox preaches."

—o—

And this is June! Youth and joy, sunshine and laughter—June! with her chaplet of roses, her background of summer-blue skies; her very clouds enchantingly soft and suggestive of wedding veils! Veritable bride of all the year is this month of perfumed air, of riotous bloom, of soft moonlit nights, perfection—school closings and marriges; they are both commencements. Youth just now is the most fashionable thing in the world. There is youthfulness in the very air, in every pathway the graduates and brides may choose. 'Tis the golden age of youth and the joyous month of June, so hearts are light and laughter merry. So be it.

—o—

When a man shows the "white flag" he loses the respect and confidence of his family; his friends; his customers as well as competitors. Everyone admires the man with a fighting spirit, whose indomitable persistency will not allow him to give up but who will rise to his feet again and again, and through sheer determination, fight his way clear of the things that have been holding him back. Ask the men who have blazed the way for civilization, and they'll tell you that the most dreadful ordeal of all was the jeering of the crowd. Sympathy is a nerve tonic. But the man who advances a new idea gets very little of it. Convictions aren't hard to acquire. To stand by them isn't so easy. Physical courage is largely a matter of nerves, rather than of nerve. Moral courage goes deeper —it is founded on character, faith, the spirit of the conqueror. My heart goes out to the man who has a better way; who knows he is right, and who braves the forces of convention until they give ground and finally bend the knee to his daring."

—o—

There are thrills in every kind of a job; but every fellow does not get them. So many lose the thrill of overcoming. We are given to glorifying the spectacular achievements in life, while we neglect to give full honor to those who win in less conspicuous endeavors. A man in a lowly occupation may ask what thrills he can get out of his job. I observed a poor old man walking along a side street of the city. He carried a partly filled burlap sack and a short stick. With his stick he poked around in the cans of rubbsh standing on the sidewalks. In one can he rooted out some 'treasure." His seared and dirty face lit up with a thrill of pleasure, for he'd found something he considered of value. In the meanest of jobs he had found a thrill. One does not have to be an aviator, or a soldier, or a sailor, or a civil engineer, or an explorer in order to get thrills from his job. Thrills come to every man who follows the most lowly of occupations with interest and enthusiasm. When you are really in love with your work, the thrills will come.

The total wealth of the United States is now officially estimated at $320,000,000,000. The fellow who undertakes to borrow $5 does not believe it.

—o—

Democrats going to Houston to the national Democratic convention are

advised to carry saddles to put on their nightmares. It is recorded that a Texas cowboy fell out of bed and broke his collar bone.

—o—

I see it stated that green quiets the nerves. I am sure of that. I know nothing that has a more soothing effect upon my nerves than a handsome roll of greenbacks.

—o—

He was a mite of a lad, and, but for the dogged determination that one could readily see stamped upon his honest face, he never would have ventured so far from his own front yard as Durham's Main street. And, not to be outdone by his bigger brothers, he gathered a bundle of Durham Suns, almost as big as he was himself and, threading his way in and out of the heavy Saturday noon traffic, sold as many newspapers as the best of them. However, little did he dream that he was riding to a fall. He was destined to let the commonest word in all newspaperdom throw him for a distinct loss. But he did not know it yet. The word was "edition." and but for the fact a second editon was necessary on a recent Saturday all would have been well. Somehow he got the word "condtion" confused with the word "edition," and all up and down the street he went, yelling at the top of his wee, but none the less stentorian voice: "SECOND CONDTION; ALL ABOUT THE BIG MURDER CASE!"

THE BIBLE—MODERN TRANSLATIONS

There has always been, to me, something sacred, something distinguishing about the language and expression of the St. James version of the Bible. It is written in terms and wordings found in no other literature. There is something about it so different and that something is what makes it stand out—commanding. To my mind the attempt of modern translaors, lke Moffat to reduce the Bible to every day street parlance, is little short of sacrelige. To sit in the pew and hear a man who has religion read from the St. James version, makes one feel he has heard God's word to man. On the other hand to hear a preacher read from Moffat or other moderns is like hearing an argument between two street urchins. Who cannot understand, in some intelligent degree, the St. James version? To those indued to the old Bible and aging by the process of time the reduction of the sacred pages to modern parlance cheapens God's best gift to man.—C. W. H.

A NORTH CAROLINA STATE BIRD

By Charlotte Hilton Green

Along the dust-white river road,
The saucy redbird chirps and trills;
His liquid notes resound and rise
Until they meet the cloudless skies,
And echo o'er the distant hills.
—*Naylor.*

The Story of the Cardinal

The cardinal, the most brilliantly colored of all our birds, is the choice of The Progressive Farmer children for a state bird. Everybody knows the cardinal, which is just a trifle smaller than the robin. He has a brilliant red coat, a chest, and a stocky red beak set off in an olive-brown, with crest wings, and tail lightly washed with red. He is a famous singer. His clear, loud whistle is heard throughout most of the year. He is an all-the-year resident. To me he is one of our most comforting winter birds, as his cheerful whistle can be heard all day long, beginning in early morning when we hear him from the sleeping porch A cardinal has stayed in or near our woods for several years and can often be seen flitting through the dark pines. On the morning of the "big snow," of March, 1927, I saw his flaming red coat against the snow-covered pines. He looked around and then whistled his three q! q! q! as though to say, "Well, what of it? You can't down me."

The female cardinal is also a charming singer, better, some think, than her mate, as her music is softer.

As a family bird, the cardinal is admirable. He is a devoted husband to his nesting mate, singing to her by the hour and protecting her from danger. He p rovides grubs and worms for the young in the nest, thus helping our gardens as well as the fledglings. While the mother bird is busy with her second nesting, the father bird cares for the first brood. He is as fussy about it as a mother hen. Sometimes the whole family remain together throughout the winter. The coloring of the young resembles that of the mother, fortunately, as if they resembled their father, they would be too easily discerned by their enemies.

A good test for observation is that of watching the cardinal's crest. When he is calm it may lie back flat on his head, but when excited, through fear, anger, joy, or surprise, you can see it rise erect.

The United States Department Bullentin states that, through research, it has been determined that the cardinal has a record for feeding on many of the worst agricultural pests. Weed seeds form a third of its food. In this section of the country the cardinal nests in late April and early May, so you may be fortunate enough to have a brood of young raised in your yard.

When I would beget content and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of Nature and therefore trust in Him.—Izaak Walton.

FIRST THOUGHT OF BREMEN FLYERS WAS GOD

(Asheville Citizen)

All three members of the crew of the Bremen—Baron Ehrenfried Gunther von Huenefeld, Major James Fitzmaurice, and Captain Hermann Koehl—placed implicit trust in the power of Almighty God to carry them through when they knew that human effort could do no more. According to the Baron, who told the story of the search for a safe landing before the congregation of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, New York City, the first thought of each of them on landing was an overpowering sense of gratitude for divine guidance to safety.

Before the congregation, which packed the large church to capacity while thousands of persons milled about in the streets outside unable to enter. Baron von Huenefeld, who had come for quiet worship but remained to receive the acclaim of countless admirers, told in simple words the sensations of his companions and himself as their plane winged on through darkness toward a precarious landing on a rock-stream dot in icy seas.

"Most of you will appreciate how deeply moved is my heart as I stand before you in this place," he said in German. "As you know, it is not given to my comrades nor to myself to make a purely external confession of faith. What we have felt in the depths of our hearts and what we have thought cannot easily be put into words, because it is a matter of faith and deepest feeling.

"Before we attempted to cross the Atlantic in the air, we knew quite certain and were convinced that if the Will of God were not with us all human efforts would fail. It was in this consciousness that my dear comrade Koehl said a few days before we took off on the other side: 'I know we will fly over this great body of water if the propeller will turn and if God helps us.' All that men could do we knew had been done. That had been done in the study of Prof. Junkers, in the scientific preparation by this great inventor who has not only given his strength, his courage his genius for the accomplishment of this work, but also has lost his left hand and shed his blood for this idea.

Conscious Of God's Power

"In the trying time when this idea was becoming fact, we, my comrades and I, became very conscious of the Almighty power of God, especially in those hours when we soared over the fog banks of Newfoundland and later over the the ice fields of Labrador. I said to myself, 'If now should fail the fuel or some tiny part of our machine, we shall then be gathered into the midst of our predecessors, whose tongues are now forever silenced.'

"In those vast spaces, the Voice of God spoke to us out of the eternity, which He rules, out of the ice out of the forests, out of the mighty mountains which our eyes perceived. Out of these spake the Voice of the Eternal God, and I tell you quite honestly, in that hour when my comrades and I were entirely isolated I knew that only a divine miracle

could save us. I, who as the passive participant in the flight could not take part in the struggle with snow and ice, while both my friends did their best, I looked at that moment upon that little cross before me in the cabin, and said very quietly and honestly to myself, if one can compare the Divine and the human: 'I will follow my Savior and say: O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, then will I pray, Thy will be done.' And then when our machine stood on solid ground, and with the help of God our enterprise had successfully terminated, a feeling of great gratitude came over us all. My dear friend Koehl said afterwards to me: 'In that moment when we were surrounded by darkness and fog I twice repeated silently the Lord's Prayer,' It was in that same moment that I had silently prayed the same prayer.

Chapel In The Snow

"I am worshipping here with you today. Both my comrades are now in their own church. It is the same God whom we worship. When in the first days, after our landing on Greenly Island, my friend Koehl worked on the machine, my Irish friend, Fitzmaurice, and I had to go 20 miles by dog-sled to Long Point in order to send the authentic details of our safe landing. There we found a small chapel buried in snow representing a confession to which neither of us belonged. We did not stop to question. We stepped in. Spontaneously we dropped down on our knees, separated in confession, but one in faith, separated in language, but in one that which moved us inwardly, and each in silence we offered up thanks to God.

"And my dear friends, I would not be worthy to wear the eight-pointed cross of the Knights of St. John if I would not, beginning with this day, take as the motto of my life, the words of our world-famous hymn:

The Word they still shall let remain.....
He's by our side upon the plain.....
Take they then our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife,
When their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won;
Thy Kingdom our remaineth.

and the other words:

With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss affected;
But for us fights the Valiant One
Whom God Himself elected.....

"With my comrades I vow that the work which we have started with God's aid, we will continue with His Aid, so help me God!"

Given Gift In Church

In appreciation of his Christian character, the Baron immediately at the close of his address was presented with an inscribed Church Book and Hymnal of the Lutheran Church in America, printed in German, and beautifully bound in leather; and Mrs. Herman Koehl, wife of Capt. Koehl, pilot of the Bremen, who at the hotel a short time before had asked: "May I go along, I, too, am a Lutheran," received a large bouquet of American beauty roses from the eight-year old daughter of Dr. H. A. Kropp, pastor of St. Paul's.

At the rooms in the Ritz Carlton Hotel before the service another incident showed clearly the character of Baron Von Huenefeld, commander-in-chief and backer of the flight. In speaking with the Rev. Samuel

Trexler, President of the New York Lutheran Ministers' Association, the Baron declared: "I have received thousands of messages of congratulation and greeting from old friends and new all over the world. Above all others I prize the cablegram sent some days ago by my aged pastor, Dr. Reinhard Groscurth, in Bremen. His message was short. It said simply: 'I am thankful you had the courage to give God the glory.'

That the other fliers share with the German Baron his modesty and trust in God is shown in an incident that occurred shortly after their official arrival at Mitchel Field, L. I. Jack Dempsey, who was one among the thousands who greeted them there, talking with Major Fitzmaurice, put the question, "When you landed on that forsaken island off Labrador what was the first thing you thought of?" Fitzmaurice replied cooly, "My first thought was 'God!' I do not know whether you can understand that, but my only thought was 'God'."

To be accurate, write; to remember, write; to know thine own mind, write.

FOR HIS FATHER'S SAKE

(Little Folks in Many Lands)

In an old town in China there once lived a cruel judge, who made every one afraid of him. Nobody was safe. If he took a spite against a rich man he put him to death and took his money. Often he threw poor folk in jail, and had them whipped, when they had done no harm.

At last a brave man called Wang went to the Ruler and told him how cruel this judge was. But the Ruler would not believe him.

Wang went home, very sad at heart. As he was passing a meat shop he met the judge driving a poor woman to jail. In a fit of blind anger Wang picked up a knife from the counter and killed the cruel judge on the spot. Then, seeing what he had done, he went to the Ruler and gave himself up.

The Ruler was very angry. He threw Wang into prison and said he must be put to death. His friends came to beg the Ruler to have pity on the poor man, but it was of no use.

Last of all a little boy came to the Court and asked to see the Ruler.

"I have come to ask a favor," he said bowing low before the throne

"What favor do you ask, my boy?" said the Ruler.

"I wish to die in place of my father, Wang," he said. "Mother has five other children. She does not need me; but she cannot get on without Father to work for her."

"You shall have what you wish," said the great man with tears in his eyes.

The boy threw himself at the Ruler's feet to thank him. "I am proud," he said, "to die for my father."

"No," said the Ruler, "I do not mean that. I forgive your father for your sake. He cannot be a bad man, who has so good a son."

CRAVEN LADY HAS TAUGHT IN ONE PLACE FOR 44 YEARS

By Gertrude S. Carraway

To have taught school and Sunday School for 44 years in the same town is an unusual record; but it is even more unusual to have the record of Miss Mollie Heath, of New Bern, to have taught for that length of time without making a single enemy, without incurring displeasure and without failing to make constant progress in methods.

In fact, "Miss Mollie" is perhaps the most beloved person, teacher or otherwise, in Craven county. She is invited to nearly every children's party given in New Bern. It is not a real success for the kiddies if she is absent. Her friends are numbered by the hundreds, among pupils and parents, school patrons and church members and many other classes.

It is rare for such popularity to be recognized. It is seldom that a teacher is so universally loved. And it is most unusal for honor to be paid anyone during her lifetime.

In this case, however, it is generally understood and appreciated. The new primary school building here is to be named "The Mollie Heath building." The seniors this year have dedicated their annual to "Miss Mollie." At the recent junior-senior banquet the most important toast was to "Miss Mollie." The last name is seldom used. There is only one Miss Mollie. Everybody knows her by that title.

One little boy in her room was once asked if Miss Heath was not his teacher,"No sir," was the proud reply. "Miss Mollie is my teacher." And he had been in her grade almost a year without knowing any other name.

"Where is Mr. Mollie?" another small pupil once asked her mother. "I know Mr. Smith and Miss Smith; and Mr. Brown and Miss Brown; and Mr. and Miss Jones; and Mr. and Miss White. Where is Mr. Mollie?"

In responding to the senior toast at the banquet, Miss Mollie told this and stated that perhaps after all it was good that there had been no "Mr. Mollie;" otherwise, she might not have been invited to attend the banquet and had the annual dedicated to her. Things usually happen for the best, she said, as one of her main philosophies in life.

Although Miss Mollie holds a life certificate as a school teacher and although she has had such a long and varied teaching experience, she often attends summer schools. This summer she expects to go to the University of Virginia. Previously she has attended Columbia University, University of California, University of Tennessee, University of North Carolina and many other summer schools in various parts of the country.

For she keeps up with all the latest methods and developments in school teaching. She does not want to get in a rut. She likes to teach and wants to have the advantage of all the recent discoveries and experiments in teacher training schools.

Born in New Bern, Miss Mollie started teaching while very young. She is a so-called "born teacher." Opportunities to enter other business have not appealed to her. All her experience have been with primary

work. The little folks attract her most strongly. It may be the hardest work, she says, but they are easier to control and more appreciative. Results of work can be noticed more quickly.

All of her winter work has been in New Bern. During a few summers she has taught in various places, as Greenville and Ohio. Most of her teaching has been in New Bern public school, except for a few years when she taught private school, when the public school was closed by an injunction, which a citizen obtained in objection to "paying taxes to educate other peoples' children."

Since the term when she taught for three months in the old New Bern public school 44 years ago, Miss Mollie has noted many changes in school equipment and methods. She has taught the old A B C method of reading, the phonetic method and combinations of the two, with sight reading.

When she first started teaching there were only two buildings on the campus. Now there are four overcrowded ones, with plans on foot for the building of a new high school building. First graders used to have only one book during the year. This was read and re-read but patrons would not buy other books. Now they have eight or ten books a year.

More attention is given now to the play instinct and recreational needs of small children. Arithmetic is taught by playing store or holding fairs, with toy supplies and toy money. Bean bag is a favorite game too, with the children all wanting to be "storekeeper," they frequently call the "scorekeeper."

Drawing is perhaps the most popular study, Miss Mollie says. The children like number work dramatization and reading, too. Even the health work is popular, especially when worked out by some chart, like the Fairy's Health house. When every child in a certain group has eaten cereal and had no coffee or tea that morning, a red brick may be placed on the house. A colored glass window goes in for brushed teeth; a flower in the garden for clean hands; a green shingle for sleeping with open windows.

Jack and the Beanstalk is probably the most popular story with the first-graders. They never seem to grow tired of hearing over and over again the same adventures of the boy climber. They like fairy tales, nature stories and anecdotes of great men. Humor also appeals to them. Epaminondas is a popular thriller.

The idea used to prevail that a teacher could handle 100 children easily. But now experience shows that a smaller group gets better results. They used to behave because they were ordered to be good; now an appeal is made to their sense of play, reason and interest.

Human nature is the same now as always, Miss Mollie says; but every child is different. Each one has to be appealed to in a different way. She studies the children as individuals, not as machines, and treats them accordingly. A difference in treatment is not partiality by any means, she says. In other words, she endeavors to teach the children, not the subjects, and she tries to make each subject as interesting as possible.

In addition to three R's, she teaches thrift, character, honesty and other such items. One of the main things against which she has to contend is telling tales. Children are taught

not to be tattle-tales. She does not have much trouble with discipline. Children are not bad at heart, although almost all are talkative, or mischievous, if allowed to do as they please. All like school, though, and almost all try to do their best for her. It has often been a family tragedy or calmity when a small beginner was not fortunate enough to get in "Miss Mollie's room."

Her success has been due largely to her love for children and her love for teaching and, particularly, to her sense of humor. She tries to see the funny side of incidents. Many a difficult situation has been thus saved. She can tell many humorous incidents of her career.

There was the little boy who went home last year and told his mother that he certainly did wish every person could have two fathers and two mothers. Upon being asked why, he said:

"Well, I already have you and daddy but I certainly would like to have another father and mother, too and if I could, I'd take George Washington and Miss Mollie."

A young boy jumped up suddenly one day and accidentally struck his sister. "I'm sorry," he said. "I wouldn't have hit you, if I had eyes in the back of my head like Miss Mollie."

Sometimes the most unusual things appeal to small children, she says. One youngster went to school for several months without taking interest She gave them all toy rabbits and in anything until Easter came along. eggs. This little fellow put them in his desk. In play she asked him if they would not starve. He shook his head and said:

"Him can eat him's eggs."

After this first public remark, the ice was broken and the young student progressed rapidly.

At Christmas time the pupils shower the teacher with gifts of all kinds, from shaving soap on up. One asked her once if you read "113" as "eleventy-three." Another once remarked that she got excellent on all her studies, except her "tongue," meaning deportment.

After a very important health lesson recently, one little boy asked: "Miss Mollie, why do we go to bed?" Thinking him unusually interested in health matters, she explained at great length about the values of rest but he shook his head and said, with a smile:

"No Miss Mollie, we go to bed because the bed won't come to us."

A small foreigner was once told to remain after school for further explanations of arithemetic problems. Although Miss Mollie asked his older brother to stay with him and told him repeatedly that there was no disgrace attached, the boy had a great horror of being "kept in."

With tears in his eyes, he went to Miss Mollie and begged pitifully:

"Lady, please let me go; please don't keep me in. I'll give you a nickel."

When he found that the bribe of a nickel would not work, he insisted again: "Lady, please don't keep me in; I'll kiss the bottoms of your feet."

Numerous questions have to be answered, often with great difficulty by this teacher who is considered by her pupils as the fount of all knowledge. As for instance, she was recently asked in Sunday School, "When Noah had all the animals on the ark, Miss Mollie, how did he keep the cats from killing the rats?"

ADDRESS OF MRS. JANE McKIMMON

State Home Instructor speaks before 200 men and women at Guilford Battleground, May 30.

(Greensboro Daily News)

Mrs. McKimmon, who was introduced by Miss Houston as the woman who has done most for the women and girls of the state, spoke on "Your Family and Mine and What's the Trouble with Us."

She said that there is a great deal of pow-wow about the breaking up of the family, and gave as the reason "the boys and girls are not trained for family life." She said that the boys and girls are thinking about the matter, and added that colleges and high schools will sometime come to the place where they will have courses in home-making as well as courses fitting students well to make money.

Mrs. McKimmon considered it a sad thing to see a fine young man married to a young thing who does not know a thing about how to spend money. At marriage, a man is usually making the least he ever will afterwards. Frequently, the wife knows less about spending the income wisely than she will at any time later. She has to practice spending the income on her husband, and "it is a bad time to practice on the husband," said Mrs. McKimmon.

The state demonstration agent cited the case of a woman who very accurately measured her chicken feed and fed them only the right food. She had splendid chickens. One day while the woman was busy feeding her chickens, her two children grabbed two fluffy biscuits. One split his in the middle and filled it with a sausage cake. The other bored a hole in the center of his and filled it with molasses. This was their school lunch, and Mrs. McKimmon declared that there was not the bone and blood making material in it that the children should have had.

"If you can save time for something else by buying cooked food, by all means do so," advised Mrs. McKimmon. But she advised that care be taken to see that what is bought is just what sort of food the family needs. She said that the rural woman can do the same thing as the city woman, who dashes to a delicatessen's for whatever is handy when she goes to her pantry and grabs up the first can of food she finds.

Mrs. McKimmon said that she likes to think of women as bringing order to the home. She hastened to explain that she did not mean the kind of order that spreads a newspaper across the back porch and makes hubby go around to the back and walk on this paper till he has time to wipe his feet on the back door mat. She meant orderly comfort brought about by the smooth, running of the machinery of the home, by furnishings selected by a woman who knows how to furnish a home, furniture arranged in friendly groups, and soothing colors.

" 'Man works from sun to sun; but woman's work is never done.' they used to say. That used to be the most depressing thought 'wo-

man's work never done.' Now I know it is because we did not plan,'' continued the speaker. ''I feel women, that we have got to save the time to keep our minds from rusting out.''

The speaker, who can speak from the experience of rearing a fine family of her own, thought a course in child psychology and family relations would be excellent preparation for home-making. Parents should agree on punishment and methods. They should influence their children by setting an example of amiable relations with each other. She was not ready to indorse corporal punishment although she admitted using it on her own children. She was certain that it should never be administered while the parent is angry. She was also sure that the time to worry about habits of children is while they are very young, rather then after they are nearly grown.

''The mother has a great deal to do with making the pleasant atmosphere in the home. I think that mother is the one who can organize the home into a place where the children will not be ashamed to bring their friends.

''If the family is going to a new level, I believe that the young people are going to see that it is to a higher one.''

A Chicago lawyer and his wife were taking their young hopeful through the Zoo when he stopped before an elephant and exclaimed: ''Oh, look Father, he's bigger then all Hell, ain't he?''

The mother gasped and said: ''Willy, how many times must I tell you not to say 'ain't'?''

THE PROPOSED NEW CALENDAR

David Lawrence, editor of the United States Daily, expresses the belief that our present 12-month calendar will be changed to a 13-month year by January 1, 1933. The league of Nations Commission to discuss the proposition, points out many defects in the present calendar—inequality in divisions and length of the year; variation of number of weeks in the month, and lack of fixity of dates.

Several plans have been proposed to overcome these defects, the most acceptable of which is the so-called International Fixed Calendar, consisting of thirteen standard months of twenty-eight days, with the three hundred and sixty-fifth day to be known as ''Year Day'' falling on December 29. It is proposed that the new month ''Sol'' be inserted between June and July. Holidays and other permanent monthly dates would always occur on the same week day. Pay days would occur on the same monthly date. Every month end would coincide with the week end. Easter would fall on a fixed date. With thirteen monthly settlements a year, instead of twelve, there would be a faster turnover in money making possible a larger handling of business with less money. Holidays would be placed on Mondays.

THE BIGGEST DICTIONARY

(Asheville Citizen)

The biggest dictionary in the world is at last completed. It consists of ten volumes, contains 411,047 words, some of which take as many as twenty columns of type to define, and it was seventy years in the making. The last volume went to press a few weeks ago. It is called the New English or Oxford Dictionary.

In 1882, Sir John Murray, a distinguished philologist, decided to write the world's best dictionary. He died in 1915 after having lived to see the words beginning with "U" go to press. After his death other eminent scholars and philologists continued the work. Much of it was done by volunteers, men and women working not for pay but because of their interest in the project. The five million illustrative quotations from America and English literature were collected by readers without pay.

But because the work began so long ago, it omits some words that are now in common usage. The word sleuths have discovered, for instance that "appendicitis" is not included, since it had not even come into use, much less begun to figure as an everyday operation in 1888, when the volume containing the "A's" first came from the press. Suffragete got in because the "S's" were compiled much later, but 'cubist' and 'futurist' are out. It is not surprising, therefore, that there is already talk of a supplement being issued in the near future.

The Oxford Dictionary cost more than one million dollars to complete and publish but there is a value in it far greater than that of money. It is a monument to Sir John Murray's genius, and it is also a monument to thousands of men's and women's devotion to the cause of learning, people who, working for absolutely no reward. were not only willing but glad to give their time and labor to insuring the book's success.

It is a reminder that there are always many people who put their ideals above money and the ordinary standards of success. They are contented in expressing themselves through what seems to them the finest kind of activity, their chosen work. They are the ones who, though they never get rich nor achieve fame, live happy lives enriched by their love of their labor.

"THE GREAT KEEPER"

Just as the mountain supports the tiny blade of grass and the modest floweret, as well as the giant pine or cedar; just as the ocean bears up in safety the seabird seated on its crested waves, as well as the leviathan vessel; so, while the great Keeper of Isreal can listen to the archangels' song and the seraphs' burning devotions, he can carry in his bosom the feeblest lamb of the fold and lead gently the most sorrowing spirt.—Macduff.

THE AUTHOR OF DIXIE

By Maude Gardner, in Onward

On the Kokosing River, some forty-odd miles northeast of Columbus, Ohio's State Capital, is the bustling little city of Mount Vernon, whose ten thousand inhabitants are very proud of the fact that it was in their midst that Daniel Decatur Emmett lived, and that their soil cradles the dust of the man who wrote "Dixie," a song dear to the heart of all Southerners, and sung and loved by people all over the land.

In Mount Vernon's lovely Mound View Cemetery a handsome monument has been erected over the last resting place of "Uncle Dan," as he was affectionately called by his townsmen, and on this memorial are inscribed the words:

"Daniel Decatur Emmett, whose song 'Dixie Land,' inspired the courage and devotion of the Southern people and now thrills the hearts of a reunited nation."

A short distance away is the tiny white cottage where Daniel Decatur Emmett spent his declining years, and where he died June 30, 1904, at the age of eighty-eight. To this home many visitors came during the author's last years, finding a quiet, friendly old man, happy with his garden and flowers, living simply and contentedly, and caring little for the fame which the writing of "Dixie" had brought him.

And just how Daniel Decatur Emmett, a Northerner, came to write this well loved Southern song has a story all it own. Born in Knox County, Ohio, in 1816, the future author of "Dixie" at an early age showed a great fondness for music and when only thirteen became a member of a circus band, his part being to play the fife and drum. Traveling with the caravan from town to town, the lad was soon known as as quite an artist in his line, and in addition to his fife and drum work he eventually took up the singing of comic songs, many of which he composed himself and sang to the band's accompaniment.

But by and by young Emmett severed his connection with the circus band and joined Bryant's minstrels, at one time the most famous troupe of their kind in America. At the time that Dixie was written the minstrels had their headquarters on Broadway in New York, from which they made various tours to different sections of the country.

When Daniel Decatur Emmett had made his engagement with this company, it was the understanding that he should hold himself in readiness to compose a song suitable for whatever the occasion demanded, and so far his ready Irish wit had stood him in good stead, and he had never failed to produce the song requested.

It was in the early winter of 1859. The company had just returned from a tour of the Southland, the remembrance of whose warm, sunny days and balmy air was in striking contrast to the biting winds of the more northern clime. On a cold Saturday night the manager of Bryant's Minstrels informed Daniel Decatur Emmett that he was expected to write a new song and have it ready for the rehearsal on Monday morning.

The time was too short, Emmett

declared, to write anything really worth while, but the manager insisted that it must be done, so the comedian reluctantly consented to do the best he could. He began to ponder in his mind for a theme, and as he walked toward his hotel, shivering in the bitter winds which met him at every corner, he thought of the phrase so often heard since the troupe's return from the South when some member would remark: "I wish I was in Dixie." and at once he conceived the idea of the song which was to make his name famous.

Upon reaching the hotel, he went immediately to work, and in a short while had penned the words of "Dixie," written the music to same, and on Monday morning carried them to the rehearsal. The song was sung in New York that night to an enthusiastic audience.

Before many months had passed by "Dixie" found its way into the opera, "Pocahontas," and when a company of zouaves marched on the stage of the Pontchartrain Theatre in New Orleans, and sang:

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Dixie Land."

The great audience went wild with joy, and their applause was so loud and insistent that the song was rendered again and again.

From that night "Dixie" became the song of the Southland, and when shortly afterwards the War of Secession broke out, it became the favorite air of the Confederate Army, being first used as a war song on the memorable occasion when Jefferson Davis was inaugurated president of the Southern States at Montgomery, Alabama, on Feb. 18, 1861. The Southern melody became very popular, and was played by military bands from Richmond to New Orleans all during the four years' struggle.

Although Daniel Decatur Emmett was a Northern man and in sympathy with the Union cause, yet he always held a great reverence for the Southland, and a few years after the close of the Civil War he paid a visit to the section he had immortalized in his famous little song, and everywhere he was received with great enthusiasm. The courtesies shown him brought much joy and gladness into the heart of the kindly old man, who by this time had retired to the little home at Mount Vernon, where he was to spend the remaining years of his life.

ONE'S FEELINGS FOR AN ONLY SON

Bishop Darlington of the Southern Methodist Church tells this story: A good man had lost his only son, by death, and as his friends pressed to him in sympathy and consolation; to each he said: "Have you ever lost an only son?" One after another answered they had not, and he passed them on down the line for a seat elsewhere, until one friend came who, to his inquiry said: "Yes, I lost mine." "Then," said the grieved man, "you sit down here close to me, you know how I feel at such a time." So with all of us in trouble, we lean to those who know how to sympathize; those who can have a fellow feeling.—C. W. H.

MOTHER'S TULIPS

By Mary Louise Stetson, in Young Folks

Spring had come. The robins, the orioles had long been telling the story, and now the apple trees down in the lower orchard had donned their pink and white bonnets and the white lilac bush by the sink-room window was coyly flaunting its plumes in the gentle breeze of the morning.

As Eunice Pearson washed the breakfast dishes, she surprised herself by humming a little tune. She, also, surprised Fannie Lucas, who, like her husband, had married and was now growing old in service on the Pearson farm. Fannie was returning from the milk room with a pat of freshly made butter, which, at the sound of the humming, she dropped disapprovingly upon the kitchen table.

"Eunice Pearson, if I were you, I'd quit that noise," she declared bluntly. "Maybe you've forgotten it's Memorial Day and the first one since your blessed mother left us."

"I haven't forgotten, Fannie." The girlish voice gave no suggestion of resentment or reprimand. "See the white lilac bush this morning. Mother planted it here so that she might have something beautiful to look at, something fragrant to smell while she washed the pots and kettles, the milk pails and pans. She loved the purple violets down by the brook, too, and the lilies-of-the-valley that grow around by the south side of the ell, and they've bloomed, all of them, Fannie, for the first Memorial Day. That's why I felt like singing a wee song of gratitude."

But hardly had these words been spoken than tears welled up in Eunice's eyes. She was no longer thinking of the violets down by the brook, the lilies-of-the-valley that carpeted the land by the south side of the ell, or even of the white lilacs seen and scented from the sink-room window. Her thoughts had shifted to the tulips, graceful in their long, green stems, and their cup-shaped blossoms of yellow, and lavender, and rose. The dear hands that had planted the bulbs in the earth would never again perform humble tasks about the old farmhouse that home might be lovelier for those within and for those who chanced to pass along the highway. Mother's tulips, each paying silent tribute to her.

And now, on Memorial Day, when the tulip blossoms were at their loveliest, an ugly shadow was cast upon them by a white sign stationed between them and the highway, And the shadow falling upon Mother's tulip's fell, likewise, on the heart of Mother's daughter, who for five long months had tried so faithfully to take Mother's place in the home.

"And I've failed," thought Eunice as she turned away from the sink-room window. "I've lost Mother, and I've lost Dad, too."

She polished the bottom of the dishpan just as she had often watched Mother do, hung it on its hook by the window, thoroughly washed and dried the iron sink, then, dashing away a tear, ran to the shed for her basket.

The clusters of violets, the lilies-of-the-valley, the sprays of white lilacs had been carefully arranged to

take as little space as possible without damage to themselves, and Eunice was on her way to the front yard when, at the corner of the house, she met her father. Smiling, she called attention to the blossoms already in the basket.

"It seems as if they are a deeper purple or a purer white this year, dosen't it, Dad?" she said, tenderly touching a soft petal. "And the tulips! Have you noticed them this morning? They stand so high, they aren't even mud-spattered after the rain. Come see how beautiful they look." She touched his arm coaxingly, and as if not wishing to hurt her feelings, he turned about and walked by her side back to the tulip bed in the shadow of the white sign.

"Yes, yes, very pretty, Eunice," he agreed, but in a tone that gave no hint of deep emotion.

"The violets I am going to put in a shallow round dish with white lilac blossoms as a border," she went on, pretending not to notice his lack of interest. "The lilies-of-the-valley are to be a bouquet all by themselves, and the tulips, I thought I would place right in front of the stone. Don't you think they'd look best there?"

"Yes, I should think perhaps they would, Eunice, though it dosen't really matter, I suppose."

"Everything matters, Dad, everything," she insisted with an earnestnses that, seemingly, he could not understand. "Please help me gather the tulips, and then walk down to Riverside with me, Dad. Won't you?"

He frowned.

"You know best about the flowers, Eunice," he said. "Besides, a man is coming to look over the place sometime this morning. I must be here to show him 'round."

So, alone, Eunice gathered the loveliest of the tulips, and alone, a laden basket on her arm, she set off down the Valley Road toward the cemetery. The air, though warmed by sunshine after the rain, was exhilarating, and a breeze set the poplar leaves all aquiver, making of them a harp to accompany the bird songs of wood and field.

Suddenly, Eunice raised her free arm toward a small, white cloud, floating silently in its sea of blue sky.

"It seems as if your spirit might be there, Mother," she whispered, "still hovering above the place that you loved dearer than any place in all the wide, wide world."

A cracking of underbrush just then distracted Eunice's attention. She glanced down from the white cloud into the cold, dark eyes of a stranger emerging from the road leading to the old Newton farm. Instinctively she realized that to him she was only a common country girl with a basket of flowers on her arm.

"How do I get to the Pearson place?" he asked, and his voice, like his eyes, was cold.

Eunice gave directions then continued her way down the hill. The glory of the morning, the music of poplar leaves and of birds had been all but spoiled by the crackling of dead underbrush, announcing the arrival of an unsympathetic stranger.

About the newly made grave in the cemetery, the daughter of "the Pearson place" lovingly arranged the flowers she had brought, then with an empty basket on her arm, but a heavy burden on her heart, set out

for home, not by the way of the Valley Road, but by the indirect route across the plain to the village, and up a long, steep hill almost impassable now for autos because of the heavy rains. The climbing would call for a physical exertion which, vaguely she felt might prepare her to some extent, at least, for the harder struggle which she was certain awaited her at the home farm.

Suddenly, a merry whistle broke in on the silence of her unhappiness, and Bert Lufkin leaped across a stone wall and landed unceremoniously in the middle of the road.

"Hello, there Eunice," he greeted, his fine, honest eyes opening wide in astonishment. "It was that bothersome cow of the long horns I expected to find out here somewhere, not you.".

Then at sight of her face and the basket to which a few crumpled leaves and petals still clung, his joyous mood changed to one of sympathy.

"Oh," he said, and hesitated. "I wish I could help, Eunice, but I don't know what to say."

"You do help Bert," she assured him with a quiet smile. "You help more than anyone else because you understand. You don't have to say anything." And she passed on up the rain-guttered hillside, leaving him looking thoughtfully after her and wondering if he ever would have the wit really to understand so deep, and silent, and adorable a girl as Eunice Pearson.

As she neared the last bend in the road beyond which was given a clear view of the front yard, she found herself earnestly hoping to spy the very sign that for five weeks and three days had been a too visible warning of unhappiness just ahead, an unhappiness which would affect not only herself, but, also the person who had made that sign and posted it there.

She turned the bend in the road. She looked. The sign was gone. With a little cry of pain, she rushed forward and knelt by the tulip bed. The poorer of Mother's tulips swayed gently about her as if trying as best they could to give comfort.

"Oh, if only it were someone who would care, someone who would love the place as I love it, and let me come back to visit once in awhile!" she sobbed. "But that man of the cold eyes and voice! What will he care about white lilacs and liles-of-the-valley, and purple violets,or even tulips, though they do grow in city gardens."

For the first time since that day when she had made a promise at Mother's bedside, Eunice felt creeping into her heart a resentment toward the parent who had been so selfish in his grief.

"It's my home as truly as it's his," she said to herself. "He might at least, have consulted me before turning everything over to a man who will make it all that Mother would not have it be."

Home tasks were waiting within the farmhouse, and yet Eunice still knelt by Mother's tulips, feeling that in their presence if anywhere, she could by-and-by pluck up courage to enter the kitchen and to face her father with her usual calmness.

Through the open window of the sitting-room, she heard the stroke of the clock on the mantel.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," she counted. "Come Eunice Pearson, you've

dallied long enough. You've counted ten, it's safe to venture in now. At least, it's as safe as it will be an hour hence, and your mother would be the last person in the world to loiter out in the sunshine when duty called inside.''

Acting upon this self-administered advice, Eunice walked slowly across the yard, around the corner, lingering for a moment by the white lilac bush, then entered the kitchen by the back door.

She had hoped to find there a scene of activity. John noisily attending to the tasks assigned and garrulously informing deaf ears what he would do if the farm belonged to him, Fannie fluttering here and there, conscientiously doing her work while she superintended John's, and Dad moving about accomplishing much though saying little. On the contrary, she was greeted by silence. Her eyes were blinded for a moment by the sudden relief from sunlight and she thought the room deserted. then, over on the old lounge, she recognized her father, his face buried in his hands.

Eunice had made no special effort to enter quietly. It seemed as if he must have heard her step, but if he was aware of her presence in room, he gave no indication of the fact.

The girl waited, silently wondering what to do next, and as she stood by the open door looking intently at the figure on the lounge, all that ugly feeling of resentment slipped away.

''Dad.'' She stepped across the kitchen, seated herself by his side and laid her arm about his shoulders. She hestitated. She longed to comfort him, but unlike her mother, she always felt at a loss when her emotions were deeply stirred and knew not what to say. ''Dad,'' she repeated, then with the simplicity of a little child, added, ''I love you.''

''Yes, yes. I know, Eunice. You have been a good daughter, a comfort to both your mother and to me, but I'm getting to be an old man, child, an old man without will power enough to do as he should.''

''Dad Pearson, you aren't an old man.'' The words were an emphatic contradiction.

''Your're only fifty-four, and there are hosts of folks right here in Maple-town who have lived to be fifty-five without losing quite all their faculties! You must just quit thinking what isn't true.''

''But the experience of this morning proves that it is true,'' he insisted. ''I haven't been fair to you, my only child.''

''Never mind, Dad,'' she murmured. ''I promised Mother I'd always stand by you, and I will, not only because Mother asked me to, but because I'd want to, anyhow. I love you.''

''Yes, I know. You don't say much. You're like your dad in being pretty close-mouthed, but I understand.'' He was silent for awhile then continued as if talking to himself rather than to Eunice, ''Ten thousand dollars. A pretty good price if it's as undesirable as he claims it is, but I couldn't let it go. I couldn't.''

Eunice sprang to her feet. ''You couldn't Dad? You didn't?'' she cried. ''Oh, tell me, is the farm that Mother loved still ours? Didn't the awful man with cold eyes and the cold voice buy it, after all?''

Her father raised his head, and

for the first time in five long months, he smiled. "But it is a lonely place for a young person like you," he said, though a strange, new note in his voice suggested the vague hope of a contradiction.

She again dropped down upon the old lounge and seized a work-hardened hand in both of hers. She peered into his face and in a tone both serious and playful said, "You were just telling me Dad, that I am like you. And so," she reasoned, "if you want to know how I'd feel to leave this place that Mother loved, you only have to think how you'd feel. Would you miss Mother any less, Dad, if you and I were living among strangers in the heart of New York City?"

He shuddered. "No, Eunice, no." he answered.

"Neither should I, and I'm thankful, that I'm to keep right on living here with you and Fannie and John. As for the young folks—well Dad, a story-book prince always has to experience daring adventures before winning the lady of his choice and Pearson's Pitch, since the rain, is enough to test the courage of Bert Lufkin or any other hero. But while he stands at the foot of the hill, still wondering if he dare make the venture, I can be happy right here, now I know that I haven't lost you."

And to the open-mouthed astonishment of John, who just then bolted in from out-of-doors, the girl, said to be undemonstrative like the rest of the Pearsons, threw her arms impulsively about her father's neck and kissed him.

CULTIVATING SALES RESISTANCE

By Hilda Richmond

The young lady of the family, a successful music teacher and assistant to an older musician in a down town studio, came home from a brief vacation with relatives thoroughly roused and discouraged. The relatives were in moderate circumstances but they had a beautiful harmonious living room with piano, radio and genuine, solid furniture of real merit. For the first time in her short life she saw some things, and her discovery brought a flood of tears. The home living room was decked out with nondescript furniture, pictures that didn't harmonize, a profusion of dust catching ornaments, and all the things that agents press upon people at all seasons of the year.

"If we could all learn to stop buyng trash we could refurnish our home beautifully," she wept. "Uncle James and his family have less than we have, yet they get the worth of their money when they let go of it." She touched the heart of the matter, and a family consultation followed. The whole family were easy going, and when somebody wanted to make a sale they had not the heart to say no. Their money was fritted away for things that did not satisfy, and the house showed it. But with the discovery of wasted money came a determination to reform, and in less than two years the whole house was transformed.

The young people in the schools

are saying much about overcoming "sales resistance," as they study salesmanship. They must present the article they have to sell in such an attractive way and with such well chosen words that the prospective patron cannot say no. That salesmen have the power to overcome risistance, is clearly shown in many houses, for there is a conglomeration of things without thought of beauty, usefulness or harmony.

So while the clever salesmen are trying to overcome all objections to their wares let it be known that all young persons should cultivate "sales resistance" with might and main. One good book or ornament well chosen is worth a hundred cheap, trashy things. One beautiful, suitable garment of good quality and style and color will be worth a dozen hastily purchased things. The well dressed men and women are not those who have the most to spend, always, but those who are careful in selecting what they buy. The less money you have to spend the more carefully you should guard it. Agents are active with cosmetics, silk hosiery, books, ornaments and dozens of other things up to pianos and automobiles. Some of these things are very good and wear well, and others do not. It is a wonderful training to determine to have a good reason for every purchase, if it is only a ten cent article, for thrift and success and satisfaction attend the careful spender. Not to be miserly, but to get worth while things for every dollar spent should be the aim of each and every young person, even where wealth abounds.

The better class of people follow the rule of spending carefully, and their clothes, their homes, their books and everything about them prove this fact. To be a "good spender" in some quarters is to throw away money foolishlessly and recklessly, but with real people it means makings money the servant that supplies legitimate wants with the best to be had, and that which will give most satisfaction. Young folks are judged largely in the business world by the way they spend, and their clothes and amusements and personal belongings proclaim their tastes in other things loudly to the social realm so have a care how you open your purse to everything that appeals for a passing moment to your fancy.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres.—Carlyle.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Letter writing day came around last week, and all were glad to write to their home folks.

Edgar Rochester, a member of the eighth cottage, paid his relatives a short visit in Charlotte last week.

The boys of the work force have been hoeing cotton lately. On account of the large crop, they will be pretty busy for quite a while, yet.

Mr. and Mrs. House, and son, Horace, Jr., have returned from their vacation trip to Florida, the land of flowers. From reports they had a fine trip.

The other day Mrs. Presslar and Mrs. Harrison, of Concord, gave the boys a number of magazines. We all appreciate this and wish to thank them both.

Last Monday morning Clyde Bristow, a former boy of this institution, paid us a short visit. Clyde is now employed as Linotype operator at the Daily Tribune, in Concord.

During the past month a number of boys have had the mumps. These were separated from the other boys and kept in a separate cottage, thereby preventing the spread of this disease.

The alligator that was captured by a few boys a couple of weeks ago, has been removed from his pen on the campus and placed in the pond in front of the dairy barn. He may now be seen lying around in the shallow water or floating on top of it.

Last Sunday morning we learned with great surprise, that Mr. P. L. Hood, an employee of this institution, was married on Saturday afternoon. So far, we have been unable to gain any further information or details. We wish them many years of happiness.

Last week a couple of officers changed cottages. Mr. Godown and Mr. Crooks changed places, the former going to number two and the latter going to number six. Mr. Clark is staying at the new receiving building. This change was made in order that Mr. and Mrs. Scarboro might be able to stay at number six. We hope they are all satisfied with the change.

Last Sunday afternoon, Rev. Robert Arrowwood, of Concord, had charge of the services. His text was, "Sailing was dangerous"—Acts 27: 9. He talked about icebergs being dangerous to shipping, and how that the government had now placed cutters to watch and report their position to ships traversing the ocean. He made a splendid talk, which was enjoyed by all.

Recently a number of books were sent to the School, and one was given to each cottage. This book is "The Story of the Bible." This will prove interesting reading for the small boys, who find it difficult to under-

stand the peculiar way of the Bible. This gift comes from Mr. William Barnhardt, one of the School's many friends, and who is constantly doing or planning something for the boys here. We appreciate these books, and wish to thank Mr. Barnhardt for them.

For several years Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, of Concord, has donated a sum of money, to be distributed quarterly to the boys who are most proficient in their school work. This contest covers all of the various branches of our school work, the teachers selecting the subjects for each quarter. For the first quarter of the present term it was decided to award the prizes to the boys having the highest general average, including deportment. The following boys received a prize of one dollar each:

Room No. 1—Clyde Pearce; room No. 2—Harry Allen; room No. 3—Kermit Copeland; room No. 4—Jackson Jenkins; room No. 5—Phil Gibson; room No. 6—Egbert Wall; room No. 7—Clyde Kivett.

HONOR ROLL

Room No. One

—A—

Glenn Enloe, Talmadge Frye, T. L. Jackson, Bruce Moser and George Stanley.

—B—

Lawson Beasley, Theodore Biggs, Clarence Maynard, Milton Mashburn, Clyde Pearce, Boone Sherrill, Elwood Webb, Robert Futch, L. M. Bolt, Edward Hardin and Jackson Langley.

Room No. Two

—A—

James Bunting, Malcom Driver, William J. Rose, William Smith, Walter Bates, Albert Spangler and Woodrow Farmer.

—B—

Millard Leonard, Vernon Cooper, Owen Henderson, Ralph Walton and Durward Mussellwhite.

Room No. Three

—A—

Robey Gardner, Theodore Lovett, Herbert Gordon, Carl Ballard, Glendon Odum Clyde Evans, Broncho Owens, John Hearne and Clarence Pruett.

—B—

Jack Ross, Brunell Fink, Don Wilson, Allen Cabe, Issac Bartley, Sylvian Palmer and William Shirley.

Room No. Four

—A—

Hubert Blair, Melvin Cauthren, Jack Cuthberson, Earl Faulk, James Gibbs, Roy Lyerly, Fuller Moore, Harry Price and Wendell Ramsey.

Room No. Five

—A—

Malcom Allen, Bennie Moore, Ben Chattin, Johnnie Price, Bobbie Hedrick, Fred Conner, Phil Gibson and Willie Thomas.

—B—

Stanton Hales, Thomas Smith, Lawrence Grimes, Obie Sims, Rudolph Snipes and Daniel Hall.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 16, 1928. No. 21

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

Your're building each moment,
In architect's role,
A character dwelling—
A home for the soul
So while you are building,
Don't potter and slack;
Just build a fine mansion,
Not merely a shack.

—Exhange.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

THE GLORIOUS MINISTRY OF TIME

We all know what time can do even for the sharp pangs of a great bereavement. In the first dark and cloudy day it seems as though no light will ever fall upon our path again. "I shall never laugh any more." Oh, yes, you will!

Time, the Lord's ameliorative, will begin to minister to the broken spirit, and however incredible it may now appear, some day the smiles will come back in the blanched cheek, and the mouth will be filled with laughter. Let us never forget when we are counting our blessings to thank God for the glorious ministry of time.—Rev. J. H. Jowett.

IMPORTANCE ATTACHED TO SCHOOL WORK

Any observant person could at once see the importance attached to School work at the Jackson Training School, by observing the location and character of its school building. The large brick building standing in the center of the campus is the school building. It contains nine large, airy, well lighted, school rooms, a spacious and attractive auditorium with a seating capactiy of 1000 and one of the most artistic entrances, perhaps, of any in

the State. All the other buildings are clustered around this center. The authorities have endeavored to make the School the chief business of the institution. No other work is allowed to crowd out the work of the school. A boy may be excused from any other department, but when asking to be excused from school, we have been very stingy in granting such request. All other work is subordinate to school work. This is one big feature that must go on, if possible, without interruption.

The school is taught six days in each week, for the fifty-two weeks of the year, barring a few days at Christmas. Sometimes, a whole school room may be sent out for a few days to break the monotony of school work, both of the teacher and the pupils, but all are absent when any are absent and the classes not affected by irregularity of attendance.

'Tis surprising, too, how well the boys get on in their school work. The attitude, the conduct and the interest of boys are inspiring. One would very naturally conclude that here is the strength of its influence.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DUKE UNIVERSITY

The mind that deals in small figures, from a few thousand to fifty thousand, or more, so to speak, can hardly take in the enormous construction program now in the process of development at the Duke University Plant.

We are prepared to accept the pronouncement of a fine and intelligent, young Virginia woman a few weeks ago. She said unhesitatingly and with emphasis, "Duke University is going to be the Harvard of the South, and many of us will live to see it." The forecast of this F. F. V., is not to be questioned since reading that A. C. Lee, vice-president and chief engineer of Duke Construction Company said, "satisfactory progress has been made throughout the first half of the year, and barring unseen developments there is nothing ahead that will prevent the completion of the plant in 1930."

One outstanding feature about this gigantic building program is that Mr. Lee is a native Carolinian, and that his staff of co-workers is made up of men who have lived and worked most of their lives in this state.

The first lesson to be learned in the construction of Duke University is that North Carolina not only can furnish material for building purposes, but has skilled workmen sufficient to do the work.

North Carolina is rich in resources and has a man for every job if we take time to look about for him. It will make the heart of every Tarheelia swell with pride to read and study about the great develop-

ment going on at Duke University. Elsewhere in this publication you will find an illuminating article on the Duke University Plant.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL IN WAYNESVILLE

In the May issue of the Southern Planter an interesting reference was made to the three prong Apple Blossom Festival developed by orchardists from Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland, at Winchester, Virginia. This event carried with it a brilliant social side—the crowning of one of Roanoke's beautiful young girls as Queen Shenandoah IV with appropriate court ceremonies.

We gather that this fourth annual festival from the following account assumed large proportions and attracted wide spread attention:

> The 11,000,000 apple trees of the famous apple-growing section of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, in full bloom, presented a beautiful spectacle. This section is one of the greatest apple-producing areas of the country. The festival has become an institution and is nationally known. People from all over the United States and from some of the foreign countries attended it. This occasion is of great value to the orchardists of this important apple-producing area.

Harboring an innate feeling of pride for North Carolina's progress in every development we at once wondered why the old North State did not have something to do with this particular Apple Blossom Festival, or stage a similar one, knowing that our own state is famed for its fine mountain apples.

We are glad to announce, or admit we were not informed on the subject, that an Apple Blossom Festival is being held this week in Waynesville.

The Waynesville Festival too has its Queen and social attractions; but the Queen who is one of Waynesville's attractive young women, it not named so as to specify, like in Virginia, any particular section of western North Carolina. The name "Queen Swannanoa" would sound all right.

We conclude that in endeavoring to keep up with the activities of the state, one feels much like a child in trying to take in everything that goes on in a three ring circus. Really it is a man's job to know your own state.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WHAT'S WRONG?

Women are encouraged to assume their part of the political responsibility since the right to vote has been given them; but from reports of recent primary they fail to receive little encouragement in the way of reward for their efforts or interest. What is the trouble? Is it because women fail

to stand together, or is the antiquated belief rather prevalent yet that woman's place is home?

The League of Women Voters and Federated Club members in the state have preached in season and out of season that it is the duty of women to vote, also to work for certain legislation that women are peculiarly fitted to put over.

The educative program so far seems to be a theory, because the women have not assumed a militant attitude up to this date in state politics. The sound law of democracy is "equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

In the following editorial of the Asheville Citizen we unite in wishing that Miss Nell Battle Lewis will win out and have the honor of representing Wake in the 1929 House.

We know Miss Lewis personally and feel that she can hold her own with any of the Solons of 1929 Legislature:

> Of the women legislative candidates in the recent primary only Miss Nell Battle Lewis seems to have survived. She is to fight it out with five other candidates to determine Wake County's three Democratic nominees for the House.
>
> The Citizen ventures the hope that she will win. It is sorry that Miss Carrie McLean, of Mecklenburg, the only woman in the 1927 Legislature, has been defeated for the Senate. We are sure that the legislative sessions would have profited from the presence at Raleigh of Miss McLean and Miss Julia Alexander who represented Mecklenburg in the 1925 Legislature but who was defeated in a recent primary.
>
> Women are constantly being told that they must take their political responsibilities seriously; that whether they wanted the vote or not it has been thrust upon them and that it is their obligation to take an interest in politics; but it must be said that they have received up to this time precious little encouragement in this direction. Voters, and especially voters of their own sex, seem still to cherish a most unreasoning prejudice against women holding office.
>
> For our own part, we should like to see a considerable number of women in every Legislature and we have not the least doubt that it would be profitable to have them there. If Miss Nell Battle Lewis is elected from Wake, and we trust she will be, The Citizen ventures the prediction that her services will outweigh those of almost any half dozen of her male colleagues.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Thursday, June 14th, is the one hundred and fifty-first anniversary of the American Flag. The Governor's proclamation calling upon the people to fittingly observe Flag Day should be an incentive to every one to become informed as to the origin of the Flag and the true meaning of the same.

Our Flag stands for ideas and ideals—it symbolizes liberty and equal opportunity. It is more than a banner for therein is written the history of our country and the principles incorporated in our constitution.

To pause on this day and pay tribute to it is a duty and a privilege. We carry in this same issue a story entitled, "February 13, 1777," giving some historical data about our flag sometimes called "Old Glory."

The newly adopted flag was probably raised first at Fort Schuyler, Rome, N. Y., and over a vessel for the first time by Paul Jones, on the Ranger, November, 1777.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

COL. LINDBERGH

In big headlines the information goes out that Col. Charles A. Lindbergh hops off for a place unannounced. There are other aviators who have taken similar flights; but Col. Lindbergh is such a wizard in the air we feel confident his destination will be announced in due time. Later. The following shows Lindbergh reached his objective:

> Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh landed at Curtiss Field, N. Y., at 4:56 P. M., after a flight from Buffalo. He thus concluded a round trip transcontinental journey by air in the interest of the Trans-Continental Air Transport, Inc., to which he is technical advisor.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

The trouble about the little breakfast nooks in most of the present day houses and bungalows is, if you eat a good, hearty meal it is difficult to get out.

—o—

There is many a "lapsus linguae" made these days in conversation. Some are overlooked; and some are very humorous. In fact they remind you of the days of good old Mrs. Partington, who had a knack of using big words, but got them in the wrong place. A lady was telling of a dream she had—being back at the little old school house, conjugating verbs. A friend of hers was telling the dream to another friend, and endeavoring to quote the language of the dreamer, said: "She said she was back in the school 'congregating' verbs."

—o—

Watch the crowds go by at any given point. You see human nature in its various moods. Look at the expression on the various faces. Some sad; some gay; some frowning; some smiling; some looking up and some looking down. Some give you a thrill of joy, and some a pang of pain. Some give you cheer and some give you sorrow. We cannot all be great statesmen, painters, writers, musicians, or even dreamers. There are people walking the streets of the cities and towns who have an inward vision that will never be known; who are great thinkers, and who cannot translate their thoughts into words for a waiting world. And on the other hand, some of the people whom we imagine must be thinking the thoughts of the great visioning world of color and beauty, and listening to the harmonies of the spheres, are principally concerned with their own little selves, or the latest sensation or scandal. So passes the world along as you look out on the throng.

—o—

Haven't you noticed in this day and time that the public is not over-anxious in wanting what it does not know about?

—o—

Thrift in this world is of various degrees. But the sort that saves a nickel but loses a dollar is a poor bet.

—o—

The women, God bless every one of 'em—
They now reveal in their permanent wave;
It is time for some genius to invent
Something to give man a permanent shave.

—o—

The man who has a quantity of honey for sale may be said to be on a bee line to prosperity.

—o—

"How old is your little brother?" inquired Willie.

"He's a year old," replied Tommy.

"Huh! I've got a dog a year old and he can walk twice as well as your brother."

"That's nothing. Your dog's got twice as many legs."

—o—

Lawyers are sometimes floored by their prospective clients. I hear that an apparently thrifty negro woman

visited a Durham lawyer and told him that she believed she ought to have a will. That she owned a house and lot and had a moderate amount of insurance on her life, but that she didn't have a relative living that she knew of. The lawyer told her possibly the best thing to do was to leave her property in his hands, and he would see that her wishes were carried out. She said she reckoned that that was the best thing to do. "Now I wants to talk to you about it," said she, and at the same time pulled out a note for several hundred dollars, and requested the lawyer to sign it. He didn't sign and he wasn't made the legatee.

—o—

The polished gentleman of yesterday, on meeting another gentleman, said, with some dignity, "How do you do, sir?" The matter-of-fact man of today, on meeting another man, without ceremony, bluntly says, "Heigh-ho; gimme a match!"

—o—

Too many men think they can't do anything for their community because they are unable to deliver public speeches. The fact is, the quiet man, serving on a committee, usually does more for his community than the windjammers do. Speaking of making speeches; I never made but one speech in my life that I thought was worth while. She said: "Yes," and I haven't made a speech since.

—o—

There is a picture in some of the current magazines of a young rich man with a pretty good-sized spot on his head, with his cranium bowed on his hands in the last extremity of despair, all because he failed to use somebody's danderine. That's what I call sheer moral weakness, to give up that way. I admire, and so do most people, the man who sets his jaw, holding up his head and fights his way through his dandruff, let it blow as it will.

—o—

There is a man in our town
And he is wondrous wise;
He goes ahead and gulps 'em down,
Whenever his wife makes pies.
—And he doesn't suffer from indisgestion, either.

—o—

In talking with a busy man of affairs the past week, he casually said to me: "My business is a large part of my religion." His business is that of a contractor and builder. His religion is that of a Methodist, trying to live as a Christian child of God. He strives to make all his business a part of his religion. So far as his business goes, it is all a religion; but it is not all of religion, for religion is the relation of a human soul to God. I left him with a very profound feeling that he had the secret of Christianity. I was impressed with the fact that he was a true disciple of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

—o—

The farmers did not get the consideration they asked for, but the people generally got some relief. Congress has adjourned. Thank your stars.

—o—

Don't quarrel. Quarrels get you nowhere. It has been a self-evident fact that quarrels prevent men from being honest with themselves and their fellowmen. They destroy reputation; assault character; destroy harmony. Sometimes they do not cease until they have set aflame the minds of men to such an extent that

they riot, ruin property, even take life—and this notwithstanding the fact that he who quarrels, and carries his quarrel to the extreme, harms himself more that he does the other fellow, or the community at large. Some has said that "the man who quarrels has something the matter with him."

A SACRIFICE FOR HUMANITY

By C. W. Hunt

There has grown up a generation that knows nothing of the horrors of yellow fever. As early as fifty years ago there came out-breaks to the lower valley of the Mississippi River, and hundreds and hundreds died summer after summer. In fact it was not stamped out until after the Spanish-American War, when the health authorities of this country took charge of Cuba and put an end to the nesting place of this most deadly germ of all fever diseases. Then its origin was further dispensed with when American health authorities cleaned up Panama. New Orleans and other gulf ports seemed to be the ports of entry for yellow fever, in that emigrants and American sailors coming in from these yellow fever infested countries brought the disease, which spread up the Mississippi valley to the mouth of the Missouri. The young people today have small conception as to what the yellow fever meant to all inhabitants in the sections named. It spread panic far and wide. People ran from it, whole families were wiped out. Yet with the use of proper scientific methods this continent has been cleaned of the dread disease. The foregoing was suggested by the following clipping from an exchange:

Not infrequently, yet so rarely as to command attention we learn of some scientist who, working in behalf of humanity, perishes because of the risks to which he has subjected himself. To this list we must now add the name of Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, a native of Japan, a citizen of the whole world.

He fell a vitcim to African yellow fever; yet his sacrifice was not unavailing. The first steps in the conquest of this germ have been taken, and it is expected it will soon join its South American cousin as something that no longer imperils humans.

When we hear people talk of a money-mad world; when they insist pleasure alone has an appeal nowadays, it is refreshing to learn of such exceptions as Dr. Noguchi. With his skill he might have amassed a fortune, and lived a life of ease.

Instead, he chose to devote his efforts to battling with a germ that levied a heavy toll yearly upon the race; an enemy more dangerous and insidious than bullets. He voluntarily assumed the task of trying to rid the earth of this menace, making vast areas of land safe places where people might live.

We may continue to look for other examples of this same spirit. Men will keep on battling these perils one by one, as long as they exist. The race as a whole is not becoming soft and easy-going; when some of these pioneers fall, more will be ready to take their places.

NEW AUDITORIUM AT DUKE UNIVERSITY

By Old Hurrygraph

I attended the first public exercises Tuesday evening in the new auditorium of the Duke University, erected on the dear old Trinity college site, which is to be the unit of the Woman's branch of that fast growing great institution of learning in the South. It was my first view and inspection of the new building. Behold old things have passed away, and all becoming new. One could but be impressed with the grandeur and the beauty of the building. I doubt if the Colosseum of Rome, or the literary halls of Athens in her palmiest days much excelled, if at all, the beauty, finish, and charm of this new Duke University auditorium. The art of beautiful symplicity is combined with exquisite charm.

I could but be impressed with the great vision of the master mind who visualized great and wonderful things for the children of men, but was not spared in his life to see his dreams realized. His monument is in the hearts of his people, and future generations who will rise up and call him blessed, as well as his brother and his father.

The Duke's—father, Washington Duke; sons, James B. Duke and Benjamin N. Duke—are the golden-hearted men who have inaugurated the golden age for education that will shine down the corridors of time, until time shall be no more.

One can but view the transformation that has taken place at this one unit of the new Duke University—the beauty that comes from the chrysalis of old Trinity college campus; and the mighty and extensive work being prosecuted on the Duke University campus proper—and not to stand spell-bound with a sense of astonished awe, at the magnificence of the vision that was born in the mind of James B. Duke, North Carolina's greatest philantrophist. The impress is that it was of divine inspiration.

The father and the inspired son have passed on. The work and instructions were left for others to "carry on." While Mr. B. N. Duke is deprived of the good health vouchsafed others, yet in Christian fortitude he is bearing his Cross with beautiful resignation, and he is spared to see the accomplishment of the great work he and his family have had such a large part in building and inspiring the human race for generations to come, in the new life and the new ideals they have injected into the South, and particularly their native State and native county.

The prayers of thousands everywhere will be that the graciou Father will spare Benjamin N. Duke to see and rejoice in the ultimate completion of the new Duke University, which is set upon a hill, and its lights will shine down through the ages, blessing humanity.

The ruin of most men dates from some idle moment.—George S. Hillard.

DUKE UNIVERSITY PLANT TO BE FINISHED BY FALL OF 1930

(Asheville Citizen)

Hundreds of Duke University alumni and commencement visitors who returned to the Duke campus during the finals last week and who visit the two connecting University campuses will find that a great amount of construction work has been done during their absence. They will find that the building program for the co-ordinate college for women is completed and the entire plant is in operation, now, of course, occupied by both men and women students. The new unit of 11 buildings on the old campus has already been proclaimed by visitors to be one of the most beautiful group of buildings and grounds in the section.

On the new campus visitors are seeing every indication of rapid construction progress on the 13 groups of buildings which are to become the larger unit of the University, and to be completed by the fall of 1930. All this construction work is under the direction of A. C. Lee, vice-president and chief engineer of the Duke Construction Company, whose years of service with the Duke interests have well qualified him for the big undertaking. A large majority of his staff are natives of this section, and all are working for Duke Universtiy in the erection of its handsome new home through the Duke Construction Company, the University's own organization. It is through Mr. Lee that all supplies for the University are being bought, and before the construction program is completed 15,000 solid car loads of material will find its way to the site. At the present time 15 to 20 heavily laden cars are daily being pulled to the new campus.

While Mr. Lee came to Durham and established his residence here last year, real construction work was not started until the beginning of this year. Before work could be started Mr. Lee had to study plans, inspect the grounds, prepare for the letting of material contracts, and get everything ready for the actual construction. Preliminary work was started last October; and a great amount of excavation work was required. The first of the year found the principal construction work under way, and today there are 600 men at work on buildings, roads and grounds.

Satisfactory Progress

According to Mr. Lee, satisfactory progress has been made throughout the first half of the year, and barring unseen developments there is nothing ahead which will prevent the completion of the plant in 1930.

Mr. Lee has all of the construction work outlined, and group by group, the structures will be built in succession until the entire quadrangle is completed. Foundations have already been set for the hospital and medical school, the union, the school of religion, the first group of dormitories, and the placing of foundations for the library, classroom, and auditorium will be under way. The heating plant of the main unit, and the concrete tunnel from this plant to the buildings has been

completed and is ready for installation of equipment.

Superstructure on several of the buildings is rising skyward, and five stories of steel framework for the hospital have been erected. Visitors who inspect the first dormitory group upon which considerable stone work has been done, will get an excellent conception of the finished buildings. Two more dormitory groups are to be started soon, and work on the law building will be started shortly, Construction of the chemistry, botany, zoology, physics building, and the beautiful chapel building will be undertaken in the order named. Erection of the chapel building the tower of which will rise 240 feet above the ground, will close the big quadrangle. Nearby will be the school of religion buildings and classroom structures. Mr. Lee's organization is striking full stride now and these groups of structures will be started and completed as rapidly as possible. The heating plant will be one of the first units completed in order that the buildings may be well dried out before occupancy.

Gothic Design

Of Gothic design, and conforming to a unified general scheme all buildings will be of stone, absolutely fireproof, and constructed throughout of the most durable materials. Duke University is building for generations to come, and in doing so is using native North Carolina stone, taken from its own quarries 15 miles away, near Hillsboro. This varicolored rock is proving entirely satisfactory, and will give the buildings a beauty rarely seen in any structures. The trimmings and ornamental designs are entirely of Indiana Limestone, much of which has already been received and is being put in place. Roofs will be of rustic tile, in keeping with the variagated stone walls.

Permanency of construction is being stressed throughout, and no deteriorating materials are being used. Terrazo, Marble, and tiles are to be set in most of the interiors, while the corridors of dormitories will be lined with face brick. In bedrooms and classrooms, however, floors will be of hardwood. Steel, stone, and concrete are making for the most compact and stalwart buildings that modern construction engineering can devise.

With its provision of 380 beds, the Duke University hospital, covering nearly five acres of ground will be a feature of the entire new plant. A part of it is to be five stories high with a basement, and will be the largest building on the campus. Its modern equipment furnishings and facilities will make it a model of modern hospitals. In close connection with it and under the same roof will be operated the medical school, providing all classes and laboratories necessary for the conduct of a modern school of this kind. The hospital will have an entrance of its own from Erwin Road, West Durham, which will put it in close touch with the main highway of the state.

Beautiful as will be Duke Universtiy's new buildings, they will have a setting as attractive as themselves in the rolling, woodland campus. Miles of roadways are being laid out, winding through virgin woods; and these will be hardsurfaced as the volume of traffic over them justifies. The main entrance to the university will be from Chapel Hill street extension, known sometimes as Rigsbee

Avenue. After leaving the street and reaching a beautiful circle and drive the visitor will be able to see the dominating chapel tower as it looks down upon the grounds of buildings on either side below. Connected with this entrance drive will be the well laid out boulevard which connects the two university units, these a mile and a quarter apart. Plans are to make this connecting boulevard of magnificent beauty; it will pass under Main street and the railroad by the underpass which has already been constructed, and at all times will make it possible to go quickly to one part of the campus from the other.

While construction work is being carried on, every precaution is being taken to protect the fine growth of trees from damage, and barriers have been built around the larger pines and oaks. Until building materials and machinery have been removed, the improvement of grounds immediately around the buildings cannot be started.

In addition to the permanent roadway, the Duke Construction Company, under Mr. Lee's direction, has laid three or four miles of railroad to various sections of the campus. All of this excepting the spur to the heating plant is temporary, and will be removed after the great supply of materials has been brought to the site. A locomotive and several steam hoists are in constant action over the university's miniature railroad yard.

It is a source of satisfaction to Duke University that much of the talent and material which are going into the making of its new home are native products. Through the Duke Construction Company, of which Mr. Lee is chief engineer, the mammoth task is well underway. A native Carolinian himself, Mr, Lee's staff is largely composed of men who lived and worked most of their lives in this state, and who have contributed much to its progress. Many of them have been with the Duke interests for 10 to 20 years. Meanwhile native talent and skill are using a vast amount of native material, notably the fine stone which is going into the building. This stone is measuring up to all expectations and will, it is expected, give the buildings beauty that will make them one of the showplaces of this section of America. It is all a tremendous undertaking, but long planning, skilled direction, efficient and economical construction and steady work are combining to gradually bring the task to full swing, and will result in its completion in two and one-half years.

The completion of the new unit will come at a time, after steady growth on the part of the university, when it can be readily and normally absorbed, affording room for expanded schools and departments. At all times, however, the two units will be operated in closest conjunction and except for location will be as one.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to elbow himself through the world, giving and receiving offense.
—Carlyle.

WANTED: YOUNG FARMERS

(Asheville Citizen)

How many Southern youths who go to agricultural colleges take up farming after they graduate? The editor of The Manufacturers Record undertook to find out after he had been told by a Southern business man that ninety per cent of them failed to go back to the farms. Putting the question to the presidents of Southern agricultural collegs, he received replies showing:

That twenty-nine per cent of the graduates of the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Enigneering are engaged in actual farming; 23 per cent of the Georgia State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; 20 per cent of the West Virginia College of Agriculture; 8 per cent from Florida's Agricultural College; 33 per cent from Texas; 19 per cent from South Carolina; 30 per cent from Maryland and 14 per cent from Alabama.

The percentages greatly increase when lists are made of all the graduates who go into "either actual farming or into activities related to farming, such as selling farm supplies, teaching in agricultural colleges and working as county demonstration agents." Georgia's percentage of graduates under this general heading becomes 88; Florida's 76; Missouri's 78; Texas' 80; West Virginia's undetermined; South Carolina's 64; Maryland's about 70; Arkansas' 80; Alabama's 64.

But the fact remains that far too few of the South's young men, after getting agricultural educations in college, go back to the business of owning and operating farms. Those who use their training as salesmen of farm products, as agricultural teachers and so forth, are not producers in the strictest sense of the word. Such a situation obviously needs remedying, and The Record suggests editorially how is can be done.

"Many of these boys," it says, "are wholly unable financially to purchase and operate a farm at once, as much as they would like to do so, and if the business men of the South would co-operate with these would-be farmer boys to a greater extent than they are doing, they would stimulate in generous measure the agricultural prosperity of the South." The business men have here a big opportunity "to help these boys carry forward the work for which they are educated and for which to a large extent they have been compelled to pay their way by individual work in and around the college."

No doubt about that. If the South is to realize her abundant possibilities, her agriculture must keep pace with her industrial development. The way for Southern leaders to insure this is to do everything possible to keep a stream of enthusiastic and well trained youth constantly flowing to the farms.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—Douglas Jerrold.

WINNING THE GAME

By James Hay, Jr.

The beauty about this Game of Life is that it is never arranged so that it is unbeatable.

Take the girl without money and without influence; she might easily regard herself as unable to hold the pace.

But, because she has not so regarded herself, she has again and again held the pace and set a faster one.

Years ago in a log cabin bare as poverty and forty miles from a post-office, lived a little English immigrant girl. But, because she recognized the value of an education, she secured it, from scant instruction and much reading of borrowed books.

She got a position as a Michigan country school teacher, walking eight miles a day to and from her work and drawing pay of four dollars a week. Then on her savings she bought a ticket to Boston and paid her way through a school of theology by teaching and preaching.

She became the famous Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.

Daisy Simpson, a young woman who had been down and out, got a job with the San Francisco police and made herself, according to her chief, "the best shadower the city ever knew."

Mrs. Sarah Scharlin was twenty-four years old when she came, a Russian immigrant, to New York, and opened a little snuff shop. When she died last February, she was known as the "East Side's richest woman," and was beloved for her kindness and benefactions.

Mrs. Agnes Dunn was described during her life time as "one of the keenest and ablest women detectives in America." She was a long time in charge of the 1,200 women employees of the H. G. Heinz Company of Pittsburgh, hiring and firing them as she thought necessary.

She began work at fifty cents a day when she was thirteen, to help support her brothers and sisters.

So the story goes of these heroic girls who, with nothing but their courage and ability, played the Game to a winning finish.

They made good because they grasped the vital truth that a handicap is merely an invitation to climb higher.

Anybody with that outlook goes on to victory.

If you are not willing to stick to what you are trying to do you may as well as say goodby to all chance of success Money does not grow on trees, said the older generation to the rising one nor does success come to the people who look for easy conquest. Efforts and persistence are intended to do more than give what is wanted at a particular moment. They have the function of giving body and mind additional tone and strength.

THE TEST

By A. M. Barnes

The big, handsome car, smartly new, and shining with all the splendor of polished surface and glittering nickel trimmings, drew up in front of the bank building, and came to a stop. A gentleman and two youths alighted and went into the bank.

Another youth, passing at the moment, halted suddenly, gazing at the car. He was big-boned, broad-shoulderę; a young giant for his years. He was only seventeen. As he halted a rapt expression had come into his face. His eyes kindled; his lips moved; ejaculations of amazement came from them; of wonder, even of joy.

He had seen cars before on his visits to the town chiefly small ones of the cheaper type, but never had his gaze rested upon a thing of such beauty, of such magnificence and power as this.

He took a step or two forward; then halted, as though undecided; but the lure proving too great for resistance, he moved on quickly toward the car. He ran his fingers with awed touch over the polished surface, along the shining metal plates and rods; stooped to peer in upon the luxurious upholstery; and was leaning over the hood of the engine, moving his fingers back and forth across its glistening surface, his face eloquent with awed wonder as he speculated over the mysteries he knew were within, when a harsh voice shouted at him.

"Say, you there! What are you doing to that car. Let it alone this minute; you hear me?"

"He is after no good, you may be sure, Frank!" a second voice exclaimed.

The boy, leaning over the car, shot up as though he had been struck. Then he turned to face the two youths who had come from the bank.

"Say! Do you hear me? Come away from that car! What business have you got there, anyhow?"

"Nothing good, you can count on it." The other youth thus emphasized his previous statement. "If we hadn't come out in time, no telling what he would have made off with." Then he added words that stung like a lash. "To make sure, hadn't we better have him searched?"

Joel Carter's eyes flashed, his hand clinched; and he made movement toward the two youths, then steadied himself. "I haven't done a thing to hurt your old car, and I ain't meddled with nothin' neither. You dassant call me a thief again; for if you do—"

There was thunder in his voice by now, and lightning in his eyes, while the big, uplifted fist had the effect of causing the two boys to waver in their approach.

"What's the trouble?"

A gentleman had now come from the bank, and stood gazing at them inquiringly.

"That fellow over there, Uncle Harland. He's been snooping around the car; and there's no telling but that—"

Harland Whitney held up a hand to stop him. "Don't speak hastily, Edward. Can't you see that he is

just admiring the car?''

''No, he'd better not say that again.'' Joel Carter's face was like a thunder cloud now. ''And he'd better not lay hand on me to search me neither.''

''Don't that prove that—'' began Edward again, accusingly; and again his uncle stopped him.

''I'm sorry, boy. You must not mind what these two fellows have said. They are young and overhasty. They'll regret it directly.''

He approached Joel and held out his hand, but the boy wheeled away, and set off muttering. He had gone but a short distance when a hand fell on his shoulder and halted him.

''What was all that row about, Jo?'' Fred Hawkins queried.

''Those fellows thought I was stealing somethin' from their car. If that man hadn't come when he did there'd sure been a fight.''

''Don't yon know who that man was, Jo?''

''No; I don't; and I don't care neither.''

''Well, you had better care, let me tell you. That's Harland Whitney, the big lumber man, who owns all that land up around your Mammy's place; the man you been trying so hard to rent that pasture tract from for your cattle.''

''Huh! Well, I reckon 'tain't no use now, even to hope he'll ever let Mammy and me have it.''

''And if you don't get it, what will you do about your cattle? There isn't any other fit grazing land anywhere about you.''

''I guess they'll have to starve, and we-all along with 'em!'' Joel flung out desperately as he turned away.

''And there will go your one chance of an education, too, Jo,'' his friend reminded him.

Yes, that was hardest of all. For two years Jo had hungered and thirsted for knowledge, with a longing that filled him with a well-nigh unbearable pain. Lately the outlook had brightened. By hard labor and by means, too, of much saving, several head of cattle had been acquired. When they had been fattened up and sold, with a share of the proceeds Joel was to have a term, and perhaps two, at the town school.

When the cattle had been purchased, it was with the hope that suitable pasture land could be secured. Joel had the very tract in his mind. It belonged to the wealthy lumber man, who owned much timber up in that section, and who had also a hunting lodge in a glen up the side of one of the mountains. Joel was certain that a man with so much land wouldn't mind renting a part of it, especially for grazing land, for which he could have no possible use. But so far Jo's two letters about the land, which had cost himself and his mother many painstaking moments, remained unanswered.

Joel was pondering it all gloomily this morning as he made his way along one of the ridges in search of the dun heifer and the red one, both astray now for three days. There was hard thoughts in his heart against the man who had treater a matter of vital importance to him, Joel, with such cold indifference.

''He's a swell; that's what he is!'' Joel muttered; ''and he ain't got no leanin' to bother with poor folks and their small affairs. Guess his heart's 'bout as hard as that rock there.''

In his bitttrness against the rich

man at this moment, Joel had forgotten the kindly tone in which that same rich man had spoken to him the day before; the extended hand that he, Joel, had scorned.

He had started on his search for the cows shortly after daylight. The sun was now barely up.

"Wonder where them pesky critters can be?" he murmured to himself. "No doubt a-feastin' on some of Millyunere Whitney's fine grass patches. Hope 'tis so," and he grinned enjoyably at the thought.

He had halted now at the edge of a somewhat broad plateau, recessed between two peaks. A portion had been cleared, and in its midst stood a goodly sized bungalow of stout logs, with wide verandas. An exclamation escaped Joel.

"That s his huntin' place," he commented. "Wonder if he's there now an' them boys. But it's no concern o' mine," he added, as he started on again.

Suddenly, Joel became aware that he had some difficulty in breathing. What could be the matter? he wondered. Now there came a stinging sensation in his nostrils; and there was no longer the gleam of the sunlight about him. The sun had become obscured; lost behind a heavy gray pall, and the pall was smoke clouds.

"Why, it's a fire! ' he exclaimed; "a good-sized one; and right up there on the mountain side. Gee-whilikins! but its spreadin' fast! Wonder who could have started it? I bet now it's sparks from that loggin'-road engine what done it. Them railroad fellers was told to put on a spark-ketcher; but I just know they ain't minded what they was told. Well, I got to see about this, or else Mammy's timber tract is a-goin' to ketch and that mustn t happen."

He started rapidly across the clearing. He could see the fire plainly logging-road and was steadily spread-now. It had caught up near the ing down the mountain-side, fed by the numerous piles of brush and dead leaves.

"It's a mighty bad time o' year for fire to break out," commented Joel, "with all that dry brush from the timber cuttin' piled aroun'."

He stood watching the rapidly spreading flames some moments, irresolute. What was he to do? What could one fire-fighter, however zealous accomplish against such a wide-sweeping line of flames? Surely the bosses at the logging camp would discover the fire and send out hands to fight it. Well, there was at least one comfort. What wind was blowing, wasn't in the direction of the Carter's timber land.

Joel was turning away to get safely beyond the course of the on-coming flames, for by now the smoke was fairly choking him, when he suddenly halted with a sharp exclamation. The half circle of fire was coming straight down upon the Whitney bungalow and the noble pines that encircled it. If the flames were not headed off, the bungalow, as well as many of the pines, would be destroyed.

The fire was still some distance away. By rapid work he might have time to clear away enough of the dead leaves and bushes to leave a bare space between the spreading flames and the bungalow premises; and then by back-firing, check the advance of the fire. Thus was there a chance of saving the millionaire's property.

Should he make the trial? What cared the rich man for him? Why should he blister his hands and singe his hair and scorch his clothing and almost choke to death to save the property of a man who cared no more for him than the dirt under his feet?

And those two boys had accused him of being a common thief! He went hot all over at the remembrance and again his fist clinched. But a few seconds Joel Carter stood thus, wrestling with the two spirits; the good and the evil; and in those seconds he met the supreme test of his life. The good conquered.

He turned and sped away for implements with which to work. He had seen some under a shed. He was shortly back with axe and rake.

Soon he was waging the fight against the approaching fire with all the strength of his sturdy arms. He had wet his handkerchief and tied across mouth and nostrils. But despite this precaution; the smoke was choking him, blinding him; the tears were rolling down his cheeks. His clothing was already scorched and burnt beyond repair; his hands blistered and smarting but he stubbornly fought on. At length the heroic effffforts of the young giant had won in the battle against the flames. The fire had been turned aside; its force considerably diminished; and the smoke was no longer blinding and choking him.

It was now, as he turned about to replace the axe and rake in the shed that a startled exclamation escaped him.

So intent had he been in his fight to drive back the fire he had not noticed the showers of sparks that had been carried by the wind and dropped upon the bungalow. The roof had caught and was ablaze in two or three places. "Look at that now, will you?" he cried, standing stock-still in his dismay. "What can I do about it? It's gone to far to stomp it out. And I ain't no fire engine; and no two people nother (neither.) I can't fight the fire on the roof an' tote water all at the same time. Well, it do look like Mr. Millyunere Whitney is a-goin' to lose his huntin' place spite o' all I've done."

Suddenly a thought came with such force it caused him to move forward quickly. What if the cottage was occupied? It was not unlikely. It was the season when members of the family or some of their friends came to the lodge for the purpose of hunting or fishing, sometimes just to spend a few days in the woods.

He darted toward one of the windows and peered in. It was the dining-room into which he looked, and there were evidences of a meal having been recently eaten there.

"Looks mighty like there's someone aroun'," commented Joel.

Meanwhile the fire was gaining headway on the roof. He could hear the snapping of the shingles and the smoke had thickened.

He hurried around to the front piazza and looked into the living-room. No one there either; but there were coats hanging over two of the chairs and a couple of club bags nearby. The cottage surely had occupants!

Joel sped to the front door and shook it. It was locked fast. He pounded on it with all the force of his big fist. No response. Still was he sure that there was someone in the cottage.

The building was a story and a

half; and it came to him now that the sleeping rooms were upstairs, upstairs right under the roof where the flames were eating their way through the shingles with such appalling rapidity.

Joel pounded again upon the door, shouting out at the full force of his lungs. Then, as there still came no response, he hurled himself against the door using his shoulders as a battering ram, but the door did not burst open as he had hoped.

The noises made now by the fire spreading over the roof, the clouds of smoke drifting down in view set Joel's heart to pounding. He was satisfied that there was someone or ones asleep in the cottage, and unless he could get to them quickly and arouse them, they would surely burn to death.

A window! Why hadn't he thought of it before? More quickly than it takes to tell it he had seized a great stone lying near the steps and smashed in a window, frame as well as glass. He went in head foremost, and with such precipitancy he barely saved himself from falling.

The stairs came down into the living room, which he had entered. He went up the steps two and three at a time. A window at one end of the upper hallway was open, and through this the smoke was drifting in with such volume Joel began to choke; and he was sure the heat from the burning roof. Covering his mouth and nostrils with his hand, he hurried on.

Which was the room? Providence surely guided Joel. It was the first one he entered. Two boys were in the bed. They had partly risen, and were gazing about them dazedly.

Joel fell back at the sight of them; and forone vital moment the evil spirit had Joel in its grasp.

They were the same boys who had spoken with such heartlessness as he had stood admiring the car; the boys who had the same as called him a common thief! Why should he linger here in the effort to save them? Every minute, nay, every second was precious now. He would have time to turn and hurry away, and thus save himself. But if he lingered to make these half stupefied boys understand what was to be done, he, too, might lose his life. But all that was fine in Joel, and there was much that was shouted out against such a course as that.

He sprang toward the bed and seized first one boy and then the other; shaking each vigorously, as he cried out: "Git up, you-all an' out o' here quick as it can be did! Come awake now! You hear me? The house is one fire! Git what clothes you can an' hurry out o' this."

He dragged each to his feet; shook him again; and, seizing clothing from the chairs, pressed it into the arms of each.

The room was filling with smoke from the open door. They were choking and gasping; waves of heat scorched them as they hurried through the hall; and as Joel urged the two boys ahead of him, he saw tongues of flame already licking their hungry way through the ceiling.

They were safely away from the house but a few seconds when a portion of the roof fell with a crash. It was that portion directly over the room where the two boys had been sleeping. As the flames leapt up and the entire building was in a blaze, Frank Whitney turned to

Joel and held out his hand. His face was white and his voice shaky, but there was no mistaking the weight of contrition in it.

"You've saved our lives, you know, and there are no words can tell you how big is the debt we owe you. But there is one thing I can tell you; and that is how tremendously sorry I am for what I said to you about the car. Shake hands with me, won't you?"

"The same here," said Edward Harvey earnestly, as he, too, held out his hand. "It was surely rotten of us, and I feel like I ought to go down in the dirt to ask your pardon—'

He looked inquiringly at Joel, and Joel said:

"My name's Joel Carter."

"Well, Joel Carter, you ought to be paid a big price for this," and Edward Harvey made the mistake of holding out a yellow-backed bill to Joel.

"I don't want none o' your money,' snapped Joel as he turned away.

Frank Whitney caught and held him with a friendly grasp on his shoulder.

"He didn't mean anything out of the way by that Joel; and you must not think it. Ed is really a good one at heart." Then he spoke to his cousin, "We will let father find a way, Ed. He will know what to do."

Harland Whitney did know what to do, and he did it in such a way Joel's quick pride could find no harm there was only joy in his heart at what had befallen him.

A few days after the fire, Joel received a very official looking letter, and enclosed with the letter was a still more official looking document.

"You placed me in your debt, Joel, far beyond any price I could pay when you saved the lives of my son and nephew," wrote Harland Whitney; "and so I ask you to accept the enclosed, which is but a small part of the great debt I owe you."

The official-looking document was a deed to one hundred acres of the best grazing land throughout the entire Estatoe Valley.

A BRAVE BOY

Just listen boys, let me tell you what one true and brave little boy did. There were four gentlemen who had an office together, and this boy ran errands for them. One day these gentlemen were teasing him about being so little, and said, "You'll never amont to much you're too little."

"Well," he said, "if I am so little, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

They thought it funny, and asked him what it was. He did not like to tell much, but they begged him to tell what in the world he could do, that they, big men, could not. Four big men felt ashamed when the little boy said: "I can keep from sweraing."—Children's Hour.

FEBRUARY 13, 1778—FEBURARY 13, 1928

By S. M. Neal

February 13, 1778, the stars and stripes received their first honor salute in foreign waters when La Motte Picquet, commander of the French squadron at Quiberon Bay, at John Paul Jones' request, saluted the U. S. cruiser, Ranger, which he commanded. The act in itself was unimportant, but when France saluted it was the first recognition of an European power to the new Republic across the Atlantic, and thus heralded another chapter in the American Revolution.

John Paul Jones had sailed out of Portsmouth Harbor, November 2, 1777, for France, with directions to put in at some convenient harbor, and, after thirty days' voyage, with much squally weather, he anchored at Painboeuf, on the Loire, below Nantes, December 2. The young commander was to convey to the American Commissioners at Paris, Dean, Lee and Franklin, the news of Burgoyne's surrender, but another messenger, who had left America a day earlier on a fast French packet reached Paris a few hours in advance of him with the news.

Realizing that the infant navy of the new Republic was too small to do the enemy much damage it was Jones' plan to distract the attention of the British from their efforts along the American shores by attacking their shipping in their home territory, where it was least expected. Accordingly, John Paul Jones was to sail on an expedition to cripple British shipping, but before doing so he thought it fitting to learn just the recognition France would accord a ship from the United States, so he sailed into Quiberon Bay and requested a salute from the squadron there. Picquet replied that he would give the Ranger the same salute he accorded the admiral of Holland or any Republic, which was four guns less than the salute given to France. So, when Jones saluted with thirteen guns, France returned a salute of nine guns, our nation's first recognition in foreign waters—150 years ago. To this young Scotchman this salute must have been fine music, linking his name forever with an event which no other could ever share, and which no other person could ever duplicate. Jones was the young Scotchman who so enthusiastically adopted the United States as his home and who was denounced as a pirate and rebel by Britian, who set a price upon his head.

Whether time and history decide that Broughton, Barry, Benedict Arnold, or John Paul Jones was the father of our navy, and claims have been advanced for each, it is certain that Jones was responsible for the traditions along which our navy was founded. During the Revolution there was no real head of the navy, but Jones, more than any one else, brought to the navy the theory and practice of recognized naval usages. He had a short experience in the Royal Navy of Britian and several years in the merchant marine service of that country, beside two years service on a slave trader, and his attitude on naval questions was that of the British school.

So it must have been a thrilling

few moments when his ship, the Ranger, a full-rigged ship-of-war, small, and carrying eighteen six-pounders, was the first ship saluted in foreign waters. Jones had well earned the command of the Ranger by his brilliant work with the Providence in the summer of 1776, when he had engineered a one-ship cruise against British ships in our waters, and had captured sixteen craft of various kinds, eight of which he sunk or burned. This was, indeed, a marvelous feat.

Difficulty arose over the question of wages when he was recruiting his crew. No one cared to sign for more than one cruise and from the point of effectiveness a longer period was desired. Jones knew the desirability of a contented crew, and himself offered to advance a sum equal to half the monthly wages of his crew and leave the money where it could be drawn against, by the seamen's families, in Boston. This act saved the day, and speaks volumes for Jones' patriotism.

Jones stressed the importance of a speedy ship and the Ranger had been a disappointment to him, so as soon as they reached France he had changes made that would insure more speed—lowered the masts and made the ballasts heavier. France and the American Commissioners gave him "unlimited orders," and, recognizing the established rules of warfare, he was to disturb British shipping on the sea or otherwise according to his judgment. His crew were not very enthusiastic and were a cause of much sleepless anxiety, for he could not wholly trust them, though they, and not himself, were mostly of American parentage. One trouble was that they were of course landsmen and really wanted or expected affairs on board a man-of-war to be governed and settled according to landsman rules, and Jones was a stickler for regulations and their observance. The Ranger carefully observed the ehtics of the sea.

The Ranger sailed out of Brest Harbor, April 10, 1778, and proceeded to prey on the shores of Britian, in the vicinity of Whitehaven. Jones knew this shore intimately; in fact he was well advised concerning the whole of Britian's shore and its defences. At Whitehaven were many ships—possibly two hundred and nothing to prevent a landing. They did land and set fire to a ship, which it was hoped, would spread the conflagration to others. That such a landing was possible speaks poorly for Britian's watchfulness, then, at home. Much scouting about was done by the Ranger and September 24, off Carrickfergus, Ireland, the Ranger encountered the Drake, a twenty-gun ship of war. The actual battle between the two began near sunset and quite near the shore, and one hour and four minutes later, the Drake had surrendered to the Ranger's commander.

It was unthinkable that an upstart colonial affair could do such damage. Nevertheless, an immediate result was the fall of stocks on the British market and the rise of ship insurance, and the establishment of a coast guard. Shore dwellers were terrified and Jones was placed in the same category with Captain Kidd, as an ogre, denounced as a pirate and rebel, and a price put on his head.

The Drake was pretty badly shot to pieces, sails in ribbons, rigging smashed, and hull galled, and the

night and day following the battle was spent in putting both ships in condition to sail to Brest. While this repair work was going on a brigantine, out of curiosity, ventured a little too near and was made prisoner. May 8th the Ranger, with the Drake's colors inverted under the Stars and Stripes, sailed into Brest Harbor. Later in the year the Ranger returned to America under another captain, since the American Comissioners and the French Government wished Jones to remain in France for special services. The Ranger had shown her mettle despite her crew's lack of hearty co-operation.

LOVE NEVER FAILETH

(Selected)

I know a home which is the abode of poverty, toil and constant pain. Yet one cannot remain there, even for one hour, without feeling that something fine and sweet and good abides in that place. There is an atmosphere of love, kindness, courtesy, gentleness, contentment, such as one seldom finds on this earth. The poor furnishings are forgotten in the presence of this greater thing, which indeed is priceless.

There is an invalid mother in this home who knows that she will never leave her couch until her spirit is summoned to the better and higher life.

There is a father who toils long hours each day, and for a small wage.

There is a son, just entering high school, who delivers papers both morning and evening, proudly placing his earnings into his mother's wasted hands.

There is a daughter who, aside from her household duties, is stenographer for a great business enterprise.

Each day is filled to the brim with tasks which must be done.

Still there are bright smiles, clear-ringing laughter, pleasing jests, cheerful optimism and undimmed hope.

A visitor, lingering for a happy moment just yesterday, noted these precious deeds, all done with a natural grace which marked them as being habitual.

The son entered his mother's room with twinkling eyes and one hand held behind him.

Said the mother: "What have you in that other hand, you blessed boy?" It was a bunch of violets, fresh from the woods, which he held gently to her pale, sunken cheeks.

The daughter came with a book from the public library, and, with a kiss, placed it in her mother's hands. "I think you will like it, mother," she said.

The father sat by the bed and told a funny story he had heard that day; yet one could see he was all worn with toil.

"What a wonderful home you have!" said the visitor. "What makes it so rich and full?"

"It is mother," said the son.

"It is love and mother," said the daughter.

"It is Christ and love and mother," said the father..

"It is the love of Christ, the mind of Christ, in all of us," said the little mother.

THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD

By Thomas Curtis Clark, in Onward

When the Mississippi River overflowed its banks last year and the American Red Cross hurried to the aid of the stricken thousands who were rendered homeless by the ravages of the lawless water, older persons remember the work of Clara Barton in connection with this great organization, but few young people, perhaps, gave her so much as a thought. How many knew that she was responsible for the United States government enlisting in the Red Cross movement?

Hers is a long story, for she lived a long life—over ninety years—and those years were packed full of useful achievement. Born in Massachusetts, of a family which knew much of war, it was natural that she should give herself to the task of mitigating the suffering brought by war. Her father was a soldier and her grandfather had fought under General Wayne in the Revolution. But before she was to enter upon her great war work there were many experiences she was to undergo. When she was only eleven her brother was injured by a fall, and for two years she took upon herself the task of caring for him. Thus she had her first experience in nursing, and it is recorded that people said then, "Clara is a born nurse." At an early age this small but ambitious girl decided that children ought to have better opportunities for an education, so she set out for Bordentown, New Jersey, and opened a free school, which grew until a new building was required for the five hundred pupils wishing to attend.

Miss Barton's next step was in a different direction. Her school work had broken her health, and she decided to go to Washington, D. C., where the sunshine, it was hoped, would give her strength. She was soon better, and found a position in the government pension office. Because of her ability she was given charge over the other clerks. There she spent several years.

But now she was to enter her real work. The Civil War had broken out, and troops were coming to Washington, many of them wounded. Who would care for them, feed them, write their letters to their loved ones? Clara Barton volunteered. As the war proceeded and battles were fought farther from Washington, she decided that she must go out on the battlefields and nurse the soldiers. Finally, the government gave permission, and thus she became known as "The Angel of the Battlefield." For four years she served in this way, and, in addition, traveled over the country, telling of this much-needed work.

When the war came to a close Miss Barton went to Europe for a rest. But in Europe there was war between France and Germany, and again she undertook relief work. It was in Europe that she first came in touch with the Society of the Red Cross. The leaders asked Miss Barton why it was that the United States had never been willing to take up this work as a national service. Here was a new task for her, and after several months' effort on her part,

she saw her own country join this great society of kindness.

It was only a step to the widening of Red Cross work to service in time of peace, and Clara Barton had much to do in this achievement. Thus did she become an "angel" not only of the battlefield, but of a suffering world.

There are few more glorious life stories than that of Clara Barton, who early learned that true living is not in being ministered to, but in ministering.

"Men have worshipped war till it has cost a million times more than the whole world is worth, poured out the best blood, and crushed the fairest forms the good God has ever created. Deck it as you will, war is "H—l." The war side of war could never have called me to the field. All through and through, in thought and act, body and soul—I hate it. Only the desire to soften some of is hardships and allay some of its miseries ever induced me, and I presume all other women who have taken similar steps, to dare its pestilent and unholy breath.

If I were to speak of war it would not be to show you the glories of conquering armies, but the mischief and misery they strew in their track; and how, while they march on with tread of iron and plumes proudly tossing in the breeze some one must follow closely in their steps, crouching to the earth toiling in the rain and darkness, shelterless like themselves, with no thought of pride or glory, fame or praise, or reward; hearts breaking with pity, faces bathed in tears and hands in blood. This is the side which history never shows.

All wars involve injustice. Wars are a gain to only a few; they're a drain upon the people. We've done with war. Let us struggle for peace. Peace is the question now—no longer war!"

CLARA BARTON.

Excerpts from The Life of Clara Barton, by Percy H. Epler (Macmillan.)

JAMES A. LOCKHART

Shattered in body by wounds and suffering by severe shell shock in the World War, James A. Lockhart, who died in Charlotte Tuesday, was one of the most brilliant lawyers of his generation. Like his distinguished father, for whom he was named, Mr. Lockhart had the soundest views on public questions and large capacity for public service. As mem-service. He profoundly blieves in the Jeffersonian doctrine and practiced it. It is due chiefly to him and to the late Edward J. Justice that government can fix rates on electricity produced from water power and like public service corporations. He stood against all sorts of private control of government, all privilege, all favoritism. He was a born fighter and won victories in peace and in war. He won honors in war and was the soul of courage. His life was shortened by severe wounds in battle. and a man of less force and will power would not have carried on so successfully after the serious impairment of his service in France. He was true in his friendships, open, frank and genuine.—News & Observer.

EDISON'S FOOL

(Health Bulletin)

On the occasion of Thamos A. Edison's birthday in February of this year a newspaper feature writer sent out from his birthplace at Milan, Ohio, an interesting sketch concerning the early years of the great inventor. One old-timer, a little older that Mr. Edison recalled that the community used to call this now famous man when a little boy "Edison's fool." This was because the teachers of the little school in the village used to bring him home to his parents, telling them it was no use, that he was such a big fool they could not teach him anything. One winter the bright and smart teacher of the school dramatically led the young Edison from the foot to the head of the class, declaring "he would never get there any other way."

The trouble was then the same that it is now in probably an unlimited number of instances throughout the country, trying to fit a square pressed brick into a previously prepared hole so that it will look like all the other brick in the schoolroom. It would pay every Parent-Teacher Association to set apart at least one program during the school year for a local application, with parent and teacher joining in a survey and study, to find out how many efforts are being carried on in like manner in the schools today. It would pay us all to indulge in a little intensive study of such instances. This could be done by assigning only one program for the year, and in that way would detract but little from the professional efforts of professional uplifters in the professional institute fields in which learned bachelors and maiden ladies specialize in telling parents how to raise children and teachers how to teach them.

Think of it, a succession of teachers in the village school from one winter to another accepting the village dictum that Thomas A. Edison as a boy was a fool, today probably the most famous man in the world, and his fame resting absolutely on his own ability, called a fool when a boy! All the world knows now that Mr. Edison is intensely deaf. It is very probable that when a boy his hearing was subnormal. Such being the case, he probably heard very little of the routine instruction carried out by the average teacher in the village school. What little he did hear probably did not interest him. He was probably busy with his own ideas as to what it was all about. Therefore in school and in the neighborhood he was a misfit.

There are probably children in every school in the State of North Carolina today whose hearing is subnormal and who, when placed at random about in the schoolroom, especially on the back seats, hear little or nothing about what goes on up front. They are catalogued as fools or as ordinary lazy, indolent, good-for-nothing, worthless little individuals. It may be a fortunate occurrence, and yet again it may be unfortunate, that most of these children who develop intense deafness later in life hear sufficiently well to get by with most of the school work, although it is harder for them. It is uninteresting, and not many of

them make unusual progress in school. A little care and persistent investigation on the part of the individual teacher in the beginning of school would enable each teacher to soon locate such children, and then with very little especial attention in placing their seats in favorable positions and otherwise giving them a little more care the handicap could be properly balanced.

Not every boy who wears the pseudonym of the school fool achieves fame, but often later in life a sufficient number of such boys and girls frequently do, to demand careful attention on the part of the school authorities. In the case of Mr. Edison the descendants of these boy and girl associates of his who had so many laughs when the teachers called him "Edison's Fool" are planning today a ten million-dollar tribute to be in the shape of a ten million-dollar technological school. They plan that half the students in this school are to have all their expenses paid, students who otherwise could not afford to attend school.

We never know when the school fool may turn out to be community's most distinguished citizen later on.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

The flower beds around the print shop are progressing rapidly. Before very long they will be in bloom.

The shoe shop boys are now working out on the farm during Mr. Hood's absence. Mr. Hood is on his honeymoon.

Mr. Roy Long, a former employee of this institution, and family, were here for a short time late last Sunday afternoon.

A number of boys have been filling up the little gulleys on the roads around here, caused by a recent rain.

The boys here spend their Sunday afternoons in various ways. A few take a walk down to the pasture, some stroll down to the pond and watch the alligator while others sit around on the lawn in the shade. We all like this much better than sitting around in the cottages.

The boys of several school rooms have been hoeing cotton lately. This helps the boys of the work force a good deal.

Mr. Teague and a couple of boys, with teams and mowers, have been busy mowing the lawns around here. This improves the looks wonderfully.

Misses Margaret Goodman and Rosalie Phillips, young ladies of Mooresville, spent last week end with Miss Vernie Goodman, of this institution.

Rev. C. Herman Trueblood, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. His sermon was based on Paul's speech before King

Agrippa. He made a fine talk which was enjoyed by all.

The new electric incubator is now hatching out its first "setting." We hope that all the "settings" will be as successful as this one.

Lately we have been supplied with plenty of eggs. From the way they have been given the boys, we think the chickens have struck a laying spell. Besides all those given to the boys, the incubators have been filled. Why should we kick? If it is O. K. with the hens, why it is O. K. with us.

After winning three consecutive games, our baseball team was defeated last Saturday afternoon by the Mt. Pleasant team, the score being 8 to 6.

The game was played under unfavorable weather conditions, an extremely high wind blowing huge dust clouds across the field, making good fielding impossible. Each team made seven errors.

Both pitchers were hit hard, but with better support, would have kept the scoring down. The score:

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	300 200 010	6	8	7
Mt. Pleasant	131 000 201	8	10	7

Two base hit—Hamilton. Three base hit—Allman. Home run—Hamilton. Double—Hamilton (unassisted) Alexander, McCachren and Godown. Struck out—by Lisk 4; by Austin 10. Base on balls—off Lisk 2. Hit by pitcher—by Austin 2. Umpires—Barrier and Ford.

EDISON AT EIGHTY-ONE

Hats off to Thomas A. Edison! The great inventor has just outlined a plan for twenty years' work. He is eighty-one.

That is quite an advanced age for a man to begin work in a new field. But Edison always has been unlike other men. Scoffing at old age, he is personally supervising the construction of a new chemical laboratory, in which he will carry on extensive rubber experiments. He plans to develop an emergency rubber industry in the United States.

The inventor has in mind new devices for use in extracting rubber, it is said. He is devoting his entire time and efforts now to the study of rubber and its responsibilities in the United States, and expects this study to keep him busy for the next twenty years.

We humbly extend our best wishes to Mr. Edison, and congratulate him on his discovery of the true secret of longevity—being so interested in some worthy work, so wrapped up in it and fascinated by it, that one simply hasn't the time to stop.

How many of us at eighty-one—provided that we reach that venerable age—will be fortunate enough to be able to look forward to a task of twenty years' duration?—Mecklenburg Times.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 23, 1928. No. 22

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

MORE CHARITY

How dare we judge a brother, then,
Or say he has not won?
Do we know of the strength it takes
To say "Thy will be done?"
Let's not forget—we, too, may fall
Somewhere along the way,
We yet may need the hand of him
We scorn to touch today.

—Franchon Eileen Williams

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

BE HONORABLE

Boys and young men start out in life with the idea that one's success depends upon sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every shape of double dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth. The man who succeeds is the one who even avoids the suggestion of an unfair game.

—Selected.

MILK

Every one realizes the value of good milk to the health and growth of children. It puts pep into the action, red blood in the body and sparkle in the eye. It restores the weak and emaciated to normality quicker than any other food that can be given. The general public is just beginning to realize the great importance attached to milk as a vitalizer of worn and tired muscles and tense and overtaxed nerves. More and more will the consumption of milk be increased until it will assume its rightful place

as a beverage and a body builder. How much better would the children of the country be served if instead of drinking coca-cola, grape, orange or ginger ale, they should be served with a bottle of good clean, wholesome, life building milk.

The country, through its close inspection of the dairies and sources of public milk supply, assures us that unclean milk cannot be offered for sale and when we pass to the child a bottle of milk we know that there is in the contents of that bottle a body builder as well as a thirst slaker.

The School is proud of the fact that it is able to serve clean, wholesome milk to the boys in quantities. "A quart a day" has been our slogan and for some time this quantity of milk has been produced. The peak of production was reached several months ago—170 gallons. The dairy reports 150 gallons as the normal daily output now.

Our doctor and hospital bills are made mostly for the correction of early neglect and constitutional weakness. Our boys as a rule are healthy, hearty, strong and full of pep, and we attribute this condition largely to the fact that they drink quantities of good milk.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A FINE SPIRIT—"MISS SALLIE"

The last publication of The Uplift carried an appreciation of "Miss Mollie," a veteran teacher of New Bern, yet rendering a service as a teacher, who is honored by all classes of that particular community. A companion piece as to service for "Miss Mollie" is "Miss Sallie," of Charlotte, a pioneer educator and church worker, who died on the evening of June 10th, after forty-six years of service in the schools of Charlotte.

We never met face to face with Miss Sallie, but we knew her; because of the proud and affectionate manner some of her pupils who frequently visited Concord would say, "Miss Sallie is our teacher."

The following from the Charlotte Observer shows that Charlotte as a whole mourns the passing of this beloved teacher, Miss Sallie Bethune:

> Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, and even grandchildren of the former, in many instances, feel a great void because of the death of Miss Sallie Bethune, beloved teacher in the city schools here for forty-six years.
>
> Men who are grandfathers now speak as vividly of going to school to "Miss Sallie" 40 years ago as if it were but yesterday. Probably nobody else in Charlotte was known by so many people so intimately and nobody else had the affection of so many. She had taught three generation and was loved by them. all
>
> Her popularity was unbounded. Whenever she was introduced from

a platform or at any other public meeting, three generations acclaimed her. It was the spontaneous acclaim given only to people of extraordinary personal charm as well as achievement. In fact, it was more than this. It was more perhaps than any other individual in the city could inspire. Her rare personality and her capacity for perpetual service will live with people here much longer than three generations. Her love for people will be repaid in the generations to come by a greater memorial than the mere naming of a school building for her. Few have served the community so long and far fewer still have served so well.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WATCH DEVELOPMENTS

Superintendent S. G. Hawfield of the rural schools of Cabarrus County has made the people "sit up and take notice" because of the progress made by arousing interest in the educational opportunities of the rural child. Interest is the first essential in any project and then you may be assured results will follow.

The line of demarcation between the city and rural child is imaginary and this line will soon be eliminated if the citizens of Cabarrus support Superintendent Hawfield in his "program or policy" in mind for the county schools.

The time is coming when we will no longer acclaim we are from Concord, but that we are from Cabarrus County, wherein equal educational opportunities are given every child.

In the article contributed in this publication by Prof. Hawfield he accentuates thoroughness in the elementary grades, because the efficiency of the high school graduates depend entirely upon the foundation acquired in the primary grades.

The election of Miss Elizabeth Black as Supervisor of the Elementary Rural Schools is a wise selection. She is splendidly qualified from the viewpoint of preparation and experience and has a personality that is attractive. Miss Black loves children; she is a born teacher, therefore, will prove a valuable acquisition to the faculty of the rural school system.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

SUCCESS DOES NOT HAPPEN

The boy who works before he passes the teen age is looked upon now as having a rather hard life. But we know a man who worked from the time he was old enough to see above the counter of a grocery store in which he was employed, and today is in dollars and cents, one way of measur-

ing success, independent. He is one of the most dependable citizens of his community; temperamentally smooth and sympathetic; his counsel is sought because he is conservative and judgment sound; business to the nth degree but with it all he has a kind heart and time to give to small matters.

He might have had a sour nature feeling that fortune cheated him out of his birthright. Born of a parentage of influence and affluence, just prior to the closing of the War-Between-The-States, in a southern home, which if it had been spared the torch could have been pointed to with pride as the old ancestral mansion; but because of military necessity was razed to the ground. This baby then two months old asleep in his cradle was speedily moved by a Yankee soldier to a safe distance from the burning building, and left resting in his bed. Naturally the anguish of the mother's heart was intense till seeing the motive of the soldier—to save her baby. The subject is the boy, and we will not digress. This boy grew strong in mind and body; was the companion of and co-worker with his father who was broken in spirit and health after returning from the confederate lines; and as time passed he was a solace to his widowed mother, and helped her work order out of chaos.

He failed to receive the advantages of a higher education, because the men and women as a whole is the south at that period of history were a lost colony educationally. He attended free school (then so termed) when opportunity presented itself, also had several years in a co-educational institution; but he is proud to say: "I am a graduate of the School of Experience and Hard Knocks, and grateful for all I learned by contact with people in the grocery store, and later for having the privilege of being associated with men of fine business acumen in the office of a large steam ship company. He assumed early the responsibilities of the old home and with an eagle eye watched more like a father than a son and a brother. In his own words he related this story of pathos:

"While in the employ of the steam ship company word came from the head official," he related; "for me to meet him on a certain day in main office in a nearby city. My first thought was," said he, "I am going to be fired, and where in the world will I turn to find another job that brings me in a regular salary." Brave and manly as he was he reported as summoned. All fear was soon dispelled, because he was received so cordially. "Young man," said the manager, "I've watched you closely and am pleased with the manner and accuracy you dispatch your work, and for that reason I'm going to make you a business proposition. I wish

you to return home, find a suitable lot near your offiec, report to me, and then I intend building a store house, stock the same with goods and place you in charge.''

After much deliberation the young fellow finally replied, ''I can not accept. I am just eighteen years of age. I am too young to assume such a responsibility. If I were to fail and lose your money, I would lose your confidence, and that would crush my spirit. I prefer to continue a while longer working for a salary.''

This was a test of character—to choose between remaining as office boy, or suddenly loom up as manager of a large mercantile business—in this decision at eighteen he showed wisdom. He knew his own strength and dared not to venture out wherein he could not see his way clear. He preferred to rely on self and feel that ''whether the prize be a ribbon or throne, the victor is he who can get it alone.''

No meteoric flights to the goal were uppermost in the mind of this young man; but instead a steady and sure growth, on a foundation made by the practice of honor, thrift, faith in man and God, that will always stand the test and lead to success—in short he was a man of strong character. In the life of every man or woman there is a source of inspiration—hidden—but felt, and perhaps in this case it was the touch of mother.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

You can always pick out the nervous men at a luncheon. They are the ones who invariably beat a tattoo with the fork, the knife or the spoon.

—o—

The thing about an automobile that puzzles me is, if inanimate things can't think, how does a tire know when you have on a new spring suit?

—o—

When the worm turns it is generally a voice from the back seat that is making the suggestion and putting the idea in his head.

—o—

I am alone with my thoughts. My inward eye is my guide. I have opened my treasure chest. There are mental journeys that appease the weary brain. There are a guest or two; a friend I knew, but not a person present. I think of all my treasures; and all the blessings that are mine. The one key I possess is gratitude. Like a gnome I sit alone, and listen to the "still, small voice" within, which speaks to me in cadences softer and sweeter than the angelus. My heart's deep chamber is Gypsy gay with pleasures blest. Do you know that sometimes, persons alone with themselves are in mighty bad company? So many people need to be saved from themselves. When the inward picture is dark and vile and the heart harbors "envy, hatred and malice," then is bred sin, wickedness and devilment.

—o—

Some people are minutely particular; indeed, painfully so. A Durham man spent a good while the other day measuring his yard to see just where his line joined his next-door neighbor's. The reason was he meant to mow his grass and wanted to be sure he didn't cut any over on his neighbor's side. Guess his neighbor would not have objected to his cutting a few blades to make the lots harmonize. It would have been neighborly to have done it.

—o—

A Durham miss invited two or three of her close friends, a few evenings ago, to meet her admirer from a neighboring city. She declared she will not do that any more. He paid a little too much attention to one of those present. Such are the vicissitudes of admiration.

—o—

It is reported in the public prints, I cannot now recall the place, but anyhow, James V. Arbuckle and Amy Coffee were married. Of course it will now be in order to speak of stirring times; of their cup of happiness being full, and that there will be no grounds for divorce, and so on.

—o—

Don't trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you,
For if you do, it will leave you feeling glum;
And you will find you've had a lot of trouble
Looking for trouble that wasn't likely to come.

—o—

Julius Caesar is said to have been the best dressed man in Rome, which in those days stood for the entire civilized world. Caesar was something of a fop. He has six pieces of clothing which included his san-

dals. The modern man, by no means the best dressed, wears twelve pieces of clothing. The modern woman, I am told, wears six pieces, though sometimes it seems less.

—o—

Spring, with its roses, soft breezes; June brides, June bugs and humbugs, quickly passes, and Summer is at our doors, with the strident roll of Indian drums; with flaming dawns and mighty opal sunsets no painter can get on canvas before the colors fade. The quickening fields will soon turn from green to gold with the heavy harvest, the reward for honest toil. The summer gossamer will shimmer over vale and hillside. The penetrating sunshine will give you the wanted tan you have longed for by the seaside and on mountain heights. Summer time is fulfillment time. Incoming fruits; strawberry shortcakes; chicken fries and pies; cantaloupes and watermelons; garden "sass" and all the rest of it that goes to make so many tables groan in the "good old summer time." It is a time for accomplishment. You do the accomplishment and let me sit in the shade and watch the world go by, and be at peace with all the universe and the rest of mankind. In the summer time the world is like it always has been. Some are gay and joyous, and some are sad and despondent; and I guess it will always be that way. But let's make the best of it, whatever betide. The summers will not be with us all the time; neither will we be with the summers at all of their comings.

—o—

I have found out a few things by watching others and taking my own pulse every now and then. A few minutes of good luck will make you forget all of the tough breaks you've had in years. Take it from this typewriter scribe, making good with a whole lot of people is not a gift from Santa Claus. It's more like working a gold mine. You've got to dig, and dig. When you strike ore, oh boy, what a thrill! There are a lot of fellows, in most every kind of business, who watch the other fellows work and accomplish, and all they do is look at the workers with respect and wonder and wish they could do the same way, instead of doing it. It reminds me of a bunch of loafers standing on the curb watching a parade go by.

—o—

I am not at all surprised at the time dogs take to bark and howl. When you come to think of it, consider the kind of men that are alway going to "the dogs."

—o—

Life, in the sight of God, is measured by deeds more than years. It is a condition of mind; the quality of imagination; vigor of heart; strength of will; conforming to God's will. Some people are beautiful in old age. If you will keep your heart attuned to the spirit of cheerfulness; the love of life; the sweet amazement of happy thoughts; the challenge of service; the lure of tomorrow; the joy of today; and an increasing faith in your Heavenly Father, the chances are you will never grow old. The years may weaken the body, but life will be young and fresh, sweet and winsome, and sunshine will play around your feet and rainbows will circle your horizon. The solemn truth is that you are just as young as your faith, and as old as your doubts. Self-deter-

mination and self-confidence are the twin helps to perpetual youth. Likewise fear and despair are the parallel roads leading to old age and gray years. Whatever you do, do not lose the love of the true, the good, the beautiful, and the good cheer that hope brings, and the courage that gives power to life; and the eagerness to share your joy with others. When you lose these things you are old.

—o—

It would give some of the older heads the hahas, whatever that is, to hear some of the lads of the present day talk about what they are going to do some day. To listen to all of their imaginary prospective accomplishments would give one the "willies." I overheard some the other day. Most of these fellows, fine fellows, too, have got the right aim in life, but they never pull the trigger. This business of waiting for "some day" is bunk. If they'd only start and show that they are in earnest. They go through the motion of working, but they appear to have as much heart interest in business as I have in the Emperor of China. Some of these bozos are the things that's wrong with this country today. These fellows bump along through life always hoping for things that are not and feeling sorry for themselves. It reminds me of the thrilling rides I used to take on the roller-coaster at Lakewood Park, in by-gone years. Going up hill, and racing down around corners, and feeling every minute like something was going to happen lickety-split. When the ride was over you're just where you started.

—o—

There is no telling how long Methuselah might have lived if he had had his appendix, teeth and tonsils out; used the prescribed kind of vitamins; used the right kind of tooth paste, kept his hair free of dandruff; avoided germs in every thing he ate and drank; and took his daily stunt in athletics. My, my. The old gentleman missed so much in his day.

The suggestion of Dr. F. S. Hickman that every university should have a large farm nearby on which the faculty and students could work and sweat out much of their meanness would not be approved by those who substitute tennis and golf for for gardening, but that does not set at naught the value of such a provision. The learned doctor holds that the toil and sweat of one's face is a fine antidote for atheism and other infirmities incident to academic life. Why not require these academies to spend a part of their time in the work-a-day world where cross the crowded ways of life so they may keep the human touch and be one with our toiling sweating humanity? We are for the farm and the sweating out of meanness. God is partial to those who sweat.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

SUPT. HAWFIELD ON RURAL SCHOOLS

Upon becoming Superintendent of the rural schools of Cabarrus County this question was asked me by numerous people both in and out of the county. What program or policy will be followed for the schools of the county? This question was also ringing constantly in my own mind. However, at the outset it was evident that any program to be wisely inaugurated would of necessity be related to the needs of the situation. These needs were found to be as follows;

1. The establishment and maintaince of system of standard rural high school.
2. A shifting of any basis to the needs of more adequate provision for the instruction of children in the lower grades.
3. More efficient instruction through better trained teachers.
4. An awakening of interest in better schools and longer terms.

With reference to the first need referred to above it may be said that a hurried survey revealed the fact that more than 330 pupils were enrolled in the four schools that were attempting to do high school work. Neither of these schools was accredited and only one had a term of eight months. With three new buildings already built and equipped the problem resolved itself primarily into one of devising plans for extending the terms. By means of special taxes, state aid, tuition and consolidation it was found possible to operate all four high schools eight months. A new building was erected at Winecoff where the term has been eight months for several years. For the first time in the history of the county courses in Home Economics and Agriculture were offered to the rural children. Thus the work was launched and operated to a successful conclusion with the result that all four high schools were recognized as doing standard work.

This same work will be continued and enlarged upon for the year 1928-29. It is expected that enrollments of all high schools will show a marked increase next year. The people will favor the beginning, recognize their children can attend a standard high school. Those who have been going elsewhere will attend the school nearest them. Larger numbers than ever will be attracted into the high school.

But probably the greatest need in the county was a new realization of the importance of the work to be done in the lower grades of the elementary schools. No efficient of the high schools can ever be attained until the foundation work is more thorough. To arouse interest in the need of a standard high school is a fairly easy task. Such a school appeals strongly to the pride of the people. But all too often there is no one to raise a voice in behalf of the tiny tot who innocently places himself in the hands of the teacher, whether she is trained or not trained.

Those who know the real problems of school work clearly recognize that teaching in the first grade is the most difficult work of the profession; it calls for more skill and training than any other grade. If the child gets a poor start here his educational life is handicapped and blighted forever.

Hundreds of children are annually the victims of poorly trained teach-

ers—teachers who are sincere and earnest, but who have not been trained for their tasks.

In Cabarrus County we shall endeavor to place the emphasis where it truly belongs—namely on thorough instruction in the lower grades. Every child in the county deserves educational opportunities equal to those given to any other child.

The third factor of the school work that called for patient consideration was the training of teachers. Without doubt there is not a more loyal and devoted group of teachers in North Carolina than is found in Cabarrus County. When they realized that their ratings were below the average in the state they joined in a program of extension work, correspondence work and summer school work to improve their ratings. Never did a group of teachers rise to an issue more valiantly and with more determination than they.

The fourth, a last need, was that of an awakened interest in longer terms and better schools. It has been easy to arouse enthusiasm in terms for high schools. But it should be held in mind that it is really more important for the child in the first grade than the one in the last year of high school. For a standard course he has just as much work to accomplish in a year in the first grade as the high school pupil. On the other hand, if he gains his promotion on six months of work by completing about one fifth of the work required in the state course of study, it merely signifies that the standards of promotion are far below what they should be.

If the same standards of promotion were observed in the high schools as obtained for the elementary schools every school in the county would forfeit its accredited relationship. Since a standard high school is based upon an eight months term for the elementary department as well. No one section of the county should sit down and call upon another section to operate a standard high school and an eight months elementary school in order to guarantee standard high school instruction for both.

With the people of Cabarrus County thoroughly awakened to the needs of the schools there is abundant reason for encouragement to all.

HONOR TO WHOM DUE

In conferring honorary degrees on such men as former Governor Morrison, Dr. W. H. Frazer, president of Queens College, and State Treasurer, B. R. Lacy, Davidson College not only honors worthy men, but establishes the good judgment of its Board of Trustees. If ability and outstanding public service are to be taken as criterion of true greatness, then there is no question but that Davidson did the sensible thing when it formally recognized the above named men last week.—Stanly News-Herald.

JOHNNY'S WEATHER MAN

By Lillian E. Andrew

Helen was trying to draw Red Comb, her grandmother Brewster's big red rooster. She had a piece of thick white paper and a whole box of crayons she had brought to the country with her. But Red Comb was a hard subject. He would not stand still anywhere. First he flew up on the gate post and crowed, and then he got down and found a worm, and called all the hens to see it.

When one of them had swallowed the worm, Red Comb went around to the currant bushes. Not finding any ripe currants, he began to stalk along the row of rhubarb, peeping under the big leaves for beetles. Just as Helen thought he was really going to stand still a minute, her brother, Johnny, ran out of the woodhouse and frightened him, and away he went with a flap of his big wings.

"Johnny Brewster, you're a perfectly dreadful boy!" fussed Helen indignantly, trying to be as grown up as possible. "I was playing I was Miss Brown, the artist lady, and was painting Red Comb's picture. I've chased him and chased him all over the yard, and now you have gone and frightened him away."

Johnny grinned, as he looked after Red Comb. "Red Comb is always squawking and running," he said, "but he'll come back. If he don't come pretty soon, I'll throw out some corn and call him. Then you can draw his picture all you please."

Helen's vexation vanished. "Why didn't I think of that myself?" she wondered. "I know where the corn is, and Grandma would let me give him an extra handful, I know. Johnny, you do think of things, a whole lot quicker than I do."

Johnny looked pleased, then sober "I wish I could think of some way of finding out if it is going to rain this afternoon, or not," he told Helen.

"If it rains I want to stay home and go fishing with Ted Peters. He says he knows a place in the brook where we can catch trout."

Johnny spoke very importantly. He was eight years old and Ted Peters was only seven, but Ted had actually caught fish since he was six

The little brook was so small that grandma Brewster never worried about the children playing in it because she knew that they could get out if they did happen to tumble in. Uncle Ben had made Johnny a nice fishing pole out of long light cedar and put a line and a tiny hook on it. It made Johnny tingle all over just to think of catching a fish with his own pole and hook.

"If it isn't going to rain, I am going to ride to town with Uncle Ben," added Johnny. "But I'd hate to miss going fishing."

Helen looked up at the sky. It was blue in little patches and cloudy in little patches and it was hard to tell whether the sun was going to come out or not.

"In the city the newspaper always told us whether it was going to be fair or stormy," she reminded Johnny. "Sometimes it didn't just come true, but nearly always it did. You know mother always makes us take our umbrellas when the paper says rain."

Johnny nodded. He knew his mo-

ther's forethought had saved him and Helen from many a wetting coming home from school. But he sighed.

"There isn't any weather man here," he mourned.

Just then the children heard someone laugh. Aunt Bess had come out and heard some of their conversation. Both Johnny and Helen loved Aunt Bess, she was so jolly and so ready to play with them.

"Goodness me, what's all this about there being no weather man in the country?" she asked gayly. "Why I'm just going to make a weather man!"

Make a weather man! The children stared at each other. Here was something new. They thought Aunt Bess was joking. Excitedly they followed her into the house. It took her but a few minutes to get out the baking dishes and the big rolling board and wooden pin.

"Oh," said Helen, "ginger cookies! Can we help roll them, Aunt Bess?"

"Indeed you can," replied Aunt Bess. "Just a minute and I'll have some dough ready. But you must be very careful and roll this first piece thick, much thicker than usual."

She sifted some more flour into the soft dough and took out a big yellow handful of it. It seemed unusually stiff and Helen had to bear down hard on the big rolling pin.

"Let me help," urged Johnny, so he rolled out part of the dough popping a piece into his mouth when he finished. "Oh, but that's good!" he declared. "I like raw dough almost as much as cooked dough."

Aunt Bess laughed. "I always loved to lick the cake spoon when I was a little girl," she said.

Johnny had left the dough nice and smooth, and Aunt Bess took a knife and began to cut it instead of using the diamond shaped cookie cutter. Amazed the children saw a head, and a body two arms and two legs, a man indeed.

"Now for his eyes," said Aunt Bess, and thrust two fat currants into the dough. Then she laid the man in a little pie tin and put him in the oven. When he came out, he was brown and plump and smelled deliciously. But Aunt Bess explained that he was not to be eaten but was to be a real weather man. She tied a string around his neck and hung him on a nail outside of the kitchen door. Then, when he had dangled a little while in the air, she told Johnny to go and feel of him. "Is he dry or wet?" she asked.

"Dry," said Johnny. "Then you can go to ride with Uncle Ben," announced Aunt Bess gravely. "It won't rain today." And sure enough it didn't .

But the next morning the weather man was damp and soft. "You can go fishing today, Johnny," said Aunt Bess. "Your weather man says it is going to rain. Always your weather man will tell you the truth. When there is moisture in the air, he will grow soft and when it is dry, he will stay dry. Watch him and see."

And Aunt Bess proved to be right.

The very first day that the weather man foretold rain, then came a nice showery day and Johnny actually caught his first trout, a speckled beauty. But when the weather man was hard and dry, the sun would shine. Every day the children consulted him and liked him better.

"We couldn't have a nicer weather man," said Helen. "Could we,

Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny, "and when he gets old, we can make another. I certainly like the kind of weather man that you can eat, if you want to. But we don't want to."

Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.

—Samuel Johnson.

THE CLOSED DOOR

By Ida Burnham Jones

John was coming from the post-office and about to enter the drug store when he heard his name called and turned to meet the coach of the baseball team.

"One of the fellows is ill with the measles this morning," said the coach, "can you take his place? We are to play with Hyde Park team today."

"I don't think so," said John. "Having been here for so short a time I'd rather not ask to be let off."

"I will ask for you," replied the coach, with assurance. "Mr. Gray is always willing to help the boys," and he followed John into the store.

It was a hot morning. Mr. Gray, a large fleshy man, was wiping his brow. "I don't see how I could possibly spare him," he replied to the young coach's plea, "I've been subpoenaed this morning to serve on the jury in Brownington much to my disgust. My registered man will be in on the morning train to take my place, but the store will be new to him. These hot day make a great deal of work at the soda fountain. With only two boys to do it, they will have to bustle some, I'm thinking. I am sorry." And he disappeared into the back room.

John was not displeased with the decision for his great desire at this time was to make good in the store. To work in a drug store had long been his ambition and he considered himself very fortunate to have obtained this situation, which he was hoping to keep during the summer vacation and, possibly, through the school year.

There was considerable rivalry between the two young clerks in the store. Both had been hired this season. Each would like to continue on through the school year, working in the store at odd hours, thus paying his way through the college located in this thriving village. However, after the summer trade only one would be needed.

Mr. Gray was not displeased with the rivalry between the boys. He hoped it would spur them on to do their best work.

Karl Mullikin's home was on a farm only a few miles outside the village. Although much needed at home, he disliked the work on the farm. So he was glad to come to the village that he might get rid

of it. Karl was two years older than John and having worked a few weeks before the arrival of John, he felt his services were superior and was not bashful about showing it. John resented this treatment but, as yet, there had been no serious trouble between them. Of the two, John was the better scholar. They would both enter college as freshmen.

As the disappointed coach was leaving the store, John hurried to his morning work of icing the fountain. He was obliged to pass through the prescription room with his pail of ice. Too hastily he threw open the door. This knocked over the broom which had fallen against it. That in turn sent a large graduate filled with medicine to the floor. John looked aghast at this destruction, while to his mind came the words so often quoted to him by his mother, "Haste makes waste." However, he could do nothing to remedy the trouble, only to sweep up the glass from the floor and go on to the fountain, blaming himself for his carelessness.

Just then Karl come forward with a parcel in his hand, saying, "You had better take this over to the doctor's house. I think he has not left for the hill. By mistake it was left out of his package of medicine."

John wanted to say, "Take it yourself," but for the sake of peace silently started for the doctor's house.

The doctor's wife met him at the door. When he presented the parcel she said, "The doctor left about five minutes ago. Let me see the bottle." After reading the directions on the prescription label, she said, "Why this is for Little Dan's baby who is very ill. We must get it there some way. The doctor went around by the river road and will not reach there for some time. Let me see," and she looked at the clock. "The bus will not leave for two hours. There come the baseball boys! They will go quite near Dan's house. You could ride with them and come back with the doctor. I'll send word over to the store telling them where you have gone," and the capable woman hustled him along.

John had barely time to board the truck, which was carrying the boys to Hyde Park.

He rode as far as the "Corners" then following directions obtained from the boys, walked in the hot July sun toward the hill farm of Little Dan. He knew now that he was on the way to Karl's home. Before this, he had heard of Little Dan. Not knowing it was the name received in childhood to distinguish him from his father who was called Big Dan, John supposed he was a small sized man and had wondered about it because Karl was such a husky young fellow.

He rapped on the door and was much surprised to have it opened by the largest man he had ever seen, who wore a bushy beard that adorned a round, kindly face.

"Come in," said Dan, with his deep voice.

John presented the parcel and explained the circumstances.

"The doctor has not come," said Dan, "but I'm very glad you have brought the medicine. The baby is not so well this morning, has been having spasms."

"I thought I would ride back with the doctor," said John, taking the proffered chair.

"My daughter is going to the village to buy some things for her mother. You can ride with her if you wish. She'll be around soon with the flivver."

So John rode down through the beautiful valley with Sally, who proved not only a good driver but an interesting companion as well.

The fresh mountain air was like wine to him. The exhilarating ride combined with the thought that he had succeeded in getting the medicine in time for the doctor helped to dispel his unhappy thoughts about the broken graduate. He wondered what was in that graduate. Was it valuable? And whose fault was it that the bottle was left out of the doctor's package?

Before leaving in his car for Browningtion, Mr. Gray came over to the store for a moment. He started to put away the medicine he had made that morning, and discovered the broken graduate. He demanded an explanation from Karl.

"John must have done it," said Karl, with satisfaction in his voice.

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Gry.

"I sent him out on an errand," said Karl, "and he has not returned. I saw him going by on the truck with the ball boys not long ago."

"Yes he was with them when they went past our house," said a boy who was drinking a glass of soda water.

"Well," said Mr. Gray to himself, "thinks he can put that over on me does he? We'll see about that. Probably he thought I had gone and would never know of it."

Turning to the registered clerk, he said, "You tell him when he comes in that he can look for another job. I told him that I would try him for a week. That week ends tonight and he can pay for the gradute and the medicine that was in it," he added, and Mr. Gray went out meditating on the unreliability of the youth of today.

The doctor's wife forgot her promise to send word to the store explaining John's absence. She had to entertain several patients who came to see the doctor. Some were waiting for his return. It passed out of her mind until it was so late she thought it would make very little difference, as he would soon return, so let the matter rest.

When John returned he found another boy at the soda fountain, and the clerk delivered Mr. Gray's message Karl, who was standing near, added the part about the broken graduate.

John was too surprised to speak at first, and finding he could get no satisfaction from any one at the store, he concluded his dismissal must be on account of his mishap that morning. He did not stay long at the store, for he could not bear the triumphant look in Karl's eyes. He went to his room and sat down to think. He had tried to do his best, and thought he was giving satisfaction. He had liked his work, and also Mr. Gray. What should he do? Go home? No, never. Go to his aunt's, who lived in a nearby town? He felt that he could not bear the disgrace of being turned off.

Suddenly there came to his mind something he had heard somewhere. He could not tell who said it, but thought it was the minister. It was this: "A closed door is an open door." The door was surely closed, where was the open door? He thought then of what Sally told him on the ride down through the valley. She said that her father was

very much in need of help on the farm. It was haying time and he knew of no one he could hire. They were so sorry to have her brother leave home for the summer season. She helped her father all she could but now the baby was sick, her mother needed her all the time in the house. If they only had a boy who could drive the cows to and from the pasture, and help with the chores it would be a great help.

Taking Karl's place would be a bitter pill for John to swallow, but he could see no other way out of his trouble. No other door was open, and perhaps this was not. He hurried out to see if Sally were still in the village. He found the car where he knew she had parked it. Soon he saw her coming with her arms full of packages, and he ran to help he with them.

"Do you suppose your father would hire me?" he asked. "I am through working at the drug store."

"Why, yes," said Sally, with surprise and delight in her eyes, thinking it would be great fun having such a fine looking young man at the house, and she knew her father would be delighted. So they drove over to John's room to get some of his things and then started for the farm.

Sally's father was very glad to secure the services of John. The farm work would be new to him. He had never even stayed over night at a farmhouse before. His muscle was good. He was glad of that, and thankful for his training at baseball playing. He found no difficulty in pitching the hay on to the wagon or pitching it off to the hay mow in the barn. Sally, however, was much more expert at managing the horses and mowing machine, or riding the horse rake than he.

Milking the cows was the hardest thing he had to do. It seemed as if he never could learn. How his arms ached at night! But to Sally's delight he perserved and at the end of a week had made good progress.

The baby was much better so that with Sally and John for help, and the good weather for drying the hay, Saturday night saw the barn half filled with sweet-smelling hay.

It was the hardest week of John's life. Never before, had he fought such battles, but Saturday night came and Little Dan slapped him on the back and said, "You've done valiantly, son," it helped to soothe the bitter disappointment of his failure at the store.

"Next week if there is a rainy day," said Dan, "I'll take you to as fine a trout brook as there is in the country, and we'll see what we can do at catching fish." John then felt he had made some good friends.

On Saturday night Dan was going to the village and invited John to accompany him. Their ride through the cool valley was very refreshing after the hot day.

On reaching the village, Dan went into the drug store, and Mr. Gray came to wait on him.

"I am glad you got through with you clerk so I could have him," said Dan. "He came just in the nick of time to help me out."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Mr. Gray, with a puzzled look.

"Why, John Emmons, the one you sent up with the medicine when the baby was so ill. The doctor said if the medicine had not come just when it did, our baby boy would have died."

"Has John been working for you?"

asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes," replied Dan, "he never saw a farm before, but he has stuck to his work like a major. He is a fine fellow," and Dan turned to go out.

These remarks were not lost upon Karl, who was in another part of the store, for Dan's deep voice had reached his ears. He looked with wonder when he saw John, who, in the meantime, had come in, and seeing Mr. Gray at liberty, stepped up to the counter and said, "I'd like to pay for the graduate I broke and the medicine that was wasted."

"Step in here," said Mr. Gray, leading the way to his office.

"Now, what about that medicine for the baby?"

John told him the whole story and finished by saying, "I am sorry I was so careless, for I did wish to make good."

"You have made good already," said Mr. Gray. "I've learned more about you by what has happened during this past week than I could have learned under ordinary circumstances in a long time. I am sorry I was so hasty. It must have been I who left the medicine out of the doctor's package. You can have a job with me as long as you wish. I'll help you all I can." And John felt he now knew that "a closed door" for him had proved "an open door."

TREASURES OF NOW

By Jack Greenburg

For days that are gone,
With their hopes lost or won,
  We fondle and treasure regret;
But today's winning smile,
It's hope all worth while,
  We carelessly seem to forget.

So come, let us learn,
For the past not to yearn,
  But to joy in the living today;
Now, onward and up,
Drink deep of joy's cup,
  The present is fleeting away.

The past is no more,
The dawn lies before,
  The Now is right here to enjoy;
Who mopes on what's flown,
Or craves the unknown,
  But barters pure gold for alloy.

Each hour is crowned
With treasures profound,
  O, spend not a moment in vain;
'Tis useless to fret,
The sun that is set,
  Will never draw rainbows again.

AN OUTSIDE GIRL

By Jane Arnold Trumbull

As Marcia Sewell entered the meeting hall she closed the big door quietly, then she hesitated for a moment while she rubbed her shoes on the doormat and proceeded to brush the snowflakes from the shoulders of her heavy brown sweater.

The glow of the fire sparkling from the far end of the long room seemed be offering a friendly reception, in contrast to the biting cold of the wind and the snow which she had left outside. The large grate fire was entirely surrounded by a bevy of girls about her own age, all so busily engaged in the conversation that they did not notice Marcia until she was almost upon them. Then it was the clank, clank of the skates hanging over her arm that gave warning.

Suddenly their lively chatter ceased. There was a nudging of elbows to silence those who would have talked on, and there was also a hissing of "sh! sh!"

Marcia's bright brown eyes widened with surprise. She could not understand what it meant. She could think of nothing to say, and the bright "Hello, everybody," that had been on the tip of her tongue turned instead to a feeling of icy numbness.

For a moment she stood irresolute, not sure whether to proceed or to turn back, but Betty Hammond's cheery smile and her "Come on, Marcia; we are just waiting for you," relieved the situation.

As Marcia went forward, Betty turned toward Elva Craine and commenced to talk in a very lively tone, as if continuing an interrupted conversation.

"Yes, girls; I think it is the prettiest cape that I have seen this winter. It is just the kind of cape that I want. Turn around Elva, and let me see the back." She lifted up a fold of the cape as she spoke and looked at it minutely, yet all the time she seemed to be trying to hide that smile that played about her lips.

After a few more moments of conversation they took their seats and the meeting began, but Marcia was not listening to what they were saying. They might have been talking in a foreign language for all that she heard or cared. She was trying to explain the meaning of the sudden change in the actions of the girls at her approach.

If it had been the first time that she had been made to feel unwelcome she might have persuaded herself that it was only her imagination, but very much the same thing had happened only a few days before. At that time only four of the girls had been involved. They had been standing by the iron gate of the church grounds talking with Betty in a rather excited manner.

Marcia had tried to forget it in the days that followed, but now it all came back to her with renewed intensity. She remembered how in her usual jolly way she had tiptoed toward them intending to startle them, but suddenly had changed her mind when she found that they were talking in an undertone, almost in whispers, and she had distinctly heard her name mentioned.

She had tried afterwards to as-

sure herself that she had been mistaken. After all, why should they have been whispering about her? But today she had seen only too plainly that they were talking of something that they did not wish her to know. Of course, she was a newcomer among them, but this was the first time that they had ever let her feel it. All of them had been so nice. She had begun to feel that she was quite a favorite among them. What could she have done to make them change so?

Could it be that Betty Hammond, the class favorite, was jealous? Marcia looked up quickly at Betty, as she stood before them reading a report. Marcia did not want to think such a thing of Betty. At the very first class meeting she had felt drawn to Betty, who was the leader among the girls, and Marcia felt that Betty liked her. No, she could not imagine Betty Hammond's being jealous of anyone. It could not be that! Then what was it?

The mid-week meeting of the Sunday school class was soon over, and the girls were pairing off to brave the wind and snow.

Marcia felt like an outsider, as she walked alone toward the door.

"Going to walk out?" Betty called.

"Not just yet," Marcia smiled in reply. "I promised to go over to meet the boys at the lake." She held up her skates by way of explanation.

"Skating again? You are such an outside girl," Betty remarked.

Marcia would have enjoyed walking with Betty in the usual way. These meetings were the only occasions on which she had to see this girl whom she so admired, but what had happened lately had put her out of humor. She felt that after all it would be best to get away from them all out in the fresh air and think things over; then, too, she had promised to meet her brothers.

She must try to unravel the mystery or to forget it, and while standing on the corner waiting for the car that would take her out to the lake she was still thinking of the way they had acted.

"Both times that I have slipped up on them it has been an accident and both times Betty has been the ringleader," she was saying to herself when Elvo Craine broke in on her thoughts.

"What are you talking to yourself about, Marcia? I tried my best to attract your attention. Come on and walk home with me."

"I thought you had gone on with the others. I'm not going home. I'm going over to the lake to skate. I'll walk with you though, until I see the car coming." Marcia had decided that it might be as well to talk to some of them. Perhaps she could get some idea of why it was that she was being left outside of their plans and their conversations.

They walked slowly along the busy street, Elva doing all the talking and Marcia only half listening. There was much she wanted to ask this girl but her pride said "No."

They stopped for a moment to look in a shop window full of girls' dresses and coats.

"Look, Marcia," and Elva, pointing to a dress, "that is the dress that I like. See the Roman sash. Isn't it pretty? Betty has a dress something like it. And look at that pretty green bag and hat to match. Mary Linsay's mother is making her

a bag like that.''

''Oh! I wonder if that's it?'' said Marcia. But Elva was so busy explaining something about how she wanted her sash dropped on one side and what colored pipings she intended to have that she did not notice Marcia's remark. Neither did Elva notice the expression on Marcia's face as she said: ''Of course, though, Marcia, you don't care about such things as pipings. You are such on outside girl. Will you be going skating on Saturday afternoon, I wonder?''

Marcia thought for a moment and then replied. ''No, I thought perhaps I'd come over to see you.''

''Oh, don't—I mean—I won't be home!—Going to the party—going over to Betty's—'' Elva stammered and looked flustered.

''I didn't know that Betty was giving a party on Saturday.''

Not exactly a party. Just a little gathering. Here comes your car.''

It took all of Marcia's self-will to summon a smile as she answered: ''I hope you have a fine time. Good-by.''

Marcia walked as blithely as possible to the car, but after she had paid her fare and had sat down she fond that even biting her lips and clenching her hands tightly would no longer suffice, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks. Hastily she brushed them away with her handkerchief but they were soon followed by other tears.

''So that's it; they are giving a party on Saturday and they don't want me. But I wonder why?'' She recalled what she could of their conversation about Elva's cape and the new hat that Molly was having made. ''It looks as if all they care about is clothes,'' she thought. ''But why should they ignore me?''

Marcia looked down at her low-heeled, heavy shoes, and her thick, wool stockings; then back to her wooly brown sweater and cap. There was nothing wrong with any of them, of course, but they were all so dif-worn that afternoon. Could it be ferent from what the other girls had that all those girls were so interested in clothes that they looked down on a girl like herself who enjoyed skating and coasting and the outdoor life that he brothers did? She recalled Betty's remark about ''an outside girl.'' She had always been an outside girl, and most of her friends in the little town where she had lived until these last few months had enjoyed that kind of pleasure, too. But she did not want to be left outside of the pleasure which these girls enjoyed. She liked indoor fun, too. She enjoyed parties as much as anyone.

The car had stopped at the end of the line and Marcia alighted. Still thinking of the same subject, she walked slowly toward the lake. There were not many skaters this afternoon, and not a girl among them.

''It's so windy, Charlie, let us go home,'' she said, when her brother came to help her with her skates.

''Go home? Why you just came.''

''Yes, but I don't believe I want to skate today,'' she explained; and as they walked toward home she told him that she felt that her skating days were over. ''You see how it is Charlie. In Belton all the girls joined in the fun, but the girls here don't care for it. I almost believe they think it unladylike.''

''Surely you are not going to change all your ways just to please

these girls, and go to their fudge parties and sewing bees instead of enjoying your outdoor sports," he said in disgust. "I am surprised at you."

"I don't know," was all that Marcia would say, but she thought of his remark a great deal during the next few days.

Talking the matter over with her parents relieved her mind somewhat. Mother, in her usual role of peacemaker, had tried to assure her that she had only fancied the slight from the girls.

"I can't feel that it's your clothes, Marcia. It's not as if you don't look as nice as the others."

"No, mother, it's not only looks. You see I am different. I shall have to make myself over and try to be more like them and"—

"Why not try to make them more like you?" her father suggested. "It seems to me that that would be just as easy." He smiled with approval at his healthy, rosy-cheeked daughter.

"Why, dad, that would be impossible! They all follow Betty. I'm only a newcomer—an outside girl." Her face seemed to have lost its usual bright, happy expression. She said no more about it to anyone, but during the next few days she was never quite able to forget her loneliness, and all Saturday morning as she worked about, tidying her room, practicing, and doing the many little tasks that she reserved for her one free day, her heart was heavy with the thought of a party where the girls didn't want her.

She refused to go skating with the boys that afternoon, and was standing by the window drumming on the pane and wishing that she had not foolishly given up her only pleasure to spend the afternoon alone.

An unusually loud ring of the doorbell made her jump, and she ran to answer it, hoping that it might be some one to see her and relieve the monotony of the afternoon. She hardly had turned the latch when she felt that the door was being pushed open to its widest, and there was a rush of voices.

"Oh, good! Here she is girls! We caught her at home after all. Are you surprised, Marcia!". It was Betty's delighted voice.

It was all too evident that Marcia was surprised, and that fact seemed greatly to increase their delight as she stood staring at them, too astonished even to speak.

"I felt sure that you knew, Marcia," said Elva. "Don't you remember how I nearly let the cat out of the bag that day when I said we were going to have a little gathering at Betty's? We met there, you see.'

"Is this the party that you were planning and that you all were so secretive about? Why I thought—"

"Go on, Marcia, tell us just what you did think," Betty teased.

"I'd rather not. It was all so horrid."

What a grand party that was. They all agreed they never had enjoyed themselves so much. Every one was so full of good will and happiness and entered into the games with such enthusiasm that it made everything seem extra delightful.

While most of the girls were spreading the table with the refreshments which they had brought, Marcia and Betty had a little understanding all alone. Marcia felt that she must confess to some one how she had mis-

judged them.

"I was afraid of that, I am so sorry that you were unhappy, Marcie," Betty was the only one who used that name for her, and Marcia liked it, and loved her more as she listened.

"Yes, I felt sure that you heard us talking that day at the meeting. And don't you remember how I tried to change that subject by talking about Elva's cape?"

"I didn't think that was the reason, though. I thought that all you girls cared for was clothes, and that you thought me a tomboy. I dont want to be an outside girl, and I'm going to give up skating and sleighing and sports so—"

"Marcie! Don't you dare think of such a thing. Why I've been waiting for a chance to ask you to take me with you and teach me to skate and to enjoy the things that you like. I always have wanted to try to skate, but the other girls did not care for it. Don't you think that between us we might get them all interested in outside things?"

Marcia could not believe her ears, and stood looking at Betty so straight and so earnestly that Betty laughed aloud.

"Yes, I mean it. Mother is knitting me a heavy sweater and a cap right now."

Marcia made no reply, but her ringing laugh was answer enough.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH

The story is told that many years ago, in an old French church in Berne Switzerland, a great choir, under the famous old leader, Reichel, was havits final rehearsal for the production of "The Messiah." The chorus had triumphantly sung through the place where the soprano solo takes the refrain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The singer was a beautiful woman whose voice had been faultlessly trained. As the tones came out high and clear, the listeners were filled with wonder at her perfect technique. Her breathing was faultless; her note placing was perfect; her enunciation was beyond all criticism.

After the final note there was a pause and all eyes were turned toward the old conductor to catch his look of approval. Great was the surprise, however, when with a look of sorrow the leader said to the singer: "My daughter, you do not really know that your Redeemer lives, do you?"

She replied: "Why, yes; I think I do."

"Then sing it," he cried. "Sing it from your heart. Tell it to me so I can and all who hear you will know, and know that you know the joy and the power of it."

This time the young woman sang with no thought of herself or of technique and applause from her hearers. She sang the truth that she knew in her heart and experienced in her life, and that she wished to send home to the hearts of the listerners. As the last notes died away there was no wonder at the craftman's work, but there were quickened hearts that had been moved by the glorious message that they had received. As the singer stood forgetful of applause, the old master said with tears: "You do know, for now you have told me."—Selected.

DO YOU KNOW THIS WOMAN?

By Emlyn Jones, M. D.

She goes by many names—or used to. Her number has decreased these last few years. She is not extinct, however, We'll know when she is, for then all of us will be men without a country. But time and change, particularly the latter, are rapidly extinguishing her. She has, or had, an enviable domain called "Home." Through hundreds of centuries she developed it—from cave to tent; from tent to hut of twigs or mud; from hut to walled house. Anyone can live in any sort of shelter. But this woman took unto herself the task of making even the humblest shelter a place where one wanted to live, where one longed to live. From the way she went at this task, one might have thought she was made for the purpose.

She had no easy time making the home. This was the most valuable piece of constructive work ever undertaken—it served to develop the finest type of human being, the home-keeping wife and mother. From the first, her daily round of duties has been more or less monotonous; usually more. Hers was not the showy part in the doing, but it outshone all other parts in what has been done. While men fought in wars and furthered destruction, for gain or glory, she kept her quiet path, and made it the highway to the soul and the strength of civilization—the home. Domesticity was a virtue by none despised. Out went the man to work for a living and in stepped the woman, with or without help, to transform his earnings into the comforts of home. That was her province, the well-being of the home, its comfort, fitness and adornment which, with the bringing up of the children, made life for her sufficiently busy. Man, the provider; woman, the preserver; sweet and sensible division of responsibility.

The home is the heart of the nation, the actual sustainer of its power and worth. The woman who tends it faithfully is serving her kind in the highest possible way. It is the one institution, above all others, on which rests the character of the nation. Economically viewed, it is the hub of the whole structure. So, this woman who has made it should be proud of her heritage and of the chance to extend it. There may be a better work, but time has yet to reveal it.

WANTED—A NICE GIRL

By Blodwen Davies

"Mrs. Waring is looking for a nice girl to go to camp with her for the summer and to play with little Joyce Waring," said Marion Murphy to her two friends as they left school one June afternoon. "She told mother so, and oh! I do hope she asks me. I'd love to go to her summer home with her."

"So would I," declared Jean Brown "Mother says she has a wonderful place on Pine Tree Lake and she calls it Pine Tree Lodge."

Jean sighed a little enviously as she recalled all the gossip about pretty Mrs. Waring, a newcomer to town, and her wealth and possesions.

"She must have stacks of money," Jean went on. "I wish I had some of it."

Marjorie Mears, the third girl in the little group, had been silent all this time and a little amused. She laughed now at the serious faces of her friends.

"Don't envy her all her money, girls. 'It's probably a terrible yorry to her. It's not the easiest thing in the world to look after a fortune and to do the right thing with it. Mrs. Waring is awfully kind and generous, but people say that sometimes she looks very anxious and worried."

"Well, I wouldn't worry much if I were Mrs. Waring," said Jean decidedly, but they dropped the subject then as they had come to the parting of the ways.

"Where are you going, Marjorie;" they asked as she turned away, to start in the opposite direction from her home.

"I'm going down to look after Babs Henderson for a couple of hours," she said quietly.

"Goodness, you'll never get through looking after that baby," complained Marion. "Dont you ever get tired of it?"

"Why, no," said Marjorie, "I love Babs and it's only when I can spare the time to look after her that Mrs. Henderson can get away to attend to business things. She is so afraid something will happen to Babs."

"How silly," said Jean with a superior air.

"Well, she has lost everything else in the world," Marjorie reminded her, "so we can't blame her for being especially careful of Babs."

Marjorie bade her friends goodbye and turned away down the street on her way to Babs. Marjorie seemed to enjoy the "fussing" over Babs with which her friends had charged her, and the little tot greeted her with squeals of delight as she saw her turn into the little garden before Mrs. Henderson's home. The young widow and her baby daughter lived in a very wee house, and Mrs. Henderson worked at dressmaking all day long as a means of livelihood. Marjorie liked to come in after school once in awhile so that the busy mother could leave the house assured of Babs' safety.

The little garden in front of the house was a pleasant place, and today Babs was running around barefooted on the smooth grass. Marjorie romped with her for nearly an

hour and then sat down to rest, for already the summer days were growing hot. Marjorie dread the thought of a long summer in the crowded city, with only an occasional patch of grass, like this, to remind her of what the great open country must be like. She sighed as she thought how lucky some girl was going to be—probably Marion—when she traveled up to Pine Tree Lodge with Mrs. Waring and Joyce Waring, the little five-year-old daughter.

It was true, as Marion had said, that Mrs. Waring was looking for a girl, older than Joyce, who would go to camp with them and help her in looking after the active and merry child. There would be two months of outdoor life, swimming, boating, picnics and jaunts into the pine woods around the lodge.

"I want somefing to eat!" demanded Babs, breaking into the midst of her reverie, and Marjorie smiled and nodded.

"Just stay here, Babs, while I get you a cookie," she said, and, leaving Babs on the grass, went indoors in search of the cookie box.

As she returned to the little garden she heard a scream and then frightened sobbing from Babs, but Babs was nowhere in sight. The gate stood open and Babs had run out and across the street, in a twinkling.

Marjorie dropped the cookie and ran into the street, and there was Babs, sitting in the middle of the road, with one little bare foot clasped in her chubby hands, and blood stains on her fingers. She was terribly frightened, and her little face was wet with tears.

"Mar-gree! Margree!" she wailed, "Babs hurt herself!"

Marjorie lifted Babs in her arms and carried her back to the garden and while Babs cried piteously she examined the little foot. Babs had run into a piece of glass and there was a cut on her big toe.

"Don't move, Babs," said Marjorie as she went off for water and bandages, and soon set about cleasing and bandaging the wounded foot.

Marjorie was a skillful little first aid worker, and she knew that it was just as important to soothe and reassure the frightened child as it was to bandage the cut, so as she worked she hastily thought out a story that would interest Babs.

It was a story about two fairies, one a good fairy who looked after Babs when she stayed at home in the garden, and the other a bad fairy, who coaxed Babs out of the garden and hurt her as soon as she got her away.

"And so the good fairy went and hid under a rose bush and cried, and cried," she went on, "when she saw the bad fairy leading Babs out of the garden, because she knew the bad fairy was coaxing Babs to be naughty and would hurt her when she got the chance."

"Babs won't play wif bad fairy any more," the child assured her solemnly, with her little face stained with tears.

"No, dear, I don't think you will," said Marjorie, and then looking up, she saw a pleasant, smiling day, bending over the fence and watching her.

"May I come in and rest for awhile?" the lady asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Marjorie, jumping up, now that the bandage was complete. She brought the visitor a chair and then began to gather up the things she had used.

"You've had an accident," said

the lady, and Marjorie and Babs together told her what had happened. Babs, much impressed with Marjorie's story, began to tell the pretty visitor about the good and bad fairies.

"What is your name, dear?" asked the visitor, and Marjorie told her.

"And do you live here?"

"Oh, no, I live in the cottage next to McNabb's store," Marjorie explained.

"And is Babs a little cousin?"

Marjorie shook her head and explained how she came to be looking after Babs.

"You see, I'm used to children," she said. "There are nine of us altogether, at home, and three of them are younger than I am."

"Nine of you!" smiled the visitor. "Then I wonder if they could spare I'm looking for a girl to come to you for the next couple of months? camp with me and my little daughter, someone who is pleasant company, sensible in an emergency; and cheery under difficulties. I believe those are some of your qualities."

Marjorie blushed as the lady smiled charmingly at her.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "are you Mrs. Waring?"

The visitor nodded.

"Are you really asking me to go with you to Pine Tree Lodge?"

Mrs. Waring nodded again, still smiling.

"And do you think you would like to come, Marjorie,?" she asked.

"Like to? Oh! Mrs. Waring, that would be nicer than anything I ever dreamed of!" she replied, her eyes shining.

Mrs. Waring rose to go.

"Very well, Marjorie! Tell your mother that I'm coming to see her to ask if she will spare you for the summer holidays, and if she will, we'll go as soon as school closes."

Mrs. Waring was as good as her word and it was soon decided that Marjorie was to have the long, pleasant holiday with Mrs. Waring and Joyce in Pine Tree Lodge.

"Of course," said Jean Brown, enviously, when she heard the news, "some people have all the luck."

"Perhaps it wasn't all luck," said Marion honestly, "you see, neither of us thought of looking after Babs Henderson!"

DR. ROWE TO DUKE

Friends of Duke University, and of Dr. G. T. Rowe, will be gratified to learn that the Doctor is to go to Duke in the coming fall to take charge as professor of Religious Education in the Duke University of Religion.

Dr. Rowe is well known here, having served Central Methodist Church as pastor for a number of years. He married an Albemarle girl, a daughter of the late J. W. and Mrs. Bostian. He is recognized as one of the really big men of the Methodist Epescopal Church, South. Duke University did an excellent piece of work when it induced Dr. Rowe to take a place on its faculty.—Stanly News-Herald.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

The boys of Mrs. Hobby's school room have been working on the work force during her absence.

Dwight Ewings, a member of the seventh cottage, has returned to the institution after a short visit with his parents in Badin.

Mr. W. M. Crooks, who has been away for about three weeks, has returned to his job.

The boys were busy the latter part of last week planting peanuts. We hope to have a fine crop this year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby are now away on their vacation. Mr. T. H. Talbert has charge of the dairy during Mr. Hobby's absence.

Clarence Maynard, a member of the fifth cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last week. We all wish him good luck.

Mr. J. C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, and his wife, spent last week end with the latter's people in Whiteville. We hope that both had a fine time.

Last Saturday afternoon a few boys found some ripe peaches. This sounds good, and we hope it won't be long before there will be plenty of them ripe.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He took for his text the "Silent Years of Jesus' Life." He preached a good sermon and was enjoyed by all.

Mitchell Khoury, a member of the eighth cottage, has been given a position on the tractor force lately. We all hope he likes this job, as he has been unable to find anything suitable to do since he arrived here.

Henry Bowman, a member of the eleventh cottage, left the school for Fort Bragg last week. An old boy of this institution, passing here on his way to the same place, was glad to carry Bowman with him. This is Bowman's second trip to camp.

A few mornings ago, several boys were talking about Miss Earhart's flight across the Atlantic Ocean. One of them asked how far it was over there, and some one said about 3600 miles. The boy who asked the question then asked how far it was back. Catch on? Oh, my! talking about brains, why if brains was dynamite, he wouldn't have enough to blow his nose.

In one of the most interesting games of the season, the Franklin Mill team defeated the local boys last Saturday afternoon, by the score of 3 to 2.

Lefler, pitching for Franklin, held the School to four hits and fanned ten batters. While Lisk was touched for eleven hits, he kept them well scattered and held the visitors to a small score, a costly error being responsible for one of their runs.

After Russell had walked in the

second inning, Bartley, the younster who plays third base for the School, smashed out a home run to left center. The visitors tied the score in the third, when the first man up reached first on an error by our shortstop, the next one singled, and both scored on Verble's three-bagger.

There was no further scoring till the ninth, when the visitors put over the winning tally on two singles and a sacrifice fly. The score.

		R	H	E
Franklin Mill	002 000 001	3	11	1
J. T. S.	020 000 000	2	4	2

Two base hit—L. Ford. Three base hit—Verble. Home run—Bartley. Stolen bases—Russell, 2; Godown. Double play—McCachren, Alexander and Godown. Struck out—by Lefler 10; by Lisk 6. Base on balls—off Lefler 4; off Lisk 1.

HOW THEY TOLD THE TIME IN CHINA

By Frances Margaret Fox

One day when Uncle Jack came visiting he said to the children: "What has become of your Chinese clock?"

The children stared at first; then they laughed because Uncle Jack was fond of jokes and they wondered what he was thinking about.

"You used to have a Chinese clock," Uncle Jack went on; "she drank milk from a saucer and said 'miaw, miaw'."

"You mean our cat!" said the children.

"Certainly," answered Uncle Jack. "Cats were always used for clocks in China. You can always tell the time if you own a cat."

In came the cat, stepping high, as usual.

"Now," said Uncle Jack, "what time is it by the clock on the mantel?"

Straightway the clock struck twelve time.

"It must be noon then, according to the cat," Uncle Jack went on.

"Our cat dosen't look much like a clock," said one of the children; "and I don't see how the Chinese can use cats for clocks."

"Look at your cat's eyes," advised Uncle Jack. "It is noon now. At noon, the pupil of a cat's eyes, the world over, will be only an up-and-down slit. Later in the day the slit will widen until at midnight the pupils of her eyes will be as round as saucers. As the daylight comes the pupils of her eyes will have grown narrower and narrower; until just at noon when the light is the brightest her pupils will look like narrow slits again."

All the rest of that day the merry children asked the cat to tell to them the time; just as if they were little children of China in the long-ago, when cats were the only clocks.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord **except** No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 30, 1928. No. 23

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BE OPTIMISTIC

Some "don'ts" that are good. Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't shirk. Don't magnify your worries, but magnify your work. Sing at your task and shout in the midst of the battle. "No man sees his shadow who faces the sun."

N. C. Christian Advocate.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

THE COST OF BEING LATE

A young Kentuckian has lost a big fortune by being twenty minutes late in keeping a business engagement.

The cheerless old fellow with the scythe always gets all that is coming to him. And there is many a bad scar on our fortunes where he has had to prod us up to the mark.

Time is cheap, and we are apt to think we can filch it as we will. But it is always ourselves we rob, not time.

Maybe you can waste your own time by being late in keeping engagements and feel that the loss, if any, is your own affair. But it is also the affair of the man you keep waiting. You waste his time too. If your time is worthless, maybe his is not. He may conclude that his time is worth more to him than you are.

In many cases it may not matter much. But one never knows until afterwards whether it matters or not. And through false politeness we are usually assured that it does not matter even when it does.

Only the idle and careless, whose time is of the least value, can afford to waste it by looseness in keeping engagements.

It may be hard to acquire the fixed habit of always being on time, but it can be done, and it is worth while to do it.—Christian Herald.

THE VALUE OF SUMMER CAMPS

We have just passed through the season of commencements for both grammar grades and High School graduates. Well, the next step for these restless, nervous, young Americans is off to some Summer Camp. You know it is the spirit of the age for both classes, young and old, to keep moving.

Many of these young students by dint of playing in hard luck financially will find work and thereby continue happy; but those of the leisure set will enter some delightful summer camp either for study or pleasure.

The Asheville Chamber of Commerce sends out an attractive, illustrated booklet that gives a list of the camps and locations. It is estimated that within a radius of sixty miles of Asheville there are more than fifty camps valued up in the millions.

These camps meet the demand of the age and furnish homes for boys and girls from a wide territory including all of the states. There are competent supervisors to coach those backward in studies besides a variety of sports, swimming, horse back riding and other out door pleasures, directed with the greatest care and protection.

These camps are not only wonderful agencies in solving the vacation problem, but under the supervision of competent instructors are great character and health builders—sending the boys and girls home thoroughly invigorated and fitted to take up school work in the Fall.

The attention of the people to-day is directed to the welfare of the young people, therefore, the objective of the summer camp is to contribute to the development in character, mind and body, neither is the spiritual side of life omitted, of the boy and girl. It is evident the "world is working as one united force in caring for the countless innocent children."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

PUBLICITY FOR MOORESVILLE

Mooresville suddenly received much publicity when Capt. Carranza, the good will ambassador of Mexico City, enroute to Washington, was forced down on account of weather conditions at the Mooresville emergency field.

The name, Greta Ferris, a nurse of Labrador who ministered to the Bremen crew was suddenly flashed across the country; Alice Statler, a competent young woman in business life, who after becoming the wife of E. M. Statler, suddenly loomed up as chief executive of a chain of Statler Hotels valued at $30,000,000; and now here appears the name of our next door neighbor, Mrs. Flower of the Mooresville hostelery, for her share of the publicity because of her courteous attention to the Mexican aviator.

It is wisdom to keep on the whole of armor of service, and be prepared to answer the S. O. S. at all times if for no other reason than that we never know when we will be discovered.

We know that Editor Deaton, who at every opportunity endeavors to boost Mooresville, realized a thrill because Mooresville people were privi-

leged to render first aid to the Mexican Lindbergh. The lights of the emergency landing field attracted the lone ace, and if Concord had a similar port something might occur here to give a little diversion. The following from the Mooresville Enterprise tells of the interest and faith of the people of that community in their investments for an air-port:

> The emergency landing field at Mooresville has proved its worth in a human life, and as a commercial proposition a boon to Mooresville and vicinity. The Enterprise received messages from several distant parts of the world for information concerning the safety of Carranza, London, England, and Mexico City, from over the line, and messages from El Paso, Texas, New York and throughout the United States. No city or town the size of Mooresville can afford to be without one of these emergency fields. Of course, the Government has provided for the one adjacent to our city, and we are in luck.

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CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. T. H. WEBB

Concord is always proud to have honors bestowed upon any one of its representative citizens; but most especially do we feel that the choosing of Mr. T. H. Webb as president of North Carolina Manufacturers Association, in Greensboro, last week is an honor most worthily bestowed.

Mr. T. H. Webb, president and treasurer of the Locke Cotton Mill, is a textile executive imbued with the spirit of brotherhood of man; he is also interested in every phase of work both community and state; he is a politician with an extensive acquaintance; he has convictions, but like one of the most popular politicians in the state, he only asks for the right to have convictions; he is a diplomat, approachable at all times, therefore, The Uplift bespeaks for Mr. Webb a smooth administration while serving as president of the North Carolina Manufacturers Association.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A VITAL WORK

We who are familiar with the work of Cabarrus County Health Department from its genesis, can appreciate the developments, also the renewed interest of the people in preventive medicine—a means of keeping well—when compared with the pioneer work of our first health officer in blazing the way for the great work now conducted by the efficient all time Health Officer, Dr. D. G. Caldwell and his staff of co-workers.

At first the majority of people of all classes thought the duties of an all time health officer was to make charity calls which would have been an endless job, and at the same time pauperized many who were able to

pay the price. The objective of the Health Department is to teach people to keep well, also demonstrate the value of sanitation and clean living.

If a person has a sound body the status of the mind is better, therefore, the atmosphere of the home is conducive to better living.

We commend every citizen, civic club, fraternal order and church societies to co-operate with the all time Health Officer, Dr. D. G. Caldwell, in bringing about better living conditions in our county. It is not only a privilege, but a duty we owe our fellow man, because we are to a certain extent "our brother's keeper."

Besides the great health campaign put on by the Health Department throughout the county in this connection the Jackson Training School has received its share of preventive work.

During the past year two hundred and sixty-seven Typhoid inoculations have been given to the boys of this school. A complete inoculation means three injections of the vaccine at intervals of one week; also, one hundred and twenty-five Smallpox vaccinations have been administered; and a total of three hundred specimens Wasserman Test have also been taken. Dr. Caldwell states that the superintendent of the Training Sschool and officers have at all times co-operated in this work. Dr. Caldwell is a favorite with the boys.

Read the following and you will agree that the Cabarrus County Health Department is a busy place:

Personnel—Full time Health Officer, Dr. D. G. Caldwell; County Nurse, Miss Mildred Eaves; T. B. Nurse, Miss Naomi Moore; Office Sec.

Activities—Control of contagious and infectious diseases, homes visited and families instructed in care and prevention; over 3000 such visits were made by the Doctor and nurses for this work in 1927.

Disease Prevention—Typhoid inoculations completed, 4,367; Diphtheria toxin anti-toxin completed, 396; Small Pox Vaccinations, 2,099; Examniations Pre School children, 149; Children weighed and measured in schools, 4,000; Eye examinations in schools, 1,868.

Clinics—Orthopedic, number examined, 20; Tonsil, number cared for, 79 (24 financed by Kings' Daughters); Eye, number children receiving treatment, 24 (financed by Kiwanis Club.)

Tuberculosis Control—Clinics held, 1; number persons examined at clinic, 143; number patients admitted to tuberculosis institution, 15; number visits and families instructed in care and prevention, 588.

Infant and Maternal Hygiene—Babies registered, 197; home conferences with mothers, 3,305.

Medical and Laboratory Service—Visits made by Health Officer: Jail, 67; County Home, 51; Convict Camp, 17.

Examinations—Prisoners, 11; Marriage, 55; Child for industry, 387; Food Handlers, 148.

Venereal Disease Control—Cases reported, 30; Treatment, indigent cases, 199; Anti-rabic treatments completed, 12.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DISCIPLINE

The question most often asked by those who are not very well acquainted with the work of the school is, "Don't the boys give a great deal of trouble?" One can tell by the manner and the expression of the questioner that he expects to find in the answer that the boys are stubborn, insubordinate, hard to manage. He would not be surprised to find them inciting a revolt. The fact that no semblance of such conduct in the nineteen years of the life of the school is rather amazing in view of the fact that many of the boys sent to the school are considered rough in the places from which they came.

'Tis true that we do have trouble sometimes in getting a boy to see what the School is trying to do, to get him adjusted to the regulations of the School, to get his idea of rights blended with the rights of the hundreds of other boys whose rights are equally important as his own, but actual stubborness and mean, willful disobedience is not known. The boy cannot get a kick out of being odd and the military system practiced teaches him naturally to heed and execute orders readily. Should a boy of stubborn or sluggish disposition be placed in line with hundreds of other boys and a command given for attention, and he should see 399 boys with heads erect, arms at side, eyes to the front, and he as the four hundredth boy not doing as the others, he would feel very odd. He would soon snap into obedience to commands, in order to avoid this oddness. This is the beginning of the discipline that teaches such ready obedience that is so noticeable among the boys at the School.

In these drills are absorbed the necessity of obedience and the importance and value of working together with others—two great fundamental truths in the development of good citizens.

The trouble the boys give is the drain upon the patience and the fraying of the nerves in going over and over again the lessons in teaching the simple contacts in life.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Gangmen and bombs are not the only things Chicago people have to contend with. Six couples recently danced more than 200 hours continuously. Laws do not seem to prevent people from making fools of themselves; but sometimes takes a hand after they have accomplished the job.

—o—

I see it stated that three doctors operated upon President Kemal, of Turkey, for the removal of a pimple. I was just thinking, suppose Kemal were to catch the measles, how many doctors do you suppose it would take to remove the pimples in that case?

—o—

There is an old saying that "Nothing Succeeds Like Success." It is a clever saying, and to all appearances is true. Success is the great "god" of the American people. If your enterprises succeed and if you make a lot of money for your stockholders, you are a wonderful fellow. If you are as honest as the day is long and work yourself half to death trying to make money for your stockholders, but fail in spite of everything, your stockholders call you a fool and a rascal and try to put you in jail. After all, the American public is about right, in judging one by the results he obtains. We judge race horses and prize fighters and motor cars and preachers and lawyers and doctors, etc., by the results that they obtain, or by the way they perform. We want results instead of "chin music," or "hot air," or "bunk," or excuses or alibis.

—o—

A good piece of news breaks through the political clouds every now and then like a bright sunbeam. The Latvian parliment has just ratified a treaty of trade and friendship with the United States. Now we can all go back to our work again, relieved to know that we're not in immediate danger from foreign invasion.

—o—

One by one, all over this land, the aged are falling asleep, and going down before the silent Reaper, Death, like the ripened grain before the mowing blade. Within the past few months several of my warm friends of long year's standing, have passed over the river. One this past week in Durham, A. K. Umstead, every whit a man beloved; loyal to his God, his country, his family, his friends, his county and state. A father in Israel has fallen. A tribute to all is—

One by one we miss the hand clasp,
That so kind a welcome gave;
One by one the voices silenced
In the stillness of the grave;
One by one we miss the faces
Of the loved ones to be blessed,
One by one their names are written,
Ceased from labor, home at rest.

—o—

We do not all see alike or think alike. From our natures we cannot do so. But we should not lose any sleep over that fact. Variety is not merely the spice, it is the essence of life. I am persuaded that out of our very differences may come the discovery of larger truth. That

honest loyalty to deeprooted conviction is infinitely superior to unthinking adjustment to majority opinion. That it is possible for men to be true to themselves and still be decent to others. That indeed they can be true to others only when they are true to themselves. The best of intelligence and character and real religion is the ability to recognize the divinity and respect the integrity of the other man's faith. That it is possible for men to belong to the same God even when they differ. As St. Peter's cathedral was fashioned of contributions that came from all parts of Europe; the Washington monument of contributions coming from all parts of the United States; that white light contains every color of the rainbow; as harmony may issue from a large orchestra containing every known musical instrument, each musican being true to his own instrument; so religious truth may be fashioned of elements proceeding from those of every faith, and still find unified and harmonious expression. Abraham and Lot may have differed, yet Abraham could say: "Let there be no strife between us for we are brethren." An old Jewish legend tells how the angels were about to sing when the Egyptians were drowning in the Red Sea, and how God stilled them with the words, "Will ye sing when my children are perishing." Even the Egyptians were God's children.

—o—

A very stout man stepped on the scales, in front of one of our stores, to ascertain his weight, and he was watched by two small boys. The man dropped his penny in the slot, but the machine was out of order and registered only 50 pounds. "Come on, Bill," yelled one of the youngsters in amazement, "he's hollow!"

—o—

I am not guilty of this one but did get a flicker of a smile when the vaudeville artist asked his partner: "A bricklayer lays brick, doesn't he? Well, then, why doesn't a plumber lay plumbs?"

—o—

A Chicago beauty doctor says 90 per cent of our girls are not so beautiful after all, according to standards of pulchritude. That beauty doctor evidently has never been to North Carolina, and Durham, or else he would not have made the assertion. I have never seen a copy of the regulations. I am not a beauty doctor—only a beauty observer; and my opinion is that this particular beauty doctor is sadly Miss-taken.

NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

Vernon Lockhart relates that on a recent day two youngsters stopped at his home a mile east of town and requested material to repair an inner tube on their dilapidated Ford automobile. Mr. Lockhart could not supply them, but the boys were resourceful and asked for two or three old tow bags. These were furnished and they stuffed the inner tube full of the cloth, placed it back in the casing, and soon the young fellows were "ready to roll."

Mr. Lockhart said he was surprised to see what a good makeshift the bags made in lieu of air.—Selected.

GETTING THE RIGHT SLANT OF LIFE

By C. W. Hunt

There is nothing the young man or boy can learn in early life that will make him a man quicker than the getting of the right view of his reletions to his fellows. The average man or boy forms his opinions too early in life, and too often one's head gets like a hickory nut, too full of itself to take in anyting else than its own contents; and to those who have the right view of the philosophy of life, it is easy to see the danger for those so self satisfied as to need no advice from those with right views. There are literally thousands of men scattered all over the country, who now look back, in full maturity, at the things they said and did with a sense of deep shame. As I see it, in the decline of life, there is no one thing that contributes as much to such a state of satisfied mind, in the young, as faulty and deficient education; and the average smart (?) boy concludes early in life that he needs no advice from his superiors, and when he reaches such a state he is sure to do and say things that are improper, but he will never realize how improper these things are until he has gotten the right slant by hard knocks and then forever too late.

So many, many boys quit school at this wise (?) stage, feeling sure they are equal to any task, when in truth they are only at the threshold of an education, of that knowledge that balances a man and causes him and his services to be sought by those in authority in educational and industrial lines. And it becomes all the more dangerous from the fact that this self assertion, self satisfaction is all so very, very convincing and important to his unfinished mental self. This applies to boys in particular, and many men are never able to get into possession of the poise and mental balance that distinguishes one, but go through life floundering.

This knowledge of one's self can be called the philosophy of right living, the knowledge of one's self the right slant on life that knowledge that prepares a man or boy for knowing how to treat ones equals and superiorss and prevents the jumping at false conclusions; the constant making of mistakes that humiliate. And sad to relate there is no more fertile field for getting started wrong than the school room itself, and the mistake is made more often by the boy who has the name of being the brightest; in fact that very brightness, which is yet immature, is likely to force the conclusion on this order: "I know so much and learn so much easier than my mates, that there is no need for further pursuit of knowledge," so the young "Wise-acre" finishes off right short, and to one lige-long regret, provided he has any ambition to rise.

Woe to the boy or young man that decides he is RIPE (?) and ready for the battle of life, knowing (?) more than men who have been students all their lives; and are still being taught things. I would burn it into the very soul of every boy and young man who reads this, that the boy who concludes he IS IT and closes his head on what is therein, at that date, is spoiled for life.

MAX GARDNER IS SAILING UNDER DEMOCRATIC FLAG

(Asheville Citizen)

The following is an abstract of the speech O. Max Gardner, Democratic nominee for Governor made before the State Convention recently:

"The law of compensation is always at work. This fine introduction of Mrs. Mebane is filled with political compensation for me. I have heard it rumored that my attitude towards woman suffrage in 1920 resulted in no political good to me, but if I lost then I have gained now; and the splendid tribute of Mrs. Mebane relieves the rough places of 1920 and sweetens my political life as I look forward to the certificate of good character which a preponderance of the woman vote of North Carolina clearly implies.

"In 1920 I saw the woman in the ditch, and in a gesture of political justice and gallantry stretched my hands down to lift them up, but instead of lifting them up, I was pulled in, but I have never complained, for ere long we women were out of the ditch on our way to Canaan's Fair and Happy land.

"I have publicly stated that I have been a candidate for Governor ever since I was nineteen years of age. During that time I have experienced all the vicissitudes of public life. I have known the sunshine of victory and have experienced the shadows of defeat. I have witnessed many trying moments. For the past eight years my situation at times has been extremely acute. I have been somewhat in the condition of the fellow in Georgia who swallowed an egg. He swallowed it whole. He was afraid to move for fear it would break and afraid to sit still for fear the thing would hatch. I have been transported from the frying pan into the fire so often, and have been singed so frequently that the threatened heat and furnace of this convention has no burning terrors for me. I am confident that any bonfire we might build here will quickly burn out in the good sense of North Carolina democrats.

"This convention represents the ideals, the hopes and aspirations of our state. What we do here, what we say here, how we act here touch the lives of three million North Carolinians and will be directly reflected in the thought and actions of the nation as the eyes of American are today focused upon North Carolina. And why shouldn't the eyes of the country be focused on North Carolina—for North Carolina implies clean progressive government, and clean progressive government implies the Democratic party.

"Emerson has truly said that every institution is but the lengthened shadow of some man. We know, the people generally know, and even the Republicans know that North Carolina today as she looms tremendous across the horizon of the nation, is but the lengthened shadow of the Democratic party.

"As a loyal Democrat, I am vitally interested with you in the success of the National Democracy, and I

long to see the banner of the Democratic party unfurled from the White House at Washington. This is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for, and yet I tell you in all sincerity that I revere the democratic party more than I esteem any one candidate or group of candidates, more than I do all the Joneses, Smiths, Hulls, Richies and Reeds of the universe combined. Neither of them nor all of them are sufficient to diminish my affection for the Democratic party or dilute my devotion to the flag it flies I am here today to renew my allegiance to that flag and to the principles of the party for which it stands—a patriotic party, a national party, an indestructive party, a Democratic party, a party that seeks unflinchingly for liberty and justice, honesty and righteousness the national needs of this hour.

"My politcial affection, as does my religious attachment, Mr. Chairman, commences at Jerusalem and runs thence to Judea and thence to Samaria and finally to the uttermost parts of the earth. I may be regarded as provincial, but I am at least truthful when I tell you that I am a North Carolina Democrat first, foremost and preminently, and if there is any better Democrat than a North Carolina Democrat it has never been my privilege to know him.

"I love the Democratic party, and I stand before you today with a heart filled with an abiding sense of deepest gratitude for the generous distinction, it has so recently bestowed upon me. I may fail to approximate the high ideal involved in the conspicuous honor of being nominated by our party without opposition for Governor, but here and now I make this solemn covenant to honestly strive to the utmost of my ability to be worthy of its confidence and faithful to its sacred trust. I have no misgivings with respect to the responsibilities of the task before me, and yet I am conscious of at least one element of qualification for the high office of Governor, and that element is my absolute freedom from obligation to any power in all the land except the dominating power of the public good. I am politically free. I carry my sovereignty under my own hat. I have made no private promises. I have bartered no politial offices, I have spent no money for my nomination. I have no secret alliances. I am a candidate for no office except that of Governor of North Carolina. I am receptive to no dictation except the demands of conscience and the voice of the people of my mother state. I covet no greater ambition than to know what is right and the ability and courage to do what is right.

"As a Democrat, I have never turned a deaf ear to the right of my fellows to differ from my views. I am ready to fight to the limit, not for my convictions, but for the right to have my convictions, and I freely grant this right to the humblest of my fellow citizens. This right touches the core of real democracy. I am frequently wrong, but I have an inherent right to even be wrong. My convictions may change, my views may vary from time to time, and changing conditions may completely alter my conclusions, but I believe the man who fights for the right to have a conviction and refuses to be coerced into relinquishing that right, is a champion of the essense of true democracy, civil liberty and religious freedom.

CITIES MAKE PROBLEMS BUT DO NOT SOLVE THEM

(Southern Agriculturist)

It is not believed that the early Americans were wrong in their valuation of life in the country. Certainly there is nothing in the nature and character of the products of the city home that indicates that they were wrong in the great emphasis they put upon country life. Practically every serious problem of our civilization is a problem growing out of life in the city. Divorce, destruction of family life, crime, pauperism, corrupt citizenship, graft and many other serious problems are the outgrowth of life in the city. The city creates serious problems, but does not solve them. With all of its spectacular features and alleged advantages, the city is dependent on the country to supply its constructive leadership. Eighty per cent of the preachers today come from the country and small towns. In every profession and business of importance the leadership is largely of rural origin.

The real test of life conditions is not in parties and dances and eating and drinking and pomp and display, but in constructive life and character in manhood and womanhood. Life conditions must be judged and valued by their fruits, not by their narcotic thrills. This was the point of view of the early Americans, it would seem. It was this that led them to put a high valuation on the country as a place to live. The surroundings were conducive to bringing out the best men and women. It is a substitution of the superficial for the fundamental things in life that has led us to repudiate the country and extol the city.

More than relief in material things, rural civilization needs a leadership based on love for and appreciation of rural life. The country needs preachers and school teachers who are capable of seeing the big things in country life, and who show their faith by their works. The church and the school are in large measure responsible for this repudiation of country life. Practically all the preachers have moved to town who could get there. Even the country preachers have become town gentlemen. In all of their thinking and activities the emphasis is on the church in town. More and more they regard the rural sections as missionary territory. It is looked upon by them as a field of hardship and sacrifice. Since country people appreciate religion, this attitude of the church has been a serious blow to country life. The church needs to be converted. There is no sort of adequate justification for the attitude ministers have assumed toward the country church.

The first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—Cato.

mains of many of the earliest settlers in that part of our country, and memorials to others who were buried elsewhere. In one corner of the graveyard, is an interesting memorial. It is built to represent the beginnings of one corner of a church wall, including the cornerstone; and was erected to the memory of Alexander Whittaker, the rector of the earlier church at Curle. He began his duties there in 1611. It was he who converted and baptized Pocahantos; and when, in April, 1614, the famous princess became the wife of captain John Rolfe, he performed the ceremony.

In the little cemetery, was buried George Wythe, who was the first Virginia signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The little white church, with its quiet yard about it, enclosed in the old brick wall which was built in 1770, stands above the city of Richmond, as a great memorial of the days when America was first settled and when her independence was threatened.

THE TYPE WHICH IS NEEDED TODAY

(Selected)

It takes all kinds of people to make a community but some are more indispensable than others.

There are those who go through life with a smooth serenity that is seldom if ever disturbed. They are never ruffled because they do not exert themselves enough to go thoroughly into a condition of affairs that demands their attention. They scarcely ever do any harm in the world and rarely trouble themselves enough to do any good. They are generally popular, but they command little admiration.

Then there is a second kind who never hesitate to speak their mind when the occasion demands it. As a rule, they are fair students of men and affairs, they are willing to make an effort to get the facts, reach a conclusion after a careful study of the situation and then stand by their convictions, whatever the consequences. They give praise where it is due and they are not afraid to criticise, where criticism is necessary. They are the constructive citizens of the community, and right or wrong, they are very much to be desired, because they are honest in their opinions.

And the third kind—need we mention him at all—the chronic kickers who see no good in anything, who question others' motives, and who never were known to compliment any good deed or any public-spirited movement. They came into the world kicking, go through life with one perpetual kick and raise an awful kick when they have to leave. They are a destructive force in society. but more destructive to themselves.

The calm and placid citizens are not undesirable, the chronic grouches are very undesirable, but most desirable of all are the citizens who are a constructive force for good.

A SMALL CHURCH WITH A GREAT HISTORY

By Leah E. Hamilton

"I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" Patrick Henry sat down amidst a deafening applause. His speech had fired the assembled Virginians to a clear vision of their duty in the defense of their liberty of which the overbearing King of England was robbing them.

The scene took place on March 20, 1775, in St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Richmond Virginia. The little white church still stands, enlarged since then by the addition of two wings.

It was completed in 1741, having been built to replace a smaller church which had been erected about 1611 just below the present location of Richmond, on the northside of the James River, at a place known then as Curle. The only thing that is left of the earlier church is the bowl of the baptismal font, which is now in its successor, St. John's Church.

The church stands high on a hill in the southeastern part of the present city. It has been well cared for and does not show its age. But many of the tombstones in the burying grounds about the little frame building date back as far as the early part of the eighteenth century.

Although the church has been added to, changing the original oblong shape of the building to the form of a crucifix, the foundations, woodwork, hinges, nails, and so on, of the first structure have been left just as they were. The bricks in the foundation were brought from England; all the nails were hammered out on an anvil, and have heads a half-inch wide. Even the old pews remain, although their position had to be altered when the building was enlarged. The little old-fashioned pulpit with narrow steps leading up to it, and a huge canopy hanging above it, is still used, although its position also had to be changed.

Rev. William Smith was the first minister of the church; and one of the most unusual things about it was the fact that the first sexton was a woman, named Eleanor Williams.

Time passed. The little church grew and prospered. It escaped the ill-will of the Indians.

Then troubles with England arose. The King began to oppress the colonies. Feeling ran high among many of the colonists. In Virginia a convention was assembled. Richmond, as the capitol of the colony, was the natural place for the meeting. A place was sought, large enough to accommodate the delegates, and little St. John's Church was chosen.

The third pew from the front on the east side of the nave is the pew in which Patrick Henry, who was later to be the first governor of the State of Virginia, stood as he made his inspired speech, closing so dramatically with his well-known words. A brass plate fastened to the door, marks the pew.

The little burying ground about the church contains the earthly re-

THE INCESSANT BATTLE

(Asheville Citizen)

Nobile's story is a striking illustration of how desperately man must fight when he sets out to conquer nature at her strongest. The "perfectly equipped" ship drops from her proud eminence "for no apparent reason." The cabin is dashed against the ice and splintered; the bag, powerless before the wings of the wind, is carried off to nobody knows where, taking with it seven members of the crew. Three crawling from beneath the cabin wreckage, start overland afoot, and to date, are swallowed up by the desert of ice. Nobile himself, with five men, one of them hurt, is marooned on a field of floating ice.

For days the voice of the radio called across the Arctic wastes without getting an echo from the unfortunates. When at last the answer came, winged help soared to the rescue. Three times it reached its goal. and three times failed to see the sufferers. Brilliant coloring, shouts, signals, every device the men on the ground could use failed to disclose their location to the aviators. The glare of the sun on snow was an impenetrable curtain from behind which they could send no word to the would-be rescuers.

At last, by use of radio communication between the sufferers and an aviator, they were found, relief supplies sent down by a parachute. But no sooner had this been accomplished than the world was shocked by the news that Amundsen, fearless and Arctic-wise, having set out in a plane to find the lost, had himself been lost. His radio was silent. None knew or could guess his plight. For the time being, he was shut off from his fellows by a wall of everlasting ice, a world of eternal snow.

What the outcome will be, none can foretell. Nobile and his five companions are practically assured of rescue. The three who went afoot in search of aid and the seven who were carried off by the balloon, are in parlous plight. From Amundsen news is momentarily hoped for and expected. But whatever the final result, man has been forcibly reminded that nature is a warrior worthy of his best weapons. Until she is conquered by more powerful devices than he has yet made, no one may say that there are no frontiers to broaden, no high emprise to challenge human valor and vision.

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.—Charles Sumner.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

(The Albemarle Press)

It should be the privilege of every man and woman to stand for at least one hour in the night time beside the sea, and ponder with problems as did Matthew Arnold, British poet of the 19th century who wrote:

Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

The note of sadness will be clear as you listen to the grating roar. As you look out upon the depths the mighty waves rushing to the shore seem higher than the beach, and one draw back with a gasp of fear. Soon your confidence comes back to you and after 30 minutes of watching your mind begins to paint pictures which are almost real. Out in the billows you catch a glimpse of a passing ship, with perhaps a small light showing. And another passes. Then, perchance, a half dozen pass, until finally you are convinced that a few miles out there is a continual stream of ships passing, some with lights sufficient to outline them against a dark sky, and others with just enough light to show that they are ships. Indeed, they are the ships which pass in the night. And with what are they laden, these ships of the nighttime?

Man seeks here on earth the will o' the wisp happiness. Those who searched for the Holy Grail searched no more diligently than those who seek happiness. Many are off on false trails, but they are ever urged onward by an occasional taste of sweet that turns to gall ere a day has passed.

The ships that pass in the night are laden with happiness, and we must seize their cargoes. Pause in your rush tonight for an hour and ponder over yourself as a man, or a woman, and then consider your neighbors. You failed to pass out a kind word to one in distress today, and perhaps the words you spoke to another were unnecessarily harsh. A sick child in the neighborhood would appreciate a flower or a book. You might show your employer that you were interested in the welfare of the business, and as you sat alone with your thought some scheme or plan of vital importance to the business might flash across your mind. As an owner of some big business a dream of public welfare might unfold itself before your startled mind. A friend of long ago would appreciate a letter or a pat on the shoulder. A thousand and one things rise to haunt you. They are the ships which pass in the night. You can see them when you wish, if you will only take time to pause for a moment, and watch them as they pass. Your success and happiness depends on your ability to see the ships and get from them the joys which they bring to you.

and file of the men who today make up the managing personnel of the cotton industry in North Carolina. Men, real men of character, vision and energy, unsurpassed in any line of endeavor, men who are not in the great game for material gain alone.

"No industry can live unto itself, and none can enjoy the full measure of success, if it fails to assume the responsibility of the health and well-being of its workers; this is paramount with our North Carolina mill executives, who are imbued with the spirit of the brotherhood of man. This, it is, that has won and holds the confidence, and co-operation of the thousands of efficient and loyal workers who have made our industry what it is today. May we ever hold to our traditions and ideals for "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay.' "

WOMEN DELEGATES

(Asheville Citizen)

How bitterly even the liberals often hate a new thing! How swiftly their hymn of triumph changes to denunciation when the first-born of progress comes marching down the street! Here, for sad example, is The Baltimore Evening Sun, labeled by Henry Mencken as one of the "five liberal, intelligent newspapers of the country," weeping over the achievements of the women delegates to the Kansas City Convention.

In the first place a staff correspondent of the morning Sun, another of the "five liberal newspapers," sent in a dispatch describing the lady delegates as running too much to "heft and assertiveness." They wore banners, he said, and a manner of tremendous importance, and they swept their bulging anatomies through the hotel lobbies "like so many army tanks, "dislodging or crushing all before them "with little compunction and no manners" and brushing aside United States Senators and other political dignitaries as if they were so many broken reeds.

But this was not the worst of it, asserted this chivalric servitor of a journalistic priest of progress. These same ladies, on the train taking them to Kansas City, converged on the dining car, pushed themselves ahead of a long line of men waiting for seats at the tables and jammed themselves "into preferred places at the door." Then, to make the tragedy more heart-breaking, he lamented, they justified their riding roughshod over the men by exclaiming in shrill chorus: "We are delegates!"

What, we rise to inquire, is there in all this drive the liberal and intelligent Evening Sun to mourn the good old days "gone forever," and to sigh in despair: "Such is the female of the species in this Anno Domini 1928!" Like men delegates, lady delegates are not chosen according to their weight, their appetite or their dining-car manners. So long as they do their duty and help to select a good candidate, they should be free from criticism. It is particularly distressing that a progressive newspaper fails to recognize this fact, and so creates the unfortunate impression that its liberalism is overriden by its sex antagonism!

OPTIMISTIC ADDRESS

Excerpts from the Address of Mr. C. G. Hill, Retiring President of N. C. Textile Association

"I will not burden you with an analysis of the generally accepted or prevailing idea of the unsatisfactory condition of the textile industry at the moment or during the past year," said Mr. Hill in the annual presient's address. "We have heard much of this and to reiterate it would be no remedy or stimulant to its convalescence. The industry has faced depression and unsatisfactory conditions before, and has weathered more than one storm, and again it will be brought back to normal activity and reasonable profit.

"I am encouraged to the point of absolute confidence in making this prediction, because at no previous time in the history of the industry has so great an amount of brain power been marshalled to cope with the complex and ever changing problems confrontings us, problems which have brought distress not only for manufacturers, but to the cotton growers, and a large section of the general public in our southland.

"To think that we could find a panacea over night would be but an Utopian dream. I predict that the work of the Cotton Textile institute, through its new uses and other divisions, together with the related efforts of some divisions of the United States departments of commerce and agriculture, is going to mean much to the entire cotton industry, which embraces 3,000,000 growers of the staple, several hundred thousand mill workers, and tens of thousands of stockholders in our textile enterprises.

"When the machinery of the Cotton Textile institute that is already in motion gains momentum, retaining the co-operation of a large percentage of our textile industries, which it now enjoys, it will be a potent factor in bringing about conditions wherein we will emerge from the shadows of unfavorable conditions into the sunshine of prosperity, enthusiasm, and old-time happiness.

"I need not tell you of the position North Carolina today occupies among the state in the manufacture of textiles. You are aware that in active spindle hours, in number of active mills, in number of wage earners and in dollars paid for textile wages and salaries, North Carolina occupies first position in the union. You also know that in the manufacture of denims, towels, and many other cotton products, we hold first place.

"This eminent position has not befallen North Carolina as a gift from the gods; all of the foregoing factors as important as they are, are but contributory to the real cause that will inevitably bring continued success to the old North State's textile industry.

"This position has been achieved through the courage, and the consistent and intelligently directed efforts of those men who have been charged with responsibility of managing our textile enterprises, and when I refer to the men who have guided, and are today giving directions to the destinies of our industry I am not referring merely to a few outstanding leaders but to the rank

"Let every Democrat fairly and honorably fight for his convictions, but let me urge you, my friends, as we clash in the heat of these preliminary skirmishes, not to forget that the big drive for democracy, the supreme test of our political devotion, comes in November and not in June. Just remember the story of the fabled eagle who was stricken and lay dying on the plains. As he looked about to find the cause of his agony, his heart was broken in his dying moments when he saw that the shaft that had pierced his vitals had been guided by a feather which had been plucked from his own wing. We may expect, and do expect, the eagle of democracy to become the concentrated target of the Republican party, but if the eagle of our party should be crippled, maimed, and wounded in November, God forbid that the shaft that penetrates his vitals should be guided by a feather that had fallen from his democratic wings."

KINDNESS

By Douglass Malloch

Kindness keeps us young,
  Anger makes us old.
With a bitter tongue,
  Youth is hard to hold.
Youth will fly away,
  As the birds depart,
From a sky of gray,
  From an angry heart.

Anger furrows deep
  Ev'ry frowning brow
Furrows we shall keep
  Long, long after now.
Much we talk of fate,
  When old age appears,
But the marks of hate
  Mark us more than years.

Would you have the days
  Gently deal with you,
You, in all your ways,
  Must be gentle, too.
All life's truths among,
  This the truest told:
Kindness keeps us young,
  Anger makes us old.

PROGRESS IN CHILD WELFARE WORK

By A. W. Cline

Never before in the history of this country has there been as much interest in child welfare movements as there is at this time. America is unquestionably the outstanding nation in this respect. The influence of this nation is fast permeating other countries of the world. The Christian missionaries might well be termed the pioneers in this great movement. It is encouraging to note how conditions with respect to the child have changed wherever the church of Jesus Christ has been established.

It is true that the same destructive and constructive forces are at work the world over. War, infant mortality, child labor, ignorance, supersition and irreligion are in combat with the work of the orphanages, the Red Cross, health programs, protective legislation, Christian education, welfare programs and the work of the Master Teacher. We should all take courage and press forward with greater zeal because of the apparent triumph of the constructive forces.

The recent war halted the child welfare programs of many nations for awhile, but it looks now as if all the world is taking on new life and pressing forward with a greater determination to save its children for tomorrow.

The teachings of Jesus Christ are doing more, I believe, to counteract the evil forces than anything else today. It appears that wherever Christianity has taken root, child welfare movements have sprung up also. It is very fitting for the Christian churches of North America to study the needs of the children of other countries, since this great country has for so many years stood head and shoulders above any other nation in the protection of its children. Leaders in child welfare movements note with interest the activity of the Sunday school and church societies in child welfare work.

I do not mean to say that America has reached a state of perfection in its dealings with its children. There are still many gaps to filled. There are agitators scattered about this country who would make you believe that industry was sapping the life out of young children. It is true, however, that the larger industrial states have enacted laws for the protection of children in industry. Nearly every state has its laws for the protection of the health and morals of its children. I wish I had time to review some of the legislation of the larger states, but I must confine myself to what North Carolina and our own county of Forsyth is doing at this time.

North Carolina took a long step forward when the legislature of 1923 enacted the "Mothers' Aid Law," the purpose of which is to aid needy children in the homes of worthy mothers. Recently the four hundredth case was passed by the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare. The present appropriation of $50,000 is appropriated on a population basis. Each county desiring to participate in this fund must meet the state on a fifty-fifty basis. Mothers' Aid is simply an effort to care for the needy child in the right way, at

the right time and in the right place.

North Carolina has made great progress in child welfare legislation along many lines. There are a few needed changes in our child labor laws, but we must not demand more than we are able to enforce intelligently at this time. No child under the age of 14 is permitted to work in any manufacturing establishment, and before a child from 14 to 16 can work ten hours he or she must have completed the fourth grade in school. All under the fourth grade are limited to eight hours. Boys 12 and 13 may work in store, as newsboys, or in messenger service during vacation and before and after school.

All certificates for employment, are issued by the welfare department, and the enforcement of this law also rests with the department. Employers must meet certain requirements before a child under the age of 16 can be employed.

I am certain that the World War had much to do with stimulating this and other countries to action in the conservation of child life. The world is working as one united force in caring for the countless innocent children, who today are paying the price of war. Children who have not had a reason to suffer directly as a result of the war, are profiting as a result of the stimulus of after-the-war activities. State after state in our great country has adopted broad child welfare programs. North Carolina stands out as one of the leaders in this great program of child conservation. The state begins with the child even before it is born by teaching in clinics the less fortunate mother how to care for the new arrival. Then follows a series of baby clinics in which the mother may learn all about her child and how to care for it in sickness and in health. This state does not stop with the infant child. As it grows older it finds itself in the pre-school clinics, and then we find an intensive campaign being conducted in the schools each year. Teeth, tonsils and other conditions that might retard the child's physical and mental growth are constantly looked after by competent nurses and physicians.

North Carolina does not stop with looking after the health of its future citizens. She has a juvenile law court which throws protecting arms around the child who has not had the opportunity to grow up in a Christian home under the influence of godly fathers and mothers. The court is endeavoring to fill in the gap in the child's life that has been created by the breaking down of the home. I could relate many instances wherein children came to our court because of no other reason except the failure of the home to function properly.

We are doing our best to care for the delinquent child with what facilities are at hand. We can usually handle successfully normal dependents that come to us by using the foster home and sometimes the orphanage. Our greatest problem is the delinquent and mentally defective child. The state needs to be aroused in this respect. Our schools for delinquent boys and girls and the Caswell Training School for feeble-minded are full and overflowing. Increased facilities for caring for these two groups are needed now. It is all right to spend millions for roads and for schools for the normal child child, but a little more thought should be given the unfortunate and under-

privileged child. Talk about an increase in crime—we will continue to see crime statistics climb until adequate provision is made to curb criminal tendencies in the early stage.

Although the state, county and municipal governments have provided the machinery and program for the conservation of child life—both health and morals—the success of the work depends largely upon the co-operation of the church and community. It is encouraging to see the interest church societies, community betterment associations, etc., are taking in this great work. We, who are working under a state program, take new courage and press forward with greater zeal when we see such groups as this taking an active interest in improving conditions of the unfortunate and under-privileged cihld of today.

WE HATE WAR

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Why? For many reasons. One of these is because those who make wars do not fight. They keep away from the battle front. They do not get killed. If the men who make wars were put in the forefront of the battle to be slaughtered first, war would forever be at an end.

Instead of the men who make wars going to the battle front they send boys. The wars are fought by the boys with a few men to boss them. The last war was fought by boys from 18 to 30. "Dough boys" who they are called. The "Unknown Soldier" who sleeps in a nameless grave while the guard paces his beat above the silent dust was a boy. The draft caught the boys. Some of them had married and begun to build a home, but the draft said, "Come on, boys."

And the aim is to kill as many boys as possible. The side that can kill the most has the best chance to win. War first killed with clubs and spears, then came guns, even machine guns, but that method is now too slow. The killing must be done by wholesale, so poison gases are employed.

In discussing the damnable aspects of modern warfare Charles E. Jefferson says: "With the new weapons of war it is impossible to discriminate between women and men, between boys and girls and soldiers. A gun can fire a shell five miles, but a gunner cannot see five miles, and a shell when it explodes cannot make a distinction between a combatant and a civilian. All alike are doomed to death. An aviator cannot pick out the men when he drops a bomb on a city. He cannot spare a hospital or an asylum for the aged or deaf and blind. All alike are sentenced to death. Poison gas makes no distinctions. It converts the whole family, hundreds of families into corpses. Red Cross nurses and soldiers alike are doomed. War used to spare the children, but not now. It used to shrink from massacring babies, but that shrinking has vanished forever. The Red Indians used to tomahawk infants. We abhorred them for doing it. We do worse than scalp babies, we blow them into shreds of quivering flesh and grind their cradles into bloody dust."

TIMOTHY AND WADE

By E. S. Dreher

Timothy and Wade were deskmates in a second grade room in the Columbia, S. C., schools. They represented two distinct types; the former was easy going, talkative, unreliable, and fresh, the latter was sullen, matter-of-fact, slow of speech but dependable at all times, even when the chances were against him, as is shown by the following incident:

Playing Pranks

One day these boys began to play pranks on each other in the schoolroom, and as they warmed up they used names and bad language too terrible to repeat here and so loud that all the boys and girls sitting near them and also the teachers heard what they were saying. They were sent at once to me with a report by the teachers on the trouble, and I took the matter in hand. Turning to Timothy, I said: "Timothy, what do you think ought to be done with a boy who used bad language in the schoolroom where everybody could hear it, whether he wants to or not, girls and all?" Immediately he replied: "I don't know Mr. Dreher, I don't know what ought to be done with him." Although I stated the case to him over and over I got the same reply, "I don't know." Then to Wade I addressed the same question, and this was his reply: "I think he needs a whipping." I agreed with him and went to the closet to get the rattan which was used for spanking boys. Coming back I motioned for Wade to come and get "his," but as he approached me I said to him, "Wade a boy who has the courage and manhood to stand up and say he should be whipped for what he has done, does not need much whipping." Thereupon Timothy sprang up and exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Dreher, I think I ought to be whipped, too."

Deserves Whipping

I found one other boy in a third grade who admitted in advance that he deserved a whipping, but these two were all out of the large number called upon through many years to express their opinion about the kind of punishment they should have had. Then there was a third grade girl who was detected in cheating in her spelling lesson; when her teacher explained how wrong it was to cheat in her recitations and administered some light punishment, she went into spasms of weeping and said she was going home and ask her father to give her a good whipping. Her suffering was so genuine and she was so mortified over what she had done that the punishment she received seemed sufficient without corporal punishment at home, so I made it a point to see her father during the day and requested him not to administer further punishment unless his child could not be satisfied in her own mind without a whipping. There was no additional punishment.

One more case: a boy from a lowly home had been playing truant for some time, and one day he ran away from home on his way to school, which placed his punishment within the rights of the school. I talked with the boy a long time after he returned to school and told him that a whipping was necessary to

even up his account, but just then he got up and said: "Mr. Dreher, I don't need any more whippings; just look here." Baring his arms and legs he showed me black burises all over them. "How did that happen?" said I. Then he told me that his father had banged him around the house and knocked him down with a chair; he ran away from home and not from school. This time I told him: "It is enough; you do not need any more.

Also one boy who was almost sure he was "in for it," padded himself at the right place with some thin books, which had to be unpacked before the real thing happened. After that he was called by the other boys in school "The Walking Library."

As far as I can recall, only two corporal punishments were administered at school in the country when I was there; a boy got one and a girl the other. Both could have been avoided by a little patience and tact on the part of the teacher. On one occasion, instead of punishing a boy properly, he was caught by the ear and almost carried across the room, and it was done by the boy's own father.

There is an old story attributed to Daniel Webster, which, however, never grows old. Daniel got into mischief at school, and he was called out for punishment by whipping in the hand. When his teacher asked him to hold up his right hand and, it was so grimy and dirty that he said, "Daniel, if you can show me another hand in this school dirtier than that, I will let you off this time." At once Daniel's left hand shot up, which was in far worse condition than his right hand; he escaped, but later he became a great man and made history. No wonder!

OUR NEWEST HEROINE

(Asheville Citizen)

The best answer to those who harange us about the decadent times in which we live is that never did any nation in time of peace witness the number of its heroes and heroines multiply so rapidly.

Another is now added to the list in the person of Miss Amelia Earhart, who recently won fame as the first woman to fly across the Atlantic as co-pilot. It is a pleasure to hurrah for her, for, like Lindbergh, she seems to be a very human, natural sort of person.

We like the way in which she and her associates Wilmer Stultz and Louis Gordon, put off when they felt that the moment was opportune, even if the weather reports were not encouraging. But we like even more her frank confession that even if she was the proudest woman in the she was glad to get the flight over because she was tired, cold and hungry.

Hopping over seas is getting to be too common an occurrence to give us again the thrill it once did. But Miss Earhart has fairly won her claim to glory, and we have the feeling that she is going to be an easy kind of heroine to get along with, just as Lindbergh has been.

POLLY'S PRESENT

By L. E. Flack

It was the close of the school year, and Miss Rollens, the teacher of Room 5, was leaving and would not be back the following autumn.

"If only I could give her a real present," sighed Polly Moll for the twentieth time. "She's the very nicest teacher we've ever had, and I did so want to give her a specially nice gift. All the others are going to, mother. Evelyn Avers has bought the prettiest ivory toilet set, and Thelma is going to get her an old lace collar, and Billy's mother said he could give he a six-volume set of books, and I," she ended a trifle bitterly, "I'm going to give her a twenty-five-cent cotton handkerchief! Oh, mother, sometimes I just hate being poor."

There was a suspicion of tears in Polly's eyes, in spite of the fact that she was eleven years old and in the fifth grade at school. She hastily brushed them away, then continued, "Mother, wouldn't you hate to give an old white handkerchief if it were you?"

Mrs. Moll carefully put down the sewing on which she had been working.

"I dare say I would, at your age, Polly dear," she replied. "Especially if I loved my teacher as much as you love Miss Rollens. Are you sure you can't give her anything else? How much money have you?"

"Thirty cents"—the words came out almost spitefully—"and I've saved and saved—ever since we heard she wasn't coming back. But that's every bit I could collect."

"What would you like to give her, child?"

"Oh"—Polly's eyes grew large—"oh, if I had the money, there's the loveliest snapshot album down at Carter's—two and a half. But"—and the light faded—"Oh, there's no use, mumsey, I can't do it."

"No." her mother acquiesced soberly, "no, we can't, Polly. I often wish I could give you more spending money, dear, but sewing doesn't pay very well, and I thank God every night that He gives us enough for comforts and necessities. I am sorry that you can't always do as the other girls do, and it makes me feel bad to deprive you of any little pleasure."

Polly was all contrition immediately.

"Oh, you dear, dear mumsey! What do I care if I can't give as much as the others, when you have to work so hard for the money?" and Polly swept down on the figure in the rocker with an impetuous bear hug. "I'm just a naughty, ungrateful girl to be complaining. And Miss Rollens is so sweet, I know she'll be just as nice as she can be about the handkerchief." Despite her efforts, there was a break in the voice. "After all, a handkerchief is a nice, useful present—and—and—"

Mrs. Moll smiled in spite of herself.

"Perhaps we can think of something else you can get," she suggested.

"I don't believe so—for thirty cents," said Polly, but she looked up hopefully as her mother settled back in the rocker, a pre-occupied expression in her eyes.

"You said you would like to give her a snapshot album?" she asked.

Polly nodded.

"Well, of course, we can't afford the nice, large one; but I wonder. Why couldn't you buy one of those pretty little, fifteen-cent albums they have at the five-and-ten-cent store?"

Polly's face was a protest.

"Oh, mother, she'd know I'd only paid—"

"But we wouldn't give it to her empty," Mrs. Moll hastened to say. "Do you still have all those snapshots that were taken on your school hikes last winter?"

"Yes," Polly answered, wonderingly.

"Well, fifteen cents for the book, ten cents for some paste, and five cents for one of those white lead pensils," her mother went on calculatingly. "Just thirty cents. How about that, Polly?"

"Why—why, I don't understand."

Mrs. Moll laughed.

"Just this—get all your pictures together, sort them chronologically, and paste them in the album. Under each make a notation—the date, some little remark. Perhaps you can remember something funny that happened. Didn't you say you have a picture of Thelma when she fell on the ice and said: 'Where are my feet?'. Put that down. Then, where Billy tied his trained goat to the wheelbarrow and took that Christmas box to school. How about 'A Modern Santa Claus'?"

A light was beginning to shine in Polly's eyes.

"Oh, and that picture of me taken at camp when our class was up there last winter. I was hanging to the tree by one hand, and Grace's little dog was underneath, and it looked just as if he had chased me up there. I could call that 'Treed,' couldn't I? And that picture of Miss Rollens and Grace, when their sled turned over. And Evelyn as a goblin at our Hallowe'en party. You know Mr. Avers took several flashlight pictures that evening, and I've got two of each. And there's one of Miss Rollens and all our class."

"Which might be fine for the first page," suggseted Mrs. Moll.

"Yes," Polly nodded, "and for the very, very last page, I'm going to put one of me."

"And you might write, 'To my beloved teacher, from,' substituting the picture for your name?"

"The very thing!" Polly laughed. "Now I must run and get the pictures."

"Just see, mumsey—" a few minutes later—" aren't there a lot?"

"About enough to fill one of those little albums, I should judge. Now, if you like you may look them over, and put them in the proper order for pasting."

Presently Polly laughed.

"Look at this funny one, mamma, where we're dressed as little Dutch girls in that play, 'The Holland Lass.' I'd almost forgotten all about it. And here's the picture Grace took of us on Memorial Day. I can call that 'All of us—the fifth-grade class.'"

Polly worked industriously, and soon the snapshots lay in a neat little pile and that afternoon, after she had returned from town, she pasted them in a pretty little, brown album.

The last day of school dawned bright and sunny, as June days have a habit of doing, and the teacher's desk in Room 5 was piled high with tissue-wrapped parcels. There was

an air of excitement evident among the pupils as Miss Rollens called the class to order, distributed the report cards, collected textbooks and set the room in order generally. Then she turned smilingly toward her desk, and the class broke into spontaneous applause.

One by one the teacher opened the packages, and every one exclaimed over their contents. Polly watched with dancing eyes. There were the exquisite ivory toilet set which Evelyn had brought; Billy's beautifully bound volumes; a silk umbrella—ever so many other lovely presents. Finally came Polly's gift.

"Why—why—" Miss Rollens glanced at it a moment. "Come here, everybody. Let's look at this together," she said, and the class circled around her desk as she slowly turned the leaves. There were exclamations and remarks.

"Oh, isn't that the cleverest thing? Look at this picture of Grace. Oh, Miss Rollens, do you remember the time that we went on that sleigh-ride? Wasn't it fun? Don't you wish we could go again? Polly, whatever made you thing of this? Why, it's the very best of all!"

And when Miss Rollens had turned the last page, she put an arm around Polly.

"It's just the sweetest present, Polly dear," she said, and there was such a soft light in her eyes. "I'll always, always keep it, and whenever I look at this little book it will bring back this happy year, and all the good times that we've had together." Then she said something which Polly never forgot. "Always remember, class, it isn't the cost of a present that counts; it's the love that stands behind it."

THE MAN WHO KEEPS HIS WORD

By Dr. Frank Crane

It is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary lane to run across, as we do occasionally, a man who keeps his word.

You may be able to sue on written promises and contracts put in writing, which are usually binding, but somehow the man who does not keep his word strictly is a slippery customer and it is hard to get hold of him, even with a piece of writing.

The fundamental security for a man doing what he promises is, after all, character.

If a man has character and is upright you are safer in lending him money than if he gives you a mortgage on his farm. Doing business with a liar is never satisfactory. Somehow he will attempt to wriggle out of his promises.

It is easy to detect the strictly honest person. When he owes you money he does not avoid you, but openly and frankly pays you something on account right along, if he cannot pay the whole amount.

The test of the fundamentally honest man is his puctuality in meeting his engagements or in frankly explaining to you why those engagements cannot be met.

The courts are full of people trying to evade their plain engagements.

A man who is in debt sincerely tries to meet that debt whether it hurts him or not. It is very trying and very disturbing to our faith in human nature to find a person who is always looking for alibis, always seeking explanations for not doing as he said he would do.

The good loser, the man who loses and yet is cheerful is the man who is after all one of the chief pillars of the social fabric.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Hubert Gordon, a member of the thirteenth cottage, was paroled last week by Supt. Boger.

We were all glad to see Charles Loggins, a former boy of this institution, on the campus last Sunday afternoon.

On account of bad weather last Saturday afternoon, the weekly ball game was not played. The boys all hated this, as they look forward with pleasure to this week-end excitement.

Grady Thomas and Woodrow Bradley, members of the fifth and twelfth cottages respectively, have been given a position in the bakery recently. We hope they will succeed in their undertaking.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have busy enlarging the cannery during the past week. From the looks of it now, it seems as though they are figuring on doing a good deal of canning this season.

Well, at last the shoe shop boys are now back on the job. The steady hammering and pounding which can be heard emerging from the shop, proves this. We are all glad, as a good many had shoes that needed repairing.

The boys are now enjoying a Saturday afternoon swim in the Y. M. C. A. pool, Concord. Each Saturday afternoon a large truck from Concord comes and carries the boys over. Only two cottages go at a time, taking turn about. We wish to thank those of the Y. M. C. A. for this pleasure.

With much regret, we see that the large oak tree in front of the school building, was blown over by a heavy wind storm, which struck this section last Saturday afternoon. As can be seen by the stump, it was half dead, so we are not much surprised that it could not stand in the storm. Nevertheless, we will miss the sight of it.

A number of workmen are busy repairing and repainting the roofs of all the buildings here. The repairing will lengthen the life of the roof and the painting will perserve the whole thing.

While this is being done, another bunch is re-plastering several of the cottages. This will improve the looks

wonderfully.

Now that the weather is warmer, or rather hotter, a large number of the boys are receiving visitors. Almost every Wednesday, which is visiting day, the campus is nearly covered with visitors. From the way they come, it looks like there aren't many of the boys disappointed.

One of the most looked-to times around here is Thursday night. To an outsider it doesn't mean a thing extra, hardly, but here it does, very much so. On this night all the boys assemble in the auditorium to—who can guess what for? Why to see a moving picture of course! This is an entertainment made possible by a few of the School's many friends. To start with, we have an ideal, up-to-date picture machine, and a silvered projection screen. The films are furnished by the different film exchanges at Charlotte. There are several in Charlotte, and they take turn about each week sending us a picture. To add to all this is a $3,000.00 Theatrical Pipe Organ, a gift of Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cannon, which furnishes us with plenty of music. We appreciate these and are indebted to all those who have a hand in this entertainment.

JUST SUPPOSING

(News and Observer)

Children find great enjoyment in playing "Supposin'." It is a good recreation, a stimulus to imagination and sometime gives impetus to study and reflection. It carries one into far countries on the wings of discovery by "just supposing" you have been with famous characters in history. "What would you have done if you had fallen in love with Helen of Troy," or "What would you have decided if you had been Adam when the forbidden fruit was offered?" are questions young people have debated.

In this thought provoking address at Edenton Street Methodist church Sunday morning President Few, of Duke University, quoted Izaak Walton as saying, if he could have been present at any great event in the world's history, that he would have preferred of all things, to have seen Rome in its splendor, to have heard Paul preach, and to have seen Jesus Christ in the flesh. President Few inclined to the view that, if he could have had his preference, it would have been to have been a member of the congregation at Nazareth when Jesus entered the synagogue and read the passage from Isaiah and to have declared that his neighbors saw in him the fulfillment of the prophecy. It was from that scene and the brief and illuminating words of Jesus on that day that Dr. Few drew the subject of the morning discussion. He declared that it is the business of the church and of education to fight the ravages of the world's greatest ills—poverty, ignorance and sin. It is a long road, but progress has been made, and the call to continue struggle is upon the churches and the colleges.

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No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 7, 1928. No. 24

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WHO LIVES WELL?

He who meets sorrow without bitterness and is not coarsened by prosperity, who is defeated but fights on, or is triumphant but remains humble, who carries the hopefulness of youth into the deepening shadows of age, and when the sun is setting is confident of the morn—this is the man who has lived well.—F. W. Norwood.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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OPTIMISTIC SPIRIT

"Many approach the thought of death with the eternal question, why? Why should the flower bloom and fade? The Psalmist long ago cried out "no one careth for my soul." And yet it is in the presence of death that the optimistic man sees most clearly the untruth of the Psalmist's cry. for in death is the soul's fruition. The soul that perpetually overflows with sympathy and kindness is always hopeful, always cheerful, and this is the soul of a true Optimist.

"The flower of friendship scattered by the Optimist will some day make the whole world glad, for Optimism is the moral power of courage, confidence, faith, and hope. Optimism is the brightest star that ever cast its radiance over the darkened soul—the one star that seldom sets in the gloom of morbid fancies and foreboding imaginations."

—Selected.

THE OPTIMIST INTERNATIONAL

Western North Carolina does not only furnish a play ground for people from all parts of the country, but Asheville is the Mecca for conventions of all kinds and through this medium publicity is given to the scenic beauty and salubrius climate of that part of the Old North State.

You hear the remark "the country is over organized" and we are led some times to agree that there are too many organizations, because each day the papers tell of the activities of some new Order or organization—and we wonder how each can function and not overlap in work. It has been said that no sooner than a few American people assemble the first thing

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in order is to organize into some club by electing officers, adopt some rules and regulations to carry on the specific work and thereby the machinery begins to operate.

In Asheville a week ago there convened the Optimistic International convention and the objective of this crowd of enthusiasts is to be a "Friend-to-the-Boy." The name Optimist is enticing for the simple reason you meet so many pessimists in life till you feel like turning a corner to keep from coming in contact with that class. The pessimist class is depressing, and to live in the midst of such an environment there is danger of contagion.

We almost feel like making the motion right here that all civic organizations merge into one great Optimistic Club and look for sunshine, beauty, and the good in every one and live the life of true bliss.

Since the slogan of the Optimistic Club is a "Friend-to-the-Boy" we know the membership would get fresh impetus in their work if this body of workers could see all that is done for the reclamation of the boy at the Jackson Training School.

So that the readers of The Uplift may see the optimistic spirit of this band of workers, we give elsewhere in this issue the address of President Hall, of the Optimist International.

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OVER RADIO

During the week of the Democratic Convention in Houston all business evidently suspended,—all thought relative to the rescuing of General Nobile and his crew of brave aviators, who have been lost since May 25th, was obscured even in the mind of air-minded people—and the interest of all classes focused upon the 1928 convention. Those who were not permitted to be present in person composed a Radio audience who pulled for the nomination of their choice of candidate and it is safe to say the number of people who tuned in was legion, therefore there was more publicity given to the 1928 convention than to any previous one.

The nominating speeches were long, but those who listened from a distance sat as close and as attentive as the delegation in the convention hall, and the only remaining wish was that the television-apparatus had been perfected so as to have seen some of the rough and ready tumbles of the delegation.

We feel that there was a lack of understanding amongst the North Carolina delegation when the religious liberty parade was staged, because we feel that all true North Carolinians are tolerant on that subject, but at

the same time we are proud that the Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Sr., of Cabarrus, had the courage of his convictions and acted at the psychological moment. Another thought gathered from a distance was that the men were more obstreperous than the women from the fact that the chairman announced frequently and vehemently "gentlemen take your seats," or "clear the isles gentleman" but not once did we hear a reprimand for the delegation of women who were attending.

It may be that the genuine hospitality of the southland surcharged the men with the spirit of chivalry, because at one juncture of high tension the lady from Charlotte hid the North Carolina banner under the seat and to fair minded people she took advantage of the situation—but the men acted with decorum—but thoughtful and resourceful found a banner elsewhere.

But before the finale of the convention there evidently must have been a lovefeast because all left feeling as the News and Observer states that:

> The Democratic party emerges from another National Convention with a platform upon which every Democrat may stand, a platform that calls to battle on issues for which all Democrats may joyously fight and behind a candidate who has demonstrated a rare quality of progressive leadership and a peculiar genius for public office.

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DENTISTRY IN THE SCHOOLS

The aim, a whole time dentist for schools, of the County Board of Health of Mecklenburg is one worthy of emulation and most especially so since nearly all of the maladies are traced to bad teeth. The first question asked by all physicians now when treated for any protracted illness is about the condition of your teeth.

Possibly then the bad impulses of adolescent boys or girls can be traced to ulcerated teeth—and knowing this to be true it seems to be a most vital question and one to be taken seriously. The following is food for thought and we give it as taken from the Charlotte News:

> The County Board of Health is aiming in the right direction in its contemplated move of employing a whole-time dentist for work in the County, especially, of course, among the schools. It occurs to us, however, that here is an instance where co-operation between the City and County might very well be invoked, and one man given the task of looking after these interests for both City and County schools, unless the job is one that is beyond the capacity of one man to accomplish.
>
> It is a worthy effort, nevertheless. We are finding in these days that proper and sufficient education is not a mere matter of instruction

in the knowledges. It has vitally to do, on the other hand, with questions of physical wellbeing and the authorities are wise in dealing with this phase of the welfare of the young people in the schoolhouses.

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A TRIBUTE

This story of Uncle Tom, an old colored man, who had faithfully served the Baptist Orphanage for thirty-three years is taken from Charity and Children; and we commend the recognition given this valued servant who remained true to his charge to the end of his earthly career. Besides his life was one filled with good works and should be given as an example to those of his race.

Uncle Tom's face was black, but his heart was alright; because in the performance of his menial tasks he measured up to the requirements, therefore, died with the love and esteem of his white friends.

No one can appreciate this fine and unique class of family servants better than the southern born man or woman who know either by tradition or experience the real genuineness and loyalty of "fo' de war" type of darkies. The word faithfulness is synonomous to many in our southland with the name "Mammy."

It is very gratifying to know that in the passing of this faithful servant he was given the best care, and died in the midst of his friends in a hospital:

An old colored man named Tom Clouse who has served the Orphanage for thirty-three years died in the High Point Hospital on Monday of last week and was buried on last Thursday.

Uncle Tom, as he was called by his friends at the Orphanage, was a Christian gentleman and performed faithful service for the institution for all these years. He was first employed by John H. Mills for two or three days work during the harvest time and as he said himself, the two or three days lasted for thirty-three years.

He was not only a faithful servant but he was a courteous and kindly gentleman and set the boys a high and honorable example of clean living and conversation.

He was esteemed by everybody here from the tiniest tot to the most mature adult. He was gifted in prayer, and at our religious services we have heard him in passionate prayer pour out his soul to God for the children with whom he associated from day to day..

At the end of twenty-years of service the board of trustees gave him a cash purse in addition to his wages as a testimonial of their appreciation of his loyalty to the Orphanage and his fidelity to every trust committed to him.

Uncle Tom will be missed and mourned by everybody here, young

and old. His familiar figure as he went about his work had become a part of the life of the institutoin and a large gap is left because he has gone to his long home and we shall see his face no more. "He wore the girdle of the earth so loosely around his loins that but a moment did suffice to break the clasp and lay it down."

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IS IT INFERIORITY OR SUPERIORITY COMPLEX?

We read with interest the editorial of an Inferiority-Complex in Stanly News-Herald for the reason at some time an article engaged our attention that classified woman as inferiority-complex. Both from the pen of Editor A. C. Hunneycutt it is clear that the term defines the mental condition of both men and women.

Editor Hunneycutt defines an inferiority-complex person as one who is "limited in his intellectual ability but in order to make others believe him to be a 'high brow' is all the time trying to impress others with his superior ability."

Let me cite an example just to see if we caught your meaning of the term?

There is a young man with an interesting family; he lives on a side street; he rides in a second hand car; works in the factory; smokes a good cigar, I think; he wears good clothes and every time he rides off with his interesting family he throws open the cut-out and starts off in high gear. His one aim is to attract attention. In fact a stranger would think him a well-to-do.

Now, is this a case of inferiority-complex or superiority complex?

But now in all seriousness we thought an example of inferiority-complex was a person who was endowed with a strong personality and strong intellectuality but at all times discounted his real value.

In regard to degrees of aristocracy there are but two kinds—the one who is an aristocrat and the one who thinks he is an aristocrat. There is no camaflouge about your aristocracy.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Stump speeches are rightly named. Some of them stump the most profound, and even stump the stumper.

—o—

There are many things in life in which "the tables turn," as the old saying goes. It is not so bad to run a bill, but when the thing comes due. O me, O my! It's very sad to have it chasing you; which it will if not liquidated on time.

—o—

Said the horse, "I may as well confess
The growing fear in my heart I feel;
My great usefulness is gone unless
I learn to drive an automobile."

—o—

Vacation time has come upon us again. It is the play-time for tired, business-weary men. It is the "good old summer time," when the outing has its inning.

—o—

This is July, the Independence Day month. It is the month with the 4th of July, when we celebrate the natal day of our nation's independence, and the birthday of President Coolidge, who was born on the 4th of July, 1872, and also the birthday of the writer, just a week later, 11th according to day and month calculations. Calvin got ahead of me in being president of these United States, but he is not getting any more enjoyment out of life than I, even if he is on a little island surrounded by water in 'way off Wisconsin. I'm surrounded by friends, in good, old North Carolina, and that's good enough for me. But back to our knitting. Independence Day should be a day for some reflections, and not merely a holiday, and enjoyment. I have the temerity to believe that these reflections are more certain to come as we taste the fruits of our liberty, our independence, in our own way, rather than subscribing to some cut-and-dried program that waves flags, and makes the eagle scream until you wonder what it is all about. If this be treason, buy your own firecrackers.

—o—

It seems to me that the most wonderful asset a salesman can have is enthusiasm—honest to goodness enthusiasm. I have seen, and no doubt you too have seen, different things put over on account of honest enthusiasm. Other undertakings that had all the ear-marks of success by reason of financial backing, or brain power, have been doomed to failure, complete failure, because enthusiasm was not worked up in the hearts of those behind the plan, as it should have been. Though you haven't a cent in your pocket, and a few friends, enthusiasm will put you across with a bang. I went into the store the other day. Purchased a ten-cent article. The clerk talked and smiled as if delighted to wait on me. The package was wrapped up most affectionately, as if it had been $100 purchase. Here was a clerk unlike most. This clerk had interest in his work and business. He didn't act like like a duke-elect waiting for his heritage and killing time behind a counter; and come at you with a frowning face as if he had the head-

ache, toothache, and tight shoes were about to kill him, and snap out, like a sprung mouse-trap. "What do you want?" Such a clerk as the former brightens the day, and makes you feel good. Makes you feel like you are somebody, even if you do not spend but ten cents. Enthusiasm works wonders.

—o—

The world is alilt with music. Winds in the tree-tops play celestial symphonies; rills gurgle happily as they dance from the mountains; birds trill joyous hymns of praise for sunlight and beauty round-about—everywhere melodies and rhythm abound. The heart of human beings, throbbing to "the music of the spheres," longs to answer Nature's harmony with a flame of sound and a glory of cadences. The soul of man senses the radiance of immortality, 'neath music's spell—and mounting upward to a more perfect plane receives a spark of Heaven's divine fire. The answer of mortal to Nature, to Beauty, and Joy and Longing—is music. The oldest of the arts is music, from time immemorial, "when the morning stars sang together." "Music hath charms!" How true! No other art unites people of every country, sect and opinion in the thraldom of its magic charm, creating a bond of good fellowship and harmony among all classes like that of music. What is more pleasing after a hard day's work than relaxing to the strains of beautiful melodies? Music plays a great part in the drama of life, and the lives of all peoples; and always has.

—o—

The stunt of writing these "Rambling Around" messages to you has come as a regular request from the heads of the departments, the fellows higher up. The reason I do not kick over the traces is because I sometimes get some good dope just from putting my thoughts on paper and so, no matter whether anybody ever reads this or not, it is doing me some good, and so what's the odds. But I get so many expressions from the readers of the joy, delight, and pleasure it gives them to read these "Ramblings" that it makes my heart feel good, and gives me encouragement to draw from my little fountain of knowledge for the refreshment of others. Friends, the pleasure is reciprocative. I am in love with the idea of adding to your pleasure. The knowledge that you derive an enjoyment in reading after me, is reflected in my earnest endeavors to add to that enjoyment, and illuminate your pathway with sunshine; or drop a fragrant blossom by your side, amid the turmoils of life.. Like Saint Paul, "such as I have give I unto you. "I would appreciate it if friends and readers would write me and tell how they enjoy this department.

—o—

It looks to me like it is just a part of our human make-up to be more or less dissatisfied with our conditions, and get into our heads the foolish notion that the other fellow is sitting on top of the world, and has the best job. The only satisfaction about all of this way of thinking is that the other fellow feels exactly the same way about it. It is dollars to doughnuts he has one eye on your job, while you are of the opinion that he has about the softest snap in the world. A thousand times I have determined never to envy another fellow his job. People

only see the surface of good things about others, and you can bet your last nickle that others have a flock of troubles and worries. If people who envy others would just quit thinking so much about the "good luck" and the seeming prosperity of others, and put their envy and thinks into pep, I honestly believe others will soon think you are the luckiest guy in all the world. Just take it from the top down it is a fine thing to do.

—o—

There is a whole lot of satisfaction in doing things for yourself. Efficiency, skill and success in almost any human activity you can name is attained only by doing it yourself; learning how, keeping on in spite of your first failures—sticking to it until eventually you can. You can't learn to swim by reading a book; or sitting on the bank and watching some one else. You can't learn to play golf, to win baseball games, to drive a car, even walk, without using your own muscles and mind—doing it yourself. Unless you learn how and when to act upon your own volition, you'll hardly succeed, except by mere blind luck. There is too much canned thought, ready-made opinions, standardized, mass ideas in the world now. They are produced, just as other mass product is produced, as much for the benefit of the manufacturer as for the user. There is no excuse for getting your thoughts and opinions out of cans. You will never arrive anywhere in particular by being lazy and doing so. Form your own opinions; use your own judgment; develop your own abilities.

A BIT OF INDIAN ROMANCE—IN THE LIFE OF REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

'A vital influence in Senator Curtis' life was exercised by Julie Pappen, his grandmother, the daughter of White Plume, chief of the Kaws, who ranged the plains when the buffalo herds were plentiful. His mother died when he was a baby and he was taken in charge by the wrinkled old Indian grandmother. Later he was sent to his white kin in Topeka to be educated, but, tiring of the narrow streets and limitations of the city he went back, true to form, to the reservation.

"On a night when the Indians, on the march, had pitched camp and had assembled around the campfire, Julie Pappen crawled over to him and in whispered tones advised him to return to his white relatives and become one of them, because the red men had not the opportunities to offer him. She led up his pony and placed him in the saddle; and during the night Charles Curtis rode away. That was the turning point.

"The Indians remembered Senator Curtis best for a feat he performed when he was eight years old. In June, 1868, while he was attending an Indian mission managed by the Quakers, the Cheyennes attacked the Kaws. While the battle was raging, he slipped through the lines of the Cheyennes and with buffalo meat in his pocket for food, walked alone fifty-seven miles to Topeka to summon aid."

OPTIMISTIC CLUBS

Excerpts from President Hall's address at the Optimist International Convention at Asheville

President Hall also suggested that the president of the Hi-Y council, and the president of other organizations composed of boys, be invited at least once a month as the guests of Optimist clubs. He also urged the "Optimist Uncle" idea which he said had caught the fancy of many and had resulted in the lives of both man and boy being uplifted and changed as the man let his soul go out to the boy who needed a friend. Speaking of the boys' work he said:

"Upon these lines we have built our program for the boy where ever he may be. This portion of the work we are doing with a heart and a will. This work should never cease so long as there is a neglected boy; so long as some boy feels the longing for a vanished hand; so long as men may plant ideals and aspirations in the heart of the coming man.

Other Phases

"But there is another phase of work among a certain class of boys which we have hardly touched. These fellows come from the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the great from every portion of the universe we know. Do you realize that at least 50 per cent of the delinquencies of youth and the crimes of manhood are directly traceable to a distorted, abnormal or subnormal mind and that 25 per cent more of these delinquencies and crimes may be directly attributed to some physical defect?

"Yet we, as a people, go on from year to year treating these unfortunates as if they were sane and sound. You would probably be astounded if I told you that 50 per cent of our delinquent boys are insane; that 25 per cent more are so unsound physically that they do not have the resistance to abstain from the acts which society recognizes as wrong. And yet some of the greatest authorities say that these figures fall far short of the truth.

"What is the world doing to correct these conditions which are well known to every man who has even casually surveyed the situation? A woman in a certain state, whose statutes I know well, was sent to the penitentiary just a short time ago for having merchandise charged to people whom she was impersonating. The woman was a hopeless mental case, far gone in disease and with no hope for restoration of her mental powers.

Cites Sad Case

"A boy of 20 last Mothers' Day was placing roses at the burial place of his mother who had just passed away. His tears were dropping upon her grave as the officers came and tore him away. He was a fugitive from justice, a violator of the laws of the land. And yet, I say to you that the boy, who will come home in the face of certain arrest, imprisonment and disgrace in order to decorate his mother's grave with flowers and to bathe it in his tears, is not altogether wrong.

"I make bold to assert that the ordinary criminal code and the usual method of handling delinquent boys and girls of the land evinces no more

intelligence and show no less savagery than the methods of the barbarians of ten thousand years ago. Just a few days ago I had a conversation with one of the most learned surgeons of a great city. We were talking about a certain case which had come under our observation. The doctor said: 'He is a born criminal.' I said to him. 'Then he is not responsible for the wrong he has done.' He said: 'I do not believe he is, but why wasn't something done for him years ago to relieve him of the mental and physical burdens which he has bourne from year to year.' I could only reply that civilization had not yet progressed that far.

"Will Optimism give its consent to the continuance of this condition or shall we have the faith and the courage to assail the castle walls of the greatest tragedy of modern times? My judgment is that the time has come when we shall become the leaders of a crusade, not only in environment and emotional influences, but we should show the way toward a diagnosis of the mental and physical conditions of the boys with whom we are dealing, so that each man, whether Optimist or not, who takes a boy under his wing, may know the history and the physical and mental prognosis of the boy to whom he is attaching himself.

"You ask me how this may be done. We could evolve a program with so many physical, physological and pyschiatrical hypothese that we should never reach a solution as to any subject coming to our attention. Let us not be led into this blind alley. But we may be the leaders in our communities in making proper surveys of the boy life of that particular zone; may we not depend upon our resident physicians to diagnose the cases that come to us from various sources, and prescribe the treatment which each patient needs. May we not depend upon the psychiatrists and physicians through the land to tell us of the inherent weaknesses of these objects of our ministrations?

A glad hand and a broad smile will possibly cheer; but it will not cure the behavioristic instincts and impulses of the adolescent boy or the mature young man, who is suffering from ulcerated teeth, hereditary disposition, a psychopathic or mental twist or some other form of inferiority complex."

TO MAKE A LIFE, NOT A LIVING

Every ambitious, self-respecting individual wants to make a living. That he should do, and as much more as his services to society justify But in this money-mad age we do well to remind ourselves that after all the real purpose of our existence is not to make a living, but to make a life—a worthy, well rounded and useful life. In the long run, therefore, anything that defeats that purpose is not worth the cost.

—John D. Rockefeller.

OUR NATIONAL HYMN

By H. H. Smith

While "The Star-Spangled Banner" is prescribed by army and navy regulations as our national anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is our popular national hymn. Samuel Francis Smith, who was a classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes at Harvard, is the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." In a class poem, Dr. Holmes once described him thus:

"And there's a fine youngster of excellent pith.
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, 'my country, of thee.' "

When Smith's hymn had become universally admired as our patriotic air, Dr. Holmes said to him: "Your name and fame will live when I and my works are forgotten."

It was while he was a student for the Baptist ministry, at Andover Theological Seminary, that he wrote "America." It was written in less than a half hour. Dr. Tillett, in "The Methodist Hymnal Annotated," says; "The author had not the remotest idea that the words he dashed off thus hurriedly would ever become a favorite with any lovers of music and song, much less the national hymn of a great and growing nation. National hymns do not become such by virtue of their loftiness of poetic thought and expression, but they have in them that indefinable, simple something that gets into the hearts of the people. Greater national songs than this have been written—hymns surpassing it in dignity and nobility of thought—but it is doubtful if we shall ever have in America a national hymn more popular with the people."

When some one expressed regret in the presence of Dr. Smith that our national hymn should have the same meter and tune as the national hymn of England, he replied: "I don't share this regret. On the contrary I deem it a new and beautiful bond between the mother country and her daughter."

It was written in 1832, and was first sung that year at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Park Street church, Boston.

The follow verses, published in the Boston Courier in 1885, indicate the wide use our public schools have made of this national song:

PASSING THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

"Again each morning as we pass
The city streets along,
We hear the voices of the class
Ring out the nation's song.

The small boys' treble piping clear,
The bigger boys' low growl,
And from my boy who has no ear
A weird, discordant howl.

With swelling hearts we hear them sing,
'My country, 'tis of thee—'
From childish throats the anthem ring,
'Sweet land of liberty!'

Their little hearts aglow with pride,
Each exultant tongue
Proclaims: 'From every mountain side
Let Freedom's song be sung.'

Let him who'd criticise the time,
Or scout the harmony,
Betake him to some other clime—
No patriot is he!

From scenes like these our grandeur springs,
And we shall e'er be strong,
While o'er the land the schoolhouse rings
Each day with Freedom's song.

Dr. Ninde, author of "The Story of the American Hymn," quotes Dr. Smith as saying late in life: "I have heard 'America' sung half way round the world. I have heard it on the Atlantic Ocean, on the Baltic Sea, and on the Mediterranean; in London, Liverpool, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Paris, Rome, Naples, in the baths at Pompeii, in Athens, Calcutta and Rangoon. On the earth I have heard it on Pike's Peak, and under the earth in the caverns at Manitou, Colorado, where it was played on the stalactites."

INDEPENDENCE DAY—AND MORE

It is only a young—at least a comparatively young—nation that can enjoy the youthful pleasure of celebrating its birthdays. The venerable nations of Europe have no record of a particular day on which they came to birth. Like Topsy, they "just grew." The only days they can celebrate are the days when they were "unified," or when some event took place that marked the transition from one kind of social or political organization to another.

But the United States of America has a perefectly definite birthday. It is the Fourth of July, the day when the colonies of the British crown declared that they were no longer provinces of an empire, but a nation. That birthday Americans have celebrated ever since, with all the noise and gayety and proud realization of a constantly strengthening and expanding self-consciousness that young people as well as young nations always associate with the yearly return of their natal day. As our coundants—become less and less enthusiastic over the Fourth of July, as try, now grown mature, becomes in turn aged, shall we—or our descenaging persons come to regard their birthdays as nuisances rather than as occasions for merrymaking?

We do not think so. The Fourth of July means more to Americans than the anniversary of the day on which our country asserted its indedependence. On that day something else besides a new nation came into the world. Political liberty for the common man, the principle that government rests for its support on the consent of the people and not on the will of an armed or privileged class, a wider opportunity in life for every citizen, however humble, the assertion in short of the dignity and value of man, quite apart from any of the distinctions of rank and power—that is what the Declaration of Independence is about. So long as our nation believes in those things and maintains them it will continue to celebrate the Fourth of July with enthusiasm; and all the other people of the earth may well celebrate it with us.—Youth's Companion.

A PACKAGE BY MAIL

By Allen Tower

"A swell Fourth o' July we'll have!" Alex kicked his heels deeper into the sand and gazed along the sunny, deserted beach. "Might as well be on a desert island and be done with it!"

"Yep," his brother nodded. "And after me ordering all those big crackers and fireworks, too! Mr. Judd's goin' to bring 'em over from town when he comes with the mail. And now, what'll I do with 'em, I'd like to know. Wasted! That's what they'll be—just wasted!"

"Well, I don't see how a few perfectly innocent firecrackers down here on the beach—" Alex burst out impatiently.

Sanford shook his head. "Nope, mother said it wouldn't go. 'She' just can't stand the noise. Reminds her of bombs—and Black Hands—and anarchists and things. Anarchists are her hobby, mother says."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, she thinks they're going to ruin the country. Ever since the explosion in New York when Mr. Snell's office windows were broken, she can't get 'em out of her mind. She's president of some kind of a league or other to—squash 'em."

But Alex wasn't especially interested in Mrs. Snell's peculiarities as they affected his own enjoyment.

Mrs. Snell was a neighbor at home and an old family friend, with a friend's privilege of dropping in for an unexpected visit. That she had chosen the third of July for such a descent was little less than tragic, especially as she announced that she had come for a quiet "rest" and to get away from the noise in town. Her nerves, she stated, were all unstrung!

The morning of the Fourth dawned bright and cool. Not a sound but the gentle lapping of waves and the calls of the birds broke the stillness.

"What a Fourth of July!" thought Alex as he climbed out of bed and threw a pillow at his still sleeping brother. Pillows at least didn't make any noise and it relieved his feelings.

That he should live to see a Fourth like this! Back in town, he knew, the bells in the steeples were clanging merrily, while from the curbs and hitching blocks along the streets would be resounding the inspiring "Bang! Bang! Bang!" of early celebrations. Later there would be a gathering in the square and along Main Street for the parade, and then in the evening—

But here Alex stopped—what was the use of thinking about it anyway!

The morning hours dragged slowly by. None of the pursuits which usually occupied the boys at the shore seemed fitting for the day. Fishing was tame on the Fourth of July, and as for swimming or berrying, why they were simply out of the question, not suitable at all!

About ten the arrival of the postman created a brief diversion. Besides the letters and papers, there was a package for Sanford, which he knew contained the fireworks ordered before the news of Mrs. Snell's visit had arrived.

There was also another smaller

package, which was addressed to Captain Carstairs. Captain Carstairs was the boys' cousin and a half promise that he would come down on the afternoon of the Fourth if he could manage it, was the only ray of light which the day seemed to hold.

"How heavy it is!" Mrs. Tennent exclaimed as she took the package from Sanford and dropped it into a low chair which stood by the front door.

Just then Mrs. Snell appeared in the doorway. Her eyes were on the package and on her face was a strange expression.

"What is that?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, a package for Louis. I think he must be coming down."

Mrs. Snell apprached the chair and slowly put on her spectacles, still with that strange expression on her face.

The boys watched her in fascination as she bent over to read the address and then gingerly—very gingerly—lifted the package by the string an inch from the chair; but only to replace it immediately and with as much care is if were made of the most delicate glass.

"Heavy isn't it?" remarked Mrs. Tennent without in the least suspect ing what was coming.

"Of course it's heavy!" re plied her guest mysteriously—"they're always heavy!"

"What are?" inquired Mrs. Tennent in surprise. "I can't imagine what's in it"

Mrs. Snell walked in solemn silence to the farthest end of the porch and sat down in a large rocker. Then she turned upon the boys and their mother her glittering spectacled gaze.

"Captain Carstairs is in the government service, isn't he?" she now inquired in a tone charged with ominous meaning.

"Yes, he's doing some sort of secret-service work," replied her hostess.

"Ah-h! I thought so!" replied Mrs. Snell. "A dangerous position!"

"Oh, I don't think so particularly," began Mrs. Tennent, but only to be interrupted by her guest.

"He must not open that package!" se stated with emphasis. "No one must go near it—no one at all!"

"Why, what do you mean, dear Mrs. Snell?"

"It's a bomb! That's what I mean. I knew as soon as I set my eyes on it! It's just like that case in Pittsburgh on last Fourth of July—"

"A bomb!" exclaimed Mrs. Tennent. "Why, whoever would send a bomb to Louis!"

"There are plenty who would and do send them. They're making them all the time and plotting against the lives of our public men!"

"Oh, but Louis—he isn't prominent enough. He hasn't done anything—"

"My dear Elizabeth," again broke in Mrs. Snell, "you know nothing about it, nothing at all. I have kept myself informed of the activities of these enemies within our gates, and I tell you, they will stop at nothing! I shouldn't be surprised if this were only one of several deadly missives timed to be delivered on our national holiday!"

"It hardly seems possible!" Mrs. Tennent murmured, glancing again at the package. It certainly did not look like a deadly missive.

"Say," whispered Alex, turning to his brother, "but I'd like to give it a shake once!"

But Sanford had dropped over the porch railing and was sauntering toward the back of the house. Behind the garage Alex presently found him opening the package which had come from town and disconsolately counting giant firecrackers and Roman candles.

"Say," began Alex, "what do you think about the bomb talk of Mrs. Snell's?"

"Rot!" replied his brother. "I told you bombs were her middle name! She's got so she thinks every other person she meets is a Red or a Black Hander."

At that moment Guelph, the Irish terrier, appeared bearing in his mouth an old tennis shoe, which he placed at Sanford's feet. The greater portion of Guelph's waking moments, when not engaged with eating or chasing rabbits, was occupied in bringing something to somebody. It was his idea of a dog's business in life. Any odd object which he found lying about, a little out of place as he judged, was likely to be pounced upon and carried straightway to the nearest person in sight.

So when a couple of hours later, Guelph found a carelessly rolled bundle of paper things behind the garage, apparently forgotten by his young master, it was only natural that he should seize upon it and trot off.

But the boys had disappeared, the back door was shut and no one was about. The package was also a trifle heavy and he didn't care for the smell of it. It reminded him vaguely of something unpleasant in the dim past. So he decided to bury it for the present in a pile of leaves which he found near the side of the house.

Rufus, the colored man who did odd jobs about the cottages, had just finished raking up the yard and flower beds and had gone into the kitchen for a match. There he had been tempted by Maria into taking a cup of coffee, which he was at that moment drinking at the kitchen table.

But all this was neither here nor there to Guelph, who, glad to have disposed of the bundle so neatly, now strolled to the front of the house.

Here to his surprise he discovered the family assembled and another strange object on a chair by the door. He sniffed it inquiringly—no, it had no unpleasant smell. He would take it to the boys.

He grasped the knotted part of the string in his strong teeth and lifted it up. Just then Sanford glanced up. He nudged Alex and silently pointed to the dog. Then he quietly snapped his fingers.

Guelph trotted toward him with the package.

"Hi, there!" Sanford whispered, "Take it to Mrs. Snell—over there —see!" he pointed.

Guelph understood—it belonged to the stranger.

Mrs Snell was rocking and knitting emphatically, while she related to her hostess some significant facts which she had lately gleaned from a report of the anti-Bolsheviki society.

"My dear," she was saying, "they have agents everywhere. You can never tell whether the girl in your kitchen or the milkman or—"

At that moment Mrs. Snell glanced up and saw Guelph trotting toward her, the package in his mouth!

At precisely the same moment Rufus, having finished his coffee, took

a box of matches from the kitchen shelf and went out the back door. It did not take him long to apply the match which started his bonfire.

Neither did it take Mrs. Snell long, as Guelph came on, to drop her knitting, to gather her skirts about her and to climb screaming to the veranda railing.

"Go 'way—go 'way—go 'way! Call that dog off!' she cried, as she clung to the post and measured with a hasty glance the distance to the ground.

Guelph stopped in front of her. How could he ever deliver the package to the lady if she would not come down?

"Go 'way—go 'way!" shouted Mrs. Snell.

Guelph was hurt. With a thud he dropped the heavy thing and turned sadly away.

At the same instant the air was rent with a terrific explosion, followed by another and another. "Bang—bang—bang—bang!"

Forked lightning darted from the side of the house—shot across the porch.

"Bang — whiz — pop—pop—z-i-p—z-i-p!" A lurid red light played about the face of Mrs. Snell as, stumbling from her perch, she ran cowering to the farther corner of the veranda. A sky rocket hit the ceiling and dropped in a shower of sparks over her head. A Roman candle played coyly about the railing. A "sparkler" rained from the syringa bush.

With the explosion there was now mingled also a sort of suffocated jabbering sound, which explained itself as Rufus came stumbling up the steps, his eyes rolling and his fingers in his ears.

"What is going on, Rufus?" cried Mrs. Tennent. "Are you hurt?"

Rufus sank weakly onto the top step. "Oh, lawsy me!" he mumbled with twitching lips. Lightnin' bolt done com up outa de groun' an' hit me in de leg!" He leaned over and began rubbing the injured member, still muttering to himself.

"Bang—pop—z-i-p—"

"That shuly is the mos' remarkable bonfire I ever made!" Rufus continued.

As the detonations became finally less frequent and the smoke began to clear away, Mrs. Tennent helped her guest to bed and went in search of smelling salts. From beneath the porch Guelph crept shivering and with drooping tail, joined his masters as they surveyed the scattered wreckage on the lawn.

"Wasn't it grand!" sighed Alex happily.

Four o'clock brought Captain Carstairs. Mrs. Snell, slightly recovered, was persuaded to come downstairs for a cup of tea.

The "bomb" still lay intact at the end of the porch where Guelph had dropped it.

"Do be on the safe side!" begged Mrs. Snell. "Get it thoroughly wet first—"

"But," protested the captain, "that might spoil what's in it."

"Better that then to be blown to fragments!"

Guelph was listening to the conversation.

"Guelph," said Captian Carstairs, "go bring the bomb to me."

Guelph's ears went up and he eyed the package indicated. He remembered it, and he also remembered what had happened when he had dropped it. He didn't think he'd

try it again!

"What? You won't bring it?"

Guelph apologized profusely for his failure--tried to explain. Alex brought the package.

Captain Carstairs looked it over thoughtfully, lifted it, shook it, scowled at the handwriting. Then he began to chuckle. He took out his knife and started to cut the string. Mrs. Snell laid down her tea cup and retired to the doorway.

Captain carstairs was still chuckling as he removed the outer wrapping. The boys pressed forward eagerly.

A large white box was revealed, with a little card on top.

"It's from, Mabel," remarked the captain. "I'd clean forgotten that tomorrow is my birthday!"

"Walnut fudge," he went on removing the cover. "Good work! No wonder it was heavy. What you say about that, Alex! Have some, Mrs. Snell?"

* * * * *

Later, on the beach, they talked it over—Captain Carstairs and the two boys; and the captain chuckled again as the boys told about Rufus' bonfire.

Then he looked out over the quiet evening water.

"But, say, do you know," he said, "this is the kind of Fourth of July night that suits me."

Sanford looked thuoghtful. "But wouldn't you celebrate it at all, Cousin Louis?" he asked.

"Of course, but there are lots of ways to celebrate besides whooping."

'I know—parades and exercise and pageants."

"Yes," replied the captain. "And if we happen, once in a while, to be away from all that as we are tonight, we can just—why, just be thankful in our hearts, you know, that we are a free people."

BOOST

"Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth.
Pray a little, play a little, be a little glad;
Rest a little, jest a little, if the heart is sad.
Spend a little, send a little to another's door;
Give a little, live a little, love a little more."

—Exchange

ROBIN

By Etta Webb, in Young Folks

Shirley Prescott thoughtfully plucked a burr from Robin's long, graying mane. He looked neglected, poor old dear. His coat was dingy and he had a loose shoe. Besides, he seemed a bit thin. His pasture wasn't of the best. But then a horse that no longer worked could not be expected to be fed like Zip and Pep, the active young team. Shirley rather resented Zip and Pep, they tended to make Robin appear even more unnecessary than he was.

In asking about Robin just that morning at breakfast Shirley had been told by her father that he couldn't afford to keep Robin any longer. Zip and Pep did all the ploughing and cultivating; later they would draw the mowing machine and tedder, and haul the towering loads of hay into the cavernous barn. Such splendid strength was theirs that they seldom turned a hair at their labor. Indeed, after a long day in the field they often danced homeward, still full of energy. They were handsome too, with their glossy black hides groomed to perfection by Jake, the hired man, who loved to adorn them with bits of red flannel and white rings strung into their harness. Jake had a poor opinion of "the old hoss turned out to pasture." But Robin innocent of what was going on in his life, would thrust his head over the fence and whinny wistfully after the two beauties that had taken his place. Shirley suspected that he was lonely among the stone and cockles of the back pasture, picking his living, drinking at the little brook and sleeping under a thornapple, his only shelter from the rain. It was not that her father meant to be unkind. Her father was never unkind, but many cares had simply crowded thought of Robin out of his mind.

Shirley thought it was well that she had come home and could now take Robin's part. Her eyes misted as her slim fingers threaded his foretop. He loved to be petted. He loved the lump of sugar she had just given him and snuffed at her pocket for more.

It was early morning, the beginning of a glorious day. Everything, Shirley believed, should be young and healthy and happy on such a morning. She pitied Robin as she sat on the stone wall, the sun lighting her wavy brown hair, bringing out the blue of her eyes, caressing her warmly-tinted cheeks and making her old red sweater glow like a ripe sumach leaf. She had arrived home from school just the evening before. As usual she found everything full of greeting. Beloved old associations and home-memories crowded fast after the pause created by her absence. Every tree, every rock, Mother's pansy-bed, the wrens that came back year after year to the wren-boxes under the back porch held special meaning to Shirley, but nothing of them all so stirred her heart as Robin. Particularly after what her father had said at breakfast—that he was going to sell Robin to Mr. Closs. Mr. Closs had offered such a good price that father felt it would be jolly to refuse. Shirley had never seen Mr. Closs, he was a new-comer in that locality, but she supposed

he was a kind man. None but a kind man would offer a hundred dollars for a horse that was past his work. Maybe, Shirley thought, Mr. Closs was just a bit sorry for Robin.

"Hold up your head, Robin, old boy!" she cried, encouragingly. "Don't look so droopy and down-and out. I'm going to take you over to the barn and give you a good grooming. Come along!"

Shirley jumped off the wall and opened the pasture bars. Robin followed like a dog at heel. At the barn she got the brushes and currycombs that belonged to Zip and Pep and began on Robin's tough coat. She scrubbed and polished and polished and combed while the old horse stood patiently, enjoying the whole process.

"You've still got a lovely coat, Robin," said Shirley. "I am making you shine like a chestnut just out of the burr. Now then, don't you feel better? Haven't you got your self-respect back? I only wish you could see yourself in the glass. Mother!"

Mrs. Prescott left her cooky baking to come at her daughter's call.

"Why, you've been cleaning up old Robin!" she exclaimed. "How nice he looks! Do you know Shirley, I hate to have him go to Closs. I don't know why I feel that way when your father can't afford to keep Robin any longer. Three horses are too much. And we never drive a horse on the road now that we've got the new car."

Shirley lifted Robin's feet, one after the other, and studied their condition.

"That loose shoe makes him limp," she said. "I'm going to take him to the blacksmith."

She got her old saddle and bridle off the peg, dusted them and placed them upon Robin. Then she ran into the house and changed swiftly to her riding suit. Ten minutes later she clattered down the lane toward the highway, waving a gay farewell to her smiling mother.

Mr. Corbin, the gray-haired, genial blacksmith, fitted four bright new shoes upon Robin's hoofs. Shirley paid him out of her own humble allowance.

"Fine old animal!" Mr. Corbin said, giving Robin a friendly pat. "Say Miss Shirley! I don't want to meddle with what ain't none of my business, but I hate to see Closs get hold of him."

"Why?" asked Shirley. She looked straight into the blacksmith's honest eyes.

"Now, understand, I've naught against the man," said Mr. Corbin. "He brings his horses here for me to shoe, same as your father does. He's always pleasant and pays on the dot. But his horses don't look right. A spell back he lost one—on the mountain, where he's drawing four-foot wood. The brake slipped or something and the load came right down on the horse's back. When your father was here the other day he told me Closs had made an offer for Robin. I hadn't heard this story about Closs then. I've shod Robin a good many years, you know that. And you sorta get to like a horse that's always behaved in the blacksmith shop the way he has."

"Well—" Shirley drew a deep breath. "Closs hasn't got Robin yet." She smiled brightly. But her heart was heavy as she rode away into the sunshine, while the old

blacksmith gazed after her.

Shirley's father was a man of his word. There was a saying in the Prescott family: "We hew to the line no matter where the chips fall." That saying had become an unwritten law. If Mr. Prescott made a promise he kept it. Shirley knew that if he had told Closs he might have Robin whenever he came after him he would not change. Up to this moment she had admired this iron-clad honor in her father, but now it made her tremble.

As Shirley approached her home she saw in the yard a sorrel horse hitched to a new wagon. Beside the wagon stood her father talking to a man she had never seen before. That man she knew was Closs. He had come for Robin.

The two men looked in astonishment as Shirley rode straight up to them. Shining like a ripe chestnut his head high, sprays of yellow flowers in his bridle and that glowing youthful figure on his back, Robin was truly handsome. Beside him, Closs' sorrel made a dreary contrast. "The poor thing's ribs look like a washboard," Shirley thought with a pang.

"Been getting him shod, eh?" Mr. Prescott said, eyeing Robin's feet. "Did you pay Corbin?"

"Yes, sir, answered Shirley. She did not move from the saddle.

"We've waited quite a spell for you," said her father. "Closs has come for the horse. Did you bring a halter, Closs?"

Closs got the halter from his wagon. Shirley looked at him with deepening anguish. Now that she saw him she realized that the story Mr. Corbin had just told her was true. Closs was a big man, at present red with the excitement of his excellent bargain. Very well. Her father was a big man, too, and his face was redder than usual. But it was Closs' eyes that struck terror to the girl's soul. There was something in them that she felt must make all weak and helpless things shrink.)

Her father made a gesture for her to alight and she did so. Her hands trembled as she began to unbuckle a strap. Strangely enough her father did not help her. He merely stood looking at Robin. Closs came up with a rope-halter.

"Lots of wear in the old fellow, yet," he chuckled. "I've got plenty for him to do, I tell you."

"Mr. Closs!" Shirley spoke clearly. "Are you going to put Robin on the mountain, hauling four-foot wood where you had a horse killed the other day?"

Closs looked at the girl. And Mr. Prescott looked at Closs.

"So that story's got out around!" he sneered. "It's a lie!"

"Where did you hear this, Shirley?" asked her father.

"At the blacksmith shop, Father," Shirley's tone was wild with appeal. "You won't let this man have Robin, will you?"

There was a pause.

"You can't have him, Closs?" said Mr. Prescott quietly.

"What do you mean?" cried Closs. And his eyes were green with baffled rage. "Are you going back on your word? You're a pretty church member!"

"Think what you will of me," said Mr. Prescott, still quietly, "I haven't got your money. And you can't have my horse. Shirley, put Robin back in his pasture."

Shirley led the horse away. She didn't even wait to see what happened next. But a few moments later, from her sunny seat on the stone wall, she saw Closs driving down the road, lashing the thin sorrel into a gallop.

In the days that followed Shirley and Robin were much together. She kept him beautifully groomed, she fed him well. He grew light-hearted and nimble-footed. The limp old horse, drooping in the pasture, was only a caricature of this happy, healthy Robin. Shirley rode him everywhere. Hitched to a light wagon he took the girl and her mother on shopping trips to town, and round the neighborhod on friendly visits.

FAMOUS GARDENS

By L. D. Stearns, in Onward

Far back, in ancient times, the old Egyptians put immense labor and care into the drawing of pictures on tombs representing trees, vineyards and even entire gardens of flowers, the love of growing things apparently having been implanted in humanity from even the remotest periods. The earliest gardens of which we have any account—the Gardens of Solomon—are described as being of quadrangular shape; inclosed by high walls and containing aviaries, wells and streams of water.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon are among the seven wonder of the world. These famous gardens are said to have been built by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, to please his queen, Amytis, who pined for her native wooded hills, in the land Medea and they were later on added to and improved by King Cyrus, and also by his son, another Cyrus. They consisted at first of a terraced, artifical hill at the top of arcades, built from stone, in the center of a lake, and were covered with trees and palisades, over which grew many beautiful plants and vines, among which were jasmine, orange trees and pomgranates, being later on furnished with groves in which were placed fountains, seats and even banqueting rooms. One of these—the Grove of Orontes—was said to be nine miles in circumference, of a most picturesque style and exceedingly beautiful.

These groves, or parks, abounded not only in a profusion of bloom and foliage, but in skillfully arranged masses of light and shade and far-extended views.

The gardens of Persia have long been world-renowned, particularly its rose gardens, Sir John Chardin, as early as 1660, declaring them the most wonderful gardens in the world.

The early French and Dutch style of gardening seems to have been adopted from a description of Pliny's garden, regarding which Loudon writes, "The terraces adjoining the house, the lawn declining from thence the little flower garden with the fountain in the centre, the walks bordered with box and the trees sheared into whimscial artifical forms—together with the fountains, alcoves and summer houses, form a resemblance too striking to bear dispute."

Italy, also, has been famous since

the very earliest times for her beautiful gardens, which were oramented with temples, altars, tombs, statues, and towers, the chief characteristic being shade, coolness, fragrance and repose. Remains of extremely beautiful gardens, in a good state of preservation, were discovered among the ruins of Pompeii, destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. '79, many of them containing elaborate marble basins and oraments, as well as flowers.

Glass conservatories were constructed in very early days by the Greeks and Romans. The "Gardens of Adonis" were said to be of this kind, and contained many rare trees from India and China, toegther with shrubs and flowering plants. Cucumbers were also grown there all the year round. The hot water method of forcing vegetable growth was used at this time. Flowers were in great demand at entertainments of the wealthy. They were scattered before the triumphal cars of conquerors, as well as used to symbolize many of the deities.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

(Swannanoa Valley Methodist)

The secret of success is not a secret. Nor is it something hard to secure. To become successful, become more efficient. Do the little things better. So work that you will require less supervision. The less supervision is needed by the person who makes the fewest mistakes.

Do what you can do and what you should do for the institution for which you are working, and do it in the right way, and the size of your income will take care of itself.

Let your aim ever be to better the work you are doing without bettering yourself.

The thoughts that you think, the words that you speak, and the deeds you perform are making you either better or worse. Realize with Henley that you are the master of your fate and the captain of your soul. You can be what you will be.

Forget yourself in rendering service to others. If an employee, strive to make yourself of greater value to your employer. Look upon yourself as being in business for yourself. Regard yourself as a maker and seller of service, and ever bend your thought and your energies toward the improvement of your product.

The wise manufacturer never injures his machinery willfully. Your body, your mind, your soul serve as your plant. Eat and drink only that which will nourish your body, entertain only those thoughts that will enrich your mind, and if you feed your body with the best physical food and your mind with the best mental food you will build up a Service Factory that will find its product in constant demand.

The world is hungry for Quality Service. It wants to pay for it. It is paying for all it can get. The market is not crowded. There is a chance for you right now. There is a chance for you right where you are. The time to start is Now. Your reward will take care of itself.

THE STUDENTS' RECITAL

By Leonora Sill Ashton, in Young Folks

The day of Miss Wharton's studio recital was drawing near, and eight young people were practicing assiduously hour after hour, in preparation for this semi-annual event.

The November concert by the pupils had been a marked success, and now with the faithful work of the winter behind them, their teacher felt an honest pride in presenting their work to a second audience. She had chosen the last week in May as the date for the concert. That would be well before the June graduations, and yet it would coincide with the ending of the school year.

These recitals were always happy events. The studio lent a very harmonious background to any such performance. The big room, without rugs or draperies to muffle the fine graduations of sound, and bare except for the grand piano, standing at one end, and a bust of Beethoven looking down from the mantleplace, gave an atmosphere of fine, concentrated effort on the part of pupils and teacher alike.

The final number on the program at these recitals was given as a signal mark of honor to the one who had achieved the best results in playing during the winter. This spring even Miss Wharton herself was puzzled in her secret mind as to which of two of her scholars, James Andrews and Harriet Winter, she should award the prize number.

The two were about the same age, about sixteen or seventeen years old and their faithful, intelligent, and really creative work had been one of the high lights of Miss Wharton's teaching career.

"It is very hard for me to decide upon that final number," the latter had said to the class when they met one day to talk over the closing senior recital.

"Why not have a duet?" suggested little Mary Simpson.

The others gave a gasp of disappointment.

"Then no one would know exactly how well either one of them, James or Harriet, played!" declared Amy Winthrop.

"You are perfectly right," said Miss Wharton. "I can't have the playing of these two good performers overshadowed by each other. Well we will go on with the rehearsal, and I shall have to let that work itself out, as time goes on."

James and Harriet said nothing. Even their teacher, who studied her pupils so carefully, did not realize how the desire for that post of honor on the program, that final performance, which always ended in a long burst of applause from the listeners, and was the one number to be allowed an encore, burned in the hearts of these two young people.

In the rehearsal she called for their two numbers in the centre of the program—a fantasy of Chopin, and a rhapsody of Liszt. The technique the interpretation, the entire performance of both was a result of musical education of which any teacher might be proud, indeed.

The other members of the class listened, with intense interest and satisfaction. Harriet and James had come to Miss Wharton as advanced

pupils at the start, and they had so far outstripped the others that there was no occasion or room for envy among them.

Miss Wharton thought carefully as the rehearsal reached its close, and then she gave the decision which she had made in her own mind.

"I confess that my pupils have given me a problem that I cannot solve," she said quite frankly. "Harriet and James stand as equals in the points of playing which I count as requisites for that prize position. I do not wish to draw lots, in fairness to myself, so I am going to leave it to the two to decide between themselves who shall have the final number."

This was a strange thing for a teacher to do. Almost anyone else in the case of a "tie" would have solved the matter differently, but Miss Wharton had a way all her own, and it was asserting itself now.

Six of the pupils gathered up their music, put on their hats and went home. Harriet and James loitered behind. How they both wished that Miss Wharton would reconsider her words, and take the responsibliity of deciding the choice between them herself. But she did not.

"This is the only way I can settle it in my own mind," said she. "So think it over well, and let me know the result in good time to have the program printed."

Harriet and James walked away together. They were good friends, and very naturally drawn to each other by their congenial musical tastes; but already a faint breath of restraint had risen between them.

"What shall we do?" asked James as they walked along. "Of course I know it would be the gentlemanly thing for me to step aside, but, but —it seems to me the rhapsody is more fitted to end the recital than anything else. What do you think?"

"Of course, I think it makes a glorious ending; but the fantasy is less heard. It's more unique in its way on a student's program."

More conversation along this line followed; and the two parted at the door of Harriet's home with the matter still unsettled.

Miss Wharton said nothing further about it to anyone; but in ample time for her to make all arrangements for the printing of the program, she received a note from James reading: "Please give Harriet the final number."

"That was fine of you James!" exclaimed the teacher warmly the next time she saw the young man. Then, with her time fully occupied with work and interest, she gave little further thought to the program.

In the meantime Harriet was far from happy.

"I know James just gave up his place to me because he is a boy, and felt it was the gentlemanly thing to do," she confided to her chum, Amy Winthrop.

"Well, I wouldn't worry about it," said the latter. "I think young men should do things like that. I believe in them; and if we don't encourage them to do such things, they soon stop. I've noticed that."

"That's the truth," said Harriet. "but it doesnt help me as far as the fact itself is concerned."

The poor girl, who was as true a young artist as ever lived, was torn two ways with the conflicting thoughts which came to her. She had worked for this hour, which now lay in her hands, all winter

long, with careful, thoughtful, anticipatory eyes upon her. Her mother, who was an accomplished musician herself, had unbounded ambition for her talented daughter, and her grandmother, who was giving the girl her musical education, was a very lovable, but at the same time, very erratic old lady, who desired tangible results for the spending of her money.

And then—then—there was James, with his invalid mother. They had very little money compared with Harriet's family. James was paying for his musical studies himself, going without many things that most young men of his acquaintance considered necessary to their happiness. Harriet knew, also, that as far as in her lay, his mother denied herself on every possible occasion for her son, to help and encourage the young man.

Why, why, had she not given him the honor in the first place, when Miss Wharton left it to them that afternoon? By holding back, and letting James make the decision and accepting it herself, she had raised this barrier, which now is seemed impossible to remove. There were many figures in this maze of thought which disturbed Harriet so deeply. Her mother, her grandmother, Miss Wharton, her own particular friends; but out and above them all stood one of the prized moments of his James, whom she had deprived of life.

The day of the concert arrived, and early in the evening, seven young people, excited but happy, gathered in the small room just outside the studio.

"Where is Harriet?" asked several, as they stood or sat, waiting for the first number of the program.

It was not until the recital was half over that the girl appeared, somewhat excited like the rest, and sat as quietly as she could, awaiting her turn at the end of the evening.

One after another the pupils received their rounds of applause from their admiring friends and relations. One after another they returned from the platform, proud and happy, and wearing a glad look of relief that the ordeal was over.

Finally, it was James' turn to go on the platform. He seated himself at the piano, and began the famous rhapsody. Light, flexible, strong fingers, made so by faithful, perserving practice, had freed him from the difficulties of the technique of the composition, and the Gypsy music sang and danced beneath his fingers ending with a surging rush of harmonies at the end. The audience applauded wildly. The performance was really remarkable.

"Encore!" someone cried, but James, knowing the rules, disappeared behind the curtain. The applause continued nevertheless, and Miss Wharton, feeling the absolute sincerity of the appreciation of the fine work and remembering the sacrifice the boy had made, came forward to the front of the room.

"It has never been the custom to allow an encore at these recitals to any but the last number on the program; but I think you will agree with me that this is the exception that proves the rule," and she beckoned to James, who came out from behind the curtain, and, taking his place at the piano again, played a Chopin waltz.

Then it was Harriet's turn. She placed her hands on the keys, and began to play—correctly, skillfully.

But what was the matter? Miss Wharton wondered. Could it possibly be the vicious sprite of jealously for all the applause James had received, was going to ruin the fine work which was to be the climax, of this occasion? She listened carefully. Every varying phase of the great fantasy was clearly marked and defined, and showed the result of thorough, scholarly, work and musical understanding. But where was the imagination and the poetry which Harriet always put into her playing, even when the technique was insecure? Was it fright? Was it nervousness? Miss Wharton could not tell.

The young girl finished, received her ovation gracefully, and then returned for the planned-for encore. Then the students' recital was over.

As Miss Wharton stood, shaking hands with the parents and friends of her pupils and receiving their congratulations, she was pleased, and at the same time surprised to see Mr. Marston, a man whom she knew very slightly, stop to talk earnestly to her.

"Miss Wharton," said he, "I came here uninvited this evening for a definite purpose. I had heard of your talented pupils, and as I am one of the directors of a fund for furthering musical education in this country, I came to see if there were not ground for seed here."

Miss Wharton's face was glowing "Well?" said she expectantly.

"And I found there was," said Mr. Marston, smiling. "Those last two young people, whose names appeared on the program, are unusual musicians, both of them, but the boy, the young fellow who played Liszt, is remarkable, to say the least. I have pleasure in offering him, through you, a course of music study with anyone of the virtuosi in New York, whom you and he may choose."

Miss Wharton actually gasped with pleasure.

"I will come in and see you later, after you have talked the matter over with the young man," said Mr. Marston, and he took his leave.

The next afternoon Miss Wharton went around to see James and his mother. She found them both radiantly happy over the events of the evening before; but the boy was almost speechless at the news his teacher brought.

"Could he manage it? Yes, yes, somehow he could," he and his mother both declared. They would lay plans during the summer for the great event of next winter. Yes, James would accept the offer!

The wonderful news, which spread rapidly, soon reached Harriet's home.

"Miss Wharton said Mr. Marston complimented your work highly, Harriet," said her mother. "But dear, I wish he could have heard you play the fantasy the night before the concert, here at home. That was a much finer performance than the one at the recital."

"O, mother, I know it! I guess, perhaps, I wasn't just in the mood to make real music at the recital. I—I hope you're not dreadfully disappointed, Mother."

"Oh, no. I was proud of my daughter's performance and your place on the program. I know one can't always play the same."

Harriet turned away with a glow in her eyes, which, somehow, she did not care to have even her mother see. She was not dissapointed, either.

HONOR ROLL

Room No. 1

—A—

Glenn Enloe, Donald Etchier Talmadge Frye, Bryon Ford, Johnnie Holmes, Bruce Moser, Horace McCall, Clyde Pearce, Benajah Sasser, George Stanley, Elwood Webb and Woodrow Bradley.

—B—

Ramsey Glasgow, Rhyne Lowder and Leonard Pearce.

Room No. 2

—A—

Albert Spangler, Asa Sizemore, Ralph Stepp, James Stinson, Ralph Walton, Walter Bates, Bernard Christian and E. Hedrick.

—B—

Dan Albarty, Everett Cavanaugh, Ralph Clinard, Robert Dean, Holmes Dees, Woodrow Farmer, Dalton Lanier, James Long, Robert McNeily, Durward Musselwhite, Marshall Weaver, Tom Grose, Cole Gosnell, Pearson Hunsucker, Robert Hayes, William Rose, William Smith and Simon Wade.

Room No. 3

—A—

John Hearne, Nalon Austin, Carl Ballard, Broncho Owens, Glendon Odom, Sylvian Palmer, Clyde Evans, Robie Gardner, Dan Wilson and Henry Burke.

—B—

Clarence Pruett, Morris Davis, Earl Moore, Colon Clapp, Isaac Bartley, Brunell Fink and Jeff Albarty.

Room No. 6

—A—

Leroy Allred, Leonard Powers, Cecil Vause, Clarence Warren, Lester Wall, Lester Whitaker, Clyde Kivett, Milton Manning, Albert Orr, DeWitt Duncan, Odell Loy, Walter Ricks, Egbert Wall and Reid Jackson.

—B—

Woodrow Griffith, Joffre Narron, Frank Harbert, Baker Smith, Lee McPherson, Claude Slate, Edward Bright, Arnold Cecil, Sims Sanford and Buck Winkler.

Room No. 7

—A—

Victor Evans, Clyde Shelton, Ernest Davis, Will Avery, Mack Cayton, Lester Yountz, Ray Jenkins, John Nixon, J. P. Williamson, Murray Baskins, Woodrow Johnson, Gus Riley, Dorsey Wilson, Herschel Crews, Allen Wrenn, Chester Pink, Franklin Roberts, John Williamson, James Correll, Marvin Cook, Glenn Page, Horace Felder, Will Squires, Ozell Willis, Gurney Moser, Ernest Correll, Leroy Daniel, Alfred Denton, Lee Bright, Blanco Williams, Ed Pennell, Leonard Clark, Ray Chambers, James Mason and James Hickey.

* The boys in rooms four and five have been out of school during the greater part of last month and no report is available.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Letter writing day came around last week and all were glad to write home.

Miss Wrenn, matron of the eighth cottage, has returned from her vacation.

Roscoe Pitts, a member of the ninth cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last week.

Clarence Winkler, a member of the tenth cottage, has gone to his home for a short visit on account of sickness in his family.

Mr. Presson has had his new boys working on the lawns during the past week. This improves the looks of the campus a good deal.

At last the barn boys are gathering Irish potatoes. They have been hauling them in for several days, and still are. The school basement is about covered now, the potatoes being spread there to dry.

Rev. Robert Arrowwood, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. His subject was "Parasites." He explained to the boys the meaning of a parasite, and his talk was enjoyed by all.

The cannery now looks more like a cannery than an old shed, as it did before Mr. Carriker and the shop boys fixed it up. They enlarged it, screened it all the way around and put up two new chimneys.

Last week during the Democratic Convention, everybody here went almost crazy to get to a radio and get the latest news. One of the school teachers had his radio in his school room, getting the returns.

Misses Mary and Helen Myers, of Spencer, visited friends at the school last Tuesday afternoon. The former will leave at an early date to take up her work as a medical missionary in Africa.

The Winecoff baseball team easily defeated the local boys last Saturday afternoon, by the score of 9 to 2. Lisk, though hit rather freely, would have fared much better had he been given good support, ten errors being committed by his team mates

---

A number of men have been working on the grandstand at the ball ground lately. It sure needs something done to it, because it looks as if it would fall down the way the boys rear and cut up when a ball game is being played on Saturday afternoons.

It seems, lately, that a good many boys here are ailing. Nearly every morning the office force have to spend about half the morning doctoring, fixing and bandaging up the "sick, lame and lazy." Some have boils, others poison oak, while others have minor injuries, such as little cuts, stone bruises, etc. A good thing we have some experienced "doctors" here.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 14, 1928. No. 25

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

It would just now be a priceless boon to a shell-shocked world, a moral triumph that would make the angels sing and the devils gnash their teeth, if all men would for a season forget their grievances and remember only their opportunities; if they would talk less of their rights and more of their duties; think less of what they can get out of the world and more of what they can put into it.—Governor Bickett.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

TRUE RELIGION

The Lusk, Wyoming, Herald, sums up the need of the hour in these words: "The religion that makes people respect other people's religion; the religion that makes people tell the truth and pay their debts; the religion that keeps people from gossiping about their neighbors; the religion that makes no difference between poverty and wealth; the religion that makes men honest and upright; the religion that is a part of the people's everyday life exemplified in kind deeds, charitable acts, cheering words, is the kind of religion the world needs today."

True religion is the greatest of all democracies, as it is also the aristocracy of service and of dignity of purpose and thought. It is inconceivable that one to whom religion is more than a word can make any distinction between his fellow men on account of their material condition. Christian charity certainly makes it a reprehensible practice to spread stories, true or false, that will affect the standing of another in the community, that will carry pain and humiliation to those who love the subject of the gossip, or that will prevent one who has erred from regaining his place and becoming useful and self-respecting again.

Certainly ordinary standards of honor, of honesty and decency that cause people to tell the truth and pay their debts are made the stronger by the teachings of religion.

FOURTH OF JULY AT THE SCHOOL

The fourth of July passed off quietly at the school. The boys all enjoyed a half holiday. The poultry yard furnished 150 frying size chickens and the bakery 506 pounds of cake and 300 loaves of bread toward making a fourth of July dinner. This makes the second time the poultry department has been called upon to furnish fried chicken for the boys' dinner.

The boys, as well as the preachers, have a special fondness for fried chicken. When this dish is served none are found passing up his part of the serving.

Two games of ball were arranged to be played in the afternoon. When the first game was almost completed the whole grandstand and players were thrown into confusion by the announcement of fire. The store of Mr. A. P. Furr, near Concord, and the homes of one or two of the players were burning. The second game was broken up as all the visitors went to the fire.

The joy of victory, 8 to 6, in the first game was lessened by the knowledge of the fact that the homes of some of the visiting players were burned while the game was in progress.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

BOARD MEETING

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees was held July 5th, 1928. Those present were: Messrs. L. T. Hartsell, Chairman; D. B. Coltrane, Treasurer; Paul C. Whitlock; J. E. Latham; Mesdames W. N. Reynolds; Cameron Morrison, I. W. Faison and Miss Easdale Shaw.

This being the end of the fiscal year, the Superintendent and the Treasurer made financial reports. It was shown that the school had lived well within its income.

The Board authorized the continuance of The Uplift and named Charles E. Boger editor, and Mrs. James P. Cook, associate editor.

A Committee was appointed to look into the matter of disposing of the ½ mile of electric line owned by the school to the White Hall Light and Power Company. This committee is composed of Messrs. L. T. Hartsell, C. A. Cannon and Paul C. Whitlock and are empowered to make such disposition as they deem best.

The Board fixed January 12th, 1929, as memorial day for the late Hon. J. P. Cook, who was chairman of Board of Directors from the date of establishment of Jackson Training School. This date being the anniversary of Mr. Cook's birth and the 20th anniversary of the opening of the school.

The Executive Committee is to secure the speakers and arrange the programme for the occasion.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

BUDGET'S VISIT

A committee from the Budget Bureau visited the school July 9th. The

committee was composed of Messrs. Zeb Turlington, of Mooresville; Walter Woodson, of Salisbury; H. E. Miller, of Raleigh and Arthur Dixon, of Gastonia.

The purpose of their comnig was to learn something of the general condition of the school, how its coal supply, food supplies and other important supplies were bought and the matter of loss or gain in its operations.

The committe expressed themselves as being pleased with the activities of the school.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE OLD YARBOROUGH

The Yarborough Hotel, one of the most historic hostelries of the state, that has been the home of politicians and statesmen, that has staged many social functions that brought together the beauty, grace and culture of North Carolina for over sixty years, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon of last week.

The building of new and modern hotels classed the Yarborough as a little antiquated, but the name "old Yarborough" carried with it distinction, because it had been the resting place, or home, for North Carolina's most conspicuous and distinguished citizens during sessions of legislature and state conventions. The burning of The Yarborough means the passing of one of Raleigh's most outstanding landmarks.

It has been said that more laws have been passed in the Yarborough Hotel than the Capitol building.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE REWARD FOR SERVICE

To be permitted to wear a badge for forty long years that gives one the power to enforce the laws of the community is a record to be proud of and an honor seldom conferred—this is the record of J. Lawson Boger, one time chief of police of Concord, and the recognition given him by making him recorder of No. 4 Township is a fitting climax to his long career of service.

The manner in which Judge J. L. Boger has worn the badge of a policeman is proof that man can add dignity to the calling. His badge was his insignia of authority, but the fearless manner in which he executed the laws was due to the power within, justice and courage, the attributes of real manhood.

We recall that when Chief Boger patrolled the streets of Concord there

was a feeling of security from the fact that his courage never failed him. Just one incident made an indelible impression upon the minds of many of Concord's citizens and that was when some lawless fellow made his escape. The town was concerned about the capture of this particular character. Henry Phifer, a well known colored citizen, as he passed the excited crowd remarked, "Oh, don't bother, 'old Tige' will catch him," giving every assurance that our Chief at that time was a fine detective.

The following from the Concord Tribune is a deserved tribute to one who has served long and faithfully:

> For more than two score years the name of J. Lawson Boger has been prominently associated with every phase of life in Cabarrus county. When he surrenders his silver badge of office it will be the first time in forty years that he has been without an emblem denoting active connection with law enforcement headquarters of this county.
>
> During the long and useful service period Mr. Boger rendered as a public official he was, for two terms, the mayor of the city of Concord. Both prior to and succeeding his mayoralty he served as chief of the local police force and was one of the most efficient and well-liked police heads in the history of the city.
>
> At one time in his busy career of law enforcement, Mr. Boger acted as United States Deputy Marshall and the same efficiency that characterized his services in other capacities was self evident in his work in this connection.
>
> His many friends and admirers in this section will receive with pleasure the announcement of Mr. Boger's appointment as judicial head of the No. 4 township recorder's court. Of an age at which many a less energetic man would retire, the rotund public servant is on the threshold of a career that should prove beneficial both to himself and to the county.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Who is responsible for the acts committed by an under-developed mentally defective, also a semi-paralytic boy from birth who was reared by an invalid mother and a father who contributed nothing to the welfare of the home but on the other hand indulged in acts of cruelty? Would we permit our children, or our friends assemble around an arsenal with a fuse connected, and an irresponsible person in charge?

Just such a character as described has been permitted to pass in and out of our very midst (not without warning) and the whole tragedy closed a few days ago by this irresponsible boy taking the life of his own father.

Such cases should elicit the attention of our citizenship, as well as those in authority; and such afflicted people, who are a menace to the community, placed where they can harm no one.

Perhaps this young boy, Leonard Griffin, would not have committed this homicide if he had been tenderly treated and properly nourished.

Poor boy! He is a victim of circumstances and there was no one to give him a lift prior to the tragedy. It is impossible to do too much humanitarian work despite the fact some say too much paternalism. To feed the poor, help the feeble minded and touch the paralytic is truly the work of the lowly Nazarene.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE WHALE SKELETON

The whale that was washed ashore some months ago at Wrightsville Beach, and attracted state wide attention because of the mystery that veiled every thing relative to the cause of death and sudden appearance of this sperm whale on the coast. Since that time the whale has been taken in charge by State Museum authorities, and during the salvaging process preparatory to placing the skeleton in that institution the skeleton has been found to be worth $8,000.

This incident has truly proven that "it is an ill wind that blows no good."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

The beauty about jazz music over the radio is the fact that static does not intefere with it's rendition. Most generally you cannot tell which is static and which is music.

—o—

An English bishop says he dreads television, because even his bath would be no longer private. What does the bishop want to be telephoning or radioing from his bath room for? However, to be on the safe side, he might put off his bath until Sunday morning.

—o—

A physician in one of our large cities, enjoying a national reputation as a specialist in the diseases of children, has won distinction largely because his heart is right. He says: "I always say 'Suppose this is my child,' when I am confronted with the necessity of a decision. Then I go to the limit to help just as I would do in the case of illness in my own family.". Years ago, there was a house painter who said: "I'll never leave a job until I am satisfied it is the best I can do with it." He then lived in a small town. He is now a contractor in Chicago, and a man of great wealth. Always and everywhere, in every vocation, there are men to foster the idea of mediocrity. They try to do just enough to keep the boss from discharging them. They never win anybody's appreciation, and when old age creeps up, they have only a life of failure behind them. As a rule, they blame everything and everybody, save themselves, for this condition. And there are always the men who are anxious to give extra service. They grow as time goes on and are eventually recognized, and reward comes to them. Such is the way of life, generally.

—o—

It seems to me that the word "Guarantee' is mightily over-worked. In fact, it is horribly abused. Whenever I hear the word "Guaranteed" used in a transaction, I have a kind of inward shudder. A man told me that a certain concern guaranteed the stucco on his house to "last for life," As it soon began to peel off, he said he "knew they meant the life of the stucco, not his life." So "Guarantee" is a big word with a big meaning. If all people would live up their guarantees, instead of using the word simply to secure business, big things would be accomplished in the business world.

—o—

Now here is a piece of real news; A socially prominent and wealthy citizen of Pennsylvania has been fined $200 and sentenced to thirty days in jail, after pleading guilty of drivving an automobile while intoxicated. His lawyer pleaded in vain that he was of good repute, the husband of a charming lady, and father of six children. "This offender must go to jail," said the judge.

—o—

You never can tell what an old man will do. The Chicago Journal of Commerce tells of one who swallowed his false teeth fifteen days ago and died after an operation. Not surprised at that. Would look for him to die at any time. A man

with a set of teeth on his insides is liable to chew himself to death any old time.

—o—

An Ohio woman wants a divorce because her husband would rather listen to the radio than her. I'll bet it was because the husband could shut off the radio when he wanted to, and it did not suit him.

—o—

We live only today. Yesterday we lived, and through all the multitude of yesterdays, each of which had its influence in making us what we are today. What we do and are today will have its effect on what we shall do and be tomorrow. We all live in the present—not in the past, which is gone forever; not in the future which we cannot know until time makes it the present for us. We all have aspirations as to what we shall be and do in the future, but we have only todays in which to put in action the principles and forces by which we may make our tomorrows what we would have them be. We may, and must learn from our yesterdays in order to make today count in our ambitions. Our achievements alone can encourage us by promises for the future. We all have our settled purposes as well as our past experiences, to guide us. Thus memories have power to help us to the future we desire. The purpose is a powerful incentive, strengthened by the knowledge of what has been accomplished in the past through definite purpose. We learn from the past that all good things come slowly, that we must earn every advance we make. That is what makes today so prodigiously important to thinking men. It is the introduction to our tomorrow. When we go to bed after having done our level best, we have the finest assurance that we can do better tomorrow.

—o—

The motorcycle makes a terrible lot of fuss, and does a tremendous amount of sputtering, but it is my observation that it is the half way creation between feet and wings.

—o—

It has been stated that Germany some time ago successfully concluded a $25,000,000 loan with the United States. When Germany heard that the people of this frugal commonwealth could chip in at least $2,000,000 for a prize fight she felt that the time for asking was good.

—o—

Facts! That is anything that is done; reality; event; truth. Facts are stubborn things. We do not create them. We cannot materially change them directly. Conditions productive of facts alone are at our command. They are like iron ore, hard, unyielding until fused. Bessemized in the heated furnace of feeling. What are the Elgin marbles in the British Museum but blocks of stone over which Greek genius poured its intense feeling. What are the tragedies of Aeschylus, of Shakespeare, or the Epistles of St. Paul and the Gospels of St. John but the common lauguage of everyday life made luminous by dramatic and religious feeling? What are statecraft and patriotism but common daily duties raised to the highest power through noble feeling? What is religion but the interpretation, the direction of all the facts of life by a mind, a spirit in sympathetic cooperation with the heart of God? Here is the idea of immortality, which all of us accept as one of the

greatest facts of life, but just the bare acceptance of the fact is of trifling value, and one can believe the fact and go on living in selfishness and sin. Holding a faith, or fact, has little value or power over our lives until that faith or fact holds us, grips us, and will not let us go, and becomes a leavening influence in our lives like the leaven in the dough. The body without the spirit is dead. There is no life in a Fact, which is devoid of Feeling. Let us meet all the facts of life with the purest, loftiest, divinest feeling of their blending there shall result of which we are capable that out for us an enduring, flawless character fit for the comradeship of Heaven.

A HEALTH PRAYER

Throughout the past ages people have had examples of different kinds of prayers. We have the classic example of the Pharisee's prayer graphically set forth in the scriptures. There are the prayers of the self-righteous and the prayers of the cowards and the discouraged, defeated and down-and-outs. The savages prayed to their Great Spirit, and throughout history, as races of men developed and systems of civilization have risen, one upon another, we have numerous examples recorded of the different dieties worshipped by man in his long march in search of Truth.

Recently the papers about over the country have carried some fine little verses, the author of which remains unknown. There verses are said to have been found inscribed on a wall in an English cathedral. The sentiment is so fine and the application so universal, we are here publishing these verses for the benefit of many of our readers who have not already read them.

"Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest,
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
And sense to keep it at its best.

"Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight
Which seeing sin is not appalled
But finds a way to set it right.

"Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh,
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called I.

"Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folk."

—The Health Bulletin.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

By Henry H. Graham

Do all of us appreciate the true significance of July 4th, Independence Day Do we realize that it commemorates the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776? Upon that day we signed a proclamation declaring ourselves free from England, though it was not until after the close of the Revolutionary War that Great Britian admitted our independence. This great conflict was fought that America might be free to rule herself, not as a subject of England or any other nation, but as she saw fit, unhampered by royal decrees and taxation by the mother country.

There were many reasons why America wished to be free, and these same reasons were the causes of the Revolutionary War. Chief of the reasons, perhaps, was the fact that we were taxed by England without being represented in parliament there. Though forced to pay tribute to Great Britain, we had no voice in the government. Naturally, such conditions were resented by such a liberty-loving, energetic set of people as made up the thirteen original colonies at that time.

Relations between England and America became more and more strained until the first period of the Revolutionary War began, consisting of the Boston Massacre, destruction of the Gaspee and the Boston Tea Party in the early 70's. Prominent among the battles of the second period were those at Lexington and Concord, and the siege of Boston. The Green Mountain boys made heroes of themselves about this time, and the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the Americans running out of ammunition in this engagement. The fleet began to take an active part in affairs at this time and the second period closed with the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776.

The war was now on in earnest, with fierce battles being fought. Washington, American commander, scored an important victory over the British at Trenton, surprising a group of drunken Hessians in the midst of their carousals.

The next fall the British began a concerted attack on the Hudson Valley, sending out three separate armies under the direction of Generals Howe, Burgoyne and Saint Leger. The plans worked out badly for England, however, as the latter two were forced to surrender while Howe went into winter quarters at Philadelphia, living in luxury while the American forces under Washington were withstanding great hardship at Valley Forge. What suffering the Yankees endured at Valley Forge no one but themselves will ever know. That they survived the ordeal is proof of their undying spirit.

With the coming of spring things livened up and began to break better for the Americans. Meanwhile Lafayette had come to our aid with French troops. Victory after victory was chalked up by Washington and other commanders, with the final result of bottling up Lord Cornwallis, British leader, at Yorktown, his surrender following shortly afterward. The fleet and the land forces

combined to end the war in a blaze of glory for America. By the terms of a treaty with England the independence of the United States was recognized. Except for the war of 1812 there has been little trouble with England since September 3, 1783, the time when peace was reached.

After knowing all the hardships the early Americans endured in order to be free, is it any wonder we esteem the memory of July 4th so dearly? It is the greatest of secular holidays because it stands for the birth of this country as a separate unit, the beginning of unparalleled prosperity and boundless opportunity. Ought we not to look upon July 4th in a spirit of reverence out of respect for those who died on the field of honor in defense of freedom and justice?

I am afraid that too many of us forget what July 4th really stands for and that fireworks, confetti, ice cream and sports are really only expressions of our gratitude and patriotism. They are mere symbols of something especially fine and noble. We cannot meet those stalwart soldiers who fought for liberty and shake their hands and thank them for what they made possible, so we do the next best thing. We honor their memory and the great things they stood for, the unwavering devotion to high-minded principles and love of country.

Every Fourth of July celebration should be gay, but safe and sane. I am sure the colonists who made this great occasion possible would never have sanctioned riotous celebrations with their frequent train of accidents and suffering. Fortunately, America is learning to celebrate in a safer manner and to do away with those things that cause bloodshed. Many cities do not permit shooting of firecrackers where great crowds of people congregate. In the evening splendid, inspiring displays are shot off into the heavens by capable hands for admiring throngs to witness. This is much safer and more in keeping with the sacredness of the occasion than taking chances of burning others with powder and explosives.

GOV. SMITH FAVORS STATE RIGHTS

As President, he would execute his oath of office without reservation or evasion, but all the while he would maintain his well-understood views on prohibition. He would, as chosen leader of the people, "point the way, which, in my opinion, leads to a sane, sensible solution of a condition which I am convinced is entirely unsatisfactory to the great mass of people." That means to say, that Smith, as President, would give encouragement to the movement to modify the prohibition law through local self-government and State's rights.—Charlotte Observer.

SHUN THE PEDDLER

(Monroe Enquirer)

The season is now at hand that brings with it an economic ill that annually takes thousands of ill-earned dollars. It is the itinerant peddler, the house to house door-bell ringers, and those of their kind who travel from place to place, plying their trade and imposing on the credulity of the unthinking, offering so-called bargains in this and that, which almost always turn out to be inferior merchandise, sold at higher prices than are asked by your local store keeper, and in many instances you receive short measure.

It is well to beware of these fellows and the plausible stories they tell to engage the interest and confidence of their prospects. There are many varieties of stories used with as many kinds of merchandise to sell.

Inferior articles of many kinds are peddled in Monroe, especially during the summer months. The automobile has been a great aid to this kind of chicannery, for after any of these peddlers have landed a few gullible prospects, a day's journey can take them far away, and beyond the reach of the buyers who often find that they have been victimized.

What more satisfaction or better insurance can there be than buying everything you need from the home town merchant? If for any reason the article you purchase proves unsatisfactory, the local merchant is always ready and willing to correct the trouble and satisfy his customers. Not so with the peddler. He is gone tomorrow, or yet today if the chase gets too hot.

He is not seeking to satisfy his customer; he is after the money alone.

The home town merchant stakes his reputation and his success on his record for fair and honest dealing. He may be found at his place of business day in and day out, year in and year out. There is nothing elusive about him.

When folks want support and contributions for this and that, they call on the local merchant, for they can find him, and they know that he gives willingly and generously.

Did any one ever hear of the itinerant peddler contributing a single cent for the advancement of a local cause?

There is one real way of insuring yourself a good merchandise at reasonable prices, one way of getting good value for the dollar expended, and that is to buy from the reputable Home Town Merchant.

A SPLENDID RECIPE

A celebrated lawyer, when asked what was the first rule for success that he would give a young man, said:

"A young man will make the most of his life, and in this sense attain success, if he regards each piece of work as an opportunity to render a friendly service to his fellowman, who will be benefitted if the work is well done"—Selected.

DR. HOWARD KELLY AND EVOLUTION

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, one of the nation's most eminent and widely known surgeons, was quoted by Dr. Carlton D. Harris in his baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Johns Hopkins University as having said, "Some of my ancestors may have hung by their necks for their meanness, but I do not believe that any of them ever hung by their tails."

Dr. Kelly in entering a denial of the saying attributed to him and that appeared in the Baltimore Sun, took that occasion to write some things that everybody ought to read. The eminently wise and timely words of this great surgeon and Christian follow:

"The citation is in error, for I never make flippant or sarcastic remarks, as it has been my lifelong policy never to vituperate, call names or belittle or ridicule another's convictions. In the first place, jesting is not argument, but a clear violation of logic, while, in the second place, it only too often alienates those you are anxious to win; it also deservedly acts as a boomerang to the user.

"As to evolution: I never discuss it with those who are not at one with me in matters of faith. If we are not in unison touching the claims of the Christian faith on the whole life, energies and affections, it is indifferent to me what a man thinks as to evolution: my sole concern in such a case is embodied in five words which have come down to us through the ages, namely, "What think ye of Christ?"

"The crying sin of our day is not the teaching of evolution in our colleges, but the failure of Christian parents so to live, to teach and to pray with their children in their daily home life as to render them impregnable to any teaching which then fills their hearts. Children so raised from their earliest years, familiar with the purity, sweetness and strength of the life which is hid in Christ, are rarely overwhelmed by the temptations encountered later in the course of the disciplinary events of life.

Some dear friends, alas! waste so much time and spiritual power in endeavoring to refute evolution which ought to be directed in the more profitable, positive, constructive channels. There was a man in the long ago who determined to know nothing among men but the fact that Christ died for sinners on the cross—the one great transforming truth: Would that he had more followers in our city!"

As Claude Bowers declared in the closing of his keynote address to the convention when it assembled in Houston:

In this convention we close debate and grasp the sword. The battle hour has struck. Then to your tents, O, Israel!

MASS HEALTH IS TOPIC OF MAYO

(Selected)

Mass production of health and the value of specialization and animal experimentation were emphasized before the National Education association recently by Dr. W. J. Mayo, surgeon, of Rochester, Minn. He also suggested shorter school vacation periods.

"I do believe," he said, "that the function of the medical school is to turn out general practitioners, and that the man who desires to take up a specialty should take it up after graduation, and that of all the graduate subjects research is the most important—the bright hope of the future.

"I do not advocate a letting down of the standards in our medical schools, but I am convinced that one year of time could be saved in our grammar schools and a year could be saved in our medical schools by the four-quarter system. That children in the growing age have three months' vacation in the summer is no reason that young men and women at the height of their physical vigor, in a world on a 12-months working basis, should have three months' vacation."

Fundamental changes are taking place in the medical profession, he asserted.

"We speak of mass production in industry," he observed; "we have its counterpart in the mass production of health, not through individual efforts but through the combined efforts of many men working as a group in the public health departments of the nation, state and community, dealing with the welfare of infants, children, and adults, and controlling infections and contagious diseases.

"Today, pure water for drinking purposes, pure milk, and pure food are to be had everywhere in our country. Ignorance and superstition however, still offer up helpless children as well as deluded parents as a sacrifice to the ancient gods in opposition to a constructive health program—.

"Industry has the advantage that in its experimental work it deals with replaceable materials; medicine must depend to a considerable degree on animal experimentation, which has played a magnificent part in the advance that has been made.

"To have value, animal experimentation must of necessity be carried out with the same humane care as surgical and medical procedures on the human patient."

Saving life by selfishly guarding it and pampering it, narrows its sympathies, blinds its better judgment, perverts its sense of relative values, blights its higher life of duty and aspiration, and hardens it into ignoble selfishness. But losing life by freely and bravely throwing it out into the service and welfare of others broadens its sympathies and enriches all its higher sensibilities and powers.—Presbyterian Standard.

JUST NATURAL AND HONEST

(Selected)

Everybody loves an open, transparent, generous mind, because he knows that it harbors no shadows, nothing mean, small or worthless, no envy or jealousy. We know that friendships with it are safe, and that secrets are sacred to it. The larger and nobler such characters are, the more universally loved they are, because they embody our ideals. Such characters are ennobling and inspiring ni their influence on others by teaching them to despise the paltry meanness, narrowness, and petty vices of their own nature, which are impossible to broad, magnanimous minds. No small part of the love inspired by such beautiful souls comes from their attitude of mind toward others, and the generous, helpful thoughts they continuously hold. Such a thought habit enlarges life, mellows experience, harmonizes the faculties and promotes health and clear thought; but more than that, it acts on all the minds that come within its influence. The thoughts we hold toward those about us will help or hinder them, and will make them larger and nobler or meaner and more abject. We are beginning to see that money-giving is not the greatest charity by any means. The giving of noble, generous magnanimous thoughts or the holding of kindly, helpful, inspiring mental attitude, may be of infinitely more value to those about us than merely helping them with a little money. Remember that there is no other gift in the world like giving of yourself, if given royally, largely, generously and not stingily or meanly. You can render no greater service than by giving your best thought, your larger and nobler self. This is an everlasting benediction, and in this way you can make yourself a perpetual delight to the world. Compared with the giving of your higher self, your money-giving will look despicable. The mind that lives sunny to the world, that radiates light and scatters darkness, is of more value to civilization than a dozen selfish sordid millionaires. A beautiful, generous, sweet character enriches a whole community, yea, a whole nation, or the entire world, and there are no other real riches. This is the wealth that dwarfs every other.

FROG TRIES TO SWALLOW BIRD; THEY BOTH DIE

A big bullfrog recently established himself in the lily pool of Mrs. Rodman Meacham, of Hopkinsville, Ky. In the garden about the pool many birds make their home and drink from the pool. Recently it became known that a catbird, while drinking from the pool, was grabbed by the frog, which swallowed the bird's entire head. In a little while both bird and frog were choked to death, and locked together in death, they were found floating in the pool.

ONE OF MY RACE

By Mary Mayo Crenshaw, in Onward

The first time that Bob Tracy ever saw the helmet was when he was eleven years old.

It was not often that he explored in the old cobwebby attic of his Connecticut home. True, there had been a time when he used to play games there on rainy days, with young cousin visitors; but now that he was a big fellow he admitted to himself that those dusky dormers and strange shapes of white-enveloped objects lurking in corners had made him feel creepy. Still today he had gone up slowly, almost as if something had drawn him. And, in a worm-eaten chest, behind a big rafter, he had found this curiosity that he was holding in his hand.

Of course, he knew what it was. A battered old helmet. Bob had seen pictures of helmets in his school history and knew that they were things that knights used to wear on their heads. Now that he came to think of it, there was a sort of picture in the house of a helmet like that. Still holding his prize he went down the steep creaking steps to his father's room. Solemnly pulling a chair to the wall—eleven-year-old legs aren't long enough to reach hanging pictures—he took it down. It was a coat of arms, whatever that meant. Thus burdened, he sought his father.

"What's this, father?' he asked, holding out the helmet.

"Oh, you've found that, have you? Funny thing about that, son. The family tradition is that one of your and my ancestors, Robert du Tressy—the name has been corrupted to Tracy—wore it when he fought beside King Richard in the Third Crusade. The family arms you have there now show just such a helmet for crest. Your mother'll skin you alive if you drop that."

"What do the words, mean, father? I can't read 'em."

" 'Mei generis.' That's Latin. It means 'One of my Race.' It's all part of the same old story. They say another Crusading forbear of ours, named Robert du Tressy, too, way back in the first crusade of all, had an idea that some day one of his race would reach Jerusalem, the Holy City, and help to drive the infidels away. It seems he failed to get there himself and that after one of the line tried in every crusade, but that none of them ever got farther than a sight of it from the hills without. Not worthy, was the idea."

Bob was thrilled. His ancestors at the crusades! He persuaded his father to come out under the trees and tell him more about those old crusades with their knights in shining armor.

"Won't they have another one, father? I—I'd like for you and me to go. We are two Roberts. And you say the Turks own Jerusalem just the same as ever."

"They do. But there won't be any more crusades, Bobby. All that was over, hundreds of years ago. Absolutely out of date now. Sorry. Though you can be a worthy knight if you want. Same general idea as being a gentleman, after all."

"But I'd rather have gone on a crusade. Please tell all about it."

The conversation which followed he always remembered with indelible clearness. Something in his blood seemed to answer to it. as though he were discovering other lives he had lived long ago. In the light and shadow and fragrance of the garden he listened earnestly to what his father told him.

It was in substance this:

1099! All the world was ablaze over the great crusade that had been undertaken against the cruel Suljunkian Turks who owned Jerusalem, the Sacred City in far-away Palestine where the Holy Sepulchre lay. Formerly under Saracen rule, Mohammedans though they were, pilgrims had been permitted to go staff in hand to pray at the sacred shrine. But since this fierce fighting tribe had conquered Palestine the brutalities had been unspeakable, for they were barbarians, robber hordes, a malevolent and crafty foe. A certain poor hermit named Peter had been there and seen for himself the horrors—Christian women tortured, Christian men put to death with strange atrocities. Back had come Peter and through the continent of Europe had travelled, riding upon an ass and carrying a great crucifix before him, begging the people to come to the relief of the Lord's sepulchre. The Bishop of Rome had convened a great gathering and plead with them in impassioned words to "take the cross" and set forth. Kings, prices, nobles, commoners, had enthusiastically responded. Every. breast glowed with indignation, every heart melted with compassion.

Not willing to wait for the proper arming of the men, a great mob had set out behind Walter the Penniless, but being unruly they had accomplished nothing. Later the well-organized, orderly bodies under the nobles had gone. At the head of all the forces was Godfrey de Bouillon.

Robert, Count of Normandy, was one who had rallied gallant knights to his standard. Was not this high emprise just in accordance with their knightly vows. to uphold the right, aid the oppressed? Many had gone from the purest motives, some unworthy, went from hope of gain. At least one of his young Norman nobles knew not just why he did go , unless it was that he was weary of leading a waster's life, drinking too much wassail, doing too much philandering. This was the young Sieur Robert du Tressy. Really interested for the first time in his life, the journey was a revelation to him. Throughout the investment of Nicaea, through the eight months' siege of Antioch, none was braver than he, none cried more loudly the motto of the Crusader's, "God's Will! It is God's Will!" Not one complained less over the suffering from the burning sands of the desert, the terrible thirst the insufficient food.

But at last on a day near the end of the campaign, he lay dying of a wound, which had half healed and then re-opened. Before his tent his young squire paced at guard. Within, Peter the Hermit bent solicitously over the gaunt figure. Flushed with fever, a far look in his sunken eyes, the sufferer touched the arm of the holy man. "Father," he said sorrowfully, in a voice so weak that old Peter had to bend his head to hear, "God willing, the rest of you will enter the Holy City—but

not I It is meet that it should be so. I was of the fortunate ones, with title, lands, my old castles. But even with my beautiful lady wife and my little son, I was not content, but needs must junket forth wasting and trifling. It is for this that I come not into the Holy Place.''

Kind Peter administered a cooling drink and commenced to utter words of comfort, but the dying man spoke again. Strength seemed given him by his great desire.

''Holy father, today lying here, I have seen visions. Dreams that may have been, or true visions, who can say? Yet this I know. Something told me that my repentance was accepted at the throne of Grace, and that, although I might not enter, some day one of my race would come into the City and help rid it of the Infidel. It may be that my little boy will be that one. Father, seek him out, and tell him and his mother what I say. One of my race must be worthy and come to this Holy Land.''

They were his last words. After that he sunk into a stupor. ''With the chill breezes of early dawn he was gone. As they buried him the files of knights were passing by, plumes nodding, great horses arching their proud necks, passing into the city. There Godfrey, declining to be king, took the title of ''Defender of the Sepulchre.''

The years rolled on. Forty and more of them passed ere the knights again essayed the great adventure. In 1147 Christendom was alarmed by the dread tidings that the Christians in Jerusalem were again in evil stead. The town of Edessa in Palestine had been conquered by Mussulmen. Believers had been put to the sword! All Europe awakened. Crusaders were called for. A great wave of enthusiasm impelled the leaders among the nobles and their followers to take the cross and press forward once more to the help of the beleaguered of their faith. Under Conrad III of Germany and Louis VII of France, great armies swept on.

In the train of Louis went a young Norman, Robert du Tressy. His grandmother, that proud lady whose husband had perished before Jerusalem, herself raised money to equip his train and with her white hands buckled on his sword. ''Remember,'' she told him, ''thy grandsire's words. Mayest thou be the one of thy race to enter the City and drive the Crescent away!'' It was in gay mood that the boy went, riding blithely in the forces of King Louis. On down the Danube River, across to Constantinople, just as the first crusaders had gone, went they. After they reached the desert sands there was terrible suffering. On the part of the natives there was treachery to cope with and often disaffection among their own. Turks fell on them from ambush. hurling mighty rocks upon them, massacring many with their sharp curved cwords. What with these afflictions, the climate, the improper food, and other horrors, the numbers dwindled down to a small remnant, and though these entered Palestine, they never attained to the Holy City. No one was more crestfallen over the failure than Robert du Tressy. He was a melancholy man from then on, it is said.

The year 1187 saw new sorrows

arising for the Christians who remained in Jerusalem from the first crusade, and to relieve them had been the main object of the second, which had failed. These were now driven out by the Saracens, a new foe, fresh from their conquest of the Seljunkian Turks. The Crescent shone again upon the Holy City, where the Cross had reigned supreme. The crosses were torn from the churches and the churches themselves were made into mosques. Again through Europe rang appeals for men to take the cross and render aid. Then forth set what has been called the "Royal Crusade," for in it went three kings: Frederick, called Barbarossa, of Germany; Phillip of France; and Richard of England. And yet again a du Tressy took the red cross, another Robert eldest son of the eldest son of this faithful family. From England he came now and under the dauntless Richard Coeur de Lion he enlisted. When the king fought at Acre, du Tressy fought gallantly near him. When Antioch fell after its long siege, again du Tressy showed such gallantry that even the lion-hearted king spoke of it. "Always one of thy race," quoth he, "fighting for the holy land!"

The young crusader fell upon his knee before King Richard, and vowed that towards that goal his family would ever strive. Richard gave him the accolade then and there and called him his good knight and true. After that day Richard showed fondness for the young knight and kept him near him. When, one day, disheartened by his failure to free Jerusalem, the King refused to gaze upon the city, du Tressy flinched not, but looked sadly at those white walls those gilded domes and minarets. The tears were falling down his cheeks, but he heartened himself with the remebrance of his ancestor's vision and its prophecy that one of his race would yet succeed in the attempt.

So it was in the fourth and fifth crusades. Always a du Tressy, but never one to enter the city gates. And the years passed. It seemed that all crusades were over, and that that all crsades were over, and that the Turks might lord it all they willed in the City, for no longer came brave knights to endeavor to wrest it from their cruel sway. Last of all, in 1270, another Robert du Tresey sold all he had, his broad English meadows and the remnant of his inheritance in Normandy and, crossing the channel, offered his sword to fight under Saint Louis against the Saracens in Palestine, in the Sixth Crusade. Heartbreak, failure, again the result. When the good King Louis lost his life in the fray not far from him lay a gaunt figure, Robert du Tressy, slain in the cause which had taken such toll, one hand clutching still the red cross upon his breast. Beside him lay his broken shield, his life blood staining the motto, "Mei generis" One of my Race.

The summer of 1914 found Bob Tracy graduated from Yale, entered at Oxford, as happy and healthy a young chap as heart could desire. He knew very well just what he meant to do—study hard this year and then travel around the world. On his coming of age in June his father sent him a ring with the family arms cut upon it. Instead of the Latin "Mei generis" it had been his father's idea to have the motto in clear English, "One of my Race."

That summer the clearion call went forth. England entered the Great War.

For a time Bob told himself that this was not his war. He was an American and his duty was to finish his education. But one by one his mates dropped out. Soon it was no rare thing to see their arms emblazoned in the chapel of their various colleges on the honor roll, "Died in the Service of his country!"

There were fellows who came back invalided, gassed, sometimes short an arm or leg. This thing got a man's nerves. Finally, Bobby obtained his father's consent, volunteered for the ambulance corps, and donated a motor. In Flanders he was so busy that when he crawled to the seat at night and curled up for a short sleep he fell unconscious like a log, just physically dog tired. There were hours when the bullets zipped about the tires steadily enough. It was all in the day's work.

One day, when things were unusually quiet, idling over a week-old copy of the London Times, something caught his eye. It was all about the Expeditionary Force under Allenby which England had sent to Egypt. Far down in the columns some words stood out at the reader, "It is rumored that the objective is Palestine."

Palestine! Robert Tracy galvanized, sprang to his feet. Palestine! His brain refused to work for a space. Why, that would be a crusade! They would be going to fight the Turks. Palestine meant Jerusalem.

"One of my Race! One of my Race!"

Certainly the American Ambassador had his troubles in the World War. The British Foreign Office and the War Office, too, had theirs. Life was a seething struggle to all of them surely. But there was a time when if you had asked any one connected with these places what was the greatest struggle—or nuisance, one might call it—which he had to cope with at the time, it is to be feared that his answer would have been, "That dashed young American, Tracy."

No gnat ever buzzed more persistently than did Bobby in his efforts to be allowed to go with the Tommys to Palestine. When told that, although his R. O. T. C. course, with honors, at Yale entitled him to a commission, certain rules being complied with, his answer was ,"Then I can go at once?" and when it was pointed out gently but firmly to him that a few weeks in an officer's training camp was necassary, he began it all over again. "No! No! It will be too late!" It was as a private that he would go.

And as a private he went, treading the Jaffa-Jerusalem road over which his forbears had ridden on blooded steeds. Along this sandy, hot and insect-infested road, Robert Tracy, clad in the khaki of a soldier of the line, hobbled, often with bleeding feet, always gay, always ready, and with an air of holding fast some great secret. Through it all he moved like one in a dream. It seemed to him that all those old ancestors of his who had set out for Palestine, who had one by one failed to make the Holy City, were united in his person. They were urging him to prove worthy, to do better than they had done. "He seems to be tireless," his superior officers said, after days of blinding sand storms of sickening thirst, of constant popping of enemy bullets. "Sometimes

I am afraid that one of those shots will take him West before he gets to Jerusalem. I'd like to see him get there. He appeare to think of nothing else.''

And he did get there.

As Major-General Allenby's columns swung into Jerusalem at last, dusty but triumphant, there was one among them—lately promoted to be second lieutenant for gallantry in action at Beersheba, who saw about him, not marching lines of men in khaki but knights in armor, on black chargers, with their lances at rest, shields with bright colored armorial bearings, pennants flying and a banner with a great red cross. And within him it was as though a mighty desire, eight centuries old, had come to its fulfillment—and as though all his ancestors, pressing about him, shouted to the heavens with stern pride, ''One of our Race! One of our Race!''

(Thanks are due to Major Vivian Gilbert for information in regard to the fighting around Jerusalem given in his splendid book, ''The Romance of the Last Crusade.'')

STATE SUPPORT OF SCHOOLS DEMANDED

Hertford County is not alone in petitioning the fairminded Democracy of this State for relief from the burden of local taxes necessary to conduct the State-controlled public schools. All through the State, the land-owners are weakening under the load they have been carrying; and each year as a new budget is presented—made in conformity to State requirements—land is required to bear an increased tax rate.

So long as the present arrangements continue with the State dictating the things to be done and leaving it to the counties to pay as best they can, there is going to grow dissatisfaction with the public school system. No wonder is it that level-headed, loyal and true Democrats criticize the ''Educational Oligarchy'' at Raleigh, when there is such gross inequality between the counties as to the amount of the school tax rate.

There can be no end to it all until the State, through its dominant party, assumes its full responsibility of paying for the school administration. It is now doing some better than formerly but every concession made to the burdened taxpayers has come after the hardest sort of legislative fight and apparenty unwillingly on the part of a considerable number of counties and legislators.

It will be a great day for the Democratic party in North Carolina when it guarantees to every child of school age equal opportunities, provided for them upon a basis of equality in tax rates between all the taxpayers of North Carolina.—Hertford County Herald.

93 MILLIONS IN SCHOOLS

(News Letter)

There are at present 6,529 school buildings in North Carolina used by the public school system, at an appraised value of $93,892,071, which is an increase of 10 per cent, or of $9,350,843, over the previous year, according to State School Facts.

his increase in the value of school property is partly due to the stimulation afforded by the state in provdiing the three special bulding fund of $5,000,000 each, according to School Facts. These funds have enabled county boards of education to borrow money for the erection of the bulidings with not less than five rooms, at a rate of interest not always obtainable by local bond issues. The result has been that these funds have aided in the school building activity of several counties rather than complete any particular county program.

The number of school buildings in the state has decreased steadily since 1904-1905, due to the fact that larger and more modern buildings have been replacing the one, two and three-room school houses of former years. As a result, where there were 8,239 school houses in 1905, there are now only 6,529 school buildings. Good roads, which have made possible possible many consolidations, have played a large part in this decrease.

This is especially true with regard to rural schools for white children. For there are now only 3,763 of these rural schools, whereas in the year 1918-1919, the year when there was the largest number of rural schools for white children, there were 5,532 of these schools, or 1,796 more than at present.

The number of school houses used for colored children remains about the same from year to year, although a slight increase has been shown in the last few years. There are now 2,422 rural schools for colored, compared with 2,393 in 1925-1926 and 2,261 in 1904-1905.

FRUGALITY

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone that they can expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well had we more misers than we have amongst us.—Goldsmith.

ECHOES FROM GOV. AL SMITH'S SPEECH JULY 4TH, NEW YORK CITY

"Can anything live in this country 139 years that is not all right?" he asked in detailing the virtues of Tammany. He then read a public announcement of today's meeting in which "all citizens and lovers of Americanism" were invited to unite in the celebration.

"We do not care," he said, "whether he is rich or whether he is poor, whether he walks up to Tammany hall or whether he comes up to it in an automobile. We care not what his station in life may be, we care nothing about his religious belief.

"We only want to know one thing," he continued, "and that is that he is a lover of America and in sympathy with the aims and purposes of the society to perpetuate the memory of Jefferson, the memory of Washington, the signing of the immortal document that gave America her freedom, and that he stands behind the constitution.

"However," he said, "as I look back over the history of our country I am not so much impressed by growth, by power and by strength and by wealth; I am impressed by some other facts and that is that with all the wealth, with all the growth and with all the power from every line and from every page of history, you will never have the blush of shame that this country ever wagged a war of aggression.

"Because of the country's wealth and power, however," he said, "it had been a beacon light for the downtrodden and poor of every land and it had cared for them.

"We surmount this warm and brilliant history," he said, "by the happenings within our own times. The children of today can say that they lived in the period of American history when divine Providence and the power, the wealth and the strength of this country for the preservation of peace and civilization."

Asserting his pride at being an officer of the society of Tammany the governor concluded with the hope that year by year a large number might be brought under its patriotic influence.

I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. It is the business of little minds to shrink, but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct will pursue his principles unto death.—Thomas Paine.

HOW MUCH DOES A DOG KNOW?

(Collier's Weekly)

In order to fine out if a dog could be trained to understand human speech Jacob Herbert picked out a German shepherd pup of blooded ancestry and talked to him constantly as he would to a child. He is now about four years old, and his owner thinks that Fellow, as he calls him, knows about 400 words. At a demonstration before a recent meeting of the Galton Society in New York he obeyed almost instantly the following orders given by his master:

"I want you to go to the other end of the room. Stop a minute. Turn your head and come over to me. Sit down. Stand up again. Put the dollar on the table. Go to Professor Warden. (Fellow went to Dr. Warner.) Go to Professor Warden in the corner. Jump over the chair. Wait a moment. Now jump over again. Put your head on the chair. Put your foot up. Do you hear what I say? Put both feet up and stand up high. Step down. Walk up to the table. Go ahead up to the table. Put your head up high, high up on the table; no, on the table. Stand up on the table with both feet. Still. Alright.

"Go look out the window. Get up on the window, up high. Stand up high. Go to the other side of the room. All the way around. High up again. Come over to me. Are you going to take care of me? (Fellow barked loudly three or four times.) Can anybody hurt me? (Fellow barked again. Put your head in the lady's lap. Are you going to take care of the lady? (Fellow barked loudly.) Sit down. Put your head down—all the way. No, the other side. Stand up. Sit down. Crawl over to me. Go over to the window again. Go to Dr. Warner."

All these commands were carried out correctly except that the dog misunderstood the name "Warden" for "Warner," a mistake that any of us might have made.

The dog is not guided by the gestures or glances of his master, for in most cases he will comply with the command when he is in a room with strangers only and Mr. Herbert is in another room with the door closed between. He eviently obeys his master's voice, but Professor Warden of Columbia, who has studied his performances, thinks that the dog has merely learned to associate certain sounds with the proper objects and actions, but does not actually understand words in the human sense.

In learning ability dogs are said by psychologists to be superior to cats, perhaps inferior to raccoons and probably inferior to monkeys and apes. In the matter of ears dogs and men are about equal. In the matter of noses dogs are decidedly better off. A dog can follow a trail, find an object or open a latch in the dark if blindfolded about as well as in the light. But it is questionable if any mammal below the monkey can distinguish between colors.

Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.—Montaigne.

YOUTH AND OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity is thrust upon the youth of today. They are living in the greatest time that has ever been. They are heirs of all the aages. Great things are happening. Greater things are yet to happen, just how great will depend largely upon how well they carry on. Many young people accept the results of scientific discovery as a matter of fact, neither thinking nor caring about the years of labor and sacrifice of life necessary to produce them. They are surprised at nothing. New and wonderful inventions are accepted as though they were expected and the youth of today would feel cheated if they did not appear.

F. W. Bowman, in the "Passing of the Impossible," says, "Leander would have considered it impossible to have crossed the Hellespont in an aeroplane, but it wasn't. He didn't know how to do it. That was all." The youth of today considers nothing impossible. If he doesn't know how to do a thing, he does not seem at all surprised when some one else does accomplish it. This very attitude of mind increases his responsibility.

Wonderful things are already prepared for the next forward step in the march of events; instant communication with all parts of the world, swift modes of travel, enormous resources and wealth. There is unrivalled opportunity for development, if the youth of today realizes that upon him devolves the responsibility of passing along to the next generation the wonders of this, with the addition of his own contribution. As opportunity grows, responsibility increases.

In spite of the many changes taking place and the new visions constantly opening, there is in many of the youth of today a spirit of unrest; a desire to seek for themselves new experiences and greater thrills. Looking for the time when they shall find satisfaction with no realization of the fact that satisfaction and peace come only as a result of their own efforts to contribute to life things that are worth while. In this day when youth is crying for "freedom" and for "self-expression," they fail to realize that to them is given the greatest freedom and self-expression in choosing what shall be their contribution to the life of the future. Many say "while young let us live, the time is not yet for serious thought," forgetting the truth that in youth are foundations laid which determine the future. As a little girl, Frances Willard said, "It shall be better that I lived" and planned her life accordingly.

To many the time at hand seems insignificant and opportunities small. When tempted to thus belittle your time and youth and the work of your parents, think of Richard Watson Gilder's vision:

"He speaks not well who doth his time deplore;
Naming it new and little and obscure,
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds,
All times were modern in the time of them,
And this no more than others. Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great

Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing far back to the far looming hour
Say, then was the time when men were truly men;
Though wars grew less, their spirits met the test
Of new conditions; conquering the civic wrong,
Saving the country's honor as their own,
And their own is their country's and their son's.
Defying leagued fraud with single truth;
Not fearing loss and daring to be pure.''

The teacher, says an exchange, was giving the kindergarten class a lesson in natural history. Turning to one small tot, she inquired, ''What do elephants have that no other ainmals have?''

''Little elephants,'' was the surprising reply.—Exchange.

THE MAN WHO QUIT

(Charity and Children)

''The shouting and the tumult dies,'' and Coolidge really did not choose to run! This is entirely incomprehensible to countless men. They simply cannot understand a man who, with everything going his way, with the power to continue his tenure of high office almost certainly in hands, deliberately quits. And the fact that so many men cannot understand this is the reason why the highway of life is littered with so much wreckage. For a large proportion of those wrecks were men who didn't know when to quit. They fill the bankruptcy courts, they are found in the alms-houses, they are found in the hospitals, more especially those devoted to the treatment of neuresthenia, and they crowd the graveyards. A great many people, to be sure, have no choice, no opportunity to withdraw. They must keep plugging or starve. But these are not the people who make wrecks of their lives. It is not the fight for the weekly pay-envelope that drives men mad, but the fight for an extra million, or an extra term of office, or an extra piece of land, when the fighter already has enough to keep him decently, or even luxuriously. For in that case it is not the stern, but wholesome fight for the existence, but a fight for fighting's sake, for the thrill of it, for the extra pluse-beat it brings. And this is a form of depravity akin to the depravity of the opium-eater. None of that for Calvin, thank you. He is in good health. He is said to have saved enough money to live on comfortably. His reputation is excellent. If he sought another term, he would risk all these advantages, and for what? A thrill. Oh, no. Cal is no fool. He does not choose to run.

KRUPPS NOW MAKING ARTIFICIAL TEETH

(Exchange)

Quantity production several years ago of battleship turrets and rapid-fire guns was a feature of the work of the firm of Friedrich Krupp, once the symbol throughout the world of armament manufacture; today this organization is making artificial teeth and surgical instruments.

Swords, or their more hideous modern successors, the "Big Bertha" cannon, have literally been beaten into plowshares. The Krupps now turn out agricultural machinery, railway engines, automobile trucks, merchant ships, steel bridges, and a thousand and one smaller things.

Artificial teeth and surgical instruments are but two of the many minor articles manufactured in what was once the most formidable armament plant in the world.

Use Same Staff

A striking feature of the transformation is the fact that the change has come about without change of technical engineers or skilled workers.

In fact, one reason for turning into such activities as watch and clock making, moving pitcure manufacturing, and the construction of delicate mechanisms for optical and microscopical instruments, was the consideration that a large staff of skilled workers and engineers used to be engaged in perfecting the delicate mechanisms of rapid-fire guns and the like.

These men, after the war, were compelled to turn from inventing and constructing engines of death to devising machinery for the advancement of civilization. Thus new types of turbine engines are being evolved, Diesel motors are being improved upon, better processes of making steel are being experimented with.

A word as to the magnitude of the Krupp plant at Essen: The area covered by the various buildings is almost 300 acres. The private railway which connects the various sections with each other travels nearly five miles from one end to the other.

The largest of the buildings, that devoted to locomotive construction, covers an area of 800,000 square feet and has a frontage of 1,640 feet. The four hydraulic presses for compressing blocks of steel exert a pressure of 4,000 tons each. Some of the smelters employed for bringing high-grade steel to the melting pot, have a capacity up to 90 tons each.

The plant is equipped to employ 115,000 men. That was the figure reached during the peak of war-time production, and applies to Essen alone. If one adds other plants, at Kiel and the Ruhr valley, the Krupps can furnish employment to 180,000 men.

Only 28,000 Now Working

As a matter of fact, however, only 28,000 workers are now on the pay roll. The Krupps are going through the same readjustments which great number of American firms had to face when the war was over. Before the war they were doing a thriving business with 36,000 men employed. If they can get back to the

pre-war footing, they will probably consider themselves lucky.

The impression made by the Krupp works today is a rather desolate one. Only in the department devoted to the construction of agricultural machinery does the place seem really busy. The railway locomotive construction department, for instance, is equipped to turn out one locomotive each working day, or about 300 a year.

At present it has orders for only 20 German locomotives, and a small number of wood-burning engines, intended for Brazil. Ship construction is at a low ebb, as the world generally is overstocked with ships.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. Cope, a former employee of this institution, visited old friends here last Sunday.

—J. T. S.—

A number of our youngsters on the outside force are busily engaged at hoeing peanuts.

—J. T. S.—

Mr. and Mrs. Black, of this institution, have returned to their work after a few days' trip.

—J. T. S.—

A carload of dairy feed was put off on our siding last week. The boys of the dairy force unloaded it and hauled it to the dairy barn.

—J. T. S.—

Edward Hardin and Paul Elmore, members of the fifteenth and eleventh cottages, were paroled last week.

—J. T. S.—

Last Friday, Mr. Hainey, an electrician from Charlotte, was out here working on the heating apparatus on one of our Linotypes.

—J. T. S.—

All the boys received a number of peaches on Thursday of last week. This was their first ones this year, and from the looks of the orchards, they will get a good many more.

—J. T. S.—

The flower beds around here are beginning to put forth their "fruit." Gladiolus, Dahlias, etc., are just starting out with their first blooms. They are not so bad looking, but just wait until later on, when the large ones come along.

—J. T. S.—

Rev. C. H. Trueblood, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Concord, had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His sermon concerning some of the writings of Paul, was very interesting.

—J. T. S.—

The game with the Five Points team, of Charlotte, last Saturday, was stopped by a heavy rain storm, after one inning had been played. It started off like a good ball game, the first three men to face Christian, the youngster pitching his first game for the school, struck out. The visiting pitcher did almost as well, fanning the first two batters and causing the

third to go out on an easy roller to the box.

—J. T. S.—

We carry in this little paper of ours every week a good many fine articles, but I believe that the majority of the readers had rather read Old Hurrygraph's "Ramblings" than most anything else. Even the boys of this institution get a copy as soon as possible, and the first thing they do is turn to "Rambling Around." Just you look over his writings once and be convinced that you will also like them.

—J. T. S.—

On the afternoon of July 4th, the Franklin Mill team visited the local diamond, and the school boys defeated them in an interesting game by the score of 8 to 6. By hard hitting the visitors obtained a good lead in the early innings.

In the fifth inning with the score 6 to 1 against them, the local players staged a batting rally and put four runs across and again in the seventh, four successive hits counted for three more.

After the third inning Lisk settled down and held the visiting sluggers safe.

L. Ford, H. Ford and Green hit hard for Franklin and heavy hitting by Utley and Petrea featured for the locals.

It was necessary to call the game at the end of the seventh inning as a serious fire broke out in the Franklin Mill community, and several of the players' homes were in danger. The score:

		R.	H.	E.
Franklin Mill	041 010 0—	6	12	1
J. T. S.	010 040 3—	8	9	2

Two base hits—L. Ford. Three base hits—L. Ford, Green, Petrea. Stolen base—Gray. Struck out—by Lisk 3; by Lefler 7. Base on balls—off Lisk 1; off Lefler 1. Hit by pitched ball—by Lefler 2. Umpires—Verble and Raymer.

HENRY FORD'S IDEA OF SUCCESS

Many young men of today have the idea that wealth is the height of success. If a man has accumulated a fortune, he is held up by most people as a great success. But is this always true? There is not one person in this nation who would deny that Henry Ford is a successful man, yet Mr. Ford himself declares that he is not a success. One would be eager to know why he does not consider himself successful, and the billionaire manufacturer follow up his his statement with an explanation. He declares that all his years have been spent in assembling tools and that his real work remains to be done. Mr. Ford says that money is a tool with which to do things, and that the most important thing that his business produces is jobs. He wants to fight poverty. In an interview with The American Magazine, he recently declared:

"Efficient industry is the sole key to prosperity. Therefore, it is the most effective means to do away with poverty. It strikes at the cause of poverty. Already through efficient industrial operation we have attained a level of material life unparalleled in the world's history. But we have only begun to practice efficiency. We used to pride ourselves upon utilizing waste. Now we simply eliminate it. There is no waste to utilize."—Smithfield Herald.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JULY 21, 1928. No. 26

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

Man's first duty is to his family, his home, and next in importance is to those he calls his neighbors; those living by him. These two are likely to know him best. In real life it is not what a man passes for, but what he really is. If these two, those at home and those who live by him give him the O. K., it stands to reason that he is a good citizen.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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ALWAYS STRIVING FOR THE BETTER

I was once associated with a man in middle life, whose work threw him away from home and with all classes of humanity, and we were discussing the difficulty of positive right living, when after a moment of silence, he said, "Life is one continual line of sin and repentance." He spoke out of the honesty and fullness of a repentant heart, feeling what he said. Some will dispute the truth of the assertion, claiming there is a perfect state humanity can reach, if we strive. Some claim to have reached that stage where there is no desire to sin; but the world will not grant them that state without doubt. The man or woman with all that the world can give at their beck and call, knows little of what besets the man who has to get out with all sorts to get a living. Neither does the professing Christian, by favored circumstances far removed from the things of life that irritate, know what the man who has to rough it to live comes in contact with; nor do such know what real temptations are. The man who said, "Life is one continual line of sin and repentance," did not miss the mark far. Happy is he who can realize when he is wrong and can repent.—Anonymous.

HAND TRAFFIC SIGNALS UNKNOWN TO TOO MANY

When North Carolina took the lead of its sister Southern states and established a system of highways and made laws governing same, a code of signals in use most everywhere was written, very simple, which if used

properly would save half the accidents. These signals are for and to be understood by the driver in your rear, as well as by the driver approaching, and are as simple as A,B,C. They are repeated here in the hope that even some one so enlightened as to read the Uplift will be benefited; perhaps learn something they, in the busy life they lead do not know, and which they ought to know: when turning to the left extend the left arm full length, pointing directly to your left. When making a right hand turn point the left hand hand upward, arm extended. When making a stop, point to the ground. These rules could not be more simple, are used everywhere, yet you find people everywhere you go who do not know, or do not use them; for you find them every day that do not know but one and that is hold out you left hand straight though you may be going to stop or make a right hand turn. That is better than nothing, of course, but you make the man behind you stop for saftey, not knowing which way you mean to go.

It is also a recommendation that those walking the paved highways walk on the left side, and meeting traffic, to prevent being run on to from the rear, and instead of forcing the driver to go around you, step off the edge of the pavement. No one will wilfully run over a pedestrian, and if its muddy a sensible driver will go around you, but if you hold the road as a car is approaching from the walker's rear, you are in danger, as well as you force the man meeting you to stop, unnecessarily or risk hurting you when two cars are thus thrown together by the pedestrian taking part of the road. This is another simple rule, and shown by long experience to be the best thing to do. Getting off the pavement is a simple affair, and may mean the saving of your life; for by taking a part of the road you may cause a collision that may side-wipe you.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

UNGOVERNED YOUTH AND ITS PROMISE

This writer has long been of the opinion that fraternal orders, church denominations, commonwealths can put their benevolences to no greater purposes that the establishment and maintainence of institutions for the unfortunate and destitute youth of the land; boys and girls left as orphans or the children of the irresponsible parents. North Carolina has as many such institutions, being taken care of by churches and fraternal orders as the average state; and it is well. The worst hindrance to this benevolent work is the ignorance of so large a per cent of the membership of churches and other organizations of what their own order or their own church is trying to do for such. The second great hindrance is so large a percentage of those who

would help in such work, but are too busy making a living or accumulating money to heed the call of the unfortunate youth; and one of the most vital points in interesting these is left untouched, in that busy men are not by some means induced to visit charitable institutions where youth is being gathered and trained for future citizenship: how little waifs that would most likely grow up in ignorance, perhaps in crime, but for the fact that these institutions take them and give them even better training that they would get had parents lived or misfortune not overtaken them, these indifferent men and women would wake up to their neglect of a solemn duty.

The Uplift can perform no higher duty than to burn into the hearts and consciences of its readers the fact that money invested in child and youth training will yield a harvest of real men and women, the good of which goes on down the ages. The wise man and woman sees the future as well as the present.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SOME NEVER LEARN. OTHERS DO NOT CARE

Sensible men who use the highways of this good state for business or pleasure about the cities and towns and even in the open level stretches all too often run upon road hogs, dare devils, drunks and don't cares, but the most dangerous driver on mountain roads is the man or woman who is afraid of the outer curve and takes the side belonging to the fellow being met, and comes down the mountain, around a curve, on the left hand side of the road, unable to see twenty feet ahead. The writer met such a car one day last year occupied by four large grown men, and to prevent tearing up his car, took the ditch and damaged his car, while they sped on never even looking back. Just last week he met two cars coming down one close as possible behind the other on the left hand side of the road and a collision was averted by quick dodging. There can be but one explanation why a sane man would drive in such a position and that is he is not used to such roads and is afraid of the outside of the curve. The average man is careful driving mountain roads, which accounts for the few accidents that occur there, in comparison with the more level roads.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE STANDARD CAN BE RAISED

We heard a refined, cultured lady remark that it makes one dizzy so

to speak, to go into a store to shop, and while talking to have your voice completely drowned out by jazz music from a victrola in some remote corner of the building.

It has been quite noticiable this summer to those who occasionally go out that as you pass through the business block of Concord, there comes out from the open doors of the music stores, drug stores, department stores also the five and ten cent stores, a whiff of jazz that either attracts, or sends one in another direction. This is done for commercial reasons—to sell either the record or the instrument—which is perfectly legitimate. To be an educated man or woman it is very essential that one be versed in the works of the different authors and know something of the life of the writers, and why not in connection teach something of the masters of music and their compositions so that there will be a finer musical appreciation amongst our people.

The Federated Clubs have shown their interest in music by sponsoring National Music Week, and during that time the entire community has the privilege of hearing fine musicians and music of the masters with the hope of developing a taste for good music. That is just one week in a year of fifty-two so it is conclusive without argument that results can not be effective and lasting.

The thought in mind is can a taste for good music, music that touches the heart and soul, supplant the desire for jazz? We think so, because there was a sweet spirit who at one time liked jazz but after installing a radio learned to appreciate music of the finest symphony orchestras as well as the solo work of the artists. For this reason we believe it possible to get a surcharge of jazz. If a musical appreciation is cultivated then it is the work of all of us at all times to stress the rendition of a better grade of music.

Now, would it be possible to combine, with the co-operation of stores where records and musical instruments are sold, the educational and commercial spirit by putting in charge of that particular department some one who can both instruct (by giving a history of the composer and composition) and at the same time make a sale. The idea of an extremist—we hear some one say, but try out the theory and we wager the musical taste will be improved and the merchants will be serving a more appreciative class.

Concord cannot boast of its Lamar Stringfield and Symphony Orchestra like Asheville, but we all can cooperate by trying to eliminate the taste for jazz by giving to the public something better.

Madame Schuman-Heink has given utterance to this effect. That a musical

nation, a nation conversant with good music is not a lawless nation—that music and sin cannot abide in the soul of one person.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A RISE FROM $5 PER. WEEK

The new chairman of the National Democratic Committee, John J. Raskob, holds a responsible position because it is expected of him to manipulate plans so as to give the people of the United States the real social conditions and apply a panacea for all ills.

In reading a short story of John J. Raskob we learn that his father died while he was a youth thereby necessitating the responsibility of the home to fall upon him when only a mere boy, but often these responsibilities help to develop the best that is in a boy.

Like many men who have risen from obscurity to eminence in the business, professional and political life, Raskob makes no denial of all the trials of early life, but states unhesitatingly that his first job brought his $5 per week but since that time his rise has been rapid till to-day he is one of the leading financial figures of the country.

For the benefit of the poor boy to-day it would prove inspirational if more publicity could be given to men who burgeon out their lives under hardships instead of graphic accounts of crime that absorbs the attention of the majority who read.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

The cardinal virtues of Life are Faith, Hope and Good Cheer. When a person looks upon Life in the light of these three graces they will most assuredly get the most enjoyment out of Life. Keep the mind and heart from brooding jealousy, envy, hatred and malice. The sunshine of happiness is more preferable than the clouds of doubt and misgivings, and animosity towards fellow men.

—o—

It is told that a scientist in New York subjected hen eggs to the X-ray and produced pullets without wings. That's transforming the chicken with a vengeance. Oh, that he had discovered this in my boyhood days. We children, in our early youth, conceived the idea that chickens were formed of necks, wings and feet, as they were all we got when fried chicken was served. There may be some children in these days who are of the same opinion. There's always somebody taking the joy out of life.

—o—

This arctic exploration is getting to be worse than a Chinese puzzle and fraught with more dangers than the Chinese question. An explorer, or several of them, go out to circle the North Pole, and they are lost. Then some more go to rescue the explorer, and they are not heard from; then again some more people go to rescue the rescuers, and the world stands aghast at the loss of life, and the daring of men. It looks to me like it is about time for human beings to hold up for awhile on this arctic exploration business. The toll and hardships are too great; and the strain on nerves needs relaxing for awhile, at least.

—o—

Dogberry, an absurd and loquacious constable in Shakespear's "Much Ado About Nothing," once said that "they that touch pitch will be defiled." True, though, perhaps, in jest spoken. A man's mind is as easily defiled as his body—his spirit is "always conditioned by what it takes in." Thus a man is inevitably influenced by what he reads. A boy who reads filthy stuff is defiled by it. A man, or boy, who seeks what is best in books grows intellectually. By forethought, a man may to a certain extent control circumstances. A man's thoughts, each in turn, has its influence for good or evil over his spirit. Strange creatures we are of time and circumstance, fortunate in the fact that, as the octogenarian farmer put it, "I notice that as I grow older, I get more virtuous."

—o—

To see a thing straight you've got to look at it from every angle. And it is always best—and safest—not to express an opinion until you have done this. Hasty, ill-advised, one-sided opinions, freely expressed, have caused great pain and sorrow in this world.

—o—

The story is told in a recent published book that when Bismark went to Russia as Ambassador, he noticed that a lone sentry stood guard in the middle of one of the Palace lawns in St. Petersburg. His curiosity

aroused, he asked the reason for the sentry in that particular spot, but nobody seemed to know. Bismark, however, was not content to let his curiosity suffer disappointment. He set out to investigate and learned that one fine day, more that 60 years back, the Empress Catherine saw some posies at that spot and was about to pick them when she was called away. She summoned a soldier and ordered him to stand guard over the flowers until she returned—and woman like—she forget to return. The soldier on guard was in time relieved by another soldier and so the guard was kept up, day after day, year after year, so long as the Imperial government of Russia existed.

—o—

Years agone it was somewhat the universal habit to "follow in the footsteps of father." The twentieth century has somewhat outgrown that. This old world whirls around an axis. It has always whirled around that same axis, at the same time and in the same way. Each season comes, stays just so long and departs, always at the same time and the same manner. That is probably why we are proned to say "There's nothing new under the sun." And that is, perhaps, why so many of us go on doing things in a certain way because those things have always been done that way. New ideals, and methods, are not always seized upon with the avidity of turkeys in a tobacco field after tobacco worms.

—o—

When I was a youngster it amused me mightily to see a man put on a shirt. It was almost like performing an acrobratic feat to put one on. In those days this particular gentleman's garment was not built with an opening front door, as now. They were more like a bag with a hole cut in one end, and a bosom as stiff as cardboard. You had to go into it from the cellar of the construction. First he would roll it up like the noose for a snare, then stick his arms through the sleeves; next duck his head into the body of the shirt and then wiggle about the inside of it until his head found its way through a hole in the top. After an intermission, during which he had a little time to do some cussing, he worked his shoulders into place and was able to pull down the rear curtains, finish dressing, recomb his mussed hair, and take a long breath. To put on a shirt in the morning, in those days, and take it off at night without denting the bosom, spraining an arm, or dislocating a shoulder was a feat that could only be acquired by hard experience. Thanks to the man who invented shirts to button behind or before. It's a wonder they never thought of that before.

—o—

Color is derigueur, whatever that is. Harmonizing with the current vogue for color schemes in tountain pens, kitchen stoves, waste-baskets, and all other color combinations of shoes, stockings, dresses, hats and sashes, comes a dispatch from Pottstown, where they pan out much coal, that anthracite is to be colored pink as a distinctive advertising feature. It is suggested that the trucks that carry this rouged mineral be lined with baby-blue plush, with green lace curtains for the driver's seat. Miners who delve for this precious anthracite should wear fawn-colored spats and carry bamboo canes in ap-

propriate pastels. Opportunities surely will be overlooked if the locomotives that escort the ormental anthracite about the land are not tinted ultra-marine and garlanded with honeysuckles. Probably they'll not call this blushing anthracite "hard coal," but rename it "the coal with a conscience." And don't be surprised if some day you see a wisp of flesh-colored smoke curling from some fragrant factory chimney and detect the faint aroma of attar of roses.

—o—

When I seat myself at my typewriter to turn out these "Ramblings" I am obsessed with a feeling of reverential awe and responsibility, notwithstanding there may run through some of them a thread of lightheartedness. The desire is to please, entertain and add to the happiness and joy of the reader. Three publications are using these paragraphs and their combined circulation gives me an audience, each week, of 34,500 readers—a larger congregation than any minister of the gospel or public speaker can assemble in North Carolina. To drop my thoughts into the minds of that many persons at one time, is an impressive fact, and one that carries great weight with me. I don't know; but I hope I am accomplishing some good. Many expressions of appreciation and encouragement have come to me which helps me in my "Ramblings" and spurs me on to renewed endeavors. May the reader, as well as the writer, and all concerned, be blessed. I esteem it a high privilige and honor to claim the attention of 34,500 persons, and I shall ever strive to give them something good.

STRETCHING A DOLLAR

A news item from Washington City says the printing of new paper money has started and that by Oct. 1 there will be in circulation a new size dollar bill. It will be three inches shorter than the dollar bill we now use and three-fourths of an inch narrower. Its composition will consist of 75 per cent linen and 25 per cent cotton. A check-up shows that once out of every seven times a dollar bill changes hands it is spent for oil or gasoline, and the soiled hands of the filling station men wears it out at a rapid rate. Citizens will welcome the new-size dollar bill—in fact, most of us are ready to welcome any size dollar bill, even though it won't buy any more than the present ones. But everybody likes a change, whether its a change in money, clothing styles or auto models. About the only comfort we get out of this change, however, is the knowledge that it will save Uncle Sam's taxpayers the sum of $246,715 annually.

THE LATE DR. GEORGE W. BLACKNALL

By C. W. Hunt

Dr. George W. Blacknall has been dead so long that there has grown up a generation that never heard of him. I would not have ever recalled him, perhaps, but for the fact that the Old Yarboro hotel building at Raleigh was burned a few weeks ago, and it was in this old building that the public first knew the genial Doctor Blacknall. No more genial, interesting or resourceful man ever lived in the state, as hotel keeper, than Dr. George W. Blacknall. His greatest stock in trade was the entertainment of his guest. Portly, good natured, he was the personification of host not only at the old Yarboro, but at Beaufort and Morehead City, where he ran Summer resort hotels as early as the 70's. It must have been in the late 70's that a hurricane from the Atlantic destroyed the old Atlantic hotel at Beaufort, in the middle of the season there when the house was full of guests. Before dawn one August morning guests were awakened to find the hotel swept by unmerciful waves from the Atlantic, which came through the inlet, the hotel sitting on piles over Beaufort harbor, and every effort was made to get the guests out without the loss of life. The writer was a mere boy at the time, but remembers being told how one young man, the hero of the incident, who saved person after person, and who went back one time too many for a trunk and was lost, after he had done such wonderful work. I cannot recall his name. I have heard the late Dr. Blacknall tell what a terrible time it was when the hotel was reduced to kindling wood and the beach strewn with everything imaginable, and how after noon when all was quiet, and a dead calm existed, as the sun shone out, it dawned on the Doctor that no one had had any breakfast or dinner. A crate of eggs was found safe and a box of soda crackers. A large pot was found, into which the Doctor had the entire crate broken, and a fire built and the eggs scrambled until done, then every body on the wrecked place was called to help themselves.

Then the New Atlantic hotel was built at Morehead City, which was more easy of access and had better protection from the tidal waves of the ocean; here Dr. Blacknall was installed, and for many years Morehead City and the Atlantic hotel were the scene of many political plots and plans, for in those days men and women gathered at such places for weeks. There were no roads to speak of, there were no autos, and Morehead City was a favorite resort, where fishing was good and sound and surf bathing accessible. But this was written to tell, to retell the story invented and published by the late Dr. Blacknall, which for a short time set the newspapers and writing world on edge. Perhaps things were dull at Morehead City, and the Doctor craved some excitement that would place Morehead on the map, so one morning there appeared in the Raleigh News and Observer, as well as all other papers in the country using the associated press reports an account of an incident at Morehead

City that was thrilling, thrilling beyond anything the world ever heard. It ran thus from memory: "Morehead City, N. C. July 10, 1881. Guests at this resort had the most exciting time of their lives today, when by the thoughtlessness of a young man in play, a two year old son of Mrs. A. B. Renfro was lifted skyward while all the host of people stood dumbfounded. It all came about by an Italian toy balloon peddler coming on the ground selling balloons to the host of children playing on the lawn and in the sand. The two year old approached Mr. Sanfidler, a young guest here, and asked that he give him a toy balloon. The young men, without thinking of any harm purchased all the balloons the Italian had, tied a string to them then tied the string around the waist of the two year old, and before there was time to wink the boy and the balloons were seen floating in the air, ascending higher and higher and floating out toward the sea. Women screamed, women fainted, pandimonium reigned; when the rotund form of Chas. J. Voorhees of Henderson appeared on the scene with a Winchester rifle and without a word to any one began shooting, the balloons one by one, and with each bursting bag the boy came lower and lower until he landed safely in a salt marsh unharmed, and was delivered to his half crazy mother. Mr. Voorhees, already known as an expert marksman has added new laurels to his fame as a shot. Many men more timid would not have risked hitting the boy, but Voorhees with deadly aim broke the balloons, one at a time, and so guaged the lifting ability of the gas in the toys as to let the child down safely and was in no danger of being hit by a bullet from Voorhees deadly gun."

This story occupied more than a column in the News & Observer, was sent on the wire to the papers all over this continent, and the next Sunday many ministers used the story for illustrations in their pulpits, and no doubt many died never knowing that the story was fabricated by the versatile mind of Dr. Geo. W. Blacknall the proprietor of the Atlantic hotel, Morehead City, and the first the guests knew of the story was when they read it in the paper that reached there the next afternoon. It was a thriller, a fabrication out of the whole cloth. Those who knew the poor marksmanship of Voorhees, laughed most. This was the climax of all the stories the genial Doctor told in a long life associated with the public. He used to tell his guests who bragged about the quality of the chickens he served that he could tell a yellow legged Plymouth Rock chicken by the track it made.

One of the most ludicrous things that ever came into his life was when alone, and was the only witness to a thing that would have made a good dog laugh. He owned a farm in the suburbs of Raleigh, and the growing of fine watermelons was his long suit. Some recreants began pilfering a melon occasionally, so he procured what was known as a watch-dog-gun, made to anchor down and strings were run out in different directions, so that a prowler would strike the strings and fire off the gun, each string being fastened to a different firing aparatus. It is said the Doctor was sitting on his porch one afternoon dozing after a full meal, when he heard his watch-dog gun fire. Rising to his feet he

saw a man prone on the ground, who rose and made a break for cover, but hit another string and fired another load, and at the crack of the gun the man fell as if shot dead, but soon found he was not killed and made for cover, this time safely. The Doctor no doubt regretted that some friend or friends were not present to enjoy the ludicrousness of man falling at the crack of a gun loaded with powder only.

Late in life he quit the hotel business and under the last administration of Grover Cleveland was made an officer in the internal revenue department, which work took him everywhere in reach of Raleigh, which work was to his liking, and in his declining years he was thrown with many of his old hotel customers as well as making a great host of new friends, and to the last was full of fun at some one else, as well as his own expense, as he was in the prime of life. It is hoped that this short story will cause some one to recall this once state wide known character that has been forgotten.

CLERIC LAUDS FLAMING YOUTH

(Charlotte Observer)

Flaming youth was lauded recently at Lake Junaluska, by the Rev. Paul Hardin, of Matthews, N. C., when he addressed the Epworth league assembly of the Western North Carolina conference of the M. E. church, south, at the opening meet- of the annual meeting there.

Rev. Mr. Hardin said he spoke as a fellow member of a generation which many leaders declared to be "going to the dogs,'' but in his opinion young people of the present generation were not only a pretty descent set, but in frankness, lack of artificiality, and mental attainments excelled any previous generation.

It is a generation, he said, which has produced more Ph. Ds'. under 25 years of age, more real thinkers, more prominent young lawyers, doctors and churchmen than any previous generation.

With more than 300 North Carolina Epworth Leaguers recently arrived, with plans going forward for a church-wide young people's conference July 17-28, and with some half dozen young people's camps in the height of their activity, youth is being served in a large way at the southern assembly.

Opening night with western North Carolina Epworth Leaguers was characterized by a banquet at league headquarters in the Sunday school cafeteria. Songs and cheers by districts and groups, a welcome address by Ralph E. Nollner, general superintendent of the southern assembly, response by Rev. Hermon F. Duncan, of Oak Ridge, an inspirational address by Rev. Mr. Hardin, followed by a social hour marked the occasion.

Rev. L. B. Hayes, of Winston-Salem, was toastmaster.

Ralph E. Nollner, in his address told the history of the southern assembly and something of its record during the past 20 years and plans now rapidly nearing completion for making it a church-wide institution.

A WOMAN TELLS IT

(Cleveland Star)

When anything of consequence happens depend upon the woman present to tell it as it is when she gets back home. Which is by way of reference to the fact that Miss Beatrice Cobb, Morganton editress, was a member of the North Carolina delegation to Houston, and upon her return home she tells in her paper about "The Big Show," at Houston—through a woman's eyes—and it is well told.

Miss Cobb, one of the state's best known women has been secretary of the North Carolina Press Association for years and a favorite among newspaper folks. As an ateive participant in politics she is not so well known, but a North Carolina delegation returning from Houston generally agreed that the state has few more companionable, sensible, and frank talking women than Miss Cobb. She has the ability to mix with all types, under all occasions and meantime she adjudges that going on about her with a keen, dissecting mind.

Which is getting rather lengthy except that it is to introduce some of the opinions Miss Cobb had of the Houston convention. And it must be admitted that the editress talks as frankly and openly as does Al Smith.

Speaking of the melee in the North Carolina delegation Miss Cobb declares that it was over-played by the active-news writers (?) and that she was never in danger as reported. On another occasion, however, she says, she was engulfed in a big scramble at the first gates and barely managed to get out. ".....I had a kick which made me feel sure my leg had been broken.....That was my narrowest escape." Note that Miss Cobb, although not a flapper, is not old-fashioned enough to beat around the bush and refer to a leg as a limb.

In the press gallery Miss Cobb met Henry Mencken, the scintillating master of sarcasm in literature. Of him she writes: "His iconoclastic writings evidently belie the real man, who is "folksy," good-natured and delightfully interesting." In the same paragraph she says: ".....I met Will Rogers, the inimitable humorist, who that day wrote that he had 'sweated for Jackson, perspired for Wilson and was about to die for Al Smith'..... The outstanding speakers and speeches of the convention, in my opinion, were Claude Bowers, Franklin Roosevelt and Senator Gore."

And, of all things, the women who tried their hand, or tongue, at speaking failed to get a hand from the North Carolina woman. Judging by her opinion of the woman speakers Miss Cobb would perfer that the men do the talking—at least from the political platform. Of the women she writes: "With one exception (a woman from Pennsylvania) I was disappointed in the women who tried to speak. Women speakers do not, as a rule, have good radio voices—the amplifiers somehow failing to put them across. I had looked forward to hearing Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, former governor of Wyoming, but she did not measure up to my expectations. She wore a

big floppy, pink hat (Oh, Gee!—Editor's Note) and as she spoke and bobbed her head back and forth the hat flopped so much I could not keep my mind on what she was saying because my attention was distracted by the hat." Through a woman's eyes, if you please!

And in concluding Miss Cobb wrote: "Some of my Morganton friends declare that they caught my voice once or twice over the radio, but that was stretching their imagination a little."

In passing from Miss Cobb's viewpoint of Houston—get the "Miss"—it should be mentioned that she is quite a popular personage—At Morgtanton she belongs to the "Motherhood Club" and also to the Wesly "Brotherhood." To friends in her delegation she said: "What d'ye know about that?" We call it the best of evidence of popularity.

THESE DID NOT SHY

(Asheville Citizen)

When Andrew Jackson won the battle of New Orleans the Ursuline Nuns, whose lives and property he saved, invited him to their convent for a special religious service. This service, in fact, was held at the famous old St. Louis Cathedral, with the proud and haughty commander and his staff in full panoply present and praying, historians tell us. Every year now for 112 years on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans the Ursuline Nuns in New Orleans hold a special service for Old Hickory in a Catholic church. It is an event.

When Jefferson Davis was a small boy his father sent him to Bardstown Kentucky, from Mississippi to be educated by a Catholic order. He there formed ties that lasted throughout his long life. When he tried to establish the Confederacy the Pope of Rome was the only temporal ruler that officially recognized the Confederacy. The letters they exchanged are rarely beautiful.

When Stonewall Jackson was in Mexico winning fame as an artillery officer he studied the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church under the Archbishop of Mexico, from whom he learned Spanish but whose religion he did not adopt. All his life he cherished profoundest respect for the Archbishop, and his intimate letters to his wife and his fond talk with her were interlarded with Spanish love phrases the old priest taught him.

Andrew Johnson was a member of no church and he died without the pale of any communion. While President he worshipped at a Roman Catholic church in Washington and the parish priest an Irishman, was his close friend.

These were four pretty good Southern Democrats who did not shy when they met one of Gov. Smith's religious faith approaching them.

CLARA BARTON

By Maude Gardner

Scores of pilgrims go each year to Oxford, near Worcester, Mass., just to see the quaint, rambling, white cottage where a great American woman was born on Christmas Day of 1821—a woman who immortalized her name not by any great gift of wealth or any act of superior statesmanship, but by founding an organization that has lightened and lessened sorrows and brought relief to thousands upon thousands in times of disaster and distress.

The birthplace of Clara Barton, together with the farm upon which it stands, was purchased a few years ago by the Women's National Missionary Association of the church to which she belonged, to be kept not only as a memorial to this illustrious woman, but to become a center of humanitarian work, to which the long years of her life were devoted.

Visitors to this now noted shrine, which is kpet open to the public, find much to interest and charm them in the pretty old-fashioned rooms, which contain much of the original furniture used by the Barton family. There is the little box desk carried by Clara Barton through all the long years of the Civil War and upon which she wrote hundreds of letters for homesick lads. The tiny room in which she was born is just back of the sitting room or parlor and in this perhaps the visitor finds the greatest interest as they visualize the Christmas baby of over a century ago—the little girl destined to become one of America's most famous women and the founder of a great organization of the nation.

Clara Barton was the youngest of the five children born in this quaint little farmhouse at Oxford. Her father had been a brave soldier under "Mad Anthony" Wayne, and from his tales of Revolutionary times she learned much of her country's history while still a mere child. She grew up a shy little girl, with no one ever dreaming that the time would come when she would go on battlefields, in the thickest of fights, to carry succor to wounded and dying soldiers.

It was her brother's accident, perhaps, which decided the whole course of Clara Barton's life, for when she was eleven years old, David, the athlete of the family, had a serious fall from the roof of a high barn and, in consequence, remained an invalid for two years. Clara, the little sister, became his nurse and constant companion. No one else, it seems, could do the things which pleased the invalid so well as she. One would think that a child of twelve would grow weary and tired of the confinement of a sick room, but strange to say that in the two years of her brother's invalidism, Clara Barton never once complained or murumured, or had even a holiday from the routine of her duties.

The physicians were amazed at the devotion of the timid, shrinking child while the neighbors looked on in wonder and declared that she was surely born to be a nurse. And while Clara Barton in this apprenticeship learned many lessons that were to be of great worth in the years to come, it was, however, at the expense of

her health, for the lack of proper exercise and the close confinement told sorely on the growth of the little girl, who appeared so delicate and timid at the end of two years that her parents became anxious over her instead of the big brother, now grown well and strong again.

In fact, Clara Barton grew so bashful, so averse to meeting people that her parents became alarmed and decided that what she needed was something that would bring her in contact with others, so at fifteen she became a school teacher. Years later in describing that first day, when she, no older than some of them, faced her forty-odd pupids, she said: "It was one of the most awful moment of my life. I could not find my voice. My hand trembled so I was afraid to turn the page." But some way, somehow, the first terrible day was lived through, and in the little school room she eventually found confidence in herself and outgrew much of the timidity which had made life so very miserable.

For eighteen years Clara Barton taught in various schools with great success, for early in her career, to the great surprise of her people, she became known as a fine disciplinarian and as soon as she would get one unruly school in good working order, she was called to another.

But this arduous labor proved too much for her frail constitution, and Clara Barton sought other employment after the partial loss of her voice, and in Washington, D. C., in 1854 she became a government clerk in the Patent Office. In this position she remained for seven years, but in 1861, when the war between the states broke out, she decided there was other and better work for her to do, so she resigned her clerkship in the government and began to help care for the injured soldiers brought to the city.

The army was not ready to care for its wounded soldiers, but Clara Barton and other brave women equal to the emergency made the most of what they had, using handkerchiefs, sheets, even their treasured linen for bandages and when these gave out advertised for more. Among the sick and dying she went as a ministering angel, carrying nourishment, medicine, hope and cheers, and at last obsessed with the idea that more lives could be saved if restoratives were given earlier, she pleaded to be allowed to go on the battlefields. "It is no place for a woman," was the discouraging answer at first received, but her persistent "I am needed," at last won consent from the Quartermaster General, who gave her a pass into the lines.

And this plucky little woman, who as a child had shrank from meeting strangers, went boldly to the front, where by her fearless and wonderful devotion to the wounded soldiers she won for herself the name of "The Angel of the Battlefield." Living in tents, she endured all manner of hardships, sleeping but few hours out of the twenty-four and traveling from one battlefield to another in a rourgh wagon. But nothing could daunt her brave spirit and she cooked for the soldiers, dressed their wounds, watched over them prayed for them, and wept when they died. Her experiences were many and varied and on more than one occasion she barely escaped death, but always it seemed that a special Providence watched over her so that she might be spared to soothe pain

and save the lives of others.

Then the war was ended, but Clara Barton's labor of love did not cease, for from all over the country came eager, pleading letters, asking for information relative to some son or brother who was among the missing. No one was better fitted to trace these sixty thousand missing men than was Clara Barton, and for another four years she labored patiently, studying hospital and prison records, identifying thousands of graves and sending at last some definite word to anxious hearts.

Again her strenuous duties proved too much for her weak strength and Miss Barton was ordered by here physician to take three years of absolute rest, and a trip abroad was advised.

Clara Barton had never heard of the Red Cross, she did not know that such a society existed; but while journeying in Switzerland she saw the wonderful work being carried on and then and there detemined that whne she returned to America she would never rest until her own cuontry had such an organization. It was during her sojourn in Europe that the Franco-Prussian War came on, and Clara Barton now with health partially restored, was eager and anxious to be of service. It mattered little to her to what nationality the soldiers belonged. They were all brave men, fighting for an ideal, and just as she had ministered to the volunteers of North and South in her own land, so now she went among the French and German soldiers, setting up hospitals, caring for the wounded and bringing relief to starving women and children.

In 1873 she returned to America and at once began her task of organizing a Red Cross Society, whose workings abroad had convinced her of its inestimable worth. It took her years to persuade the people that the project was a feasible one, but at last she triumphed and, in 1882, the American Red Cross Society had its beginning with Miss Barton as its first president.

In the forty-odd years of its existence this organization, whose purpose is to bring help in times of distress, regardless of race or creed, has done an incalculable good to mankind. Thousands of people in times of war and disaster have had reason to bless the name of Clara Barton and the society which her labors fostered.

Spared to the good age of four score years and ten, with fifty years of continuous service to humanity to her credit, this indomitable woman passed away in 1912, happy in the thought that her work through the Red Cross Society would go on indefinitely.

A clergyman gave out the hymn, "I love to steal awhile away," and the deacon who led the singing, began, "I love to steal—" but found he had pitched the note too high. Again he began, "I love to steal—" but this time it was too low. Once more he tried, "I love to steal—" and again got the pitch wrong. After the third failure the minister said: "Observing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

THE HIGHEST COURAGE

By J. Raymond Elderdice, in Young Folks

Paul Gordon, sprinting with all his speed between second and third, realized that the Federal Hill left fielder who was fielding the hard hit ball, was about to drive it to third to cut him down. From the Bloomingdale Hill catcher, coaching back of the hot corner came a frantic shout.

"Slide, Gordon, slide—hit the dirt!"

A second later Paul dimly beheld the bulk of one "Bing" Tuttle, third sacker of the "Feds," his feet planted in front of the bag, prepared to block off the sliding runner. Aroused by the unfair tactics of Bing spurred by the knowledge that unless he stole the base his team might fail to break the 2-to-2 tie in the last of the ninth and lose out in extra innings, the speedy youth let out another notch, then launched his lithe body in a fast slide into the sack, feet first.

"Safe " bawled Umpire McQuade admid the frenzied howls of the Bloomingdale Hill rooters. Two out in the last of the ninth; Paul Gordon secure on third, with a good hitter up—the score 2-to-2, but the sluggers of the Feds would appear in the tenth, if given a chance. Paul, pitcher for the "Blooms," had given his team hope by his daring steal following his walk and a wild pitch sending him to second. Now, with "Doc" Hawkins, who was fairly sure of a short single, at bat—

"Say, you!" said Bing Tuttle, fullback of the Midbury High School team until he had left, with education unfinished, "what do you mean, Gordon? Spiking me on purpose, sliding into me feet first and trying to put put me out of the game!"

Paul, a slender, well-proportioned youth, flushed as he dusted his uniform.

"I never dreamed of spiking you, Bing" he said quitely, though he paled a trifle at the other's beligerent manner. "Bill Wagner hollered for me to hit the dirt, and I slid. That is all. You were standing so as to block me off the bag, and—"

"That's a lie!" The enraged Bill Tuttle somewhat inclined to be a bully among the boys of Midbury, took a menacing step toward the other player. "Trying to put the blame on me, eh? Well, Gordon, you are a new one here in this town, aren't you? I am going to show you that you can't spike me like that, see? I say you did it on purpose; now, you can either admit it, or take a licking you'll never forget! Which shall it be?"

Paul Gordon's sensational slide had been a ninth inning thrill of the game being played between the two nines of Midbury's "Saturday Afternoon League," made up of eight clubs picked from residents of as many sections of the town. A double-header was scheduled for every Saturday during the summer; with the two "Hills"—Bloomingdale and Federal—tied for first place, and the Main Street outfit a close third, this game was one of especial interest, and each was eager to win.

It was also the debut of young Paul Gordon, pitching for the "Blooms." His father, Professor Herbert Gordon, would become principal of the

Midbury High School in September, and with his family had moved to town in the first part of the summer. When it was learned that his son was a high school pitcher the manager of the Blooms lost no time in slating Paul for a tryout, after the Gordons had made him eligible for that team by moving to Bloomingdale Hill.

Bing Tuttle, the Feds' third-sacker, had sneered at Paul's slight frame.

"Here's mamma's boy!" he shouted. "Handle him with care, fellows —don't break him! Don't get rough with Percy! Ho! He won't last two innings, eh?"

Facing a handicap of 2-to-0, through errors behind him in the opening frame, Paul Gordon had displayed a pitching skill worthy of a college nine, holding the Feds helpless for the rest of the game. He fanned the slugging Bing Tuttle the first two times up, and the next two appearances resulted in weak pop flies. Big Bing, chafed unmercifully by the Bloomingdale Hill crowd, even by his own rooters, had grown sullen, glowering at the slim Gordon, performing so brilliantly in the box.

"We'll get him!" he growled from time to time. "Knock him off the mound soon! Thinks he's a regular Walter Johnson, eh? Wait till I get another crack at mamma's boy!"

But Bing had gone hitless. And in the last half of the ninth, with the score 2-to-1 against them, Captain Bill Wagner's Blooms, who had managed to make a tally because of enemy errors, went to bat resolved to do or die. The team leader himself, with two strikes on him, had straightened out one of the Feds' pitcher's curves, sending it over left fence for a home run! 2-to-2! Then came Paul's walk, going to second on a wild pitch, and his thrilling steal of third—when his spikes had ripped Bring's stocking and slightly cut his leg.

2-to-2! Two out for the Blooms, and little Doc Hawkins about due for another one of his short singles; it was to get in a position to score on it, if Doc made good, that Paul had stolen third base. And Gordon, even as he had tensed himself, was hoping that his team would win in the ninth, for his arm was growing sore. Then Bing Tuttle had loudly accused him of purposely spiking in his slide to third.

"I—I don't want to fight!" Paul Gordon was quivering like a leaf, every vestage of color gone from his face. "B-but I didn't spike you on purpose, Tuttle. Ask the umpire if you weren't blocking me off the sack. standing in the base-running path! I—"

"Say you spiked me on purpose!" rumbled Bing. "Say it, or fight! I don't let anaybody slide into me and give me the spikes, trying to cut me down, see? One minute"

The players and spectators flocked toward third base; knowing that the slender youth was a newcomer in Midbury, they were curious to see see if he would display courage in refusing to back down before the bullying Tuttle, who was obviously in the wrong.

"I can't f-fight you," stammered Paul, falling back a pace as Bing, fists doubled, crowded against him. "Why can't you take my word for it? Please don't get sore, Tuttle. I don't want fight you, or any body else. Why can't you believe that I didn't try to spike you? I am sure

you didn't know you were blocking me off the bag."

Bing Tuttle, laughing scornfully, pointed at the pale youth.

"YELLOW!" he shouted loudly. "Afraid to stand up for himself! He won't fight me—won't fight anybody. Bah! Don't worry, Percival, I won't bother with a poor worm like you. I've shown you up before the crowd as a coward, without a bit of courage, and—"

"Wait a second, Tuttle!"

The players and spectators were pushed aside as the umpire, Mr. Robert McQuade, a one-time famous Princeton athlete, now cashier of the Midbury First National Bank, made his way to the scornful Bing. With a hand on Paul Gordon's shoulder he waved the crowd back.

"Folks," he said, "the games all season have been clean, and we've got to keep them so, for the women and children here. Now, Tuttle, I am unpiring today, and I say that you deliberately tried to block Gordon off third base, and that he didn't intend to spike you. If he does not believe in fighting, that doesn't make him a coward."

The former athlete of Old Nassau, who had been about to ask the two boys to shake hands, hesitated as the unsportsmanlike Tuttle, scowling at Paul Gordon, turned his back on him and Mr. McQuade.

"Play ball!" called the umpire. "And don't forget this, Bing—because a fellow doesn't want to fight, may even be afraid to fight, does not make him lack courage. He hasn't got your sort, maybe, that makes you ready to pitch in and bully anybody, at any time, but there are other kinds, of a higher type, and I feel sure that Paul has it in him not to fail in a real test of courage."

The crowd, swayed by Mr. McQuade's words, cheered for him. Good-naturedly, though many stared with mild contempt at Paul Gordon, the spectators and players laughed, and retired from the infield. The umpire had resumed his position, Paul Gordon was standing with one foot on third base—with Bing whispering jeering taunts at him—when suddenly the whistle of the Midbury Lumber Company, the town's fire siren, burst out in a shrill, crescendo alarm!

"Fire! Fire! Where is it? Firemen to the firehouse at once—look, the smoke is over there. Hurry, everybody—!"

The game was over, 2-to-2 until another day. Racing madly to automobiles, members of the Midbury Fire Department commandeered their owners, who drove them at top speed to the firehouse on Main Street. Others headed their cars for the dirt road leading to the railroad tracks, across which, a few hunderd yards west of the station, arose an ominous black cloud of smoke. Players and spectators who were unable to catch a ride, sprinted across the baseball field, cutting off half of the distance by going through back yards and over vacant lots. Still the siren sounded its eerie warning! Pandemonium! Those first to reach the railroad embankment on foot, just as the first of the cars arrived on the other side of it, beheld an appalling sight.

Fifty yards straight out from the railroad tracks at this point, and perhaps three hundred yards from the station, freight houses and the plant of the Midbury Lumber Company,

was the bulk distributing station of the Bolton Oil Company. From tank cars on a siding, gasoline and kerosene were pumped into two huge parallel tanks, supported on a concrete base and holding respectively, fifteen and twenty thousand gallons. From this bulk station the truck drivers of the local company filled their big tank trucks, with separate compartments for the two inflammables, which they delivered to the filling stations and garages on their routes each day.

"It's Jim!" Paul Gordon, dashing to the top of the embankment, failed catch the last name, shouted by an excited man beside him. "His truck's on fire! Oh, look—he's burning, too—down there in the road in front of the tanks!"

Hundreds of spectators, arriving at the scene from all directions, were paralyzed with horror, helpless to aid the doomed man. There he lay, rolling about in awful torture, not twenty-five yards from the burning truck. On the other side of it, so close that the big hose by which the gasoline had been pouring into the truck's tanks was in instant danger of igniting, carrying the flames into the storage tanks themselves, were the two huge iron cylinders; twenty thousand gallons of kerosene and fifteen thousand of gasoline, for the tank car had been pumped empty the day before. Added to that, those tanks on the oil truck were full, holding a thousand gallons in all, divided between the two fuels!

"No hope!" men were shouting. "Keep back everybody! Only a few seconds now before the truck will explode. The heat may run up that gas-soaked hose at any second and set fire to the storage tanks! Poor Jim's done for—it's terrible! But no one can risk his life in that inferno!"

Afterward, Midbury learned what had happened, just before the fire alarm broke up the ball game. The driver of one of the Bolton Oil Company's trucks had driven up to the distributing station tanks, to fill up, so as to be ready to start out early Monday morning to sell along his route. His exhaust pipe had been hot, and when the tank compartment into which gasoline was flowing through the hose had overflowed, the liquid had streamed down on the hot pipe and ignited. Dismayed, he had lost his head and tried to beat out the flames under the truck body with his cap, which had caught fire. Then he had rushed to the front, jumping to the seat in the cab.

Starting the motor and releasing the brakes, he had moved the truck a foot, intending to get it away from the storage tanks, when suddenly the flames burst through the flooring of the cab, at his feet. Terrified, he had leaped out and the motor stalled, leaving the truck still in front of the big tanks. But it was too late to save himself, for his oil and gas-soaked overalls had ignited from the intense heat! Shrieking with pain, inhaling smoke and fire, he had started to run; then he had thrown himself on the ground and by rolling in the deep sand, throwing it on himself, had finally succeeded in extinguishing his blazing clothing.

But he was too badly burned to stand up. Threshing about in the sand, so near the blazing truck and the storage tanks filled to capacity with inflammable liquids, the smoke was still rising from his smouldering garments. The woodwork of the

truck was ablaze now, from end to end—a column of flame rose from the cab; in a few minutes the gasoline and kerosene, five hundred of each, would catch fire and the heat would spread for yards around, smothering "Jim." Too, in a brief time the truck's tanks would explode. During this period, the inflammables in the big storage tanks must ignite, and a terrible holocaust would result.

"We can do nothing!" Paul saw Mr. Thomas Holton, head of the oil company, winging his hands in anguish. "Poor Jim! Poor fellow—to burn to death, and no one can do a thing to save him! If those storage tanks go, half of Midbury will be wiped out! A strong wind is blowing uptown, directly toward the lumber plant, and we can't do a thing to keep the tanks from burning up, from exploding and hurling the blazing stuff everywhere!"

Paul Gordon, scrambling down the embankment to the dirt road, now crowded with cars and people, felt sick with horror. The thought of the helpless man, already horribly burned, perishing before the eyes of hundreds, made him weak and giddy. "Jim," as he had heard him called, must burn to a crisp! And more, when the big storage tanks "let go" with thousands of gallons of gasoline and kerosene blazing, a high wind blowing townward, why—families would be rendered homeless, and in the conflagration more loss of life might result! All this the citizens might have to stand and watch, just because an oil truck, ablaze from end to end, could not be dragged away from the burned driver, and the threatened tanks!

"It can be done!" Paul told himself fiercely. Glancing up and down the road he saw a sturdy service truck, used by the repair gang of a telephone company. The driver had just gotten out and the engine was still running; in the open back of the truck, among the tools and gear, Paul saw something that made his heart leap. Before he knew what he was doing, he was sprinting toward the service truck, was climbing into the driver's seat.

"Hey, what's up?" bawled that worthy, who had walked down the road. "Come back with my truck, you!" And then, as the bewildered crowd realized what the boy intended to try, a great cry of protest went up—"Don't do it, Paul. Come back here, boy—no use of two dying! You'll only get burned up, Gordon! Say, stop him, somebody—!"

Stepping on the accelerator, Paul sent the speedy truck across the open space on which the Bolton Oil Company's tanks were placed; it was wide and smooth, except for a sandy patch in front of the bulk distributing station, where Jim now lay quiet so he was able to drive at top speed. Shooting past the burning truck at a distance of fifty yards, he bore to his right so as to be in a direct line with it when he stopped. Then, while hundreds held their breath, praying and crying, young Gordon backed the truck swiftly, directly toward the oil truck and the storage tanks! Stopping less than sixty feet away, he hurriedly dumped out a coil of thick rope and made one end of it fast to the rear end of the service truck.

Fortune favored him. Just then the wind veered, and for a few moments blew toward the rear of the

blazing oil truck, so that Paul, carrying one end of the loosely coiled rope, was able to sprint toward the front bumper. The heat was staggering, and he felt himself parboiled; he gasped, coughed, and choked. Holding one arm before his face, the courageous boy dashed up to the truck and in the face of the holocaust, placed a big iron hook around the hollow-pipe bumper of the oil truck, the open side of the hook down, to prevent falling off. Then, while the crowd at a safe distance waited tensely, he ran back to the telephone truck and jumped to the seat.

"Give 'er the juice!" screamed someone. "Haul that truck away, and the fire company can do the rest —they can save the tanks! Folks, he's going to do it—he'll save Jim, and the town!"

Fortunately, the oil truck driver had left the brakes off when he leaped for his life, and the engine had stalled. Paul, "giving 'er the juice," in the strong service truck, felt a thrill of joy. The burning oil truck was being dragged away from the storage tanks that were filled with thousands of gallons of potential tragedy, and ruin to Midbury; away from poor, burned "Jim," whoever he might be, helpless on the ground.

Yet, every foot that the blazing truck, now a mass of flames from end to end, was being towed out of the danger zone, meant increasing peril to Paul Gordon. For at any split second now its contents might take fire, even explode, hurling the burning gasoline and kerosene over his own truck, and seizing him in a fiery embrace! The truck of fire was only sixty feet behind him, and if the tanks were ignited, which they must do soon, he was doomed to a fearful death—burned alive!

A few seconds more, and he felt the menace was out of the way. He stopped, leaped from the service truck, with its motor running, and dashed to its rear. Here, despite the agonized yells of the spectators for him to "Run! Run, boy—let the truck go!"—he grabbed up an axe and with a few sure blows severed the tow rope. The back to the driver's seat again, brakes released—fifty yards he drove madly; a hundred, then he was two hundred yards away, when—

BOOM! With a dull "plop," magnified a thousand times, the oil truck exploded, its rear compartments flying a hundred feet though the air, to fall, blazing harmlessly, to the gound. Paul was safe, and back at the bulk distributing station the fire engine was now playing a stream on the burning woodwork around the tanks, driving the flames out by sheer power. Volunteers, excited by Paul's brave deed, were hurrying to succor the agonized Jim, and a doctor was kneeling beside him.

"Who was that boy?" Mr. Bolton demanded, as he issued orders for his injured truck driver to be rushed to the hospital in Midbury, for the best medical attention and care. "He saved Jim's life—why, he saved Midbury from a fire loss of several hundred thousand dollars! Find him, Mr. McQuade—bring him to me, after I have seen that Jim is taken care of at the hospital. What a wonderful courage he displayed in the face of peril!"

A few hours later, on Main Street, Mr. Thomas Bolton, head of the local oil company, was gripping Paul's hand, for Mr. McQuade had found the youth and towed him, protesting,

to the other man.

"Splendid, my boy!" Mr. Bolton's voice shook. "Jim will live. At the hospital they just told me that happiness will pull him trough—joy of hearing that the tanks didn't burn and set fire to the town. If that had happened, he would have died from the worry. He's burned badly, but is resting easy, and will get well. You are a hero, Paul, and I want —"

Bing Tuttle, pushing through the crowd, interrupted Mr. Bolton's statement that he wanted to reward Paul by sending him through business college, then giving him an office position; he faced the startled Paul Gordon. Why, the big fellow was crying! Tears coursed down his cheeks as he held out his hand to the other boy.

"Forgive me, Paul," he said brokenly. "I was wrong. You are brave! Mr. McQuade was right; there are different kinds of courage. I haven't anything but a bully's strength, but I'm going to be something better. You, Paul—you've got the highest courage of all, to risk your life for another. Why, he would have burned to death when those storage tanks went up if you hadn't saved him!"

Paul Gordon, pressing the other boy's hand fervidly, looked bewilderedly at Mr. McQuade. The bank cashier of Midbury, smiling at the two youths, cleared away the fog of puzzlement from Paul's brain, as he patted the repentant Bing Tuttle on the shoulder.

"So you didn't know, Paul? Why, good-natured, likable old 'Jim,' as everybody in Midbury call Mr. Bolton's oldest oil truck driver, is Jim Tuttle—Bing's father!"

FOR SERVICE

'Tis not how much we shine;
But, rather how our light
Shines on some darkened way
And makes it bright.

'Tis nt how much we tell;
But, rather, how our voice,
Love-filled, will lead to life
And heavenly choice.

'Tis not how wide our name
Is flung with Honor's dart;
But, rather, how our life
Will cheer the heart.

'Tis not how great our power,
Or strong our selfish will;
But, rather, can we live
A helper, still?

THE GOSPEL IN THE SONG HITS!

By Bernard C. Clausen, in Association Men.

The Gospel? In song hits? Better search for a needle in a haystack! Song hits have always been considered beyond the pale of decency. Their sentiments have been scorned as the lowest of the low. And sociologists have delighted to trace the trail of smut which they have left across our national life.

Written by careless, uncultured, unskilled, hack-writers, the popular lyrics have degenerated into hopeless doggerel, without inspiration or conscience. And we need not be surprised at this result when we remember that in order to succeed, these productions must challenge a cheap and tawdry public, moved by the unnatural stimulation of lights and rhythmic syncopation in the typical burlesque music hall.

A popular song must be "plugged," and plugging is a technique in itself. Popular artists must be hired to sing or play the new melody, and to add to its intrinsic appeal all of their own cheap gifts of personality so as to make the bewildered hearers leave the show with a foggy determination to try that one over on the piano. So the songs have been written down to fit the presentation, and the presentation has been arranged to fit the demands of these smug, uncritical audiences. And the song hits have expended their influence for the worst things in human life.

Yet educators have always been conscious of their very strong influence. And wise ministers have often sighed, with the fantastic wish that some day the magic of popular song might be captured by the message of helpful truth.

It is better to write a nation's songs than to write its laws. And if the songs have hitherto been much worse than the laws, this very fact has tempted right-minded men to wish that the songs might be better so that the laws might be less important.

As certain jazz masterpieces snake their slimy way across the world, breaking down moral barriers and making surrender to sin more easy wherever their message is sung, their degrading power sends a shudder of apprehension through the church, and dares us to pray that some day we may be able to sing the Gospel into the hearts of the people as effectively as now these dastardly temptations are presented by the genius of jazz.

And now, behold, the miracle is taking place. Without our help, almost without our knowledge, radio is completely changing the standards of the song hits. Once it was necessary to build a song so that it would attract the attention of the cheap sports and the loud women in the gilded music-halls. Now a new market has been found by wireless, a market which involves the steady, substantial home-life of the people who own the receiving sets.

In order to be a great popular favorite now, a song must make its appeal to the radio audience, and its message must be more skillful, its motives must be more wholesome, its moods must find their response in the truer spirit of American home-life. Given the proper combination in a song hit today, and the stimulation

of sales which follows, far exceeds the wildest dream of the old-fashioned jazz writers. But he must adopt a totally new approach, or his song will be overwhelmed by the disfavor of those who listen. Smart innuendoes are not the style any more. Flippant jests of ribaldry do not sell songs now. Read the messages of this year's song hits, and you will discover the Gospel here.

What are the two greatest dangers which the modern church faces today? Students and preachers are all agreed they see a frightening drift away from the standards of home-life, and a terrifying tendency to avoid the risks and the rewards of children.

Pulpits everywhere are decrying the breakdown of the modern home. "Companionate marriage" has been a phrase potent enough to frighten preachers into hysterics. Their apprehension has been completely justified. For we are certainly on the brink of the greatest change in social attitudes ever recorded in the history of modern civilization. Thousands of sermons proclaim the folly of the new way. Hundreds of orators scold our young people for their errant carelessness. Articles in magazines shriek out their protest. And the new generation goes on quite unmoved.

But along comes a little song called "My Blue Heaven." The radio picks it up and spreads it broadcast across the continent, and then across the world. Young people whistle it. Old people hum it.

"When Whip-poor-wills call
And evening is nigh,
I hurry to my blue heaven.
A turn to the right,
A little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven.
You'll see a smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room,
A little nest that's nestled where the roses bloom.
Just Mollie and me, and baby makes three,
We're happy in my blue heaven.

I tell you that this song has done more good in the present crisis of the modern home than all the ranting sermons that have been preached against "companionate marriage." For this song does not stop to scold nor to scorn. With a lilt of merriment, and a smile of joy, it sings the wholesome message of happy home-life.

Note with what gory predictions the church has been tempted to confront the threat of childlessness. Our apprehension has not been entirely unreasonable. It is unquestionably the fact that this new generation is being taught that it is scientifically possible to avoid the risk and pain of childbirth, and that this information is now making terrific inroads upon the moral responsibilities of our age. Prophets and orators have responded with a wave of scolding and threats. Gruesome statistics have been cited. The history of ruined nations has been stirred up for their revolting lessons, and our young people have been warned of the dire consequences that will follow if they are selfish enough to depopulate the earth (as if such colossal arguments would ever have the slightest weight in any real situation).

Then someone writes a song called "Baby Feet Go Pitter Patter 'Cross My Floor." He is, of course, a "nobody." He has probably never heard of this furious battle which is now going on in the realms or terrestrial morals. The rage of the propagandist pulpit is completely foreign to him. But he has sense enough to sing simply, and with an infectious rhythmic swing:

"Baby feet go pitter patter 'cross my floor,
Tell me, folks, what else could matter any more,
When baby fingers go a-mussing through my hair,
Let the world go on a-fussing, I should care,
When I come back from town, they meet me by the gate,
They greet me with the love I've hungered for,
If I'm not in heaven, then I'm right next door—
When baby feet go pitter patter 'cross my floor."

He does not cite statistics. He does not threaten depopulation. He just makes plain that the best fun in all the world is the fun of having children,—that for sheer joy, there is nothing that can compare with the joys of parenthood. And thousands of homes across the country yield to the insistent message of this lilting lyric, while terrific tirades of scorn bellow forth unheard.

Turn now, if you will, to the two great temptations which confront human minds today. We are being induced to believe that sin is only an unimportant, incorrect choice which leaves no real effect, and that virtue is only a slight chance-twist in the other direction. With the sophisticated carelessness which these attitudes produce, the church, of course, is forced to deal. Yet suddenly, and without warning, it is conscious of allies from this strange field. One of the great favorites of this year's musical season is called "Among My Souvenirs," and it sings its message in this memorable rhyme:

"There s nothing left for me, of days that used to be,
I live in memory among my souveniers.
Some letters tied with blue, a photograph or two,
I see a rose from you among my souveniers.
A few more tokens rest within my treasure chest,
And though they do their best to give me consolation,
I count them all apart, and as the tear drops- start,
I find a broken heart among my souveniers!"

How simple its argument. Yet how sure its contradiction of the careless, superficiality which dismisses sin with a bland gesture! Sin is no mere gust of breeze, no lifting wave of unimportant sea, no infinitesimal grain of sand in a great desert oasis. Sin lasts through the years in the treasure chests of memory. The deep scar of an unfortunate experience still plagues the waiting years. The hidden weakness comes to light after we thought we had forgotten it. The broken heart is still real "among my souveniers." Open the chest and there it is to haunt you. Close the chest and you cannot avoid its recollections.

Meanwhile, the rewards of virtue are hymned in Irving Berlin's greatest masterpiece. Here the melody itself has that mysterious magic over which the East-side boy has such wierd command. And he sings, with a rhythmic confidence that portrays the master:

"The song is ended, but the melody lingers on,
You and the song are gone, but the melody lingers on,
The night was splendid, and the melody seemed to say,
'Summer will pass away, take your happiness while you may.'
There 'neath the light of the moon we sang a love song that ended too soon,
The moon descended and I found with the break of dawn
You and the song had gone, but the melody lingers on."

Life, you see, says he, is made up of experience and of melody. And the

loveliness of a passing moment does not pass with the moment. Instead, each dream of beauty, each deed of daring, each day of achievement has its melody. And the melody lingers on. What kind of melody comes out of your experience this day? What tunes of memory are you preparing for your future recollections? Do not think they will be silenced with the years to come. "The song is ended, but the melody lingers on!"

The most surprising discovery, however, comes when we realize that the new philosophy of religious triumph has found its way into the song hits. It is indeed the most characteristic note of all this season's popular tunes. But it has just found its most picturesque expression in a rather ornate rhyme which goes:

"Just let a smile be your umbrella
on a rainy, rainy day,
And if your sweetie cries,just tell
her that a smile will always pay
Whenever skies are gray, don't
worry or fret,—
A smile will bring the sunshine
and you'll never get wet.
So let a smile be your nmbrella
on a rainy, rainy day!"

Argue with the figures of speech, if you will. Sneer at the English style,—or the lack of it. You must still remember what happens when a completely understandable message like this goes winging across the world, set to a haunting tune.

A hard year in business becomes only another challenge to that spiritual conquest which begins with sunshine within. The prosaic monotony of humdrum life, the discouraging barriers of inescapable circumstances, the pain and tragedy of ill-health,—all provide new and more interesting opportunities for testing out this philosophy, once the message of this unpretentious song has found its way into hearts.

With an eloquence that exceeds by far the Christian pulpit, this song preaches that hidden victory which is made out of attitudes of mind. What is going on inside becomes the important issue, and the rain outside is only a laughable detail in the real spiritual combats of human life.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. W. G. Andrews, of Pasquotank County, is the lastest edition to our staff. We hope that Mr. Andrews will like it here.

Mr. Lee Ritchie, a former employee of this school returned here and was given a position. We hope he will stay with us a while.

—o—

Mr. Carriker, an officer of this institution, is in bed with the mumps. We all wish him a speedy recovery. Mr. Andrews has charge of his cottage during his illness.

A number of boys have been cutting fresh cabbage and making saurkraut. From the looks of the amount of cabbage, we will have a good supply of sauerkraut.

Messrs Poole and Teague, officers of this institution and members of the National Guard, are away on a few weeks trip to camp. We wish them

both a good trip.

A couple of barn boys have been mowing the grass on the lawns lately.

The boys of the work force worked in the new "gravel pit" last Friday and Saturday. The barn boys hauled the gravel around to fill up the washouts caused by recent rains.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobby have returned after a month's vacation. The boys of Mrs. Hobby's school room are glad to see her back as they were getting a little tired of working all day.

We have noticed that Mr. Presson who has charge of the Receiving Building, has been taking the new boys down to the ball ground on Saturday afternoon. The new boys not being allowed to mingle with the other boys are compelled to remain at the far end of the ball-ground, while the rest sit in the grand stand.

Dr. A. G. Barry, Professor of Criminology and Sociology, of the University of Wisconsin, who is teaching at the Summer School, at Asheville, brought a group of his students here last Saturday morning. This party has been spending several days visiting our State Institutions and after loking over the various departments here, commented very favorably on the way our work is being carried on.

Among those accompanying Dr. Barry were: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kay, Andrews, S. C.; Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Gibbs, Asheville; Misses Louise Farabee, Colliersville, Tenn.; Madeline Hammond, Destrelian, La.; Laura Hunt, Florence, Ala.; Jessie Tipton, Black Mountain, Eugenie B. Way, Orangeburg, S. C.; Mrs. Flora C. Thompson, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. J. M. Day, Asheville, and Messrs F. B. Mann and O. F. Blankenship, Asheville.

The Roberta Mill team defeated the Training School boys last Saturday in a ten-inning game, by the score of 5 to 2.

Christian, a youngster pitching his first game for the Training School, hurled a fine game, and would have registered a 2 to 0 victory, but for a bad decision at third base, which had it been called right, would have retired the visitors without scoring. He fanned twelve batters and held the Roberta boys to five scattered hits.

Taylor, also did some good twirling, fourteen of the local team striking out, but they out-batted the visitors, getting eight hits, one of them a two bagger. The score.

		R	H	E
Roberta	000 200 000 3	5	5	2
J. T. S.	000 001 100 0	2	8	3

Two-base hit—Jordan. Stolen bases—McCall, Hobby, J. Furr. Struck out—By Christian 12; by Taylor 14. Base on balls—off Christian 2; Hit by pitcher—by Christian 1; by Taylor 1. Umpires Hatley and Hudson.

You can never have a greater or a less dominion than that over yourself.—Leonardo da Vinci.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JU[illegible] No. 27

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THE SUPREME ADVENTURE

"I unhesitatingly say that I am just beginning to really live. All my previous years and experiences have given me a background of memories that have enriched my life, broadened my horizon, increased my capacity for the things worth while. I have learned to discriminate between the true and the false, the sham and the real. Greatest of all I have learned the one supreme adventure in life is the Spiritual adventure."—Milford W. Howard, at the age of 65.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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SETTING A GOAL FOR LIFE'S WORK

I know a man who is now on the eve of passing middle life, who had a rather poor show as a boy, especially as to education, but he had a firm moral setting, with plenty of ambition to rise. For many years he struggled working for wages and on commission, until he finally reached real work in the occupation he had selected for his life work. At this point in life his ambition took a new turn, and while his capital was small and it seemed to be a long way to his goal, yet he boldly advertised to the world that he expected to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, and when he made that resolve and told the world he also promised that he would give to those in need and to the church and things that promised for good, the one tenth of all that came into his hands. Making these resolves he went to work to accomplish so much each week. Finding he could do that he increased the week's quota. No one was more surprised than he to find that he had reached his goal in about half the time he had expected, and by the time he expected to count himself worth one hundred thousand dollars, he was worth nearer two hundred thousand dollars. He has never forgotten his promise to give as well as to never gain anything by tricks or sharping. Here is an example and an inspiration for the young man setting out on life's journey. He can make no better resolve than to say I will accomplish so much, and with it all I will be a decent loyal citizen; taking God as a partner. Such have never failed.—C. W. H.

DECLARES WAR ON THE HAWK AND THE CROW

Every now and then some writer goes into print in defense of the hawk and the crow; claiming the hawks catch more rats than chicks, and that the crow is a grub eater, but it seems that the Department of conservation

at Raleigh takes no stock in such, as will be seen by the following dispatch sent out from the capitol:

> The North Carolina department of conservation and development has declared war on crows, hawks of several kinds and wild cats, and has appropriated $10,000 to be paid out as bounties, Wade H. Phillips, director said today.
>
> A price of 25 cents will be placed upon the head of each crow and hawk and two dollars on wild cats beginning this fall. The move is designed to protect and increase game birds and animals, he said.

Only last spring, in sight of the writer's home, a pair of crows broke up a setting turkey hen, within one hundred feet of the house, and not only ate and carried off the turkey eggs, but injured the turkey's head, in the fight for the eggs. The owner was unaware of the pilfering until they had about completed the work. Perhaps birds suffer more than anything of the feathered tribe by crows and hawks robbing their nests of the young. The common black crow often takes to the chicken yard and carries off a whole brood of young chicks, unless killed out. Twenty-five cents per head for hawks and crows will make many cheap gunners seek them instead of the much hunted "Molly cotton tails."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE UNDER WATER BRIDGE

Some weeks ago the matter of an underwater bridge was sprung, and some official of Caldwell county wrote in the open forum of the Charlotte Observer, describing such a crossing of a stream, but did not make it plain enuogh for the uninitiated to understand; in fact the very name is a misnomer. The layman would think at first thought that an underwater bridge was a bridge under water continuously. About two weeks ago the writer came upon one, very unexpectedly, just out of and in sight of the town of Boone, on a creek, most as large as New River is at that point, and which empties into New River only a short distance away. The Caldwell County man told it right, so far as being low is concerned, and this one I saw is not two feet above water on the upper side, and the slant toward the water on the upper, is wide, without rails, and makes a safe crossing except when water is high, which is not long on a small mountain stream. This particular bridge not only is near the water, but has poles resting on the upstream side, every few feet and anchored in the bed of the stream, which serve to lift logs and rafts upward and over the bridge, which if left to pile up against the bridge itself would carry it down stream. As the water rises higher and covers the bridge, the

safer is this anchorage, as the very weight of the stream that would carry it away, if the floor was level, gets on top of the floor and holds it down. This cheap bridge is worthy of a place on many country roads in all parts of the country, where small streams are now forded. Such a bridge as is being described here, can be built in many places for as little as one hundred dollars, ($100).

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

PUBLIC SCHOOL HEADS MAKING CONCESSIONS

Those who have found so much fault with the autocratic power of the North Carolina public school heads, will have to acknowledge that we have been mistaken, else there has been a change; for it is announced that certain schools will begin the next term in a very short time, teach until busy crop gathering time, then take up again, where they left off, after that busy time has passed. The authorities are to be commended for such a step. It means much to have the larger children to help in crop gathering, and by such an arrangement that help can be had, yet the full six or eight months of schooling be had each year. Some of the colder mountain counties are taking up schools even in the present month. With them the summer is the better time for school, as they freeze up in winter.

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DR. A. A. McGEACHY

The following taken from The Presbyterian Standard—a tribute to Dr. A. A. McGeachy, pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte—is voiced not only by people of his own church, but by the people at large, because when in the joy of physical activities he never failed to render a service to unfortunate humanity regardless of faith or class.

The Uplift always carries a tender affection for Dr. McGeachy. He never failed to remember the boys of the Jackson Training School. Our prayer is that God's richest blessings be with him at all times.

The retirement from active work of this valuable minister in the city of Charlotte deserves more than a passing notice.

We were absent in Maryland for a rest when it was first announced else we would have given expression sooner to the regret that one whose work in the city and state has meant so much to our Church and to the cause of good government, should retire from active life.

Our colleague, Rev. J. G. Garth, has already paid tribute to his work, speaking as the Stated Clerk of Mecklenburg Presbytery.

We would bring the tribute of personal friendship that grows stronger as nearly thirty years have gone by.

In 1895, we were co-Presbyters in Missouri, and for twenty years in this state, neighbors till a few years ago, and always friends.

Under such circumstances, one learns to know a man. Whatever his faults, they come to the front, under such daily observation, and through this long period we have watched with growing admiration the many sides of his character, finding at times ways different from our own ways; yet, on the whole, recognizing in him a far-seeing leader, not bound by precedent, but ready at all times to map out his own course, always having in view, what would help his fellow-man.

As a popular preacher he has no equal in this Synod. The master of terse English, he has long been the delight of one whose ideal, whether in speaking or writing, is a man who can express his thoughts in the fewest words.

We have not only admired him in the pulpit, being a regular attendant upon his evening services for twenty years, but we have admired him when laid upon a bed of pain and weakness, and at times facing death with a smile.

For all these long months, not only his devoted people have prayed for his recovery, but hundreds of other churches have watched the progress of his illness, and joined their prayers with his people.

We have no desire to hasten our own departure from this world; but if our going away, even in anticipation, would evoke such sorrow, it would soothe our dying pillow and make the sundering of tender ties less painful.

We believe that we voice the hopes of the Synod of North Carolina, when we pray that if it be the Lord's will, our beloved brother may soon be restored to active work and again become a mighty force in the betterment of mankind.

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THE IMMIGRANT APPRECIATES EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

We have read with interest all news items relative to the progress made in the public schools of our state by a young school girl and boy of foreign birth.

The girl, Theresa Diamond, an eighteen year old Polish girl, who came to this country five years ago without a knowledge of the English language graduated this past Spring in the Danville, Virginia, High School as valedictorian of her class; the boy, Albert Salem, a sixteen year old Syrian boy, came to this country five years ago without knowing one word of English, was awarded the American Legion medal offered to the New Bern grammar grade student who ranked highest in honor, courage, leadership, service and scholarship.

The Polish girl's valedictory was expressed in eloquent English, and the conception of thought to be an "honest citizen" was unique; the Syrian boy started in the primary grade in the New Bern school and by constant

push, pluck and perseverance completed the work with not only highest honors, but was held in the highest esteem by his fellow students.

In the lives of these two immigrants there is a back ground that carries memories of hardships, cruelties of war as well as religious persecution, but despite these facts they have outstripped many of our American boys and girls which makes their achievements all the more inspirational and remarkable.

Theresa Diamond in expressing herself said, "America means much to us—it symbolizes freedom and liberty, opportunity and no persecution. Life is a glorious adventure because it is real and because it will give us a place among men and women who make history; glorious because it will make us a part of the men and women who strive, struggle, live and love." This comes as an expression of appreciation, so to speak, from the foreign element.

We wonder sometimes if our own American boys and girls have the proper conception, or appreciation of the educational opportunities offered them? There is no doubt that the privileges are more frequently abused than used. We believe if the age limit fourteen years, for compulsory attendance were changed, and instead every child required to finish grammar school, if mentally fit, that there would be more interest, better results and much work of the welfare officer eliminated.

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On another page, Mr. Hunt gives The Uplift readers a feeling appreciation of Col. Fred A. Olds, who occasionally honors this institution wtih one of his helpful visits. Few men touch more people for good than does this princely man, who literally goes about doing good.

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The assassination of President-elect Alvero Obregon, of Mexcio, as he sat peacefully eating his lunch is enough to cause a sadness all the world over. He was a national idol; just been overwhelmingly elected President, only to become the target for the bullet fired by a man with a diseased mind.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

It is my impression that the Chicago woman who sued and was granted a divorce on the grounds that her husband put wasps in her bed was virtually stung in her matrimonial venture.

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"Radio will not supplant the printed pages," says the head of an advertising corporation. This should be encouraging information to publishers of books and newspapers, although I never knew of any worry on their part lest the art preservative of arts should be crowded out by static, run down batteries, and the like.

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Mischievous mutineers are our mouths. Insouciant rebels that set at naught the constraint which we may put upon our other features to mask our moods. The expression of the eyes may be held to a concealed calmness. The brow, perhaps, is inclined and placid. The hands, sometimes by an effort, it is true, lie relaxed in silent denial of any emotional stress. But the mouth defies us. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," demands our mouth, and in lines it tells, forsooth, the tale of our every thought, our every repressed emotion. It betrays our innermost character and personality—voicing them through little unconscious movements, though our lips utter not a sound. The mouth has power to elucidate, to translate into an expressive picture one's secret self. Because of this I am wondering if that is not the reason it is so fashionable to paint the lips so red. Red is the signal of danger, you know. The mouth at times is dangerous.

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Did you ever notice that when a new name, or some peculiar incident, breaks on your mind how often that will occur and with what seemingly regularity it bobs up, when you have not given it any thought before? I was on a little journey last Sunday and never before saw so many signs bearing the name of Smith along the road and on houses the name seemed to stand out bigger than any other. I had never noticed that before. Every paper you pick up and glance over your eye is sure to fall upon the name Smith the first thing. There appears to be Smith's all over the country—the greatest abundance of them. Houston, Texas, is responsible for this Smith wave which has rolled up from the ocean of other names. The Robinson's, too, are coming in for a share of publicity. This is natural for "Robinson Crusoe" (crew so.)

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We Americans borrow more trouble than we do money. It seems to be a common weakness with mortals. It ought to be checked before it becomes an overpowering pernicious habit with too many of us. A wise observer once remarked that the great majority of anticipated troubles never came to pass. They are all based on fear for the future, and originate in the nerveousness excited by the intensities of modern life. Some people seem to have a natural propensity for running down the road

to meet trouble, and are not satisfied until they have trouble safely in their arms, and hugged to their bosoms. The man or woman who borrows trouble gets it on the spot and is hurt by it—unreal and wholly unnecessary as it may be. It breeds pessimistic thoughts. People who have these pessimistic thoughts need training in optimism. That makes the world lovely. Learn to expect good things and they will come your way. Let your mind dwell on the joys of living and you will live longer. The man or woman who concentrates on the better things of life gets happiness. There really are people who do not enjoy the blessings showered upon them because of anxiety for the future. That is a folly which should not be tolerated. It saps vitality.

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The Durham Daily Sun in a recent issue, among its household recipes, had one on how to use crystallized ginger. That reminded me, when I was a boy, I saw one of those little, stone jars, done up in a wicker lace-work covering, I kept eyeing those jars in the store and made up my mind that when I earned enough money to purchase one, I would sure have one "good bate" of that kind of ginger. I earned the money; I got the jar—all my own. It was a ginger snap with me. I devoted one day to eating that ginger. I ate until I was hot with ginger. I over-did the thing. Along about the fall of evening shades I was about the sickest mortal in that neighborhood. It is all right for people to have plenty of snap and ginger in their make-up; but I had too much. To this day I am a little shy on crystallized ginger. Boys, that shows you that you can over-do a good thing.

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Talking about vaudeville shows, and going to the circus to see the elephant, just take for instance the shooting of a gun. There is where you will most likely see the "sights."

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Consider the oyster and then the eagle. As typical results of two systems and methods of life as separated as the poles, they are excellent studies. As a wonderful specimen of a stick-in-the-mud conservative, the oyster has no superior. Once he settles down he settles down. No seeing the world for him. He may be in the animal Marine Corps but nevertheless he stays strictly at home in his shell, minds his own business, makes no rash investments or speculations, listens to the siren call of no fairer fields. He is conservative. He stays at home and improves his mind. Then turn to the eagle. Hatched in the savagery of primeval mountains, cast into a cruel and pitiless world, compelled to fight at every step for his very existence, the eagle makes of the world his kingdom, not his prison. The eagle is a fighter. He speculates, if you will, taking chances to attain success. He does things. He thinks. He is the king of birds and rightfully we take him as the symbol for these United States of America, the greatest and most successful speculation for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness that the world has ever known. There are eagle men and oyster men. Both in their way are useful. But the men and women we honor, the successes, the famous, the great, the beloved, the

honored are the ones who follow the high ways of the eagle, not the conservative paths of the oyster. As far as I am concerned the oyster is undoubtedly the most useful of the two. He can be put to a great number of uses, in fact. But the significant point is that all of the uses are to the advantage of someone else, whether it be the parasite that lives on him, the man who digs him up and sells him, or the diner who enjoys oyster soup. Nobody takes much advantage of the eagle. As far as others are concerned he is not very much of a victim. The oyster is the most useful. But did you ever hear of a nation with an oyster as its national symbol?

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The burning of the old Yarborough Hotel in Raleigh, a short time back, removes possibly, the most colorful hotel North Carolina ever boasted of. It was as full of memories—historic, romantic and tragic—as it was full of guests during a meeting of the state legislature, or a state convention. Managed for many years by Dr. George W. Blacknall, a state celebrity, it was a Colonel manufactory. Dr. Blacknall called every man that stopped there Colonel. And it was as much as he could do to refrain from calling the women Colonels. Volumes could be written of the incidents that had their enactment in that noted hostelry for more than two generations. I recall one very vividly. Colonel Al Fairbrother, then a Durhamite in the bloom of his reputation as "a wild and wooly" journalist. He was there attending a Democratic state convention, the latter part of the '80's.' It was past the midnight hour and delegates were tired out. The Yarborough was packed from cellar to dome with guests, mattresses were spread in the hall-ways on the upper floors. The genial and humorous Colonel Fairbrother couldn't find a place to lay his head. He spied one fellow who was "sawing wood" in his snoring. He inquired his name and finding what it was remarked: "My friend, there's a man down in the office that wants to see you right away. I heard him call your name." The fellow arose, slipped on his outer clothes and proceeded down two flights of steps to find out what it was all about. While he was gone, the Colonel proceeded to occupy his mattress, and was apparently asleep when he returned. He took the trick good-naturedly, and remarked: "Well I'll be ——. That's such a clever scheme to get a bed, my friend, you can keep it." And the Colonel did. I stopped at the Yarborough Hotel once, under circumstances similar to the above. I slept in the cupola of Wake County's old court house.

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Men, among all men, are to be blamed not so much for what they believe as for what they do. Behavior is one of the biggest things in life. At the same time it is well for a man to be careful about what he believes. When he finds one or more of his beliefs leading him into misconduct he many be sure it is wrong.

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Americans, per capita, are 96 cents poorer this year than they were last year, the United States treasury tells us. If I could find the person who got my 96 cents, I'd gladly send him the other four cents.

COLONEL FRED A. OLDS, CIVIC LEADER

By C. W. Hunt

Way back yonder when I was young, which has been a long time, I had heard much and read more of of a young Raleigh man named Olds. He had a penchant for the great out-of-doors, roaming about woods, gliding down a river in a boat, and then climbing to mountain tops and tramping the narrow mountain roads. This fellow always carried sunshine, happiness and learning. His energy and endurance seemed to know no bound. One day after both were mature men, I was in the Capitol city to see a gentleman on business, who was not in, and while sitting in his office, talking with a clerk, there came hurriedly into the office a rather good looking man, in his late thirties or early forties, who, without any ceremony pulled the clerk from his desk, threw him on the floor and they went into a rough and tumble scuffle, like two fourteen year olds. When they had enough I was introduced to Fred A. Olds. That was a way he had of getting his daily exercise, after having sat at a desk most of the day, grinding out news and other matter for publication in a syndicate of papers he represented out of Raleigh.

But down deeper in his heart, in spite of all that energy and desire to roam the fields and the mountains, there was a fixed principle for good, which has grown with the years until he is now the State's foremost civic citizen, the State's leader in charity and helpfulness toward those afflicted, to those of the fatherless and to those imprisoned; and now occupies the office of State Historian, in charge of, perhaps, the best historical state library and museum in all the southland, and no two men have done as much toward making this, even before he was in charge, than he has. Working on high tension as he always worked he has been careful of what he ate and what he did so as to conserve that energy and power of concentration; besides he has each year taken a vacation; and when younger than now most of these were spent tramping through the mountains of Western North Carolina with a small pack on his back, prepared for storm or night-fall where ever it or they overtook him. Today he is the best specimen physically, of a 75 year old man in all the state, when you consider the high tension he has always worked under.

But, have you ever noticed how age and experience softens a man? Col. Olds, at this age, gets his greatest pleasure out of helping others, is never happier than when teaching a Sunday school class, lecturing a class in school on some subject helpful to boys and girls or summer school teachers or addressing church or civic meetings. He carries in his head a bundle of statistics to prove any thing he needs to prove. He can take a bunch of students in botany to the woods and fields and be of more help to them in two hours than they can gather from a text book in a day. The same applies to geology and anything pertaining to nature and the

natural. He has toured Europe more than once was in every state in the union last year and has been for two weeks or more at the Appalachian Training School at Boone, going from class-room to class-room all the teaching hours lecturing here on one subject, there on another; never tiring, always answering questions, always imparting to others the wisdom gathered in a long life of usefulness. But after all I have said in the foregoing, the half has not been told. He knows everybody (?) or something about them or their families they do not know themselves.

Last Sunday I was unable to make a connection with a preacher for the morning service here, so the pastor and I secured Col. Olds from his stopping place in Boone to come over and occupy the morning hour, and for which time he chose the subject: "A Study of Education and Crime." He did not fail to interest and the figures he gave as the per centage of crime among the white youth below 24 years of age are alarming. He spends much time in the penitentiary at Raleigh in welfare work among the prisoners and tells us that the old timers in prison are deeply concerned shut up as they are, about the number of boys coming into prison. Knowing, as these old timers do, the horrors of being shut up, they have no patience with the youth of today, with all the priviliges they have, stealing and murdering and such and coming to such a place. About these and many other things he talked for half an hour. Then he was my guest for luncheon at the home here, where we found him even more charming than in the school room or on the platform, and in the bringing of him here and the taking of him back there were two trips over the Blowing Rock-Boone highway which "Red-Buck" Bryant gave the notoriety of being down hill both ways.

Thus, I have filled a page and a half about one man and have merely touched on his virtues and his life work. I wish all who read this could come in contact with this wonderful gentleman who is old in experience, young in his ways and as full of hope and trust as the day he first began to trust in the great Maker of the Universe. I am glad he touches Jackson Training School in his travels.

YOU MUST PROVIDE THE PLUCK

Your friends con do a great deal for you, but the best of them cannot provide you with pluck. That you must furnish yourself. Sometimes the one who seemingly has everything that heart can wish, simply slumps when confronted by a difficulty or a sorrow. There are plenty of outstretched hands to help her along but no answering pluck in her heart. Remember that no one is going to furnish that for you. You will have to do without it, or provide it yourself.—Exchange.

CELLAR AND GARRET

By Ben Dixon MacNeill, in News and Observer

"I just know," said the lady, planting her elbows on the ship's rail, "I just know I'm going to be seasick.' She seemed quite determined about it. She was that sort of woman. She was the sort of woman who, if she put her mind on it, could get seasick on top of Mt. Mitchell, or in the bottom of a well, or while resting decorously in the necessarily stout bed at home. She could be seasick anywhere if she wanted to.

Beside her at the ship's rail another lady, one of entirely different architecture, planted her angular elbows on the rail and said that she was not going to be seasick, and that she didn't see any resaon for the other lady's being seasick. They debated the matter at considerable length, the angular lady in crisp, angular sentences and the rotund lady in rotund, husky sentences. Each was quite determined in her attitude.

Not knowing much about the ocean and the ways of ships that go to and fro upon it, I assumed a neutrally hopeful attitude about the prospect of becoming a prey to seasickness. At the moment there was no apparent need to be alarmed about it. The water in the pond down home could not have been smoother. The lights of Norfolk and of the towns that lie along the river to the sea drifted dimly into the black purple of the night.

Lights from the windows of the ship fell upon the smooth water and frolicking fish raced madly toward the ship, leaping high out of the water, leaving little white streaks of foam as they came. The lights at the cape blinked alternately red and white. Overhead the stars glowed dimly, and the sea when the George Washington slid out between the capes and turned northward was still in its sleep.

Wandering around the deck before bed time I saw the two women again leaning over the rail. The rotund lady was staring moodily at nothing at all. There was nothing to stare at, but she was staring. The angular lady, also with her elbows on the rail, was staring at nothing. Beneath their feet the deck was as still as the sea. There was no sound save the purling of the water against the bow of the boat 30 or 40 feet below and now and then a fish came cutting through the water.

"I just know I'm going to be seasick," the rotund lady was saying again and the angular lady was being just as certain that she herself was not going to be seasick. It seemed a useless sort of argument, though one in which I was still disposed to be hopefully neutral. New York was still some 18 hours away, and in that time the ocean might get restless or even peevish. I would wait and see what would happen. At any rate, people afflicted in that way are never granted the boon of death.

And so to bed, leaving the two good and determined women there with their argument, and with the vague feeling that before morning the rotund lady would be back at the rail on a mission that should, if possible, be carried out privately. There seemed little provision for the private consummation of the lady's

program of illness. I am unable to comprehend why shipbuilders seem to take no thought of the comfort of their patrons.

Some time in the night the ship's fog-horn got into operation, bleating in long, hoarse agonies of sound. It was not possible to sleep. The throbbing of the engines was almost stilled as the George Washington crept through the mists. But still my bed was as still and secure as if I had been asleep on New Bern Avenue. Suddenly the ship lurched to one side, and the churning propellors were reversed. There were frenzied whoops from the siren. And then the ship resumed its slow, smooth way.

There was nothing to be done about it, but not being able to sleep I went out on the deck. The night was wrapped in mist, and like a lazy ghost the sails of a schooner were slipping aft. Some deck hand said that we had almost rammed her in the fog. The siren was still bleating into the night. Below the light from port holes fell upon the satiny surface of water untroubled by the faintest whisper of wind. It was still and serene. The fog was beginning to lift a little and the siren was hushed.

And then I heard another sound in the darkness, toward the stern of the ship. It was not the sort of sound that lends itself handily to descriptive rhetoric. It was the sort of sounds that one makes when one is very ill. I wandered back idly, realizing at the time that it was none of my business and that I could not do anything helpful. I had a sort of premonition that the lady had accomplished her apparent purpose.

She had. There she was, leaning far over the rail. Her elbows were not planted. Her arms hung down over the rail far below her elbows. Her rotund frame appeared considerably agitated. It was mercifully covered, in a general way, with a dressing down. Somewhat back from the rail and to one side, with her hands on her hips, was the angular lady, looking rather forbidding and unsympathetic. The lady at the rail turned around in weak triumpm. "I told you I was going. . . . " she started to say, but abandoned the observation for more imperative matters.

There being nothing else to do, I returned to my bed, reflecting upon the human mind and its curiousness. She could have been just as seasick at a meeting of the misionary society back home in North Carolina.

THE IDEAL OF FRIENDSHIP

Our friends may not be perfect, but our ideal of friendship may be perfect, and that is what counts. The ideal friendship means self-sacrifice; it means sympathy; it means helpfulness. Friends see each other's faults, and try to remove them with loving tact. Friends can do ever so much more because of their friendship. Friendship is one of the world's greatest ideas, and certainly it prompts men and women to the greatest actions.—Selected.

FOURTH-ESTATE OBJECTIVES

(Greensboro Daily News)

President Stockton, in his address to the North Carolina Press association, puts the emphasis on the opportunity for accomplishment for the public welfare. It is good to dwell upon the past, for it is a good past. It is good to contemplate the present, for it is rich in the fruitage of past effort. But it is the future that invites. Behind the hills, around the bend of the road, over the horizon —there dwells the mind of the pioneer; and "the pioneer spirit in the press is still young."

Many things could be enumerated well worth pressing on to. Through all the deliverances and discussions of this gathering of the newspaper people there has run a thread of unity in devotion to popular education. That is the traditional attitude of the newspapers; their conviction, their resolution, grow firmer as this great experiment of mass education progresses. There is no possibility of doubt that the association members echo what their president had to say about public schools, that his confession of faith is that of the craft. And he magnified two things in the realm of legislation, the protected ballot and a workmen's compensation act.

To demand a protected ballot is another way of declaring belief in democracy. But surely to demand an equality of educational opportunity for all the children of the state, and the utmost in the way of educational opportunity the state is able to provide; is also a declaration of belief in democracy. An undestricted majority rule, the whole mass given the best in the way of instruction as a preparation for exercising the funtions of citizenship, surely these go along together. If the papers of North Carolina should now unite in the imperative demand that party leadership cease obstructing this decent-ballot enterprise, it will be no more than a projection of the same spirit, the same vision, that has characterized the press for decades.

A workmen's compensation law is also the sort of thing that appeals most strongly to men and women of North Carolina journalism. Many of them have magnified it in the past, have sought to place it on the minds and consciences of public and legislators. The president of the association urges that it is one of those things in uniting upon which the press can accomplish most for the state. This is a declaration that has but to be made to be accepted. It is timely; it is made in the conscientious discharge of duty.

Daughter—"Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, biology, bibli—"

Practical Mother—"Stop! I have arranged for you a thorough course in roastology, bakeology, stitchology, darnology, and general domestic hustleology. Now, get on your working clothesology."

SYRIAN WINNER OF SCHOOL HONOR

By Gertrude S. Carraway, in News & Observer

The American Legion school medal offered to the New Bern grammar grade student that ranked highest in honor, courage, leadership, service and scholarship has been awarded to Albert Salem, 16, a native of Syria the son of uneducated Syrians here, who came to America seven years ago without knowing one word of English.

A most unusual and worthy record has been made by this youth during his seven years in the new world. Starting in the first grade of school here, not even knowing how to speak the English language, he has passed all his work consistently and was this year graduated from the grammar school here with high honors.

That he is papular with his fellow students who recognize his worth and ability, is evidenced by the fact that 32 out of 34 of his classmates voted for him to receive the award. By his teachers he was given a record average of 98 out of a possible 100 for the award. It was, of course, the highest mark in Craven county, far surpassing all other contestants.

The lad was born at Mount Lebanon, Syria. When he was only a year old, his father, Shikery Salem, left the home country to seek his fortune in America. He became a successful merchant in New Bern, where he is popular among a wide circle of business friends.

When the United States entered the World War, Shikery Salem joined the New Bern company and enlisted for the duration of the war. He saw service in France and fought courageously for his adopted country. In 1920 after he had been honorably discharged from the army, he went to Syria and brought his family to New Bern.

Even now he is still immensely proud of his war record and his most valued possessions are his American flag and his soldier uniform. He is a loyal member of the American Legion and the Forty and Eight holding offices in both local organizations.

Young Albert had an unhappy childhood in Syria during the trying times of the war. Turks and Germans captured the country and treated the native Christians cruelly. There was often no food and he frequently went hungry. His father was not there to provide and his grandfather died in prison, after two days of suffering at the hands of merciless Trukish guards.

Although his father sent the family money to buy supplies, they did not receive his communications. Turkish mail clerks prevented deliveries. The enemy soldiers camped on the Syrian crops of wheat, grains and grapes, devastating wide areas of fertile fields and burning many houses and buildings.

Often the small children would beg the Turks and Germans for food, Albert recalls. In ansyer the guards would often kick them or turn dogs on the little ones. Only one man helped them to get food, he says. Once he was hungry and sick. He was so weak from lack of nourishment that he fell on the ground, begging his mother for something to eat. A policeman gave him a last

cup of milk, saving his life.

His mother was forced to submit to cruelties and atrocities inflicted by the enemy hordes. Nevertheless, she tried to provide as well as she could for her four children. In return for their grapes she would frequently walk miles to exchange for more substantial food.

The natives were made to work during the war by the Turks and Germans. Even Albert and the small boys had to work usually by picking up small rocks from the roads. The overseers were hard and cruel, allowing no intermission from labor. They would ride up and down the lines of native workers, with long switches, striking the ones who did not work fast enough.

A vivid recollection of these war scenes is carried by Albert, who even remembers when the roof of half his house was blown off by enemy shells. Even now he grows excited and sad, when he tells of his war experiences. They are the outstanding impressions of his childhood and he will carry them as scars throughout his life.

On the other hand, however, he remembers the many good characteristics of his country and the natives. It is a lovely country, he says, with pretty cedar trees, many olive trees and vineyards. A branch of the Euphrates river went by his home.

The small stone houses, with flat roofs for drying grapes into raisins, were reproduced in the photoplay, "Ben Hur," and other feature movies he says. The washing places at community fountains are characteristic of the country, women going there to wash clothes on Mondays and Thursdays.

The Holy Land is a remarkably attractive place, according to Albert, who vividly recalls the gentle valleys and sloping hills. He was often brought presents from Jerusalem, he says, and his mother frequently walked to Bethlehem. In those days there was only one train and no automobiles there. He remembers Damascus and other places of Biblical note.

With this background of Syrian life and war experience, the boy came to America seven years ago, when he was eight years of age. The life and country were strange and unfamiliar. He could speak or understand no word of English. He had never been to school a day in his life. He had never had the advantages of culture, moving pitcures, educated home life, libraries or amusements.

Despite these important lacks, he has far outstripped the many American boys and girls in his classes at worthy of the scions of the most school. His records have been prominent families. He has surpassed for greater advantages. Like his father he is intensely partriotic. And he is making the most of his American opportunities.

During his seven years at the New Bern schools, he has learned the words of the English language and has gone from the very bottom of the ladder. During the time he has applied himself diligently ao his lessons and has made an excellent impression on his teachers and classmates. He has missed only about five days from school. Never has he failed to pass a test or examination.

His achievements are all the more remarkable and inspirational because of the fact that he has continuously worked at various jobs all the time

that he has been attending school. His parents can neither read nor write. At home the family speaks the Syrian language almost altogether.

His older brother, Joseph, 16, has made an even more wonderful scholastic record. Although he did not know English, he had previously attended school in Syrian before coming to America. When he arrived in New Bern, however, he was placed in the first grade. In the seven years he has gone through ten grades successfully. Next year he will be graduated from the New Bern High school with one of the best records in scholarship made by any boy or girl. In fact, he is considered almost a prodigy.

The boys did not have an easy time in getting in the front ranks of their classes. English words and customs were hard to learn. Other boys teased them unmercifully. Their foreign accent and brogue occasioned much rude comment. Local boys fought them on several occasions, too until they could stand it no longer and finally gave back the New Bernians as good as they sent with the result that friendships were cemented in respect for courage.

Both the boys expect to go to college. They will have to work their way through the universities but that does not daunt them. All their lives they have been used to daily hard work. They alternate with each other, working every other afternoon and every other night at their father's mercantile business. After attending school all morning and studying all afternoon, they work until midnight; or work all afternoon and study at night.

Albert was elected general chairman of a student committee for his room during the year. He is talented along mechanical lines too. For Visitors' Day at school he constructed a really remarkable model of old Tryon Palace in New Bern; a large dirigible that he called "The Spirit of 7-A2," in honor of his grade; and a splendid reproduction of the old "Clermont," the first steamboat. The boy equipped this wooden steamboat model with real machinery, which will really make the boat travel slowly through water. It is recognized as a truly wonderful bit if mechanical work.

THREE GRADUATES AWARDED DIPLOMAS AT THE FIRST HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT AT SAMARCAND MANOR

The first high school commencement of Samarcand Manor, the State Home and Industrial School for Girls, was held on May 29, when three girls, dressed in white organdie walked on the platform of the fine new school auditorium, and received their diplomas, showing that they had successfully fulfilled the requirements of the school which is giving 250 girls the finest kind of training in homemaking and citizenship. These three girls are the first to graduate since the high school has been given the rating of an A grade high school, and they set a high standard for the rest of the girls to follow.—Public Welfare.

THE PLAIN PEOPLE

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

We believee in the plain people. Upon this faith rests our democracy as its chief cornerstone. The people sometimes make mistakes, but all the people cannot be fooled all the time. They never fail in the long run to arrive at the goal that they ought to reach.

The boy that plows bare footed may have stone bruises as pedal decorations, but he has a clear brain and an honest heart and he is the stuff out of which men are made—"tall men, sun-crowned men."

The garments of the great masses, both men and women, are not cut according to the latest models of the best tailors and dressmakers, but these plain men and women know how to wear becomingly the garments of righteousness. They are the stay of our social and national life.

It is fine therefore, when some great heart arises to sing the praise of the plain people even as Edgar A. Guest has done in the following lines:

I would not be too wise—so very wise
That I must sneer at simple songs and creeds,
And let the glare of wisdom blind my eyes
To humble people and their humble needs.

I would not care to climb so high that I
Could never hear the children at their play,
Could only see the people passing by
Yet never hear the cheering words they say.

I would not know too much—too much to smile
At trival errors of the heart and hand,
Nor be too proud to play the friend the while,
And cease to help and know and understand.

I would not care to sit upon a throne,
Or build my house upon a mountain-top,
Where I must dwell in glory all alone
And never friend came in or poor man stop.

God grant that I may live upon this earth
And face the tasks which every morning brings,
And never lose the glory and the worth
Of humble service and the simple things.

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

TIED DOWN

By Merritt L. Allen

A shrill whistle pierced the air. Emil Knox looked up from his task of dish washing. Soon there was the sound of rubber soles crossing the porch and then a nose flattened itself against the screen door. It was Ralph Reed, Emil's boy chum.

"Hello, Ralph! Come on in," Emil invited.

Ralph came in the kitchen, allowing the screen door to come to with a slam. He surveyed the pile of dishes with a scowl. "Say, can't you get off this afternoon? The gulf is great."

"I thought your motor boat was being overhauled."

Ralph sat down on the edge of a chair. "It's all right now, and I gave her a coat of paint, too. You ought to see her. How about it?"

But Emil shook his head sadly. "Nothing doing. I've got to wash these dishes, and after that's done, peel the potatoes. Aunt Ferguson has gone to the market for some vegetables and a roast."

Ralph snorted. "Good night, but you're tied down. Go to school in the morning and work in a kitchen all afternoon. Don't she give you any time off? We haven't had a good time in weeks."

"Tied down is right. Aunty has had to let Grace go. I'll have to wait on table tonight, wash the dishes and then get my lessons for tomorrow."

"Why don't you go hooky?" Ralph suggested. "She'd get along somehow. You've got to have some fun."

"Nope! Aunty gives me a home. I wouldn't hurt her feelings like that."

Ralph got up and walked toward the door with reluctant steps. "Shoot. I thought we would have a swell time this afternoon."

Emil went to the door with his friend and watched him plow through the white sand on the beach. It was a beautiful day. Sea gulls were acting like mad as they circled about in search of something to eat. A dignified pelican sat upon a piling. The pier was lined with fishermen, for the mackerel were beginning to run. A warm sun shone down upon the waters of the gulf and turned each ripple into a sparkling gem. The phut phut of launchest and the weird cries of the gulls filled the air with their inviting sounds. Emil sighed audibly.

"Why the sigh?" Emil had been so busy with his dreaming that he had not noticed Aunt Ferguson's approach.

Emil came to with a start. "Oh. nothing."

"What did that Ralph Reed want?"

Emil picked up his aunt's heavy market basket and carried it into the kitchen. "He wanted me to go out in his motor boat."

"I wish I could let you go, Emil, but this has been a poor season. I need your help."

Aunt Ferguson ran the Gulfview boarding house at Bon Harbor. Usually her house was filled to capacity, for the sportsmen liked her cooking but the fishing had been poor this winter season. Now it was March and business was picking up, for the

mackerel were beginning to bite. Later, there would be tarpon fishing and then the dull summer season.

"Oh, that's all right," Emil replied good naturedly. "Summer will be here soon and then Ralph and I are going up to that drainage camp in his boat to look for a job. We still want to be engineers.'

Emil turned to his task of washing dishes and Aunt Ferguson busied herself with the provisions in the basket. She was occupied for some time with her duties.

"Do you know, Emil, you'd make a good cook. You take to it right handy."

"Ho, that's girls' work. If you didn't need me here, I'd be out with Ralph. We could learn a lot about engineering from the construction work around here. That's a man's job."

"Wait till you get out in the world," Aunt Ferguson retorted. "The hotels in the big cities have men for cooks. Maybe you could own a restaurant of your own in fime and after awhile a chain of them."

Emil only laughed at this idea. She was trying to make up for the good times he was missing. A man needed to get out of doors and do big things like draining the Everglades or building bridges for the state. The boys would laugh at him if he told them that he was going to be a cook. But Emil did like to fuss around with the cooking, as he expressed, and he did like to please the boarders. They often praised him when they learned that he had cooked a certain dish. He tried to please these sportsmen, too. Emil told his aunt that he was doing his best so that they would tip him good, but he liked the praises as well as the money.

The weeks passed and Emil grew more excited each new day. Ralph dropped in quite often or drew Emil to one side before school in order to talk over the plans of their proposed trip. It was something to look forward to. As Emil tried his hand at baking bread or scalloping corn, he pictured himself at the head of a gang of men who were turning gravel and cement into a beautiful bridge.

The great day came at last. Emil placed their duffle in a locker while Ralph started up the engine. Emil felt like shouting for joy. He was free at last. No more roasts to watch, or potatoes to peel. He was off for a job in an engineering camp. He filled his lungs with the salt air as the motor boat followed the coast line.

"Isn't this great, Ralph? This will make you hungry. I wonder if they'll have a good cook up at the camp!"

"Sure!" Ralph replied enthusiastically. "But we'll have to rough it. Our life of adventure has started. When we get this game down right, we will head for South America or Africa. If we make a name for ourselves, some big company will pick us up."

Ralph turned the bow into the mouth of Bass Creek. The white breakers were rolling upon the beach on either side of them.

"The tide is coming in," said Emil. "If we only had time, we could pick up a lot of those tiny coquians, and I'd make a dandy broth. I'm hungry already."

"Corned beef sandwiches and cold coffee would be good enough for

me," Ralph replied indifferently. "You won't get any of your aunt's fancy stuff up in camp."

The creek began to narrow now and Ralph had to watch the dark channel closely. For two hours the bow of the motor boat poked its nose through the semi-tropical waters. Palms and flowering plants lined the banks at one place, or they ran through a marshy section where giant cypress trees grew. Long streamers of Spanish moss clung to the branches and formed a grey canopy above their heads. Frogs jumped from the gnarled roots into the water.

"I wouldn't mind having the legs of some of those big fellows. They would taste great fried in butter." Emil smacked his lips.

Ralph looked at his companion with a smile. "You must be hungry. The hard work in camp will give you an appetite all right.'

The cypress trees and their protecting curtains of moss fell behind and the motor boat entered a field of swamp grass. The boys had difficult work at times to find a channel deep enough to float the boat. Finally they had to shut off the motor and use a long pole which they had brought along.

"There's the mouth of the big drainage ditch ahead," Ralph called at last. "See the high piles of muck on each side?"

Ralph was poling at the time and he entered into his task with a fierce vigor. He did not watch closely where he was going in his enthusiasm and he ran the boat aground. There was nothing the boys could do but take off their shoes and socks and clamber overboard. They worked and sweated as they forced the boat over the low spots.

"Ouch!" Rolph cried. "Look down at your feet! This place is full of water moccasins!" and he made haste to get into the boat.

Emil laughed until he shed tears. When he was able to talk he turned to Ralph, "Those are not snakes. They're eels. Boy, they would taste great fried to a crisp brown."

Ralph saw that the joke was on him, but he did not take it good humoredly. "Say, all you been talking about on this trip is cookink and eating. You got to snap out of it and talk about the job we're after."

The boys soon had the motor boat in the channel of the ditch and they were able to start their engine again. In about an hour's time they reached the place where construction was in progress. They made the boat fast and looked about for a time.

"Where's the boss of this job?" Ralph inquired of a colored boy.

"I guess you want Mistah Shallcross. You-all will find him in camp, suh."

They found the superintendent and made their desires known, but Mr. Shallcross shook his head.

"There have been ten ahead of you during the last two or three days."

Emil and Ralph looked hard at Mr. Shallcross as if they had not heard him correctly.

Ralph swallowed hard. "But we have been looking forward to getting a job here all winter."

Emil's face lighted up. "You see, we are going to be engineers, that's why we want to work for you."

Mr. Shallcross looked at the boys thoughtfully for a time while Emil and Ralph watched him hopefully. But he again shook his head.

"It's no use, boys. My payroll is crowded as it is. I'm sorry.'

The boys' spirits wilted. They looked at each other and then turned reluctantly to retrace their steps to the boat.

"Just a minute, boys!" Mr. Shallcross called before they had gone far. "You must be hungry after your long trip. Come over to the cook house and I'll see what can be dug up."

The boys followed the superintendent into the shack. Emil looked about with curiosity. The kitchen was not clean like his Aunt Ferguson's. The pots and pans were covered with black and grease. He watched the engineer poking around among the canned goods.

"I can't keep a cook for this outfit. Big Joe walked out on me yesterday. He's the fifth one this spring. I can't seem to find a bite for you boys."

Emil chuckled. "Just leave the kitchen to me, Mr. Shallcross. I know how to cook. Don't bother us any more. We'll leave everything in place."

A half hour later the superintendent came into the cook house again. He found the boys eating biscuits potatoes, and some creamed canned roast beef. His eyes opened wide and his mouth watered.

"Say, that looks good to me. I'm hungry myself. Do you mind if I join you?"

"I made plently," Emil said, with a wave of his hand.

Mr. Shallcross filled his plate with boiled potatoes and meat, and speared a biscuit with a fork. He ate in silence for several moments. Emil watched him slyly out of the corners of his eyes.

"Does it taste good, Mr. Shallcross?"

"I should say," with a happy smile. "I haven't had as good grub as this for a month. How'd you do it?"

Emil leaned back against a two-by-four in the shack and explained how he had worked all winter long in his Aunt Ferguson's kitchen. Mr. Shallcross listened attentively until Emil had finished.

"Do you think you could cook for a gang of thirty hungry men?"

"That would be easy," Emil replied eargerly. "There wouldn't have to be any fancy dishes."

Mr. Shallcross brought his fist down upon the bare table with a bang. "I'll give you a tryout if you want the job."

"I'd like that better than any job you could offer me, but I'll need my friend, Ralph, here, to help me."

"That's O. K. with me," Mr. Shallcross exclaimed. "Now I won't have to be chief cook and chief boss, too. You'll have to shake a leg, for you have only about two hours before the hungry mob will be hollering for their grub."

As soon as the superintendent left the shack, Ralph looked at his friend in dismay.

"You sure pulled a bluff that time but you'll never make good."

"I wasn't bluffing. Aunt Ferguson taught me how to cook. I'm at home in the kitchen. Now for supper—let's see—it's going to be pancakes, and bacon, and good, black coffee with canned milk."

Ralph sighed. "I don't like the idea of grubbing in this hole, but maybe I'll get my chance outside after a bit."

"This suits me!" Emil replied en

thusiastically. "From now on my name's Emil Knox—Cook."

"You mean, you're not going to study and work to be an engineer?"

"Not me! But I never knew for sure what I wanted to be until this job was offered me. Why, Ralph," Emil looked straight at his friend. "I'm going to study hard and be one of the best cooks in the United States."

Ralph was silent.

Emil began to gather up the dirty dishes and to whistle. "My, but I'm glad Aunt Ferguson kept me tied down all winter. What chance would I have had for this job if she hadn't? I'm going to make a big hit with the boys in this camp."

BOY WALKS TEN MILES TO SCHOOL, AND LEADS CLASS

(News and Observer)

A boy of thirteen years who led his grade in school and walked ten miles to and from school every day but five when he had to help his mother on the farm, was the paragon discovered by Miss Lois Dosher, field agent for Mothers' Aid for the state Board of Charities and Public Welfare. Miss Dosher found the boy in one of the Mothers' Aid families which she visited in Ashe, Watagua, Avery, Alleghany and Wilkes counties. Through small monthly grants from state and coutry the mothers are being helped to keep their children with them in their own homes.

Miss Dosher walked six miles to visit this family in Watagua county. She found a mother who was so anxious that her children should have all the education possible, that they had become as enthusiastic as their mother. Not only had the oldest boy made a fine record by leading his grade and making an almost perfect attendance record, but the other children had done well. Each child had walked ten miles a day in going to and from school. Despite the fact that children living two and a half miles from school are not required by law to attend school unless transportation is provided, the youngest member of the family, a girl of six had missed only three weeks during the school term, and that was when the snow drifts were too big for her to get through.

The family lives in a small house on a farm which belonged to the family at the time of the father's death when he was shot by a drunken man. For several years the family managed to get along. Finally aid was secured from the Mothers' Aid fund and for eighteen months the family has been helped by the small monthly Mothers' Aid check.

The whole family helps but the main part of the work falls on the mother, who farms some of the land. She picks galax leaves and sells plants from her land. Sometimes she digs various roots and herbs which can be sold. Last summer she canned over 100 quarts of blueberries which she picked herself.

IN TRAINING

By Rosa Naomi Scott

Margaret rapped on the table to bring her group to order. Her slim vigor looked a bit out of place, this bright spring day, in the dim Sunday-school room. Her gay blonde freshness seemed even younger than some of the girls in the group. Yet Margaret was a high-school senior and the girls were mostly sophomores.

Margaret's firm mouth dropped a bit. If she were dealing with her basketball team she would know exactly what to do, even with Linda, giggling maliciously as usual with that cheap Susan Bartlett. She would separate Susan from the odious perfume, if she had to turn the hose on her, under her right to enforce the sportsman's point of "clean living." She would simply show Linda that her effort to injure Margaret's leadership violated the points "Team-Play, Loyalty, Respect for the rules of the game." If both girls didn't right-about-face they would be fired from the team. That would be all. Perfectly direct and simple. But a Sunday-school group was different. My! How different!

Yet many of these girls had followed Margaret's lead, slavishly, the previous summer, in a mountain camp, in swimming, hikes and games. Yet in this group they had seemed to put up a shrewd little fight against her. Or was it only Linda? Or was it simply her own limitations? Margaret had never attempted anything before—but athletics.

"If your athletic training pays for the time you give it, Margaret," Adair Patton, the camp counsellor had told her, "it will teach you to practice self-control and loyalty and self-sacrifice—with folks."

Maybe it was all her own fault, Margaret thought despairingly, as the minutes were read. Then the smiled happily through the window at Adair Patton, who sprang from her new car at the church door.

Enthusiasm surged back into Margaret's heart at sight of Adair, and she almost felt it sparkle from her face as she faced her group. Yes, she would give the group, the loyalty, and self-sacrifice that she gave her basket ball group. This task was so much bigger, and spiritual.

"You know the reason we are a group is to put new life into our Sunday-school attendance and our worship programs. So far our department has not won in attendance. We may not win in the competition for the most helpful worship programs. But our trying, helps us, and gives us better programs. Linda, have the judges accepted any of our last programs?"

"I didn't enter our programs. They were too poky," Linda spoke cautiously.

Margaret's creamy face reddened in splotches, as if Linda had struck her, and left the marks of her fingers on it. Only her training in "quick thinking under fire," checked her, before her anger rushed into words. And the split instant of thinking recalled Margaret's decision to be as good a sportsman in the group as in the basket ball team, where she was famous for taking jars and bumps with grins.

She smiled now—a bit wanly.

"We couldn't even convince our own chairman that our programs were good," she said quietly.

"If we can't make out programs that are good enough to hand the judges, I see no reason for coming here." Susan drawled in imitation of Linda.

"It's unfortunate that our programs didn't appeal to our chairman but the judges decide. The secretary will hand them in. There's still time. I won't defend the programs I spent so much time with them, myself." Margaret really chuckled. It was amusing, Linda's determination to be ugly. Margaret felt so much older that Linda seemed like a bad little girl.

There was a wave of protests from the group. "Say, I worked hard, too, on those programs." "Linda had her nerve," "They were fine!"

Margaret asked for reports on attendance and visits to absentees, but she was wondering how long the loyalty of her group would withstand Linda's attacks. For Linda had the power to ridicule, in the way that she said a thing. Margaret's anger rushed back again. Then it died into depression. Maybe she was making a laughable poky mess of it all. Yet she had so earnestly wanted to serve. She knew so little about anything but athletics. Again her training came to her aid. She must realize her limitations, but "retain hope and overcome fear." Then she determined to resign at the next meeting. No—the fighting quality in her realized resignation would be defeat. She must win. The group was not a game; there was a great Cause at stake. Perhaps she had been treating Linda and Susan as if they were kids. Maybe this made them resentful.

As Margaret straightened up after the others left, she heard Susan and Linda giggling outside the church. Something about Braden, floated through the window. Then the heave and wheeze of Susan's old flivver. "Susan has taken Linda home with her, half-way to Braden. If they go on to Braden they will be way in the night getting home. It's just like them," Margaret thought indignantly.

"Say! Margaret! Miss Adair's new car was stolen from before the church. Susan and Linda stole it!" Rod, Margaret's twelve-year-old brother burst in upon her, later at home, with this startling news.

"Rod! You've no right to say that Linda and Susan took it!" Margaret's voice was so fierce, it quelled Rod a moment.

"I saw them sitting in the car, just giggling, and talking about going to Braden."

"But you didn't see them go off in the car." Margaret caught him up sharply. "I heard them leave in the old flivver."

"I bet you didn't see them go off in the old flivver, either," Rod countered. "The insurance detective, that new man, Mr. Strothers, is after them. He says if he find them and the car in Braden he is going to arrest and prosecute them, whether he finds them together or not."

For one evil moment the feeling that the girls were in a good way to find out what their silly defiance of all rules and authority would do for them, surged through Margaret. Then the ugliness, the publicity, the humiliation to their parents, the talk —the endless talk of a little town —startled Margaret from the couch

where she was reading parallel. Mr. Strothers was a stranger, and a close-lipped, hard-eyed detective, who would care nothing about the girls, only about his job of locating the car. Margaret remembered he had been sent to her town because cars had been lost there, and Mr. Strothers' insurance company had had to pay their value. He was keen to make an arrest. That was his business in the little town.

Margaret did not believe the girls had gone off in Adair's car, but they would probably be in Braden, and if the car were abandoned there, Mr. Strothers might insist on connecting them with the theft. Rod's next words made this suspicion a certainty.

"Ben Andrews saw Adair's car shooting down the highway to Braden. But he didn't see who was in it.

As Margaret stood irresolute a question rose in her mind. "If one of your basket ball team was in this danger, what would you do?"

"What would she do?" Margaret did not need to put the answer into words. Her mind, suddenly made up, uttered itself in action.

"Mother, I'm going to drive over to Braden, and pick up those giggling little sophmores. They've no sense, but they didn't steal the car.

"Take Rod," Mother said.

"Indeed, no!" Margaret began, for Rod was the worst little back-seat wheeldriver in the state. Only he perched beside Margaret in the front seat and criticised every turn of her wheel. But mother's evident uneasiness made Margaret bite back her refusal. "You can't tell me how to drive," Margaret told Rod sternly, as they set out.

"Say! If you want to get to Braden before Mr. Strothers does you can turn off by the railroad, and go to Dobbs Ferry, and hump it over that detour, and come back into Braden on the old road."

Margaret hesitated. It would certainly be humping over that rough detour. All winter it had bee nearly impassable, but the warm spring days, doubtless had dried it. But in such hollows! It would, though save five miles.

But it might puncture a tire. Could she ask her father to pay for the tire, if she did. She could not! Fair play said this unhesitatingly. She could pay for the tire—but—she couldnt get that darling dress at the Imperial Dry Goods store.

Margaret's capable hands rested tauntly on the wheel. Why did she owe Susan and Linda—her dress? And she had wanted to shake and smack them not an hour before. But what was loyalty, if it couldn't be loyal under difficulties? What of sacrifice? She winced as she remembered that when her basketball team played Braden she's given her entire savings account for buying new uniforms, and pennants, and had almost wept as she begged her father to consent to the gift. Sacrifice! Why it was the most delightful impulse she'd ever followed. Yet—it twisted and hurt her to give—or just to take the chance of giving—something to save two foolish girls from public disgrace, who were in her Sunday school group. Not a game this —but real human loyalty, to her team mates.

The next moment Margaret had darted down the "turn-off" by the railroad. Before she reached Dobbs Ferry her smouldering anger at the

girls had disappeared. If she only could be in time to get them out of Braden before the detective found them. Someway Margaret felt sure that his shrewd wits would be more than a match for the girls, and casual circumstances .

Very probably they would park the old flivver on the edge of town, because they would be ashamed to be seen in it, and walk down the street.

"Maybe, Margaret, you're going to get the jolt of finding those girls in Adair's new car," Rod suggested darkly.

What would she do—if this were true? "Oh, I think not," she said.

"Now, I want to drive when we bump it over that detour—"

"There's nothing to that, Rod. You watch out for—the old flivver."

A mile out of town, on the detour, Rod rose in the seat with a squawk. "There is the old flivver—right over there!"

There is was, parked, with an abandoned air, by the roadside.

Margaret stopped, thinking, in that forced clearness that she had learned in the hard drubbing of match games.

If the girls were found in Braden —and this old flivver—not in sight, and the new car somewhere in Braden, circumstantial evidence would be too strong to save Linda and Susan from Mr. Strothers' rancor.

"Rod," Margaret jumped out of her car "you turn round here, and take the car back—"

"Oh! Margaret! I gotta see what's go'n ter happen in Braden. Sure!"

"You can't drive all the way back by yourself," Margaret was speaking to herself. "You're only twelve years old—"

"You bet I can." Bob was in the driver's seat, reaching with his foot for the brakes.

"You drive back to Dobbs Ferry. then, and wait until I come back there. I'll go in in the flivver."

Rod, torn between disappointment at not seeing what happened in Braden, and a desire to drive a car all by himself, set off, on a jerky course, over the humps, back to the ferry. Margaret shot the wheezy old car over the rough road at a speed that threatened its life, and the driver's teeth.

She found the girls in a tea room, consuming chocolate.

"Pay your bill and come this instant out here, and get in this old flivver."

Linda looked up with the beginning of her old sneer. Something in Margaret's face quelled her, even before she heard exactly why they were in danger.

As the girls rounded swiftly into the old road, they saw across the street, Adair's new car, in a group of men. Mr. Strothers' detective star shone angarily at the girls as they slowly passed on to the bumpy road.

Margaret refused to hurry. A great sense of relief relaxed her.

Linda was nobody's fool. As they reached the ferry, and Margaret got out, to climb in beside the waiting Rod, she looked up queerly.

"Why did you—do it—Margaret? Save us from—"

"Team-play. Loyalty—to members in my group—as if you were on my basket ball team."

Linda's face twisted in an effort to keep back tears. Susan was frankly sniffing. Margaret had treated them always like kids.

Margaret could feel them thinking

this, and she could not deny it was true, as she recalled her attitude. She had not intended to be superior, though. They had intended to be disgraceful. Yet she was older, and should have perceived the truth of the situation. She had had no training in dealing with girls except in athletics. Sure she needed to translate her athletic code into relationships with folks. She felt Linda was struggling with an effort to apologize.

Margaret caught her in a bearlike grip. "Say, old top, I guess we were both—in training! We've got the right start, now. We're off!"

The admiration that looked at her from two pairs of teary eyes was dazing.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. T. H. Talbert and a number of boys have been cutting hair during the past week.

Mr. F. S. Clark, a former employee here, was here visiting old friends last Monday.

Messrs. Poole and Teague have returned from camp. We hope they both had a fine time.

Newton Watkins, a former boy of this institution, was here for short visit last Tuesday.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, matron at the seventh cottage, is away on her vacation. Mrs. Russell is taking her place.

L. M. Bolt and Bernard Christian, members of the second and twelfth cottages respectively, were paroled recently.

The boys have received peaches several times lately. Before long we expect to have a good many more, besides some other kinds of fruit.

We are now getting plenty of fresh vegetables. We have had string beans and corn. Besides the beans eaten here, there has been some 3,000 lbs. sold in Concord.

Last Sunday afternoon the boys and officers received watermelons that were brought from South Carolina. Before long we hope to have some of our own.

Mrs. Morris, matron at the thirteenth cottage, has been ill for the past week. She underwent an operation the latter part of last week. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

We wish to correct a mistake made in these columns last week. It was stated that Mr. Andrews was the latest "edition" here. We wish to say that he is the latest "addition."

Recently some boys were talking about long words. Some of the boys

called over some, but the prize winning one was taken from a newspaper clipping. The word has a total of 57 letters and is the name of a town in North Wales. This writer might offer a small prize or something for the one getting nearest to the correct pronunciation of this word, only there is no way of judging the answers. Anyway, you can try your luck on it. Here it is: "Llanfairpwelgwyngyllgogerycheyrndrobwellandwsiliogogogoch." There is a translation which is: "Church of St. Mary, in a hollow of white hazel near a rapid whirl pool, and near St. Tysillos Church, which is near a red cave."

The Savona Sunday school team of Charlotte, was defeated by the local boys here last Saturday afternoon by a score of 14 to 6, this being the second victory over them for the school this season.

Lisk, hurling the old pill for the school, allowed 8 hits, these being well scattered, and fanned 9. The local boys received 11 hits off Procter, pitching for the visitors and 6 of them were fanned.

The local boys took a batting spree in the seventh and eighth innings, five men passing the plate safely in each inning. The score.

		R	H	E
Savona	010 000 122	6	8	8
J. T. S.	011 020 055	14	11	8

Two base hits—Bartley, Odom and Jones. Three base hit—Hopper. Struck out—by Lisk 9; by Procter 5. Base on balls—off Lisk 2; off Procter 2. Hit by pitched ball—by Lisk 1; by Procter 1.

WILD CREATURES ABLE TO FORETELL DANGER

In addition to the five senses human beings enjoy, it seems that animals and birds have one that enables them to divine a little of the future and what it holds for them.

The saying, "Rats will leave a sinking ship," indicates a strange foreknowledge on the part of these cretures.

Fish, birds and animals are invarialy true weather prophets. Seabirds know in some curious way when a storm is approaching. Though the weather is fine and the sky gives no warning of a coming storm, they are moved by some common impulse to make their way inland. Wild geese will also fly from the approach of a thunderstorm.

Ants will desert their nests, taking their babies with them, 24 hours before the outbreak of a forest fire.

Rabbits will leave burrows made in low-lying ground before a flood occurs. They have some weird premonition which forces them to seek higher ground before the danger is upon them.—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 4, 1928. No. 28

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HAPPINESS

Just to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child:
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet:
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right.

—Anonymous.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

FAITH

There are times when the tide seems to turn against us, when the coalition of hostile forces says to the Christian hosts, "They shall not pass," when it looks as though the darkness is ready to engulf the light. What we must do is hold on. The battle is not won in a day. The pull that never weakens overcomes. Where we suffered apparent defeat shall be our greatest triumph.

"There is no use keeping the church open any longer; you may as well give me the key," said a missionary in Madras, as in the course of a journey he passed through a village where once so many of the natives had professed Christianity that a little church had been built for them. But the converts had fallen away, returned to their idols, and there remained faithful only one poor woman to whom the missionary was now speaking. "There is Christian worship in the village three miles off," he added, noticing her sorrowful look; "any one who wishes can go there." "Oh, sir," she pleaded most earnestly, "do not take away the key! I at least will still go daily to the church, and sweep it clean, and will keep the lamp in order, and will go on praying that God's light may one day visit us again." So the missionary left her the key, and presently the time came when he preached in that very church, crowded with penitent sinners—the harvest of the God-given faith of that one poor Indian woman.—The Treasury.

RURAL SCHOOL SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE AT ONCE

That is a fine solution of the problem that every year confronts the rural child—"split the season for schools"—so that the child can realize

all of the privileges given in the public school system, and at the same time give the necessary aid on the farm at the time most needed.

This arrangement is an evidence that Supt. Hawfield has studied and knows the needs and conditions of rural life and is meeting the demands. The cost of farm help has soared so high till it is out of the question to think of the farmer paying the price so it is imperative that the farmer's child do some of the work in order to make belt and buckle meet.

In one issue of the Concord Tribune it said, "We hope this plan proves successful in Cabarrus" and in the very next publication of the Daily Tribune the information is:

> Six rural schools of Cabarrus county will begin a two-month divided term Monday morning that will last through September 14th. Midland, Bethel, Roberta, White Hall, Harrisburg and Mt. Pleasant are the institutions that will operate under this schedule.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THOSE NORTH POLE FLYERS

This writer finds himself with small sympathy for those who attempt flying to the north pole. Not that his heart does not go out to any sufferer, but short of sympathy with the idea of risking the life of even one man flying the ice covered region, not to mention a bunch of fifteen men, flyers and scientists taking it for granted that they could go and come at will. What does such accomplish, in the first place? The world and scientists know it is an ice covered area of thousands and thousands of miles of waste, uninhabitable; that man after man for hundreds of years has essayed to conquer it, and all any of them have ever had for their pains is a tale of woe. If one found land, who would live on it? If a new water passage for boats at certain seasons was found, who would want to navigate it, floating with icebergs, as it would be? It seems that the greatest incentive in all the late North Pole work is notoriety. Possibly such notoriety as would fill the coffers with gold. And the strangest part of the whole proceedings is the fact that men of sense and letters undertake such. Evidently they value life less that the average "Landlubber."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE HAND OF FELLOWSHIP

The hand of fellowship or true courtesy is the normal condition of a fine spirit and a grace that adds charm to a home, community or city. We all know that the most valuable asset to any community is its citizenship. We may be awed by tall and handsome buildings, the industrial

developments and scenery of the country when first entering, but if graciously and courteously received by the people, either in a business or social way, is the thing that counts and there is always a friendly feeling for that place without knowing exactly why.

The following from the Smithfield Herald shows that there is concerted action upon the part of all in endeavoring to keep open house and tender a hearty welcome to every one who calls:

> There is something about Smithfield that has an appeal to folks who come into our midst, even for a short time. A school teacher recently came back on a visit after having been away for about ten years. She made the statement that she availed herself of the first opportunity. to return, because there was something different about Smithfield. She had taught in other places but there was special feeling of goodwill about Smithfield that made her anxious to shake hands of old friends here again.
>
> We believe that it is the hand of fellowship that Smithfield extends that makes folks want to come back. It is true not only in a social way, but the business and professional interests have been extending a hand of fellowship in the past and they are anxious to give an even stronger grip to those who come here to do business or to sojourn in a social way in the future. The business interests of Smithfield want you to feel the sincerity of the handshake that is offered, and they want the public to learn what has been done and what is being done to mould our town into a greater and a more enterprising community. Think of the civic development that has been ours. This has been the result of the loyalty and broad-mindedness of our local commercial interests. Think of the spirit that has built improvements. How unhesitatingly the business and professional men of this town came forward with financial aid often when they could least afford it. This is the spirit that has made Smithfield have a peculiar place in the esteem of those who come here.
>
> During the next twelve weeks beginning this week the business and professional interests of Smithfield will endeavor to bring to your attention facts about the Spirit of Smithfield in a series of page articles with the hope that you may be impressed anew that Smithfield's one desire is to contribute to your welfare. The hand of fellowship is to be extended with renewed determination and ambition to make Johnston county know that in Smithfield its citizens will always receive a cordial welcome.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

GIVE MORE PUBLICITY TO THE DESERVING CHILD

You hear the remark that children today are unlike the children of twenty years or more ago. We do not realize when speaking so knowingly about

child life that the whole trend of life has changed—everything has changed—both in appearance and taste. The mother is easily confused with the debutante and the father in sport clothes bears a striking resemblance to his son. These many transformations are unconsciously absorbed with the hope of remaining youthful and vigorous so as to keep abreast of the times.

The young people are everlastingly the same, bubbling over with life; but the manner of living and the many avenues in which to make a living are widely different from what they once were, therefore, all ages have arisen to the emergencies and conformed their ideas accordingly.

Besides today there are more ways of getting information about child life so the misdemeanors of this much talked of growing generation gets wide publicity and the pessimists believe this class will send the whole world to the bow-wows. Just because of the cultivated taste for the sensational we hear more of the wild class—like we learn more of the bad book or bad play and nothing of the good ones—but our pronouncement is that the innate boy and girl are as always.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

LET YOUR SLOGAN BE—BUY-AT-HOME

The mail-order trade carried on so successfully a few years ago by big mercantile houses in Chicago, New York City and other big cities is not as generously patronized as formerly. This is evident because the Government reports show that stock in a certain mail-order house that once sold on New York stock exchange for $243 per share years ago is now quoted as low as $54 per share.

The question arises why this sudden, radical change of interest in buying from mail-order stores, the essentials and non-essentials of a home? Of course there is the spirit of gambol, or good sport, in the life of all normal people. The catalogues attractively illustrated are good bait, and the majority of people will bite even realizing the return package is similar to opening a five and ten cents prize-box purchased in a circus tent.

The class who patronized the mail-order chain of stores was made up of the rich and poor, the high and low, and there was a store to suit every patron. We are convinced that the automobile and good roads have been the undoing of the great business once indulged in by the mail-order chain of stores. For instance a delightful ride with a congenial party in an automobile over a ribbon like road of hard surface to a near city with its big department stores that cater to all classes, meet the demands of the purchasers, and is inductive, therefore, a day of pleasure and busi-

ness is spent. The store of the small towns are the ones now that suffer because of the automobile and good roads, and as a panacea for this ill there is a league of cooperative workers who have organized a "National-Buy-At-Home Movement—the object of which is to help the small town by boosting your own community and buying at home. This league of community workers has undertaken a stupendous work, because the spirit of the age is to keep moving, and incidentally seek pleasure—and to overcome the spirit of the masses is akin to breaking the Hindenburg line. This National-Buy-At-Home-Movement will have to put out some strong propaganda to stem the tide of this stream of shoppers who often dissipate money and time—but at the same time give publicity to some other community other than your own. Buy-At-Home should be the slogan of every community.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

PEACH SHOW

The great sandhill peach show that was begun in 1921 but for financial reasons, and shortage of crop was omitted last year will open again on August 2nd, in Hamlet. This year the show is sponsored by the entire community and the whole affair will be on a bigger scale and elicit the interest of people from all over the country. Statistics claim that there are fully 1, 500,000 trees bearing fruit during this season.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

AN ANGEL OF MERCY

Everybody, both children and grown-ups, like pictures and most especially pictures that show class and character. In every issue of the secular press there are pictures of recent brides pronounced beautiful; movie actresses with stories of divorce and all scandal pertinent thereto; pictures of sporting men and women with their trophies—but of all the pictures none has been more impressive to the writer than that of Miss Mayfield Richmond with a story of her life and work, head of Guilford Sanatorium, that was carried in the Greensboro Daily News. Read this story elsewhere in this issue of The Uplift if you wish to know of the work of a life that really satisfies.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A fine advertisement for Buick automobile. A woman in Flint, Michigan, unexpectedly inherited a million. The first thought of this new millionaire was to buy a Buick—and she did.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

There is an old saying that "None are so blind as those who will not see." It is the gospel truth. Many a man is blind to his own faults; blind to all reason in matters that do not agree to his own idea of things. A lot of men are one way persons—see only one way, and that is their way. If men who are unreasonable would take the blinkers from their eyes they would probably see things in a light they never dreamed of before. It is possible that few people judge themselves, but are always judging others. The Good Book says "Judge not, lest ye be judged," referring to the habit people have of treating others. When the Great Judge judges, what will we poor mortals have to say for ourselves?

—o—

Do you pay your bills as cheerfully as you go in debt for your purchases? I know a young lady who collects from all classes of businesses, and she says she finds people in most every line crab to beat his Satanic Majesty, even though they know the bill is correct. You can get a man s number very quickly by the way he pays his bills.

—o—

A new word has come into existence. "Time," a magazine of news reviews, proposes a new word for the English language. It is the verb "to hefle" meaning to utter long, loud and objectionable statements of a bigoted nature, usually against a religious sect or belief. It is derived from the name of Senator Thomas J. Heflin, of Alabama, who has made himself notorious by that method. Without condoning Heflin's position in this particular, it is a word with meaning and color enough to take its place in the English language. If you hear someone "hefling" a church you'll know he disagrees with its teaching, its ministers, its ideals, and "the way it parts its hair," and does so loudly frequently and vigorously.

—o—

"Every girl, whether she intends to marry soon or not, should keep a hope chest," says a London novelist. What I see of the American girls, they do, Mr. Novelist. It is a little round compact chest, with a pad, and is used in the hope that her nose will not outshine the carmine of her lips.

—o—

A statement is going the rounds of the press that "a golf course is to be built for a hospital for the insane in a Southern state." I don't know, but it appears to me, if the sport keeps on growing as it has in the past decade, it is more than likely they will build an insane hospital at the golf courses.

—o—

Women turning to cotton is the latest report. In my day I have seen the time when one would think men were turning to cotton—they were spitting it. That was the effect of a cause which has somewhat passed. Now if the women take up cotton and give it a fair chance, where they have been substituting other fabrics, it will be the greatest event in commercial life, and they will

have all the beauty and becomingness of our grandmothers in their young days.

—o—

Frequently I meet people that are playing the glad game, in a happy way. They pause long enough to "pass the time o' day," say a kind word or leave a beautiful thought. These things give a savor to cheerful living.

—o—

Discouragement without and within is one of the greatest of human enemies. I read an article where a man committed suicide the other day because he feared that he could not raise a certain sum of money he believed he needed to save himself from ruin. When his estate was settled it was found that he was not in straightened circumstances and really did not need the money to keep his business going. It is a sad state of affairs when a man will seek self-destruction to ease him of his imaginary woes, instead of facing life four-square whatever ills betide.

—o—

Names and oral expressions oft times brings about a most comical situation. Two very pronounced housekeepers met the other day at the home of one, and were going over some of the activities of their household affairs, and the lady of the house, where the other was visiting, remarked: "White washed the porch." The other looked rather astonished and remarked, "I don't see where you have whitewashed." "Ha! ha! my dear, White is the name of the man that washed the porch." That reminds me of an incident. A young lady named Herr was in a cafe, and a young man near the door, looking in, asked me who the lady was, designating the aforesaid young lady. I said Herr several times. "Yes, her!" he replied with some feeling. "Herr," I repeated. He regarded me as a dumb bell by the way he looked at me, until I told him the young lady's name was H-E-R-R, and I spelled it out for him. Then the idea dawned on him and he broke out in a hearty laugh over not recognizing Herr.

—o—

I chanced to overhear this conversation yesterday, showing the difference in view points. Subject hot weather. "Isn't this a sizzler? I wish it would turn cooler," a Durhamite greeted a friend from the country. "Yes; but it is fine for cotton. It suits me exactly," cheerfully responded the farmer.

—o—

Feminine autoists are "passing" fair
And their charms we must admire;
They can ride all day with a tireless air,
But not with an airless tire.

—o—

I believe it was the late John Wanamaker who said, "I never look at a sunrise that it does not give me a sunrise feeling." And I never look at a clear sky, when it its blues are the deepest, and think it is in its cheeriest mood.

—o—

Two news boys, seated on the curbing, were discussing the big things they proposed to do when they were older. I could not refrain from saying, "Keep your patterns, boys, and your visions may come some time." Goodyear was a dreamer and a seer to vulcanize rubber. Morse had visions or we might not have had the telegraph. Had it not been for the

vision of Alexander Graham Bell we might not even yet have the telephone. Had Elias Howe not dreamed of a sewing machine women might still be sewing with the needle. All of our modern inventions, and new order of things are the results of dreams and visions.

—o—

Saint Paul a living pattern for every man, once wrote to the Hebrews, "Cast not away therefore your confidence which hath great recompense of reward." Without confidence a stable human society is impossible. Perhaps we do not often stop to think about it but confidence between man and man is indispensible for ordinary daily affairs. You go to a shop to supply some necessity, confident that someone will have just what you need. The shop-keeper meantime has anticipated your need and has been expecting you. It is this that keeps the business world going. Have you ever tried to count up the number of people upon whom you depend for the necessities of a single day? Commerce and trade, human life as a whole, outwardly, are matters of confidence. So vital is this matter that we call the man who cheats at it "confidence man." He is playing a "confidence game." We feel instinctively that more serious than his short weight or measure is his own low conception of life. His unfulfilled promises are not so henious as making traffic of our confidence in him. If he is a king we demand his head or his crown, if a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker, we seek one in whom we can trust.

—o—

A man said to me the other day that he had seen but few women who know how to properly guide an automobile. I do not know whether he had looked around much or not. I rather think he had not. But anyhow, he told me this story: "The other day the missus and I were out in the car. She insisted on presiding at the wheel. While we were turning a corner, she almost ran our car into two other cars. After we got out of that jam, she said, 'I believe the engine is knocking, and I said, 'No lovy dovy, the engine is all right. That knocking you hear is my heart,' and of course, after we got back home, we argued about that far into the night." Isn't that just like a man?

The serious import of Mr. Josephus Daniels' address before the Press Association, was the advocacy and the urging of the newspapers of the state to champion a statewide school system. His demand was for an educational system in its way in keeping in importance with the present highway system of the state. He stated that he thought it was unthinkable that some of the counties of the state should have only a four months school system while ohers were blessed with eight or ten months.

FORESEES UNITED MISSION CHURCH

By Mamie Bays, in Asheville Citizen

It is the opinion of Dr. W. W. Alexander, of Atlanta, Ga., a member of the Inter-Racial commission, a man who is prominently identified with the missionary enterprise, from an inter-denominational as well as from the point of view of his own denomination, which is the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, that within the next 25 years there will be in operation a great co-operative church in all missionary lands. He says in support of this statement that the natives of these lands do not want a divided church, but they do want a co-operative church.

Dr. Alexander was a delegate to the Jerusalem conference which was held in the City of Jerusalem during April of the present year, and he gave a report of that conference to the Woman's Summer School of Missions, then in session at Montreat. During the course of his opening remarks he said that he felt he could pay to the Woman's Auxiliary of the Southern Presbyterian church the same tribute that another speaker once paid to the women of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, when he said "they are the most forward-looking group of Christians in America."

"The century just past," said Dr. Alexander, "is just like the first century, in which the Christian church was born. The first century was dominated by one unit—the church of Rome; the last century was dominated by one unit—the British empire. The first century was marked by great missionary advance in all of the then known world. The last century was marked by great missionary movements that reached to all the known world, reaching to old lands, lands much older than the West. The Christianity of the past century was a divided Christianity and it would have met with far greater success had it been united.

"About 20 years ago there was organized in Edinburgh an inter-denominational missionary conference. and out of this grew a missionary council. Among the things for which the council stood were medical missions which met with ready and successful response in every land. The council stood also for interdenominational schools and certain interdenominational territory.

"Then came the great World War which affected the missionary enterprise. The war interfered with the co-operation of churches and depleted missionary work. It brought about the most trying time at home in every land where it reached. Then came the Armistice on that November day 10 years ago.

"There were 250 delegates, representing 50 countries, at the interdenominational missionary conference held in Jerusalem the present year. Great missionary leaders of every denomination were there and the same was true of the missionaries present, and the missionaries presented the most interesting group there.

"We sat in the atmosphere of the Mount of Olives, in a little church that the British had taken from Germany during the war and had then given it back to the German church.

"There was much said about the

great enemy of missions, which representatives of every nation declared to be the spirit of secularism. And this is true not only in missionary lands; but in America as well. The Christian Sabbath is gone from America and we have a secular idea instead. And the Christian church has said hardly a word about it. I worship in a large church that is as worldly and secular as the Chamber of Commerce and that is not much different from the Chamber of Commerce.

"The power to buy and the power to have is dominant and Americans cannot understand.

"In the next place credit from the peoples of the world has been developed. Cotton mills are in the South because labor is cheap in the South. This world is one and eventually cheap wages will bring all labor to that level.

"That conference realized also that something is needed to maintain home life. The old home life is gone. Industry as organized in the West has broken down home life. The cry of China was 'Keep industries out of China' and that of India was; 'Keep industries out of India,' while representatives of all countries said: 'If you know anything to soften industries, tell us.'

"The cry of 100 per cent American is nothing but diseased emotion. What we need is not America for Americans, but God for the world.

"There was much said at the Jerusalem conference about the encouraging work of the League of Nations and of the effort being made to save people from exploitation.

"Am I going to vote for Hoover? That does not make any difference. There is nothing in American politics worthy of Christian men today. And the Christian church has no greater work today."

SERVICE A BIG WORD

(Exchange)

"You may get in your automobile this afternoon and ride around over our fine highways and think you are getting a great kick out of it, but if you want to know what real happiness is find some sick person and visit him, and then you'll know what a real thrill is." The above statement was made recently by Attorney R. L. Brown in that fine address before the men of First Lutheran and First Presbyterian churches.

And that is just another indication that leading men and women are recognizing more and more every day that the only lasting and true happiness is that which comes from making others happy. Service, is becoming one of the greatest words in the English vocabulary. Folks are realizing that they owe the world a life of service and that the world owes them nothing. The fellow who thinks the world owes him a living is simply deluded. Indeed, he doesn't know how badly deluded he really is.

NURSE IS HAPPY IN WORK OF HELPING OTHERS

By J. W. Cannon, in Greensboro Daily News

Down the aisle she comes. To the right row of beds, perhaps thermometers in the mouths of patients that occupy them, bathrobes some people with hacking coughs; to the left with screened openings that give a view of the well kept lawn and grounds of the Guilford county sanatorium at Jamestown. Notebook in hand Miss Mayfield Richmond, head nurse of that institution, misses few of the items that will contribute either to the welfare or to the comfort of those who are under her care. She has the executive ability to see that her wishes are carried out. Dr. Joseph L. Spruill, superintendent of the institution, once remarked that she need only a pair of pants to become General Pershing. That is the business side of this woman, who has been with the Guilford institution since about a month before it was opened four and one half years ago.

But that lacks a lot of being all of Miss Richmond. In the first place she knows about the philosophy of the fight against tuberculosis as well as its technical side. She fought it herself, having broken down while teaching school in Greensboro more than 10 years ago. She served her time first as a patient then as a student nurse in the North Carolina Tuberculosis sanatorium, near Montrose. She was in the fight against this insidious disease for a period of 13 months as superintendent of the Forsyth County Tuberculosis hospital and then 10 months at the Virginia State sanatorium.

Peace of Mind

Miss Richmond thinks she knows that hope, and abiding faith in God and the peace of mind that goes with it, are the greatest weapons a person can take with them in the fight against the white plague.

"I believe," she said, "that the tuberculosis patient as a rule is one of the bravest persons one meets in this life. Many times the battle against this disease is made while the mind is laboring under torments that the average person would find crushing. I know a mother who had to leave her two small children at home under the care of a 16 year-old negro girl. She knew that they couldn't be getting the attention that she would give them if she had been there. But there wasn't anything she could do. She put up a fight against tuberculosis and about the time victory was hers, one of her children died with spinal meningitis. That woman must have had an almost super human courage to stand that. And I have never seen her since but that she had a smile on her face.

Inside the Guilford sanatorium are many blooming plants that make the atmosphere of this institution one of beauty. The head nurse hasn't been sitting by with idle hands while these plants were developing. It was she who started these plants to growing and it was she who has furnished every encouragement in the form of water and fertilizer. Of course

she has had able backing from the superintendent who Miss Richmond says has never denied anything which was for the welfare of Guilford's tubercular.

Flowers Help to Encourage

"People can fight the little bacillus which so secretly attacks the lung with a deal more ease when they see about them these flowers, God's handiwork.

It isn't every time that the tuberculosis patient wins the physical victory. Sometimes the discovery that this force of destruction working on the body is made too late.

But even then death is not the dreadful thing, sometimes painted when the fight has been made in good faith and in a spirit of hope.

"I sat by the bedside of a young woman who had been struggling against tuberculosis for six years. One of the most famous chest surgeons in the country had tried to assist her. We had been knowing for some time the end was near. She wanted to get well. She loved life even in bed and during her six years of war on disease she had been constantly dealing out bits of hope and cheer to those in her small circle of beds. Up until six hours before her death she believed she was going to get well. Then she realized that her diseased lungs couldn't hold out much longer. She called her friends to the bedside and told them goodbye. And she asked me to sit with her during the close of her life. She was perfectly willing to go and cheerful at the prospects. Naturally her talk turned to eternal things. And in that moment if I could not have held out a God to her, I believe that my task on this earth would have been hopelessly unsuccessful. I have never yet seen a person die who did not yearn to talk about eternal things near the end. And I believe it is just as much the nurse's duty and just as much the physician's duty to minister to the spiritual side of a man's existence as it is to look at the thermometer.

Dr. Spruill is often quoting to us, his nurses, this passage from Macbeth:

"Canst Thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the hidden troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Clense the bosom of the Perilous Stuff,
That weighs upon the heart."

Ministry To The Heart

"It is this ministry to the heart that is three-fourths of the fight against tuberculosis.

"And it often wins. There was a man who came to us here running a high temperature with an ugly wound from an operation in his chest and a condition that looked hopelessly bad. We didn't tell him but we never hoped for him to get well. He wouldn't die though. He fought all summer with a high temperature. His side was irrigated by Dr. Spruill and by and by his temperature began to drop. He was given a little time up, finally put on exercise and today he is plying a trade.

"If heart balm dosen't arrest tuberculosis it is a mighty comforting thing to be able to administer in certain cases.

"I remember when I was in For-

syth county, a little negro lad who had been brought to us nearly dead sent for me.

"Miss Richmond, take this hand, he said.

I took the little black hand in mine.

"Now take the other," he said. I did.

"I believe Ise a gwine," he said.

"Well if God wants you to go aren't you willing to go," I asked him.

"Yes'm, Miss Richmond, but I believe Ise a gwine." And he did go.

To date 522 white patients, 87 negro patients and 17 children have been entered in the Guilford sanatorium. Many of these are today living happy lives and enjoying normal existence in the outside world. Following up the training cure is done as far as possible by the administration of the Guilford sanatorium. But in many cases it is pointed out that people who leave the sanatorium in good condition and with good chances to make up the temporary arrest of the disease, permanent, are forced to take up work involving long hours which will eventually break them down again. Miss Richmond and for that matter, all those who have been in the fight against the disease hope to see the day come when some suitable employment for tuberculosis sufferers will be offered. In many cases, those who have taken sanatorium treatment can with a reasonable amount of care go back to their old jobs but this is not true in every instance.

Pride of Guilford County

"This institution at Jamestown is the pride of the people of this county," Miss Richmond declared. "In addition to spending large sums of money here which have come both through private donation and through government appropriation, churches and various other organizations have been constantly remembering the place. A piano, a radio, numbers and numbers of books, shrubs and many other things have been brought here by those who remember the fight for life that is being made behind our screens. Choirs, quartets and bands have given entertainments and I do not believe that one can find a happier group of patients."

Miss Richmond came from an old southern family. She was born at Woodside, near Milton, in Caswell county and received her college education at Roanoke college in Virginia. She had always had an interest in nursing and its allied profession, medicine. But as the profession was practiced in the general hospitals, she thought it too strenuous for her. It took a breakdown with tuberculosis following a teaching career to get her into her heart's chosen work.

"I expect to spend the rest of my life in this work. You see, this business of struggling with tuberculosis and helping as I may the others, who are also fighting, is a happy work."

Modernish, the Rev. Mr. Klindworth, of Dallas, Texas, asserted, is "modern heathenism teaching salvation by the merit of man and not by the merit of God in Christ Jesus."

OVER THE RIVER ROAD

By Bert E. Walters

Janet Emerson impatiently edged her car into the crowded stream of traffic moving slowly along the avenue.

"It's just my luck," she grumbled, "to get caught in this jam and lose out on another story. I know Doris hasn't heard of it yet, but she soon will."

Doris Saunders and Janet were reporters on rival newspapers. Warm, personal friends in everything but their work, there had gradually come between them something of the competitive strife between the two institutions that gave them employment.

Once, in her apprentice days, Janet had unwittingly confided an important piece of news to Doris before turning it in to her own editor. The latter had promptly telephoned the information to her paper, scoring a decided beat. Janet had never forgotten the scathing rebuke of her superiors, and from that time on had jealously guarded her news tips and story assignments, but had failed to outwit her alert rival on many of the big news features. Her opportunity had come today, however, when Mr. Ames, the city editor, called her to his desk.

"Mr. Burton is back from Chicago," he said in his matter of fact way, "I believe you can get something on the Mishewa development project if you get to see him right away."

The public had long been waiting some announcement regarding the proposed development of the big water power on the Mishewa River, so it meant a great deal to Janet to get this story for her paper ahead of the rival publication.

The closely packed traffic moved on at a snail's pace. It seemed to Janet she never would reach the arterial intersection, half a block away where a green light blinked its warning message. Just below this a small orange glow appeared, forerunner of another annoying stop.

As her car approached the corner both lights faded away and in their place a bright red disc appeared, the signal for traffic on that street to stop. Instantly the line of awaiting cars on the intersecting street moved forward. One of the first of these, a trim little runabout that Janet would have recognized among a thousand, was driven by a young girl, possibly a year or so older than herself. She knew without being told that this driver was Doris Saunders and that she was bound for the Mishewa Company's offices.

A few minutes later her own car was skimming over the smooth turnpike road towards the green-topped hills which bordered the river valley a few miles away. Far ahead of her a cloud of dust, hanging over the highway, indicated that the driver of the runabaut was making good the advantage she had gained.

Deeply chagrined at the thought of again being scooped by Doris, Janet sent her own car over the road as fast as the speed laws would permit, resolved to make the best of an awkward situation.

A mile or so out of the city the

road forked, one branch leading along the river past the beautiful Mishewa Falls. The other, the main traveled state highway followed the more level country to the west. Janet reasoned that the more or less congested traffic on the state road would result in unavoidable delays, while at this season of the year the river road was seldom used, and although hilly and dangerous in places, would offer the advantage of a clear track. She turned her car into this, confident she would arrive at the Mishewa company's offices as soon as Doris, if not ahead of her.

Nearing the bluffs that bordered the river, the road wound in a long, graceful curve to the top of the first hill. Here a splendid view of the falls and the wide sweep of river valley appeared. For a moment Janet was tempted to stop and enjoy the beautiful scene. She quickly put this thought aside, however, and releasing the clutch, her car coasted into the first sharp incline on the downward course.

Until now Janet had not realized how fast she had been driving. The sickening slue with which she rounded the first curve recalled the dangerous, winding course of the road father down the bluffs, and she instantly applied her brakes to bring her car under full control.

After the first abrupt grade, she had little difficulty in controlling the car, and half way down the bluff she eased off the emergency brake. Scanning the roadway ahead as she entered the next series of curves, she caught a momentary glance of the zigzagging tracks of an automobile in the soft dirt at the side of the road. At one point, on the very edge of the embankment, the skidding wheels had cut off from the shoulder of the road, but the driver had apparently regained control of the machine. Janet knew the most dangerous point of the sharp decent lay just ahead and she shuddered at the thought of what might happen to a driver unfortunate enough to lose control of his car at this point.

Rounding a huge boulder which formed the shoulder of the bluff, shutting out the view of the winding roadway below, she uttered a sharp cry of alarm, bringing her car to a sudden stop. Just ahead lay the ill-fated automobile that had attracted her attention, partly overhanging the steep ledge and almost completely blocking the narrow roadway.

For a brief interval the startled girl sat in a bewildered daze, her one thought being that the accident had effectually ended all possibility of her reaching the development company's office ahead of Doris. Then the wrecked car claimed her attention, and urged by the impelling fear that perhaps someone had been injured, she leaped from her seat and hurried toward the wreck.

The car lay upon its side, the forward end projecting over the cliff at a dangerous angle, one front wheel still slowly turning. Bits of broken glass were scattered in every direction, but of the occupants themselves nothing was to be seen.

"It can hardly be more than a minute since the accident happened," Janet thought as she carefully examined the wreck, "or that wheel would not still be turning."

Stepping cautiously to the front of the wreck she leaned against the cowl and peered through the broken windshield. With a sickening lurch the car slid forward several

feet, causing the startled girl to leap back into the road, white with fear at what her brief glance had revealed.

Clinging to the steering wheel with one hand, her body crumpled into a heap, was a girl of possibly Janet's own age, the sole occupant of the ill-fated car.

"I could go for help," Janet reflected hurriedly, "but the car might slide over the cliff in the meantime."

It rested now against the stump of a small tree that had been broken off by the impact. The roots of this partly giving way when Janet leaned her weight against the cowl, had caused the sudden forward lurch.

On closer examination she saw that the top of the car had been partly torn loose from the frame, leaving a small aperture through which it might be possible to effect a rescue. With the tire iron from her repair kit Janet set about widening this sufficiently to lift the injured girl through. Working rapidly, fearful that any second the stump might give way entirely and the car slide over the cliff with the imprisoned victim, an opening was at last made that seemed to answer the purpose.

Grasping the limp form firmly Janet attempted to life the injured girl from the wreck. At the same instant the roots of the tree snapped, and with a slow, ominous movement the mass of wreckage moved forward. Fear of the impending disaster alone gave her the courage to renew her efforts. With a silent prayer for courage and strength to accomplish her task, Janet clung to the unconscious girl, succeeding after repeated efforts in freeing her clothing from the twisted steering column, and at last lifting the inert form clear of the wreck. Hardly had she done so when the disabled car, gathering momentum in its forward slide, toppled over the cliff, to fall with a resounding crash into the valley.

Weak from the reaction of the ordeal she had just passed through, Janet staggered with her burden to the shade of a nearby tree, where she sank to the ground in utter exhaustion. In a moment, however, she regained her strength and at once began a hurried examination of the victim's injuries.

Her first movement brought a sharp cry of pain and alarm from the victim of the wreck. Opening her eyes, the stranger raised herself with an effort and looked dazedly about.

"Where—why, what has happened," she stammered. "Oh, yes, I remember now, my car—" A spasm of pain passed over her pale face and she sank back again into Janet's arms.

"Your car went over the cliff just after I got you out," exclaimed Janet; "are you badly injured?"

"I seem to be pretty well bruised up," answered the stranger. An ugly lump almost closed one eye and blood was flowing from a gash in her forearm.

Hastily fashioning a tourniquet from her handkerchief, Janet applied it above the injury to arrest the bleeding.

"I guess I am lucky to be alive after this mishap," proffered the stranger, "I am afraid you will have to take me home in your car."

"Gladly," replied Janet. Doris and the race to the construction company's office had been entirely for-

gotten during the excitement of the past few moments, but as Janet assited the injured girl to her car and took her place beside her the purpose of her journey over the river road was recalled.

"There is no need to hurry now," she reflected; "Doris has reached Mr. Burton by this time and I am scooped again."

"It was splendid of you to do this," spoke up the injured stranger, her voice, in spite of the cheerful smile, betraying the pain she suffered. "It was all my fault, too; I let my car get away from me on the hill and couldn't make the turn."

Janet returned the other's friendly smile, but it was some little time before she essayed an answer, for her thoughts now were on the development company story. She had reached the conclusion there was nothing left but to tell her city editor she had stopped to play the good Samaritan and had failed again.

"I came out to see the falls," continued the stranger, in an effort to keep up the conversation; "you get a splendid view of them from the top of the cliff. They say the dam will spoil much of the beauty of the valley."

"That is what brought me out," replied Jane, somewhat tersely, "but it wasn't the scenery that brought me over the river road."

The stranger wondered at the peculiar tone in the voice. Her rescurer was not much older than herself, a capable girl and friendly, yet she had not told her name or asked any questions. What was there about the Mishewa dam that could attract a busy city girl from her work?

"I am glad you came," she replied slowly, a wealth of gratitude in the simple admission, "I shall never forget that you saved my life."

For a time they rode in silence, each occupied with her own thoughts. The road at this point skirted the river bank for a short distance, then turning abruptly to the left it climbed the slope of a long ridge and dipped down again into the valley. Below them, in the edge of a grove of maples nestling close to the river Janet saw the buildings of the construction company. Before one of these which she rightfully guessed was the office, stood the familiar runabout.

On every hand was to be seen the busy activity of a construction camp. A huge coffer dam was being extended out into the river by a crew of men, the cribwork and planking forming a formidable barricade against the river currents. Down near the edge of the water, where excavations were in progress, an engineer was taking levels, pausing at frequent intervals to confer with a large, carefully dressed man, who appeared intensely interested in the work.

"There's father now," exclaimed the stranger, "I must tell him about the accident."

Bringing her car to a stop Janet viewed with interest the activity about her.

"Oh, Daddy," her passenger called, waving her hand to the man near the water. With an answering wave this gentleman left his work and came hurriedly toward the car.

"It is funny, isn't it," the stranger exclaimed, "but after all we have been through we are not really acquainted yet. My name is Sarah Burton and this is my father."

"Mr. Burton—your father," cried Janet in unfeigned surprise, "why, I came came out on purpose to see him, my name is Janet Emerson."

Sarah launched at once into a full account of the accident on the hill, her father listening attentively until the story was told. Once Janet looked up to meet his kindly, yet keenly penetrating gaze. Unconscious until now of the heroic part she had played, she felt her face color in color in spit of her efforts to conceal her feeling, and she turned hurriedly to look out across the valley.

"So you came out to see me," Mr. Burton exclaimed. "It is fortunate, for all of us, that you chose the river road, but we will talk about that later. If you will excuse me now I must step over to the office."

"Mr. Burton," Janet spoke up, a note of firmness and determination in her voice, "I am from the Journal, and—well, may I ask you a few questions about the Mishewa development project?"

"So that's where the wind lies," came the mirthful answer. "I have been dodging you newspaper reporters for a month, but I guess you have me cornered this time."

Twenty minutes later, in the living room of the Burton home, Janet hung up the telephone receiver and turned a happy, smiling face to her new friend. "Mr. Ames says its the biggest story we have had in weeks," she exclaimed joyfully.

"No one could have won it more worthily," came a voice from the doorway, and turning in surprise, Janet looked into the smiling face of Doris Saunders.

"Oh, Janet!" cried the latter, "what a noble girl you have been; I am glad you got the story first."

IT'S UP TO YOU

No one is beat till he quits;
  No one is through till he stops.
No matter how hard failure hits,
  No matter how often he drops.
A fellow's not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate may down him and bank him around,
  And batter his frame till he's sore;
But she never can say that he is downed
  While he bobs up serenely for more.
A fellow's not dead till he dies,
Nor beat till he no longer tries.

—Detroit Free Press.

BIRDO, THE UTILITY FARM DOG

(Contributed)

Birdo was what could properly be called a "Sport," in that he was not like his mates. He came out of a black pointer female, sired by a black pointer male with very short hair on both sides, yet Birdo was as long haired as a setter bird dog, and almost the size of a New Foundland when grown. There were nine in the litter, all jet black, but all of Birdo's brothers was born with a bobbed tail; so there were two oddities in the litter. His mother was just an ordinary pointer dog, but his father was Ponto, the greatest wild turkey dog known in all the section of eastern North Carolina where this dog grew up. Birdo, as soon as old enough to eat was taken into the family of four boys, all fond of dogs. His first thing to learn was to play. with boys, rather than other dogs. He went to the fields as the boys went to work, and many were the hours wasted on that dog when father was away. Learning to play with boys rather than dogs he became a fine play mate, one that in a short time, after he had gotten his growth, found he could tease a boy by getting his hat or cap and running away with it to a safe distance, lieing down on his belly and holding the cap between his fore paws, as innocently as if he were a boy, but when you approach to get hat it was another story; for he bounded away with it in his mouth, and seldom gave it up until scolded. He was never happier than when rolling in a pile of autumn leaves with boys for play mates.

Not-with-standing his size he was as swift as the best of hounds on foot, and was known many times to roust a rabbit from its bed and catch it on sight in the open. He had speed and stamina, and sagacity. He learned early in life that a rabbit when pushed in the open will stop suddenly, let the dog pass over, then retrace its steps and get away, and he put an end to all such rabbit tricks by scooping up the rabbit in his jaws as he passed over. He did not know a single trick, as tricks go with trick dogs, but he had sense. Many times I have seen rabbits take refuge under a brush pile when winded, and stay there for an ordinary dog, but Birdo would tramp over the pile and if the rabbit insisted on staying there he would dive in and plow through the heap and stand on his hind legs to see which way the rabbit went. If he saw no rabbit running away, he would plow through the heap again and again until the rabbit was pushed out. I never saw one get out on the side and not be seen for each trip through found him standing on his hind feet looking the landscape over. I said he went with the boys to the field as regularly as they went, and when mature and knowing the habits and haunts of rabbits and rats he had certain things he did first after the boys settled to work. First every rabbit in a quarter of a mile of the work place was first routed from his bed and caught, unless the thicket prevented a fair race. When there were no more rabbits to find, he would begin a search for field rats and mice, which he would crush as fast

as he found them and go on for another. When all these were found that he could find he would stretch himself out and rest until the noon hour then home with the boys. This was an every day job in the field work season, and when we went hunting rabbits this Birdo dog was in all his glory, and found and chased down more rabbits than any neighbor dog in the hunt. While he came out of pure bred pointer stock, he had little of the bird dog ways. If he came upon a covey of quail he would make as if to stand at a point, but rushed in and chased them as far as he could see them. His like was for rabbits and rats and mice. Cats were of small use in rat killings that so often came when these rodents were found about the barn and crib. A cat wanted to catch one, go off, play with or eat it; not so with the dog, his delight was in killing them with a single crush in his powerful jaws and take hold of another; and the faster they came from holes the better he liked it. I have seen him jump several feet high and catch a barn rat from the wall, when it had escaped from a boy with a stick. When he smelled a field rat in its bed, he would make as if to point like at a bird then sail in with both feet and dig it out of its bed. Many times I have seen him dig in so fiercely that he would throw the rat and nest several feet behind him and never know what became of it, unless some one was near to set him on it again.

To say he was good natured does not express the temperament of this dog. He never raised a row with other dogs unless provoked to; and his weight and size made other dogs respect him. Running, as he did with boys we soon taught him to catch anything we wanted caught, from a cow to a grass hopper. In fact he would often chase grass hoppers when there were no rabbits or rats in reach. At the time this dog was in his prime, we had no fenced farms, but fenced fields. Each man had to fence his fields from roving stock, for every one turned his cattle and hogs and sheep out at the gate and they went where they would, and often you found a whole drove had broken down the fence and were tearing down the crops. Especially was it difficult to keep hogs out of corn at roasting ear time and later, and it was often the duty of the boys to see that no stray hogs were in the corn. All we had to do to find out was to put Birdo over the fence and holler, "Hoo-y! Hoo-y! Birdo would light out at top speed. Circle and recross the field, and if there was any hog in it, small or great, the first you heard was a squeal; and when you reached the place the hog was generally being held by the nose. And it was wonderful how this dog preferred the nose to the ear. The average hog dog would catch a hog by the ear, lie back against the hogs side, which was helpless and unable to bite or hurt the dog, but Birdo learned that if he took the hogs snout between his teeth he would lie still and squeal. One day I went alone with this dog to search the corn field, sent him out and in a minute I heard a squeal, then the dog began to bay. Hurrying to the place in and alder thicket I found a young boar backed up in a thick bunch of alders and snapping at the dog, which could not attack from the rear. Thinking I would catch the hog by the hind leg while engaged with the

dog, I started around the bushes, when the hog sprang out at me, but Birdo caught it by the nose while in the air, and the hog never touched me. I took it by the hind legs made the dog turn loose, but it was mad and had fight in it more for me than the dog. Heading it from me, I turned it loose when it made a dive for the deep water of the creek, and Birdo right in behind it, into the thickest bunch of briars and vines on both sides. Birdo came out after a while minus the boar, and the hog was never seen any more. Birdo had drowned it in the water.

I hobbled on a stick for many days once by being hurt by a collision with this heavy dog. I shot a squirrel and as the squirrel hung on to the end of a limb by one foot, I ran to get under the tree and catch the squirrel before the dog got hold of it. I was looking up, and so was the dog, and we met at the spot the squirrel was about to fall, when neither had slackened speed, with the result my knee was bent backward by the weight of the moving dog, and I was knocked down and Birdo caught the squirrel before it touched the ground. All these and many other stories could be told of Birdo the "Sport" dog. But the sad part is yet to tell. When we sold the farm and moved some hundred miles to a town to live and go to school we could not take the dog, so he was given to a neighbor boy, who thought as much of him as we did, but Birdo, was not at home. Petted and fed and coaxed, he refused food and in a few months pined away and died of a broken heart at the loss of the boys with whom he had grown up, and who, no doubt, felt he was as near being a boy as any dog could feel to be.

ILLNESS COSTS EACH FAMILY IN U. S. $134 ANNUALLY

Advocating an effective program of disease prevention, Dr. Homer Folks, of New York, in a report to the International Conference of Social Work, in Paris, estimated that illness in the United States costs each family $134.68 annually. The cost per capita he estimated at $31.08.

Of the $15,000,000,000 yearly illness cost to the people of the United States, more than 93 per cent of the burden is bourne by the patients and their families, said Dr. Folks, who is secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York and a member of the public health council of New York State.

Yet the country, he said, is spending only about $76,000,000 a year for prevention of illness.

In discussing the distribution of illness prevention costs, which he estimated at $76,000,000, Dr. Folks said the expense averaged 63 cents per person and $2.71 per family yearly. But for illness he said the estimated total income for 1928 of $1,000,000,000,000 would be $115,000,000,000.

FARM LIFE DEVELOPS INDIVIDUALITY

(Southern Agriculturist)

Notwithstanding the prattle about the hardships of the woman in the country home, her work is not so hard as that of millions of women who have entered the "broader" fields of industry in the city. These city working women are practically all employes. They work under the direction of a boss, and, strange to say, the boss in practically every case is a man. The city woman frees herself from the obligation of taking orders from her husband only to put herself into a position to take orders from some other man. Even if her husband is the boss (and he is not as a rule) little is gained by exchanging one man boss for another. She has no control of her time. She must be at her post on the strike of the clock, and she must stay there till the boss releases her. This is peculiarly hard on a woman. The work, for the most part, is monotonous, and is without interest to the worker. It is only the very unusual woman that gets any pleasure, any life from her work behind the machine or in the office. She endures it in the hope that some day she will be released. To the many a job here is a treadmill, always moving and never getting anywhere. The compensation received in nearly every case is consumed as it is earned, and often before it is earned, in meeting the demands of a "living." There is little or no mental development in the work, and when the day's work is over, the strain has been such that few care for any sort of educational activities. They seek the picture show and other forms of non-intellectual excitement to "while away" the time. She buries the instincts of home and motherhood and family, and lives the abnormal life of a detached fragment in search of the unattainable. In a few years she reaches middle life, and now the flowers and fruits of the gay night life are gone, but she must continue to stand on her feet for long hours day by day behind the lifeless machine, that she may not become a charge on society as a pauper. Childless, homeless, and often friendless, she passes on and out, having missed the really big things in this world that nature intended she should have.

This is the life and these are the experiences of perhaps, millions of women in this new world of freedom and larger opportunities for women, who have been emancipated from the duties and obligations of wife and mother.

The average woman in the country home has to work, and her work is not easy. But work is not a curse, it is a blessing. It is only the pagan who considers productive work a curse. The obligation to work is on everyone and it is only through work that we find life. But there is a vast difference between the effects of different kinds of work on life and happiness.

The work of the woman in the country home is her work, and it is under her direction and it is in the interest of those she loves. She can stop and rest when she gets tired without losing her job and without being docked. There is great variety

in her activities. She is continually changing from one thing to some other thing entirely different. Each day brings new problems that she must solve, and new duties that she must perform. Her work is largely creative and directive, and hence has a decidedly intellectual value. It trains the mind, and the responsibility that goes with her activities trains her character.

There is hardly any other environment that is more conducive to intellectual and normal and spiritual development than the country home. The normal activities here are not by nature humdrum and commonplace. They are highly intellectual and moral and spiritual in their essential nature. They are regarded as commonplace only by ignorant and stupid and commonplace people who are incapable of appreciating their high, intellectual and spiritual value. This home is a little world in itself, having in miniature all of the essential activities of the big world outside, It is an industrial system, a social institution, a church, a school, a government. Its activities reach out into every normal field of human life and connect with every human interest. Its activities are as broad as human life and as deep as human experience. It offers unlimited fields of study in chemistry, botany, zoology, psychology, religion, ethics and art, and is dull only to dull people.

CLYDE HOEY'S GREAT SPEECH

(Asheville Citizen)

Opening the campaign in North Carolina for the Democratic ticket recently, Clyde R. Hoey, of Shelby, speaking to his fellow citizens of Cleveland County, delivered one of the most eloquent appeals on behalf of Governor Smith that has yet been voiced. It was eloquent because it was frank, straightforward and courageous, ignoring none of the grounds upon which the Democratic nominee for President has been attacked but undertaking to answer these attacks from the standpoint of one whose own record points the sincerity of what he says.

The Citizen recently published Mr. Hoey's speech in full and it is worth all the space which it takes. Mr. Hoey does not, like so many others, talk loosely about matters concerning which he knows little. He has been throughout his whole career a leader of the prohibitionist movement in North Carolina, active, militant, effective; and his service in this cause was rendered in a period when it took real political courage to fight for some of the measures to which he gave his support. As a legislator at Raleigh, as a member of Congress, as assistant United States District Attorney, Mr. Hoey long ago made a reputation for ability and fearlessness that earned him confidence and respect not only of his own district but of the people of every part of North Carolina.

Mr. Hoey was speaking not for himself alone but as the accredited mouth-piece of the Democratic Party in North Carolina. The party organization could not have found a more convincing spokesman, for Mr. Hoey's speech is addressed to the intelligence of the public, and it rings out like a trumpet call. Its effects should be immediate and stirring.

THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL

By Frederick Hall, Director of Music, Clark University

The spiritual had its beginning in the heart of the negro as he labored in the fields of the South. These songs are outbursts of religious fervor and in many cases are influenced by conditions which surrounded the people in whose minds they were born.

They are called spirituals, jubilees, melodies, folk songs. Either name is correct. They are called jubilees because of the ray of hope that is expressed in each. Regardless of how sad the song might be, or how miserable the conditions surrounding its birth, there is always found in it a definite pointing to a great day of jubilee when all sadness will be turned into gladness. They are called spirituals because of the deep religious feeling they express. They are called melodies because of the striking melody built upon a scale that was originated by the slaves. When a new song was born it usually began with a new melody hummed by one person. After the tune was caught the whole group or congregation would join in, increasing the strength of the melody and adding harmony. These songs are called folk songs because they satisfy the scientific definition of folk song, which definition is too well known to mention here.

The negro spirituals express a sympathy of feeling between words and music not always found even in the compositions of learned musicians. In many songs that we see today, the tune gives one idea and the words another. In the spiritual the words spoken convey a certain idea and the tune sung or played gives a similar feeling. For instance, the originators of these songs would never have taken words such as "Nobody Knows De Trouble I See" and set them to a happy tune like "Every Time I Feel the Spirit." In every instance words and music harmonize, and herein lies a thread of real artistry.

Some of these songs are sad and some are happier. This is true because of the difference in living conditions of the people who originated them. In different sections there are different interpretations, different words and slightly varying melodies of songs that originally were the same. This is true because at first songs were not written down, but carried from place to place in the minds of the negroes, and very frequently a new condition caused a slight change of the song.

These songs are deeply religious and should not be sung in such a way as to cause laughter or ridicule. Instrumental accompaniment always spoils the effect of the songs, sometimes robs them of their identity. They can be sung artistically and according to all modern rules of vocalization and choral expression without being robbed of their real simple meaning.

The spirituals show the character of the people in whose hearts they had their being, expressing patience, simplicity, sincerity, and the firm belief in the God of all mankind.

THE GREAT ENDEAVOR

By May Justus, in Onward

There was something that I wanted to do—oh! I wanted so much to do it! It was a task worthy of a great heart and a strong hand. It was a task beautiful. And I tried—and failed. It almost broke my heart. In my grief and disappointment I said to myself that never again would I try to do the great thing that I dreamed to do. But God sent me a friend. And I told the friend what was in my heart.

She did not say: "It is too bad," or: "You have had hard luck," or: "It doesn't matter, anyway." No, she took my hand in hers and said: "You are the most foolish person whom I know. Why aren't you getting ready every minute?"

"Ready?—for what?" I asked.

"For the Big Thing," she answered. "Why aren't you getting ready?"

"I did try once," I replied.

"A camel," she remarked, "once took three steps into the Sahara desert. A man cut one chip from an oak tree. A child learned A in the alphabet. It may be a pity—but who knows or cares? If I were you I would be getting ready—for the Big Thing."

"It may take too long," I said half to myself, but my friend heard me.

"It can't take too long." she said quickly. "It can't take too long. It may take a year, ten years or a whole lifetime, but it won't be too long, for all the time won't you be getting ready for the Big Thing ahead? That's all that matters—that's all you need care for—getting ready."

"And when it comes, when it comes," I said, "perhaps I shall not fail as I did before." By this time I had caught the flame of her spirit.

"You cannot fail," said the friend, "you cannot fail in anything if only you are ready."

And as the years go by I am more and more sure that my friend is right and that what she told me is true. So many times we read about fine adventures, great deeds, glorious achievements, and we say within ourselves, perhaps a bit enviously, "Oh! if only such a chance might come my way—if only that were my privilege!"

But what if it did? What if it were? Many knights tried to take up the goodly sword Excaliber from the stone into which it was thrust, but only Arthur was able. Many an adventurous and envious knight desired to sit in the Siege Perilous, but only Sir Galahad, the pure in heart, could take it without harm. Who knows what swords God may have ready for our hands when they have grown strong enough to wield them? In what noble company may we come to sit down when we have proved the knightly heart, sans peur et sans reproche?

The Big Thing—the Great Endeavor—awaits! And my friend was right. It may take a year, ten years, or a whole lifetime, but the time will not be too long if we are getting ready.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.—James M. Barrie.

A COMMUNITY ASSET

(Greensboro Daily Record)

The importance of health as an element of primary importance in a community's prosperity is emphasized in a bulletin issued by the insurance department of the chamber of commerce of the United States.

An annual saving of at least $1,200,000,000, the Department points out, has been effected by the reduction of the tuberculosis death rate since 1900.

General Gorgas' sanitary program, a part of the project for the construction of the Panama Canal, saved the United States Government, it is said, $80,000,000.

The advantage of proper sanitary conditions is of no less importance, from an economic viewpoint, to every community.

"The ability of a man to work," the bulletin contiues, "depends in large measure upon his health. Whatever reduces his earning capacity in any way reduces the assets of the community. Any decrease in earning power is naturally reflected in reduced purchasing power with the result that every case of illness or premature death involving a loss of wages has an effect upon the community. This may not be noticeable in individual cases, but the total sum is tremendous. According to an eminent statistician, the average workman loses seven days a year due to sickness, a loss of about 2 percent of his earning capacity. This amounts in the aggregate to at least $2,000,000,000 for the entire country. Premature death accounts for an even larger loss, conservatively estimated by the same authority to be $6,000,000,000 annually."

LITTLE WORRIES

It was a hot day. The screen door had been left ajar and a couple of blue-bottle flies buzzed about, hitting against the ceiling and evading all efforts to be put out.

At breakfast Johnnie upset his cup of milk, not only over the freshly ironed table linen, but his own clean white suit, ready for school. Just as the bedroom work was assuming order out of chaos the 'phone rang. It was not soothing to the nerves, after hastening down the long flight of stairs, to find the call was, "Pardon please, I have the wrong number."

So it had gone all morning. Now a basket of clothes was waiting to be ironed before dinner preparation began and as I adjusted the board and iron, what housewife does not know the thoughts that entered and rankled, and caused two straight lines between the eyes! Then my attention was caught by a little verse on a scrap of an old Sunday school-paper I had placed on the ironing board:

"The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling blocks across our way;
Or we may make them stepping-stone to be
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee."

HONOR ROLL

Room No. 1

—A—

Byron Ford, Horace McCall, Clyde Pearce, and Elwood Webb.

—B—

Calvin Dowdy, Glenn Enloe, Leonard Pearce, Ed. Williams, Harry Allen, Willie Howie, James Stewart, and Lawrence Valley.

Room No. 2

—A—

Ralph Walton and James Ivey.

—B—

George Hayes and Albert Spangler.

Room No. 3

—A—

Brunell Fink, George Bristow, Dan Wilson, Henry Burke, Nolon Austin, Carl Ballard, Clyde Evans, Broncho Owens, and Ernest Shell.

—B—

Robie Gardner, Theodore Lovett, Morris Davis, John Hearne, and Luby Wallace.

Room No. 5

—A—

Garland Ruppe, Archie Scott, Bobbie Hedric, David Hall, James Smith, and John Wallace.

—B—

Marvin Barnes, Phil Gibson, Lynn Jones, Paul Huffman, Lawrence Grimes, and Clarence Winkler.

Room No. 6

—A—

Leroy Alldred, Woodrow Griffith, Leonard Powers, Lester Wall, Jesse Neal, Clyde Kivett, Ben Clayton, Albert Orr, Frank Harbert, Smith Baker, Lee McPherson, Alvin Roberts, and Egbert Wall.

—B—

Percy Long, Dan McCausley, Grady Thomas, and Sims Sandford.

Room No. 7

—A—

Clyde Shelton, Victor Evans, Ernest Davis, Will Avery, Jesse Binge, Mack Clayton, Hollie Tew, Harry King, Lester Yountz, Charlie Phillips, Lawrence Clayton, John Nixon, Woodrow Manner, Lee Shields, J. P. Williamson, Walter Lockamy, Murray Baskins, James Camden, James Mason, Leonard Clark, Ray Chambers, Ed Pennell, Woodrow Johnson, Blanco Williams, Gus Riley, Lee Bright, Leroy Daniels, James Elliott, Ernest Corbett, Ozell Willis, Gurney Moser, Stephen Gibson, Robert Moore, Duval Ashe, Willard Squires, Parley Boone, Horace Felder, Flenn Page, Marvin Cook, Alva Littleton, Joe Boone, James Correll, John Williamson, Franklin Roberts, Gerald Nixon, Pink Chester, Allen Wrenn, Herschell Crews, Alfred Denton, and Dorsey Wilson.

—B—

Carlton Johnson, Ray Jenkins, John Durham, Ray Terris, Reece Rose, and Russell Terris.

We are wondering whether Borglum's excitement over Judy Rayford is real or whether he is just throwing another one of his "publicity fits." Borglum, like many another sculptor is afflicted with temperament. For young Rayford's sake, we hope that he does have some talent which can be cultivated.—Albemarle Press.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. and Mrs. Lisk, officer and matron of the tenth cottage, celebrated their first wedding anniversary last Sunday. We all wish them many more such happy occasions.

Mr. Lee Ritchie, with a couple of boys and a mowing machine, has been mowing the lawns about the campus lately. This improves their looks wonderfully.

Mr. Smith a Linotype mechanic from the factory visited the school and made a few minor repairs on the machines that were of great help to us.

Ramsey Glasgow, Pearson Hunsucker, T. L. Jackson, Jr., and Thurman Saunders, members of the eighth seventh, second and twelfth cottages respectively, were paroled last week.

The boys went to the ball ground last Saturday afternoon, but as there was no ball game scheduled, they chose sides and had a little practice game. The other boys amused themselves at pitching horse shoes, shooting marbles, etc.

The school ball players were taken to the Y. M. C. A. at Concord last Saturday and had a little swim. After the swim they were taken to ball park and saw a couple of innings of the Concord-Kendall game. The boys enjoyed this trip very much.

There has been quite a bit of sickness on the hill lately. Mrs. Morris, matron of the 13th cottage has returned to the institution after undergoing an operation in a Charlotte hospital. Mrs. Scarboro, matron of the sixth cottage, was taken to a Charlotte hospital to be operated on last Saturday morning. The last report was that she is getting along fine, We were all glad to hear this and hope to see them both back an the job before long.

The fight between Tunney and Heeny stirred up quite a bit of interest among the boys and officers last week. Some of the boys were disappointed at Heeny not winning but were glad to be pulling for a man with the grit and nerve that Heeny had when he stood up against the punishment that Tunney administered to him. There were nearly all the officers and matrons at second cottage listening to the fight over Mr. Godown's Radiola. It is a pretty good radio.

Rev. Dr. Rowan, of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternooon. His scripture lesson was taken from the fourth chapter of Matthew and his text was taken from 1 Cor. 10:13. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." It was a very interesting talk and enjoyed by all present. We hope to have him with us again soon.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE LIFT

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VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 11, 1928. No. 29

THE WORTH OF A SMILE

"Nobody ever added up
The value of a smile,
We know how much a dollar's worth
And how much is a mile,
We know the distance to the sun,
The size and weight of the earth,
But no one here can tell us just
How much a smile is worth."

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SUCCESS OR FAILURE

One of the commonest mistakes and one of the costilest is thinking that success is due to some genius, some magic—something or other which we do not possess. Success is generally due to holding on, and failure to letting go. You decide to learn a language, study music, take a course of reading, train yourself physically. Will it be success or failure? It depends upon how much pluck and perseverance that word "decide" contains. The decision that nothing can overrule, the grip that nothing can detach, will bring success. Remember the Chinese proverb, "With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin."—M. D. Babcock.

THE NEED TO-DAY—MORE CHARITY

The study of life is complex, because the trend of every human mind is different so naturally there are as many view points on questions of religion, politics and science as there are people who really think and do not simply follow. We are many different sorts, or temperaments, but we are one great people.

We find the open minded class the most helpful because of a willingness to conform and become adjusted to changes; we meet many with closed minds who on account of narrow and biased prejudice never concede to anything, therefore do not give momentum to any question; we find too, the sheepy class usually termed nonenties.

The open minded person is always approachable and no finer compliment can be given any man than to say "he is approachable," it is a grace that every person should endeavor to acquire as well as an essential attribute in the making of strong leadership. We need more open minded and not narrow, or closed minded people right now because during this presidential year we are facing a situation that calls for cool, deliberate thinking. It takes strength to say "I've erred", but remember "to err is human'.

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MASTER FARM WOMEN

The twenty-sixth annual State Farmer's and Farm Women's convention at State College, Raleigh, July 23rd, registered over one thousand in attendance while there were others who took in the daily programs by taking advantage of good roads and automobiles. The men were outnumbered by the women which shows that the men remained home to look after the crops and their families.

Many of the main features of the program were arranged especially for ladies. It seems that the women have not abused their opportunities, because the papers lately carried the pictures of five outstanding women who at this meeting were honored with the title of Master Farm Women.

There is no doubt much good resulted from these annual meetings—the tired farmer's wife returns home with a greater inspiration and understanding of the dignity of her vocation as well as thoroughly invigorated and better fitted to take up the Fall work.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

JUDGE STURGISS IMPRESSED WITH THE SCHOOL

Judge Sturgiss, ex-Judge of Court of Appeals, Springfield Missouri, some few days ago was the guest of Mr. D. B. Coltrane, and most naturally Mr. Coltrane's first impulse was to take Judge Sturgiss out to see the Jackson Training School.

The Judge was unstinted in his praise of the Training School and pronounced it one of the finest institutions of its kind he had ever seen.. The Judge inquired as to the stockades? Mr. Coltrane who has been intimately accosiated with the school ever since is establishment, as treasurer of the Board of Directors, replied with pride that the sweet home life of the school furnished the only stockades. Mr. Coltrane spoke more wisely than he realized, because there have been instances when boys would run off with the intention of returning to their old homes, but before reaching their des-

tination, home sickness would overcome them. They would wend their way back to the school and make an honest confession of their intentions.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WRITE US AGAIN

We appreciate the following letter so highly we are going to give it space on the editorial page. It makes the yoke much lighter to receive such words of commendation. We withold the name of the fine young woman who took time to pen us this note of cheer because some people do not like publicity. We thank you and will be glad to receive another such:

Charlotte, N. C.
July 22, 1928.

Editor The Uplift,
Jackson Manual Training & Industrial School,
Concord, N. C.

Dear Sir:

It is always a pleasure to pass on something good, being sure first to tell the giver of the good thing how much it is enjoyed personally.

I am secretary for a gentleman who gets The Uplift every week. He is away the greater part of the time and I have the pleasure of reading it. It is one of the best little publications of the day and the copy of July 21 is the best, I think, of all previous numbers.

The poem on page 25 is a sermon in itself—it brings a world of comfort to those of us whose light does not seem able to shine a great distance, giving inspiration to keep on burning.

The ramblings with Hurrygraph are always interesting and you return, not tired but refreshed.

The article on song hits carries truth in full measure and proves that while "Many a gem of purest ray serene is born to blush unseen" it's sweetness is not always wasted on the desert air.

This letter is not written in a presumptious spirit, but gratefully, and I am sure that your wonderful work in this School will be felt in the world as the boys go out to toke their places there.

Very truly yours,

* * * * * * * * * * * *

ANGLING—AN ART

This week's issue carries an engaging story entitled, "King Of Echo Lake," that will prove interesting reading to those who know something of the art of angling.

The majority of the people have little information of the tact and patience it takes when fishing to make a "fine haul" as fisherman express it. They think the only essential is to cast out hook and line baited and pretty

soon the thrill of catching fish is realized. The Uplift refers those who wish to be informed about the art of angling to either Doctor Pemberton, Crowell and Crowell, lawyers, Mr. Jim Willeford, a jeweler, and Mr. William Bingham druggist at Gibson Drug Store. We believe either of these men would have been strong contestants for the muskellunge, the King of Echo Lake, as related in the story of this issue.

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WE VALUE FRIENDSHIP

The interesting articles weekly in The Uplift by Mr. C. W. Hunt, Charlotte-Blowing Rock, and Mr. James Robinson, better known as Old Hurrygraph, Durham, always arrive on schedule time. The Editors take this opportunity to gratefully express their appreciation of the interest these two well known editors take in The Uplift and in the School. Nothing is valued more highly by the officials of the School than friendship.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

SERVICE PREFERRED TO GOLD

Floyd Bennett who flew across the North Pole with Commander Byrd suddenly became nationally known when attempting to take aid to the stranded Bremen crew. He was stricken with pneumonia and was unable to withstand the treacherous disease.

This brave fellow who answered the S. O. S. call to save his comrades of the air left his widow a small estate, $3,000, but the richest heritage of all is the memory that Bennett died in an effort to render a service to those who were in dire distress. The goal of some is to make a future and that of others is to have a life full and complete—one of service to his fellow man.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Amelia Earhart's book, "Our Flight in the Friendship," will soon be off the press; and there is no doubt that Miss Earhart's book will carry many thrills for the air-minded class. People will read this book just because this young woman was the first woman to make the trans-Atlantic flight.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

ELLEN TERRY

The passing of Ellen Terry removes a notable figure of the stage. She was a link between the stage of generations ago and the present day. Her life like that of Jefferson, John Drew and Sir Henry Irving is now only a

memory—but the memory is that of a woman of charm, strong personality and great talent. She was an artist.

The motion pictures of today have about crowded out the desire or taste for drama—so much so till there is a perfect dearth of theaters in all cities.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

FINE SPIRIT—PRECEDENT NOT GOOD

The Alumni of Wake Forest College throughout the state are thinking seriously of the propriety of erecting a monument on campus of college grounds to a faithful, colored servant, Tom Jeffries. There is always a tender spot in the heart of white friends for these old faithful ones and most especially when they serve a half century as Tom did, but instead of a monument why not raise a scholarship fund so as to help some worthy colored boy or girl who in return can render a service to their own race by teaching better living conditions. In this way you perpetuate the name and works of the faithful, at the same time help the unfortunate besides there will have to be no thought of the propriety of the undertaking.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

The scientists, pretty generally, regard all matter as indestructible. They hold that a solid metal may turn to liquid, and the liquid to gasses, but it exists and continues to exist in some form world without end. This led an able divine recently to say: "The survival of matter without mind, not mind without matter, is unthinkable." If you will pause to think what the world and the universe would be without mind, without intelligent managment it makes one of the strongest arguments for both God and immortality.

—o—

I have on my desk a beautiful letter from a friend in Charlotte, N. C., which I prize highly. It is from one of the sweet-spirited women of that delightful city, and bears such a nice sense of appreciation, which makes her the crowning glory of a happy home. It fills my heart with cheer and encouragment, and glistens on my typewriter like a sunbeam. She is keenly interested in these "Ramblings," and I can only hope they will give her many moments of enjoyment as well as all who read these hurriedly constructed sentences, and rambling thoughts.

—o—

It is sometimes a difficult matter, for some length of time to tell true friends from those who are not, although they may profess to be your friends. But, in time, the true will ring like silver bells, and the false will ring with a dull metallic sound. Successful business men know it is all in the game to have enemies, and some will tell you that some of their greatest enemies later turn out to be their most valued friends. But it takes real courage, at times, to stand up for your rights when you know by so doing that you are going to make some people hate you. It is just that lack of courage that stands between many of us and success, I know. I ve been to that fountain, and broke my pitcher. I've let people owe me money because I hadn't the courage to collect. I thought they were friends and as friends they would pay me, but they didn't. They made me wait until they had paid their enemies—after their enemies had made them come across.

—o—

The greatest thing that can be said of a man, no matter what he has done, or how much he has accomplished, is that he has kept his record clean.

—o—

Have you ever noticed how many times a day you hear the expression: "You can't do that;" or "I'm afraid.' '

—o—

Robert Browning says: "It is good to forgive, but best to forget.'

—o—

The poet has said "Life is real; life is earnest." Life is not a theory. It is a fact. It has to be thought out seriously. It is all right to be happy and merry-hearted—but be so in your confidence and faith. It is so easy for people to throw away their confidence and their faith, and consequences are sure to follow. If we doubt the law of Nature, and fail to plow and sow we shall fail in harvest time. If we have no confidence in

the government over us and flaunt its laws, we make ourselves outlaws. If we have no faith in God we make ourselves godless; shut ourselves out from His loving fellowship, and live as though there were no God at all. If we do not possess a hope of Heaven, that is like the anchor of a ship we drift aimlessy through life and become of the earth earthy, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. If confidence is so essential to human welfare; if confidence in God is the ultimate, all important consideration in human life, is it not the sanest thing a person can do to discover just what confidence in God he has and be it little or be it great, can he possess any other greater treasure, and should he hold it lightly or cast it away? It has a greater recompense of reward, the soul's eternal joy and life.

—o—

Some people are always looking for a new kind of mistake to make. They are never satisfied with those they have already made.

—o—

I was in one of our many factories the other day. I looked at an intricate and complicated piece of machinery and saw little but a confusion of movements of many parts. Some parts moved slowly, and some with greater speed. Some wheels turned one way, and some another. I felt confused as I stood contemplating this ceaseless and to me unintelligble whirl going on. I soon perceived that all these various parts, no matter how diverse in themselves, were "working together ' to produce a certain result, a certain product. Then came the thought to me. Even so God's providences, though we may not understand them, are working together for good to them that love Him. Let us believe that as Saint Paul believed it, and there shall be light where there was darkness and a new happiness in our hearts; for we shall know ourselves as children of a good and loving Father.

—o—

A little negro girl had just entered school and the teacher was enrolling her. "Belle, what does the letter S. stand for in your name?" inquired the teacher. "Shazzar—Belle Shazzar," the girl proudly announced. "I was named after a woman in the Bible."

—o—

Anent the idea of crossing waters, and especially swimming the channel, which seems to captivate the minds of so many, The Linotype News, of New York city, carries a department entitled "Mud Corners Tribune," a kind of miniature paper, that contains one of the best "take-offs" on channel swimming I have seen. I must give it to you. Here it is:

"With a shrillin blast of the ax handle factory siren, and a snappy crack from the trusty pistol of Marshal Ting Doolittle, Miss Ima Sinker started her channel swim across Turtle Crick at nine fifty-six yesterday mornin, and, after battlin the elements, landed on the Oak Holler side at ten o'clock, in exactly four minutes total time of superhuman effort and perseverance. Trumpets blared, horns tooted, bands played, children screamed, and blackbirds twittered. 'Twas a galley day for Mud corners and the Tribune. The trellis work in the middle pier of the crick bridge was grandly decorated with festoons of water cress and dangling clusters of gin bush buds. It was Miss Sin-

kers eighth attempt, although she claims possessin signed statements by moren five witnesses of havin made the Isle of Man, the Bay of Biscuit, Grand Rapids, and Benton Harbor. She also sets claim to swimmin the Straits of Dowagiac, even though losin her way—havin bin misled by fishermens smaks.''

—o—

Every human being lives in two worlds. Our mortal lives are spent in these two—the material and the spiritual. We cannot deny either. Sometimes one is uppermost in our thoughts; sometimes the other. Both have their place. Without either we would be out of balance. Our bodies are wholly matter, but they are animated by the spirit with which they are endowed. Mind and matter are, so to speak, woven together in every normal human being. In some the material is uppermost, in others the spiritual. Nobody can enjoy life if deprived of either. So both must work together, in harmony, to make the perfect man.

—o—

Love is the greatest spiritual influence—love of God, of family, of neighbor, of country, of justice, of honor, of righteousness, and of all things which promote human comfort, social order, education and usefulness. All of these spiritual things find aid and expression and power in accumulation. Without wealth, poverty, the worst foe of human happiness—except sin—that breeds disease, wretchedness, ignorance and crime, would become universal. So it comes about that man must be devoted to material things, not only for the benefit of his own family, but for the promotion of the general welfare as it is found in good government, in schools, churches and innumerable beneficial institutions. A person should be equally as devoted in the spiritual side of his life, in order to prepare himself for citizenship in the kingdom to come, not of this world. A prosperous nation must have prosperous citizens and God-fearing, and God-worshipping, subjects, in order to find favor with the Father of all.

—o—

Some seer, who evidently thinks he sees things on the financial horizon, prophesies a break in the prosperity of the United States unless the present buying of automobiles on installments is curbed. I am of the opinion that it will be a four-wheel break.

—o—

The tomato was formerly called love-apple. Why, I do not know, unless it be that a thoroughly ripe one gets very mushy, and has a fond affection for you, and wants to get all over your face when you bite it. I heard two Durhamites discussing the question—one holding up either side —whether it should be called ''tomato,'' or ''tomarto.'' They called on me to decide the question for them. I told them I saw nothing ''tomarto'' with the ''tomato,'' and that both were right. I am almost persuaded that Solomon could not beat that.

Men and nations can only be reformed in their youth; they become incorrigible as they grow old.—Rousseau.

THE ELEMENTS THAT GO TO MAKE UP IDEAL WOMAN

By Mrs. Amanda Reese Poyner, Moyock, Currituck County

Hardly had I survived the shock received from the notification that I had been chosen as a Master Farm Homemaker in North Carolina, when I was informed that I might have three minutes in which to tell "Why I think I was chosen as a Master Homemaker," or "What has made me a Master Homemaker."

Of the two topics, my gaze readily fastened on the first as preferable. It could be given in a much shorter time than the three minutes allotted, namely that "it must be a mistake" that I was chosen as one of the honored few.

However, I am deeply grateful for the honor conferred upon me by my local club, and by the committee in charge of selecting the Master Farm Homemakers of this State. I can not quite say why I was chosen in this capacity but I shall attempt to give something of my idea of a Master Homemaker.

Deep down in our inner being, each of us has an ideal toward which we strive to attain. How nearly we succeed is judged by our fellowmen. Unconsciously, we imitate the lives of ideal citizens and from our neighbors many lessons of true worth are to be gained. The attainment of our aims is often slow but we are reminded that "Heaven is not reached by a single bound." It is but natural that any patriotic American farm woman gradually presses toward the goal and unconsciously seeks mastership in her profession, that of a Master Homemaker. This can come only as a result of untiring effort and mental growth.

What are the characteristics of a Master Homemaker? First, I shall say that she must have a genuine devotion and love for her home, for "Home is where the heart is, Be it dwelling great or small, The place where we give the most and take the most, But love it best of all."

She must be so interested in her home that she will stimulate the same love, admiration and pride in the hearts of her family. She must make home a place of mutual understanding, a recreational center, a social interest, a health resort, an educational institution, a court of justice, a haven of comfort and protection and last, but not least, a shrine for daily worship.

A Master Homemaker shows good judgment in her management of time, energy and income. To be a success, the routine of daily drudgery, the planning of meals, the selecting of proper clothing, or the making of the family budget, should not be considered the all-important task of the day. There must be time allotted to the training and development of the children through the planning of games, listening to good music, group singing, reading good books, nature study, picture study and spiritual training.

Our duty toward civic and social work must not be overlooked, we must be active and well informed on all issues of civic and social development so that we may be better

able to fill our small parts in the development of a safer and a saner democracy. There is no instinct more highly developed in children than that of imitation and since this is true, in what better way can children be led to develop lives of usefulness than for us to live exemplary lives in obeisance to the laws of nature and man.

There is quite as much education and true learning in the analysis of an ear of corn as in the analysis of a complex sentence; ability to analyze clover and alfalfa roots savors of quite as much culture as does the study of the Latin and Greek roots.—O. H. Benson.

INALIENABLE FORTUNES

(Charity and Children)

On a tombstone in an English cemetery there is a famous epitaph which reads, "What I gave; I have; what I spent, I had; what I kept, I lost." It is brought sharply to mind by the announcement, on his 89th birthday, that John D. Rockfeller has given away more than $443,000,000. The old man cannot last longer than a very few years. Even should he live to be a hundred, it will be relatively a short time until death knocks at his door, and the fortune which remains in his hands will slip from the nerveless fingers, and pass on to others. But not all of it. There is a colossal sum which will remain Rockfeller money through all the years—the sum of $443,000,000. When John D. is dead, and John D. Jr., is dead, and the money they now possess has gone to other people bearing a different name, the millions that went to endow Chicago University, and the General Education Board, and the Rockfeller Institute and all the other philanthropic enterprises will still be Rockfeller's money. What he gave, he will have, even though there is no pocket in a shroud. John Harvard has been dead nearly three centuries, but the money that he gave is still regarded as John Harvard's fortune. Eli Yale's money sticks to him for the same reason. So does Matthew Vassar's. To come closer home, a large part of the endowment of the orphanage is Dennis Simmons' money, and Noah Biggs, dead years ago, still owns two houses, namely, the one built at Thomasville and another at Kennedy Memorial Home. All over the campus, in fact, one finds property belonging to men who yielded up all other earthly possessions long years ago. What they gave, they have; for in giving to the glory of God and the benefit of humanity, they did not dissipate their savings, but merely transferred them to a different account, one kept where moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

ELLEN TERRY, BELOVED ACTRESS

(Kansas City Times)

A notable woman and a famous artist, a commanding figure of the English-speaking stage, in a period crowded with great personages and distinguished for achievement, such was Dame Ellen Terry, described in generalities. Few in the theatrical profession have lived so far beyond the years of public activity and still retained so secure a place in public memory. Her art and her charm were of the kind that cannot be forgotten.

Those great performances in which, through many years, she shared honors with Sir Henry Irving, left memories deeply cherished by the playgoers of two continents. There will be no written or spoken tributes to this much loved actress comparable to the silent emotions of those who sat in her gracious presence, fascinated by the intimacy of her understanding and stirred by the vibrancy of her spirit.

Dame Ellen was blessed in both heritage and environment. Her parents were provincial players, the father a gifted Irishman, who trained his three sons and two daughters for the stage. Ellen, the most gifted, began as a child, made fine progress and achieved notable distinction before she was persuaded by Sir Henry Irving to enter into the association that endured so long and with such fruitful results. In the course of her career she had most stimulating contacts with many gifted and distinguished personages.

Her first husband was the painter, George Frederic Watts. Tom Taylor, the poet and dramatist, who seems to have been a magnet for the great of his day, was a sort of godfather to the Terry children. At his country place and elsewhere Ellen Terry made the acquaintance, and in many instances won the friendship of such persons as Gladstone, Diraeli, Tennyson, Huxley, Spencer, Thomas and Jane Carlyle, George Eliot, the Brownings, Swinburne, Joachin, Laura Seymour, Thackeray, Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Darwin and Meredith. She was invited to Sandringham Palace by Queen Victoria, who was impressed by her precocity on seeing her make her debut with Charles Kean in "The Winter's Tale." And Victoria's grandson, the present King George, bestowed on her the title of Dame of the Grand Cross of the British Empire on her retirement. Thus she was honored by royal recognition at her artistic birth and by royal designation at the end of her career, while in the intervening years she lived in privileged association with the uncrowned great.

The art of Ellen Terry was compelling and yet elusive. Perhaps no one ever has defined it satisfactorily. It was baffling because it was interwoven with her charm as a woman, and her charm, in turn, was not obvious, but subtle. By ordinary standards she would not have been called beautiful. She was somewhat angular. She had long arms and rather masculine hands. Her features would not analyze to the satisfaction of beauty judges. Yet she was beautiful. Perhaps it was her spirit. She was intensely alive. Facing her audience, whether expressing comedy

or tragedy, her large, pale eyes became the focus of attention because of the vivid comprehension they revealed. She expressed the zest of life in joyous moods as few actresses have. Her reading was invariably illuminating, but never formal; there was a spontaneity that always was inspiring.

These characteristics of expression were but reflections of her own attitude toward life. She was optimistic, spontaneous, gracious and understanding. Her tastes were definitely English. She loved the distinctively English things, such as the cottage near the salty sea. She loved nature. Yet she was quite at home in the throng. She found no difficulty in adapting herself to American audiences. She was cosmopolitan. She had the gift of getting everything out of the passing hour that it had to give.

Dame Ellen made history, history of the theatre, and history will honor her as she honored her profession and the art it expresses. The esteem in which she was held, the affection and sentiment she aroused, will be many elderly Horatios to invoke flight of angels to sing her to her rest.

EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS RAPIDLY INCREASING

(The Builders)

"Within fifty years America has changed from a simple rural to a complex urban civilization. This transformation has produced many profound political, social and economic problems and consequently many profound educational problems, since our educational problems are determined very largely by the society in which we live." writes W. S. Deffenbaugh in the U. S. Daily.

"The aim of education today is much the same as it has always been —to meet the needs of the society of the times. But the demands of the twentieth century, with its complex urban civilization, are so much greater that more conscious attention has to be given to education. Although the aim of education remains the same the means have changed. Schools have become more and more necessary under these changed conditions, not only for teaching the three R's but for providing for the use of the children's leisure time, and for providing for work with the hand," the article stated further.

"There is not only the problem of educating the child of school age," Mr. Deffenbaugh said, "but also the probelm of adult education. Thousands of men and women whose early education was neglected and thousands of others who want to keep abreast of the times are dreaming that they be given an opportunity to attend evening schools. In many cities more than one-fourth of the population is foreign born, and it is necessary for the school to teach not only many children English but also their parents so that they may better understand American customs and ideals, and thus, prevent a division in home life which often develops after children have learned to speak English and the parents have not."

KING OF ECHO LAKE

By Mrs. W. L. Hunton

Echo Lake appeared to be fished out—all the old timers said so, and every boy in the country was quite positive of the fact. There were some bass, of course, and gray lake trout, but nothing like the old days. All of which was unfortunate, because the material prosperity of Lambert County, and the Echo Lake Hotel in particular, depended in a large measure on tourists.

But there was one man in the county who was quite positive that Echo Lake was not fished out, and that was Major Thomas, proprietor of the hotel. Not content with simply making statements, the major backed it up by offering an exquisite four-ounce boxwood rod to the man or boy landing the largest fish in Echo Lake. This offer was received with approval, and the lake was promptly littered with canoes and boats of every description.

But the first inkling that Echo Lake contained anything larger than four-pound bass and ten-pound graylings came when Seth, the major's sixteen-year-old son, lay on the wharf one day and stared curiously down through the cracks at a monstrous shape drifting about in the shallow water.

Being a boy, Seth, of course, could not keep the news of his find to himself, and in a short while the whole county had heard of Seth Thomas' huge fish. But stories of big fish are seldom believed, and Bud Jackson, whose father operated the white house across the lake voiced the opinion of the neighborhood when he said scornfully:

"Huh! I can think up as good a story as that any day, but only real fish, and not fairy tales, can win that rod."

Seth was cross, of course, when he heard this, so cross that he determined right then and there never to say another word about the big fish he had seen, but to bend all his energies and wits toward its capture.

Now, as mentioned before, Echo Lake was a great place for summer boarders—tourists from the nearby cities. And in a certain Friday night crowd came an old man who signed his name in the big register as Dr. Jones. He proved to be a most unassuming man, this veteran, very small, quiet elderly, and every bit as plain-looking as his name sounded. But he did like fishing—fly fishing—and a short hour after he had been shown to his room in the hotel, he was seated in a leaky old punt rented from Correy, the boatman, whipping the lake with a split bamboo rod.

Naturally enough, it was not long before Seth and the doctor met. Seth had worked up the rocky shores of the southern extremity of the lake one evening, planning his advance so accurately that by the time he was ready for his first cast over a likely looking pool the sun was disappearing behind the distant hills, and the shadows were already deepening along the shore, close in under the overhanging rocks. Moving cautiously, for he knew perfectly well how alert a trout can be at that mystic hour between daylight and dark, he ran his fingers along his leader to assure

himself that both flies were crisp and springy, and was rising to his feet for a cast, when a deep voice suddenly boomed out of the twilight:

"Change your flies about, son. Move that hackle up to the drop and trail the red moth."

For a second or two, Seth held his rod rigid in the air, then, twisting about, he looked into the smiling face of the old doctor. For an instant an angry retort rose to the boys' lips, but the man's friendly manner and smiling face held it back. Moreover, as a fisherman, Seth recognized immediately the wisdom of the advice; the hackle, being the darker-colored of the two flies, would be more visible in that gloom if used as a drop.

Having offered his advice, the old man dipped his paddle, and, with scarcely a ripple of the placid surface, paddled his punt some distance away.

Changing the flies was but the work of a moment. Then, glancing shyly towards the motionless figure in the punt, Seth flipped the line lightly across the glassy surface of a pool. Twin swirls of foam, boiling creamy-white in the gloom, and the light rod bent under the simultaneous strike of two sizeable fish.

For a good quarter of an hour, Seth, thrilled to his toes, fought those two trout, nervously playing them out to the end of his line and holding his breath when his leader snagged a piece of driftwood. Time and time again he reeled them in towards the boat, only to have them dart under it just as he was reaching down for them. But he landed them finally, whipping the glittering pair into the boat at the risk of a snapping rod.

"Good work, son," shouted the doctor, paddling up at that moment of triumph. "They are beauties, aren't they?"

There is something magical about a successful catch, and all Seth's antagonism and resentment at the old man's intrusion vanished into thin air as they both stared down at the trout in the bottom of the boat. Seth Thomas and Dr. Jones were together very frequently after that, and for a few days Seth's pair of finny beauties held the record in poundage. But the boys' triumph didn't last long, because the very next day Bud Jackson came in with a smallmouth bass that outweighed his rival's catch by a good quarter pound, and Seth was plunged into the depths of gloom. "I wouldn't mind being beaten if the beggar wouldn't crow about it so much," he growled one day to the doctor as they paddled across to the inlet.

"Don't worry, son," laughed his companinon, "there's as big a fish in this lake as has ever been caught, you know.'

As time went on the excitement of the contest rose to fever heat. Every man and boy in the county became a fisherman and did his best to bring home the prize. Reporters from the daily papers of the adjacent cities telephoned in search of news.

Meanwhile, Seth and the doctor, both in the boy's light skiff now, whipped the surface of the lake. Strange fishing companions, these two, the patient old doctor with the weight of years showing in his silvered hair and care-worn face, and the boy robust and excited and impatient for a big strike.

Then Jackson caught another beau-

ty—a six-pound grayling that made all the other trophies look like minnows, and turned the lucky angler into the hero of the hour.

How Seth and the doctor did fish the lake after that! Morning and evening they explored every hole and inlet, the boy bringing to the partnership a knowledge of every nook and cranny in the rocky bottom, and the doctor, a wonderful skill with the rod and an uncanny knowledge of what fish might be expected to do. They were casting at the mouth of an inlet one evening when Seth pulled in his rod and turned to his companion.

"Say, doctor, how many different kinds of fish do you suppose live in this lake?"

"It's hard to say, son," replied the old man, neatly flicking a "silver doctor" clear of a floating branch. "There's trout, of course, and bass, and an odd perch or two—"

"No, Seth. They tell me that the largest fish ever caught in Echo Lake was a twelve-pound grayling captured by your dad many years ago."

"About how long do you figure such a fish would be?" went on Seth.

"It's hard to say, lad," replied the doctor. "But what's the trouble? Afraid you might hook into something you can't handle?"

"No," replied the boy, slowly, "but—but—"

"Go ahead, Seth, I'm listening."

"Well, supposing that you were lying on your stomach on an old wharf and saw a huge fish float by under your very eyes, would you believe it?"

The other thought a minute, then spoke slowly: "I guess that would depend largely on my eyesight and the control I had of my imagination. But about how large was that fish that you saw?"

"I didn't say I saw it," flared the boy.

"Easy, young man, easy,' soothed the doctor. "I've heard all about that fish of yours, and I just want to say right now that I believe every word you say about it."

"Thanks," replied Seth, a little shamefacedly. "You're the first I've heard say that."

For awhile after that, they let the skiff drift idly about, while they discussed the monster that Seth had seen.

"You figure, then, Seth, that he was six feet long?"

The boy hesitated. "I've been laughed at so often that I'm almost afraid to say it again. But at the time I certainly thought that it might even go over that length."

"It couldn't have been a grayling," ruminated his companion, thinking aloud, "nor a dore, nor even a sturgeon."

"It did look a bit like a sturgeon," interrupted Seth, "long and narrow-like."

"Anyhow, we can't decide what kind of fish he was until we actually set eyes on him again, and since it's most unlikely that he'll poke his nose out of the water simply to gratify our curiosity, the only thing for us to do is to capture him."

"Boy, oh, boy!" gasped Seth. "Can you imagine the astonishment of the folks if we appear with such a prize? Bud Jackson would want to jump into the lake. But, seriously, doctor, I don't think there's a rod and line in the world strong enough to hold him."

"All right, then, we'll match our wits and skill against his, and de-

pend upon strategy to win out; we'll troll for him."

Though Seth Thomas had a great respect and admiration for the doctor's ability as a fisherman, he felt so doubtful of his friend's possible success that he didn't breathe a word of their plans to a soul. Curiously enough, Lambert County was not addicted to the troll. There was a certain amount of trolling, of course, there always is in any fishing community, but it was carried out crudely and carelessly and was never considered much of a success.

Two days before the close of the fishing contest, Bud Jackson topped the list with a nine-pound grayling, and a small lad from the east shore came second with a five-and-half-pound bass. Late that afternoon, Seth Thomas sat at the oars and steadied the skiff, while the doctor carefully unwound a fine copper line from a cleverly constructed drum. Selecting a strange-looking creature from his box—half mouse and half beetle—bristling with hooks, he fastened it to the copper line a good two feet above the spoon.

"All right, Seth, make for the old wharf."

Seth dipped his oars, but hesitated. "The old wharf? But the water's very shallow there now, Doc."

"Not for the fellow we're after," replied the old man, confidently. "He just dotes on shallow water."

If Seth Thomas had little faith and enthusiasm before in the doctor's trolling plans, he had a whole lot less now. Familiar as he was with almost every yard of the lake, he knew perfectly well that except for a few deep holes here and there a shallow ledge of white sand stretched out into the lake at that point for a good quarter of a mile. But, impressed by the old man's earnestness and astounding confidence, Seth swung the skiff about and rowed straight for the old wharf.

"Slowly, Seth, slowly" cautioned the doctor, letting the copper line play out through his fingers. "Swing in a wee bit closer. That's just right, hold that course."

For an hour or more, Seth rowed up and down across the end of the old wharf, his oars churning up the sand from the shallow bottom. A dozen times he was on the point of calling to the doctor to quit, but the quiet patience of the motionless man kept him silent. Suddenly twenty yards or so back of the boat the water boiled into a cauldron of soapy foam, and Seth caught his breath as the glistening back of a monster fish momentarily broke the surface.

"Easy, lad, easy," warned the doctor over his shoulder. "It's your big fellow all right, but I don't know how well he's hooked.

With that the strain on the copper line slackened, and Seth was engulfed in a wave of disappointment. But the astute old man wasn't so easily fooled, and when the line suddenly straightened out with a vicious snap and cut through the water with a sharp hiss, he played it out with masterly skill. Rush followed rush in the next few lightning-like seconds, but the man in the skiff was the master of the situation, and each swift, side-cutting dash found him with just enough reserve to play with.

That monster fish proved himself a past master in strategy, and, for long heart-breaking minutes, he brought into play a bagful of tricks that fairly took the boy's breath away. And as he watched the mighty

struggle the realization was borne upon Seth that he was witnessing the work of a master angler, a matching of the doctor's wits and skill and strength against a giant of the deep. The drum on his knee before him, his fingers playing on the taut wire as if he hoped to sense the monster's next move by the sheer sense of touch, the old man met every swerve and dash of the fish with a sure, swift counter action.

Then the end came. A last terrific rush, a spurt of flame and puff of smoke as the wire buzzed over the gunwale, a sudden slackening of the wire, and the doctor turned to the lad with flushed face. "There he is, Seth, a muskellunge—the king of Echo Lake."

Forty pounds and four ounces was the actual weight of the prize, and while Seth was a bit disappointed at not capturing the great fish himself, that disappiontment was considerably softened by his enjoyment of the doctor's exhibition of skill and craft.

The major's prize rod came to Dr-Jones, of course, and he promptly passed it over to Seth. "It's yours, lad, for leading me to the gamest "musk" I've landed in twenty years of muskellunge fishing.'

WE EAT TOO MUCH

(Reidsville Review)

With garden truck here in abundance and the dining table groaning under its weight a little more than at any other season of the year, we are in position to understand what a doctor meant when he once told us that about eighty per. cent of the people "dig their graves with their teeth.,, He simply meant that we eat too much. But with so much good stuff before us, and since it is so much easier to get than during the winter, how's a fellow a going to keep from it?

Seriously, though, the good doctor is right in a way. Nature gave us her choicest foods right at the time of year when it is dangerous to eat too much of them. Warm weather finds our blood in such condition we do not need as much nourishment as we require in the cold months. Heavy meals, with an over-abundance of meat, are not good for us in hot weather, no matter how good that sort of food may taste or how much we crave it. Fruits and vegetables are the ideal diet for this time of year, and if we would feel better and be in position to work better, with less fatigue and discomfort, we should stick to these and avoid eating mnch meat.

Statistics show our death rate is higher in summer than in winter. And this could be used by the doctor to bear out his argument. Whether or not it is due to ailments brought on by over-eating we do not know. But we do know that to keep fit, and comfortable and healthy in warm weather we must watch our appetites. Now that the season for doing so is here we want to pass the word on to you so you can profit by it.

APPRECIATION OF BIRDS

By Gertrude S. Carraway

Birds are not properly appreciated, according to Josiah William Bailey, attorney of Raleigh and erstwhile candidate for governor, whose chief avocational delight is found in the small winged creatures of the air. North Carolina has been fortunately blessed in the numbers and varieties of its birds, he says, in speaking of the advantages and interest in studying bird life and habits.

Good Friend To Man

Birds are the best friends that man has, in this lawyer's opinion. Men and crops will not be destroyed by big animals but by small ones, as bugs, and insects. These are kept down by the birds.

"Both birds and fishing worms assist humanity more than we realize," states Mr. Bailey, in telling informally of his interest in bird life. "They eat the insects that destroy plants. Worms lossen the dirt and enable air to circulate in the ground, thus giving plants air and moisture. If a large crop of worms could be installed successfully in the Sahara desert, the old arid stretch would be fertile."

At least sixty varieties of birds, exclusive of sea birds, are to be found in North Carolina, Mr. Bailey says, Around 25 different kinds go to his yard in Raleigh during the course of a year. To attract birds, the main essential is to get rid of their enemies, such as cats. If there are cats around, there will be fewer birds. The problem of birds is a problem of their enemies. In answer to criticism on one occasion that he had killed a cat, Mr. Bailey stated that he had thus saved the lives of at least 50 birds.

Meet Tragic Deaths

More birds are to be found in Raleigh or in other cities than in the surrounding rural sections, according to Mr. Bailey. This is contrary to popular belief. Birds seldom build their nests far from human habitation.

Every bird dies a tragic death. Even when sick or old, they fall prey to cats or hawks, being unable to defend themselves. Most birds lose their life before they learn to fly. Many drop to the ground and are killed or are pounced upon by enemies. In learning to fly, their problem is to go fast enough to keep afloat in the air. If they fall, they drop to earth; if they miss their desired landing place on a limb, they drop to destruction.

Few birds sing during the day, Mr. Bailey says. They are afraid of their enemies then. They rest or hide in the middle of the day. The robin is the only bird that will sing in the rain. This song is a sweet one in a minor key. Robins seem happy all the time, singing themselves to sleep and singing early in the day.

The white throat will sing any winter day after January first, when the temperature is above 35 degrees, the Raleigh lawyer has observed. All varieties of birds have different types of voices and songs and may easily be distinguished by persons who study birds.

The cardinal arrives in Raleigh

around the middle of February and forms one of the most handsome pictures of the winter. Robins and wood robins are also early spring arrivals. The wood robins have brown breasts, are speckled and beautiful. Their notes are clear and liquid. The vireo, with an olive green back, is another attractive spring specimen.

The blue jay gnat catcher, the smallest specie of bird, except the humming bird, can build the prettiest home in the world, Mr. Bailey says. No human architect can compete with the little home that this tiny creature constructs for his family, a small nest, three and a half inches high, covered with lichen moss and lined with down, resembling a knot on an oak limb.

The swallow comes to middle Carolina around April 10, according to the observations of the Raleigh attorney. This kind of bird is most interesting to watch. They fly together, with a capable leader, almost in army formation.

Around and around in circles and swoops they fly, particularly just before dark, often traveling at a rate of 60 miles an hour. Their probelm atthe end is to get in their chimney safely, without breaking their neck on the edge. By soaring above and circling around and around, they usually make their landing gracefully at breakneck speed.

Southern Mocking Birds

Although some mocking birds are migratory, some remain most of the winter in this climate. They rarely sing until the first of April. On moonlight nights their appealing music can often be heard. The cat bird, the black cat thrush, reaches Raleigh about April 25. Then spring has come, as a sure sign. The scarlet tanager is one of the last bird arrivals, usually coming to the state about May 1.

Having spent about 50 years at his present home site in Raleigh, Mr. Bailey has noticed many habits of birds in his immediate vicinity. In the early hours of the morning he has often heard the varied notes and has learned the order of their waking and singing. The robin sings first in the mornings, followed in order by the wood thrush, the chickadee, the swallow.

Interest in bird life is enthusiastically recommended by this bird lover. The study is helpful and restful. More attention should be paid to the preservation and comfort of birds, he thinks, and North Carolinians in general would be rewarded by a wider knowledge of birds in this state.

A DEADLOCK

Two Scotsmen took dinner together in a restaurant. After dinner the waiter brought the bill. The two sat and talked for a couple of hours, after which conversation failed, and they merely smoked in silence.

At one o'clock in the morning, one of them got up and telephoned to his wife, "Dinna wait up any longer for me, lass," he said, "it looks like a deadlock."

WINNIE'S TANGLED WEB

By Ora Bell Bryant

Until the Dornans bought the adjoining farm and built a fine new house upon it, sixteen-year-old Winnie Stevens had never realized how weather-beaten and shabby her own home was. The big, white house on the hill made the small brown one in the valley below look tiny, indeed. Compared with the shiny newness of the Dornans furniture Great-grandmother Stevens' battered mahogany seemed sadly out of date. And each time Winnie returned from an errand to "Hillcrest," the Dornan place, she saw more clearly the glaring effects of their own "Cozy Nook."

Even the farm name began to grate on her sharpened sensibilities. "I wish we had called our place something else," she complained to her mother, "Cozy Nook sounds so sort of—common."

Mrs. Stevens looked up from her sewing, a quizzical expression in her brown eyes.

"Perhaps we can change it," she said, "What would you suggest, dear?"

"Well, I think Pine Hurst or Broad Acres sound much nicer than Cozy Nook."

"So they do, agreed her mother. "The difficulty is we haven't a single pine tree. And our little fifty-acre farm, tucked so cozily among the sheltering hills, doesn't sound exactly like 'broad acres,' does it, dear?"

Winnie was petulantly silent. Her mother was right, of course. But she knew she'd always hate "Cozy Nook" no matter how appropriate it was.

Oh, there were so many things Winnie wished were different! "Why do we always eat in the kitchen except when there's company?" she questioned in a long-suffering tone. "The Dornans never do."

"No?" smiled her mother. "Well the Dornans haven't a nice, big family like ours—a nice, big, sunshiny kitchen. And, having a maid, Mrs. Dornans needn't consider extra steps Besides, doesn't Daddy often say there's no place things taste half so good as in a cheery farmhouse kitchen?"

Winnie felt vaguely resentful toward her mother. How could she be so cheerful in such adverse surroundings? Surely she couldn't help comparing her hard working days with Mrs. Dornan's delightful leisure, yet she never complained. And she was constantly suggesting things they might do to beautify Cozy Nook.

She even had wanted Winnie to take Dan and David, the twelve-year-old twins, to the woods for sumac and red-bud and dogwood to use in mass planting along with the snowball and other old-fashioned shrubs Aunt Ellen was giving them. But Winnie showed no enthusiasm. What could any one do with things like that? If they could get blue spruce, fine roses, and rare shrubs like the Dornans had, there'd be some chance of relieving the bleakness of the Stevens lawn.

Winnie often had blissful dreams in which the Stevens family—Daddy, Mother, the twins, little Charlotte, baby Jimmy and herself proudly occupied Hillcrest. This happy state

seemed sometimes so real that when she awakened in her own shabby, low-ceiling room at Cozy Nook it would take her a moment or two to decide which was the dream and which the reality.

Mrs. Dornan was alone a great deal and encouraged Winnie to come often to the big house on the hill. She was there when Mr. Dornan brought home a new camera, and thought it a great lark to pose with Mrs. Dornan for a series of pictures.

When the films were developed and printed she especially prized the one where she sat on the top-most veranda step ostensibly reading a book, while Mrs. Dornan, knitting in hand, occupied a wicker chair nearby.

"One would think I lived at Hillcrest," she thought complacently.

And in July, when she went home with Cousin Mary Henderson for a week's visit, the picture, carefully packed in the box with her new crystal beads, went, too.

The morning after her arrival in Pittsburgh, Winnie ran down to breakfast humming a gay little tune and thinking happily of the attractive program Cousin Mary had planned for her first day in the city. There was to be a drive through Schenley Park, a visit to Carnegie Museum, then luncheon downtown, followed by a matinee. As she came into the dining room, Cousin Mary was replacing the telephone receiver upon its hook.

"Now isn't that too bad!" she was saying.

"Something wrong, Cousin Mary?" Winnie asked.

"Winnie, I'm afraid your visit is going to be completely spoiled. That was a telegram from my sister-in-law in Erie saying she is ill and asking me to come to her. I feel I must go at once. I'm ever so sorry, dear."

As they sat down to breakfast a little of the brightness went out of Winnie's expressive face. She would have to go home and miss all the delightful things Cousin Mary had promised. She was dreadfully disappointed. But she was presently thoroughly ashamed of her selfishness and rose bravely to the occasion.

"Don't worry about me Cousin Mary. It's been lovely to be here even this short while, and perhaps I can come again some time."

"You're a dear girl to take it so cheerfully," said her hostess absently.

They ate in silence a few minutes, then Cousin Mary pushed aside her grapefruit and beamed across the table on Winnie.

"A lovely plan has popped into my head! You'll say right here. I'll leave you in Maggie's care. She's not only a good cook, but entirely trustworthy in every respect—so I'm sure your mother won't mind. And I shall ask Constance Baxter to show you around a little. Constance lives in Buffalo, but is staying just now with her grandparents across the street, while her father and mother are on a motor trip with friends. A very charming girl, Constance. About your age, maybe a trifle older. You ought to get on very well together."

That day was one long to be remembered. An instant friendship sprang up between the girls, and for the week of Winnie's visit they were inseparable. When Winnie liked anyone it was with a whole-heartedness rather tragic in its intensity. And she adored Constance. She

thought her the most wonderful person she had ever seen, and she was enchanted by her beauty.

"Connie's so pretty one can't help loving her," Winnie told Maggie that evening. "Such lovely hair she has so soft and wavy—not poker-straight like mine, and her eyes are the bluest blue you ever saw! I think blue eyes are the most beautiful of all, don't you, Maggie?"

Maggie smiled into Winnie's earnest brown ones.

"I've seen some right pretty ones that wasn't blue," she said meaningly. But Winnie seemed not to hear, so intent was she on enumerating the perfections of her new friend.

"Connie's skin makes you think of appleblossoms, all pink and white. And her lovely clothes—!" Words failed her.

Winnie never ceased to wonder that so transcendent a creature as Constance Baxter should be so genuinely fond of her. To hold this regard became almost an obsession. She felt that if anything happened to this beautiful soul-satisfying friendship she could never be happy again.

Though Connie had such lovely clothes she never seemed to notice how few and plain Winnie's were. When Connie talked about her adored father and mother Winnie could tell how perfectly splendid her parents were, too. And she soon realized what an asset baby Jimmy and Charlotte and the twins were, for Connie—an only child—was frankly envious and never wearied hearing about them.

But when Constance described her home in Buffalo, Winnie's heart sank. It sounded like a palace to her. She shuddered as visions of Cozy Nook rose before her. What would Connie think if she knew about the old brown house with its worn carpets and battered funiture? When homes were being discussed Winnie managed to evade any direct description of Cozy Nook and was always clever enough to quickly change the subject.

It was the last afternoon of Winnie's visit to Pittsburgh. Connie had come to stay overnight and the girls were up in Winnie's room. In honor of their last evening together Winnie was wearing her dainty pink organdy. Connie had fastened her dress and fixed her hair.

"Now, dear, where are your pretty beads?" she asked.

"In that little box on the dresser," said Winnie. "I'll get it." and she reached for the box.

Connie laughingly objected. "No, no! your maid must do that," and she also reached for it.

In the playful scramble that ensued the box was upset on the floor and its contents scattered. The picture of Winnie at Hillcrest fell at Connie's feet. She stopped and picked it up. "Why, what's this?" she cried, and read aloud what was written at the bottom of the picture—"Hillcrest, June twentieth."

"Winnie, this picture of you is perfectly darling! And what an attractive home you have. Why did you never let me see this?"

Winnie's hands were trembling and a spot of color burned in each cheek. She fumbled a moment with the box lid.

"I forgot I had it with me," she said.

Connie was examining the picture again. "It's lovely—just you and your mother, but I can't help being sorry you aren't all in it. Where

were the others?''

The spots in Winnie's cheeks burned a deeper red. She swallowed twice before she spoke. Then, ''Daddy and the twins had gone to the blacksmith shop, and Charlotte and Jimmy were having their nap,' she explained.

Connie rattled on, asking innumerable questions. She must be shown just where Winnie's room was, must know the kind of birds that came to the cunning little house atop that tall pole, and were the roses on this trellis crimson ramblers or Dorothy Perkins?

Winnie vainly tried to shift the conversation to the escapades of the twins or the charming naughtiness of little Charlotte. Every minute she grew more wretched.

''Oh, Winnie dear, may I have this picture?'' begged Connie. ''I'd love to have it. I want to show it to Mother. I've written her lots about you, but I want her to see how nice you are—and your mother—and Hillcrest, too.''

Winnie gladly gave her the picture. She felt she never wanted to see it again.

Her dinner went almost untouched, though there was roast lamb, peach ice cream, and all the things she especially liked. A raging headache sent her to bed early, and Connie, the compassionate, hovered about bathing her temples and fanning her till she dropped into a troubled sleep.

Next morning she felt better. She had never expected to be glad to leave Connie, but she found she was. How glad she was to be going home! When Connie kissed her goodbye she had almost forgotten—yesterday.

She was very excited and happy over Connie's first letter. ''It's mighty lonely without you,'' Connie wrote, ''so lonely I think I shall return to Buffalo soon. Daddy and mother may not be home for a week, but I can stay with Aunt Christine.''

Next day the rural mail carrier brought to the Stevens mail box another letter from Connie. In her eagerness to see what Connie had written Winnie dropped the other mail on the grass. Her face was alight with pleasant anticipation. Wasn't Connie a darling to write so often?

But a feeling of ghastly dismay enveloped her as she read: ''Winnie dear: Mumsie writes that their homeward route will bring them within a few miles of your place. I telegraphed her to be sure to hunt you up. Luckily I'd sent her the Hillcrest picture so she'll easily find you. They'll probably be along about the twenty-seventh. Lots of love from

Your devoted
Constance B.'''

The twenty-seventh? That was today!

The sound of a motor caused Winnie to look toward Hillcrest. A big limousine was leaving the Dornan driveway..... It was turning down the hill!

Snatching the mail from the grass where it lay, Winnie ran swiftly to the house. Throwing the papers and letters on the hall table she slipped out the back door and darted toward a filed of ensilage corn growing straight and tall near the barn.

Two hours later Winnie crept wearily back to the house. It was after eleven and her mother, sitting in the low rocker by the kitchen window was busily peeling apples for dinner. Hearing Winnie's step in

the hall she cried, "Oh, Winnie, where have you been? I hunted everywhere and called and called. You'll never guess who was here!"

Winnie came slowly into the kitchen. At sight of her swollen, tear-stained face Mrs. Stevens caught her breath in alarm. "Wh-what—." she began. And Winnie, rushing to her, dropped down beside the chair and hid her face on her mother's knee. Bit by bit she sobbed out th sorry story.

Clinging to her mother she cried, "Oh, I've been a wicked, wicked girl and I'm so ashamed and sorry! I know Connie won't want me for a friend any more—a girl who....lied about her home and.....pretended someone else was her....her mother! That will be part of my punishment. But if you'll only forgive me an.... and love me a little, maybe I can endure losing Connie....I...."

Mrs. Stevens bent over her grief-stricken daughter with tender compassion. She stroked Winnie's bowed head very gently while she said, "Darling, mothers always forgive and love their children, for they understand that it sometimes takes a heart-breaking experience to prove that nothing is finer or more beautiful than truth, and that into the tangled web of deception we are certain to weave many bitter results."

After a little Winnie's sobs quieted, but her head remained bowed upon her mother's knee. Finally she looked up. "Mother," she asked, "can't shrubs and things be transplanted in the fall?"

"Oh, yes, dear, in late September or October is a very good time for that."

"Well, the twins and I are going to bring from the woods all the dogwood and redbud and everything that you want and we'll try to make Cozy Nook so homey and beautiful that —," her voice broke a little and her mother gave her a comforting kiss.

Presently her mother said, "And Winnie, dear. I thing I'll write a letter to your beloved Connie and maybe—"

Winnie's lovely eyes were aglow with hope. "Oh, Mother, Mother!" she cried.

JAPAN'S TREE LEGEND

An age-old legend is connected with the rows of stately Japanese cedar trees that extend along the thirty-mile boulevard leading from the imperial summer palace at Nikki, Japan, to a nearby village. These trees planted on both sides of the boulevard, tower two hundred feet in the air and make a deep impresion on the visitor.

"Several hundred years ago the Emperor of Japan summoned all the noblemen of the country to his summer palace, each one being requested to bring a gift. An impoverished nobleman, realizing that he could not make an adequate offering in gold or silver, carried with him a sack of tree seeds, and, planting the seeds on both sides of the highway, made the remark that his gift would be the greatest blesing of them all, and that his name would be remembersd long after the gold and silver offering of his colleagues had vanished."—Selected.

MINNEHAHA AND ITS MATE

By Aubrey Fullerton

Minnehaha Falls are drying up, according to a recent news item in the daily papers. The water that feeds them has been failing for several years past, and last summer it almost completely gave out, with the result that there was a mere trickle where formerly was a cascade. One of the prettiest waterfalls in all America, and one that has particularly pleasant and interesting associations, is thus in danger.

Until the water supply failed, a small creek, fed by a stream rising in the heart of Minnesota, emptied into the Mississippi River just below the city of Minneapolis, and by following this creek for a quarter-mile through a thickly wooded glen one came to a place

"Where the falls of Minnehah
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

Seen from this approach—that is from below the falls—Minnehaha very well justified its name, which is the Indian word for "Laughing Water." For the water, as it came down over the steep-cut ledge of rock leaped and sprayed and almost seemed to chatter in its merriment. It was as much like nature's laugh as one could fancy. The fall was only forty feet and, therefore, not at all in the Niagara class, but its gracefulness and music more than made up for what it lacked in size.

The charm of Minnehaha all these years has been not only in its beauty, great as that has been, but in the fact, too, that poetry has been associated with it. "Laughing Water" is one of the scenes, it will be remembered, in Longfellow's poem, "The Song of Hiawatha," and it is the same Minnehaha—a real place, whether the story is a real or fanciful—that the poet had in mind.

The exact connection of Minnehaha Falls with "Hiawatha" is this: The young Indian hero, returning from his first journey to the kingdom of the West Wind, paused to buy ammunition from the arrow-maker of Minnehaha, and there he met the old man's daughter. The girl was as beautiful and wayward as the falls beside which she lived, and Hiawatha loved her. Months after, he came back to woo her.

Today the immediate vicinity of the falls, both above and below, is a public park, maintained by the city of Minneapolis. It has, therefore, changed very greatly since the days of the Indian story-poem, and an ordered landscape beauty has taken the place of the primitive beauty that Hiawatha saw. But the waterfall itself has kept on, until now, as it has always been. That its merry, laughing chatter should, after all these years, be silenced because of a failure of the water supply that feeds it, is a matter of real regret to all lovers of nature and poetry alike.

There is another waterfall that makes a very good mate for Minnehaha, for while nature never repeats itself exactly it sometimes seems to work from the same model, in different places. In this case the twin-sister is on Manitoulin Island, on the north shore of Lake Huron, a region also associated with Indian his-

tory, but without the glamor that poetry has given to Hiawatha's country. It is known as Kagawong Falls.

This northern mate to Minnehaha falls over a limestone ledge of much the same circling shape, of the same height, and very similarly marked. Heavy forest foliage hangs over it, as over the other, and the water pours down with much the same gentle music. The surroundings, however, are strikingly different, for while Minnehaha is in a pretty city park, with busy streets only a little way off, Kagawong is unadorned, except as nature did it. The one is a showplace, and the other is a bit of woodland scenery that only the nearby country folk and an occasional tourist are privileged to see.

A broad minded man is very desirable, provided he is not so broad minded that he is shallow and of a single channel.

SAVING THE WASTE

(Lexington Dispatch)

Waste cornstalks can be used in the making of essential elements for polishes and finishes for motor cars, a western chemist stated the other day. A product known as butyl alcohol has been extracted that is a most excellent solvent and should aid much in the rapid manufacture of automobiles through reducing the time required for drying the paint and polish of the body.

Over in Texas they are predicting that a great industry will grow up for the utilization of cotton stalks. It is claimed that a cotton picking machine is being perfected that will take the stalk, strip it of open bolls, pick out the lint and prepare the stalks for use in the making of a fibre that will become an important product.

Up in Ohio a great chemist and inventor is now reported to be working out a substitute for rubber and some remarkable results are reported already to have been attained. If this is done then natural products now going to waste in the United States will become perhaps almost as valuable as those now used.

It is one of the romances of modern chemistry that the part of coal that used to be wasted in making coke is now far more valuable than coke itself. Drugs, dyes and chemicals of numerous kinds are made from coal tar.

Wood pulp from what once was the wastage of the forests is now made into silk and the same thing is true of the cotton linters that formerly were considered of very little value.

Sometimes when we look at the wonders around us we wonder what could be more wonderful. But the optimistic chemists believe that many of the greatest secrets of the Creator are yet to be unfolded through their art and put to work for mankind.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Horace McCall

A few of the barn boys have been hauling hay and storing it in the barn lately.

Quite a few boys have been paroled by Supt. Boger during the last week. We wish them all good luck.

The carpenter shop boys have been busy lately fixing up things around the barn.

Letter writing day came around recently and all the boys were glad to be able to write a few lines to the home folks.

The new boys were taken from the receiving cottage recently and distributed among the other cottages. We hope they will like their new homes.

We are glad to see Mr. Carriker, the officer in charge of the carpenter shop, back on the job after a short illness. We wish him better health in the future.

The shoe shop has been closed for the past few days due to the lack of work. It will not be long now till they will have plenty to do.

Lawrence Valley a member of the tenth cottage had his tonsils removed at a Charlotte hospital recently. We hope that this will improve his health.

Herbert Apple, a former boy of this school was a visitor here last Sunday. We were all glad to see him and to hear that he is getting along fine.

A carload of coal arrived at the school recently. A number of boys were kept busy for a while unloading it, while the barn boys hauled it away to the cottages.

Mr. York, one of the nightwatchmen has gone to his home near Hickory for a few days visit. During his absence Mr. Lee Ritchie is taking his place.

Coleman Goodwin, a member of the tenth cottage, has been given a position in the bakery recently. We all hope Mr. House will make a good baker out of him.

During the absence of Mrs. Scarboro, matron of the sixth cottage, Mrs. Connely has been in charge. We are glad to report that Mrs. Scarboro is getting along nicely from her recent operation and we expect to see her at the institution before long.

Lawrence Vaughan, member of the eleventh cottage and also a member of the print-shop force, has been given a position in Concord for a few days during the absence of the regular operator. He is operating a Linotype machine for the Concord Observer. We all wish him luck.

Rev. Mr. Arrowwood, of Concord, had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read from the fifteenth chapter of Luke. We thought he would talk

about the "Prodigal Son," but he didn't, he talked about his brother, the one who had remained faithful to his father all his life. His sermon was an interesting one and enjoyed by all present.

The Training School boys defeated the Watts Cross Roads team last Saturday by the score of 10 to 4.

Cruse, the visiting pitcher, who previously held the Franklin Mill team to three hits, did not seem to be able to stop the heavy slugging of the school players. The local boys pounded out eleven hits, while Lisk only allowed the visitors eight hits. The score:

		R	H	E
Watts C. Rds	.000 000 400	4	8	5
J. T. S.	040 020 202	10	11	5

Two base hits—McCall, Carter, Three base hits—Overcash, Bartley, McCall (2). Struck out—By Lisk 5; but Cruse 6. Base on balls—off Lisk 1. Hit by Pitcher—by Cruse 2. Umpires Godown and Bost.

Whatever strengthens and purifies the affections, enlarges the imagination, and adds spirit to sense, is useful.—Shelley.

THE RED BIRD

(Agricultural Review)

Vivacity, beauty, and vocal expertness are three outstanding traits of the cardinal or redbird. Whether the eye is held by the vivid color that suggested the bird's name, or by the active, graceful movements, the raising and lowering of the crest which when fully erect gives the bird an appearance of such keen attention, or whether the ear is charmed by the rich and varied song, the impression produced is one of extreme pleasure.

Though somewhat shy, the cardinal does not entireley avoid the vicinity of homes. However, it prefers more secluded resorts. Shrubbery is its chosen haunt, the more tangled the better. Here the nest is built and the young reared, and here they spend most of their days. Higher trees are usually sought only under the inspiration of song.

Viewed from the economic standpoint, the cardinal deserves favorable comment as it does for its other high qualities. Its food is composed of about 29 per cent animal matter and 71 per cent vegetable. Among the insects eaten are a few that are beneficial, but at most not more than two per cent of the cardinal's food, probably less, consists of useful insects, while twelve times as much is made up of injurious species. Caterpillars are greatly relished, and among those discovered in the food were three pests of the cotton crop, Namely, the cotton worm, the bollworm, and the cotton cutworm. Ninety-six of the last-named species were eaten by 31 cardinals from Texas cotton fields. Other caterpillar pests eaten are the purslane, zebra caterpillar, and codling moth.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

THE UPLIFT

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"Build it well whate'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong and true;
Build it clean, and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God."

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WINNING OUT

Chances to make good are lying all around a boy who lives in the United States. But it takes hard work to win out. Sometimes a boy from another country shows us what can be done with effort. Take the Danish youth, Rasmussen, who came to the United States when he was about twenty years of age. He joined the army without a knowledge of English. But in fifteen months he learned the language and qualified himself by study for admission to West Point.

A boy with determination, who practices self-denial, and who is not afraid to work, will win out, even as the Dane did.—The Pioneer.

—THOUGHTFUL DEEDS—

Many of us, like Martha, "are cumbered" about the material things so completely till there is no time to choose the "good part" of life—the memory of which can never be erased. A full and complete life is one made up of sweet, thoughtful deeds in which the unfortunate are the beneficiaries and all of which make the world brighter and a better place in which to live.

For instance we met a splendid woman on the street a few days ago, and she stopped a little pinched face girl (about eight years old) who was wending her way homeward after a visit to her brother in prison to ask if this child were drinking her milk and how much. The nourishment, we

also gathered, was given by some good Samaritan. It took only a few minutes to give this recognition to one of His very own. The child's face reflected gratitude and we are sure the little one carried glad tidings to the mother awaiting her return.

We know of another instance in which a wealthy citizen—one of big business—stopped long enough in the rush of life to send to a friend suddenly shocked by a sad bereavement a magazine with a note enclosed: "I thought you might enjoy reading this," or words to that effect. This would be termed by some as of no consequence, but it was the thought that was appreciated and surely it did help to divert the mind from dwelling upon the picture of the broken home and turn to one of sweet and thoughtful friendship.

The longest life and the sweetest life is the one that has a background of "true things truly done each day."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

—JUST A RAMBLE—

We were forcibly impressed one day when a darkey of the courtly type approached a visiting gentleman from the Virginia truck-farm section and said, "Boss, I'd like to show you my Irish 'tater patch while here, just de finest thing yet." The old darkey had planted about one half bushel of seed potatoes and was indeed pround of his garden spot.

"Well, John," replied the visitor very courteously, "I'm sorry I cannot walk over the field with you, but am pressed for time, because I have to leave for home this afternoon. I am going to plant eight hundred barrels of potatoes myself next week." Whew, eight hundred barrels," exclaimed the old darkey as his eyes opened wide with surprise and he moved quietly away and never a word have we heard since of his Irish 'tater patch.

This gentleman was from a county with a background of fine farms, rich in agricultural products and each farm under the supervision of the landlord who in nearly every instance is a descendant of some Virginia planter. This class of farmers take pride in their farms and treat the soil kindly. They never leave their land entirely in the hands of the tenant class, but they direct, therefore get fine results and at the same time keep the soil in a fine state of cultivation. The tenant class without a guiding hand are a menace to good farm land, because of being satisfied with just a living. There is much worn out land in this counry all due to the fact that the owners of property give such little attention to

farming and scarcely make enough each year to pay taxes.

The whole situation calls to mind the humor of an Irish guide as he was showing some tourists the beauties of the land of Erin. The Irish guide said, "now, this place is Devil's Glenn, and this the Devil's Bridge" and so on. The tourists replied, "the devil seems to own a good deal of property around here." "Yes, Sor," replied the Irishman, "but he is an absentee and lives in England." The difference with our community is that our landlords all live in towns or cities, and give little attention to farming interest.

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"DIXIE"—THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF CONFEDERACY

This issue of the Uplift carries an interesting clipping from the Greensboro Daily News, of 1926, captioned "Relatives of Bonaparte tell of Composing "Dixie" Music. The story relative to composing the air "Dixie," by Herman Arnold, who belonged to a family of court musicians of Prussia, and the writing of the words to suit the music by Dan Emmet, a ministrel man of the North, but the son of a Virginian, will prove interesting reading to all lovers of southern history. In the same article is authentic information as to the movements of the French Marshall Ney and the place of his burial.

This article was taken from the scrap book of Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grove, who is interested in southern history and always has on hand a wonderful store of imformation. Mr. Swink realizes that there are two kinds of information—the one you know yourself and the other you know where to find it.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE FOUNDER OF CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Few people realize from whence came the inspiration for the organization known as the Camp Fire Girls. We all know something of its object—to develop strong characters by attempting to make young girls methodical in their work, helpful to others, neither oblivious to spiritual growth and at the same time by rubbing elbows in the many outdoor sports so as to invigorate the body and thereby be better fitted for the duties of life.

The founder, Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick, of this organization—that now seems to encircle the country—was born in Oberlin, Ohio, sixty-two years ago, and died on July 28th, at Sasco, Maine. Little is generally known of her life and activities other than she was the first president of the National

Association Directors of Girls Camps, and that she also owned and directed the Luther Gulick Camps.

The law of the Camp Fire is "seek beauty; give service; pursue knowledge; be trustworthy; hold on to health; glorify work and be happy."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

AUTOMOBILE FATALITIES

The automobile is a deadly weapon placed into the hands of irresponsible people. There were 22,000 people killed last year on our highways in automobile accidents, saying nothing of the number that were injured. We can not say that this toll of death was due to lack of proper adjustment of brakes, or reckless driving. Let either be the case, there is no question about having drivers go through a test before being permitted to operate an automobile either for pleasure or business. The engineer of any Southern Railway train has to comply with certain standards.

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HIGHWAY BEAUTIFICATION

"Highway beautification and save the wild flowers" was advocated by The Uplift many years ago, therefore, it is gratifying to observe that the men's civic clubs are talking along similar lines—also that the Board of Conservation and Development is considering plans to be approved by Gov. A. W. McLean, wherein a beautification program may be successfully carried out. The women's clubs were among the first to be interested in this particular work, but it is a work that every one should participate in and enjoy. The spirit of appreciation for our wild flowers and shrubs is now given more consideration, but there is a class yet who aimlessly ride along the highway and destroy the natural beauty by cutting down trees and shrubs.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A PUNCUATION TEST

Several of the Jackson Training School boys copied and punctuated the following so that the thought so completely muddled could be deciphered at once:

A funny little man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree
I found some gun in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he

But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
It only needs punctuation you see

Horace McCall's paper received the highest grading. This young fellow is in the eighth grade, and his teacher is Mr. W. W. Johnson. The Uplift takes pleasure in giving to its interested readers young McCall's paper and this is only a glimpse of some of the splendid results of the work of the school department of Jackson Training School.

A funny little man told this to me:
"I fell in a snowdrift. In June," said he,
"I went to a ball game. Out in the sea
I saw a jellyfish float. Up in the tree
I found some gum. In a cup of tea
I stirred my milk. With a brass key
I opened my door. On my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this," said he.
"But 'tis true, when told as it ought to be,
It only needs punctuation, you see."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The following from the Charlotte Observer says that:

"Max Gardner is nothing if not a true sportsman. It was just like Gardner to send a telegram of sympathy to his political antagonist when the latter was stricken down and had to undergo a surgical operation."

Well everybody in the state acknowledges that Max Gardner is a good sportsman for he was never accused of stopping to cry when he stubbed his toe either in athletics or in the field of politics.

He has a fine, unselfish spirit—a grace that has rendered him popular in the state and will serve him well as chief executive of the Old North State.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

'Tis Saturday night. With the generality of people the week's work is done, and the greater part of the world is reposing in slumber, to enjoy a blessed Sabbath day's rest on this day set apart for man' refreshment, both physically and spiritually. As Longfellow says, "O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair, how welcome to the weary and the old!" "How still the morning of the hallow'd day! Mute is the voice of rural labor hush'd." Banked before me are columns and columns of newspaper "proofs" to be read and corrected. I am hunting for and correcting the mistakes and errors others have made. I am wondering how it will be when my "proof" is read "up yonder," and if my mistakes will be corrected, and I get a clean proof-sheet. That's my hope.

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These thoughts brought to my mind that our character is very much like a bridge. The thing that I am to get across on from this world to heaven, is my character. A bridge needs to be fastened very securely at both ends. The Lord Christ is at the other end so I need not worry about that end, if I only fasten firmly to it. A bridge must bear up the burden that crosses it. So in order to make sure of a safe "crossing of the bar," see that your character bridge is built strong; its cables well-grounded in faith here below, and as the Apostle Paul said "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail. "To be anchored within the vail is the joy and peace of the world.

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It does seem that there is pollution in every thing under the sun. All we eat and drink is analyzed —looking for germs detrimental to life. Milk and water are the most easily made unclean, and great caution is urged to protect these drinks. The very air we breathe, we are told, is full of disease germs, and dirt held in suspense. We live so fast, and get excited over so many things; and eat so much rich food; and take so much violent exercise, that we are subjects of high blood pressure; and are continually chipping off the days of our lives in other ways. We get confused amid the multiplicity of cautions, warnings and advice, and we don't really know what to eat or drink with safety. There's one hope for man. That is to keep up strong his power of resistance by living right. Even doing that, some day, the bugs will get him.

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If we were only as generous in judging others as we are in judging ourselves; and overlooking the weakness of others as we are our own, it would add a great deal more happiness to the world.

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The wise man once said "there was a time for everything." Time and the occurrence of events substantiate his observation. These warm summer days are the time for chiggers. They called them "jiggers," or red bugs, when I was a boy. They are an African insect, and how they got all over this coun-

try in such annoying quantities, I don't suppose a mortal knows. They are pestiferous. Small as nothing—michievous mites, but mighty energetic in bringing one to the scratch. How many of you fellows remember going berrying when you were a boy, barefooted, and come back almost almost dancing a jig, to the tune of the jiggers? We use to think they buried themselves under the skin. Now science tells us that when they park on you, whether berrying, or picnicing, they inject poisonous matter as a reminder that they have made you a visit, and they seem to give a hearty welcome to all who go into the open country.

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The story is told that two men, friends, got into a red hot argument the other day about the proper way to pronounce the word advertisement. One called it ad-ver-TISE-ment. The other insisted that it was ad-VER-tisement. Arguing awhile they decided to go to the library and look it up. They found that both ways are correct. Some authorities prefer one and some prefer the other syllable to accent. That settled it. Ever notice what a wonderful lot of arguments can be settled by the simple process of getting at the real facts? I think both missed the real point. They were more concerned with how to pronounce it than how to use it. The word is full of accent on all four spllables—full of emphasis. Full of dollars to the advertiser.

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The city of Daytona, Fla., through the suggestion of the merchants' beautification committee of the chamber of commerce, has promised free earth to all business places suitable for growing shrubbery and plants. There is a campaign on in the business section of that city to beautify the fronts with growing shrubbery and window boxes. Beauty plays a great part in civilized life and I am glad to read that the Florida city is commercializing it. A step in the right direction for nothing slakes the thirst of a soul as sweetness and beauty of flowers. "If we would all cultivate a love of the beautiful and scatter beauty seeds as we go through life, what a paradise this earth would become."

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The other day, in passing a bank, I saw two youngsters emerge with glowing faces and eyes sparkling like diamonds. I knew something unusual had taken place. They had made their first deposits and paused long enough to examine the little bank book and discuss how they had earned their money. I could not refrain from saying to them. "'A good beginning, boys. An old proverb tells us that 'Many a mickle makes a muckle.'" "A young man may have many friends," Sir Thomas Lipton said once, "but he will find none so steadfast, so constant, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead, as a little leather-covered book, with the name of a bank on the cover."

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"Words are things," says Byron, "and a small drop of ink, falling like dew, upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions think," And George Eliot said, "Our words have wings, but fly not where we would." Words are the artillery of the mind. We

fire them at will.

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Good roads are carrying us everywhere, and bringing everybody to see everybody else. A highway from Canada through the United States, Mexico, Central America, and on through South America, is regarded as not a too ambitious program. As a matter of fact, some of the leading men in the country believe it will be a reality in the future. This information was given out a day or two ago, by Thomas J. Hay, of the local Chandler dealer organization, of Chicago. Diplomats of Latin-American countries stationed at Washington have pointed to the road construction programs, which their several nations are now undertaking, as a sign that such an all-inclusive highway will receive the hearty support of their governments. The matter of co-ordinating the highways of the several countries so they will connect with those built by neighboring countries, probably will be taken up at the next Pan-American highway conference to be held at Rio Janerio.

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In ten years Gene Tunney developed into one of the greatest boxers the game, possibly, has ever known; a heavy weight puncher and a wonder ring general. At about 30 years of age he retires as heavyweight champion of the world, with possibly two millions of dollars tucked away and not a mark on him, and crowned with a $50,000,000 love. He went into a rotten game, played it clean, beat it thoroughly, and now retires. Let him have the peace, quietude and happiness he desires. But now, against the record he has made, it is suggested that he should stay in the ring, burn himself out, be punched silly by some fish-peddler or something to the end of 40 he would be an old man, along with some others who lacked nothing but the intelligence that is apparent in every move Tunney has ever made in and around the ring. I tip my hat to Gene as a real champion in all the word implies.

May I be a friend to all the trees,
To birds and blossoms and the bees;
To things that creep, to things that hide
Through all the teeming countryside;
On terms with all the stars at night,
With all the playful beams of light;
In love with leafy dales and hills;
And with the laughing mountain rills;
With summer skies and winter snows;
The wide sea and the stretching plain;
The tempest and the falling rain.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

RELATIVES OF BONAPARTE TELL OF COMPOSING DIXIE MUSIC

(Greensboro Daily News.)

One of the last living relatives of Napoleon Bonaparte, a staunch admirer of the "Little Corporal" and still a lover of all stories of Josephine and the Corsican, is Mrs. Herman Arnold, one wife who is always interviewed along with her husband, even though he is the composer of the music to "Dixie," a musician of note, and a son of the musician to one of the kings of Prussia. They are visiting in North Carolina.

Many angles of the much told Marshall Ney story are fresh in the mind of Mrs. Arnold, whose father, Pusqual Luciani, an officer under Napoleon, escaped to this country, and later became French consul at Philadelphia.

"My father, Marshall Ney, and La-Fabre, came to this country together, Ney going to Charleston, My father to Philadelphia, and La Fabre later back to France. I was brought up on the story, although my father died when I was very small. I know that he came to North Carolina and taught school, and that he died at the home of Mr. Foard, of Wilmington, where, the night before he died, under the name of Peter Stuart, he told the elder Mr. Foard that he was Marshall Ney. I am certain that the man buried in Rowan county is really Marshall Ney."

When the whole world was upset over the Bonaparte dynasty and the remaining members of the family were branded as usurpers, Mrs. Arnold's father, still a staunch defender of his leader, wrote a pamphlet in which he defeated Louis Napoleon and circulated it in the United States. Napoleon received a copy of it, and wrote Luciani asking that he be allowed to favor him in some way. Luciani requested that his daughter be educated in France, and Mrs. Arnold, despite the objections of her American mother, was ready to go abroad when her father and mother died of yellow fever, and her sisters refused to allow her to go.

Mrs. Arnold's grandfather was a cousin of Napoleon's mother, and Mrs. Arnold's great uncle christened the emperor.

During all the years that Mrs. Arnold's family was interesting itself in the affairs of France, Professor Arnold's father was chief musician at the college of Prussia, and was looking toward America as the greatest opportunity for musicians. When Professor Arnold and his brother were still boys, they were sent to New York to their god-father, Gungel, leader of the first orchestra that came to this country, and Herman, then nine years old was acclaimed as a child prodigy.

He became so enamored of America that he refused to go home, and shortly afterward his father came. As soon as he became of age Professor Arnold became an American citizen.

"Do you see this foot?" he said one day to his older brother, as he planted his right foot firmly on the ground where they were standing.

"Yes, but what of it?" the more practical member of the family wanted to know, "Does it hurt?"

"But no," Herman replied, "it is on American soil and it is going to stay here," and so it did.

Professor Arnold toured America in concerts for many years, and was living, at the outbreak of the civil war, in Montgomery, Ala.

A short time before he had written the music to a melody that was running through his mind, on the plaster in his studio, Dan Emmett, a ministrel man seeing the music, asked that he might supply some words, and take that song on tour. For some time it was popular throughout the country.

Then came the war, and the establishment of the Confederate states of America.

Jefferson Davis was to be inaugurated. Professor Arnold was called upon to supply the music for the occasion, and for days he racked his brain.

Finally, "Mama" came to the rescue.

"Play Dixie," she suggested. "It is a southern song, written in the south and about the south."

"I don't want to play that tune. I'm tired of hearing it," the composer objected, as the author of the "Prioner's Song" might well say if he had lived a short time longer.

But "Mama" insisted, and on the day of inauguration, as the first Confederate flag was hoisted, Professor Arnold directed the band in the playing of "Dixie."

After the ceremonies, Jefferson Davis sent for the musician.

"Professor Arnold," the president said, "we have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor?" the professor asked.

"That 'Dixie' may be adopted as the National anthem of the Confederacy."

"And that tune," the professor declares with more pride than he permits his voice to display, "was adopted."

When the building in which Professor Arnold's studio was located, was torn down, the piece of plaster with the music on it was preserved, and now is in the museum in Montgomery.

"I kept up my music until I was 72. Then I couldn't stand the jazz. So I got out," and that, in brief, is why the composer of that famous song is no longer an orchestra leader.

And "Mama," whose father escaped from France after the downfall of his chief and cousin, is responsible not only for the imperial blood in the Arnold family, but for the adoption of "Dixie" as the national anthem of the Confederacy as well.

But Mrs. Arnold doesn't appear a person who carries so much about on her small shoulders. She is 86, and proud of it. Quite past the age of being careful about telling her age.

"I fell in love with him and married him because he was so handsome," she says of the professor, "You know how girls will do."

They conquer who believe they can. He has not learned the lesson of life who does not each day surmount a fear. Emerson.

A HEALTH WARNING

(The Lexington Dispatch)

In medical circles of today there is more discussion of how to cut down the large number of deaths from diseases of the heart and circulatory system generally than of any other death problem perhaps. The reason for the discussion is shown in the reports of practically all vital statistics agencies in the country. The heart is breaking more often under the strain of the age than any other organ in the body.

In this circumstance there may be a timely warning to citizens to exercise precautions during the heated political campaign in which the nation is engaged. Too heated arguments undoubtedly put an unwise strain upon the heart or other organs of the circulatory system. Heated arguments produce anger and anger has long been recognized by medical science as poisonous to the body.

If the physical reason were not enough there is the added reason that in heated arguments there is little benefit to be gained. The more violent the statements made by word of mouth or in print the more error is likely to be fostered and the less the truth is apt to be served.

This does not mean that we would advocate abstinence from political discussions. Reasonable discussion of issues and candidates is right and proper and should be indulged in. These should be approached calmly as possible, however, and with a view to gaining information or imparting imformation. One is justified, however, in exercising great care to discriminate between mere assertions and real information. History, Scripture and other writings and records can easily be misquoted or can be constructed purely to the advantage of the point of view of the interpreter. Several hundred church divisions in this country ought to be proof enough of this; and the widely divergent opinions of historical occurrences is additional evidence.

And while on this subject, might it not be pointed out that the average citizen is prone to become more excited over matters about which he has the least opportunity to be well informed, and which from a political standpoint really effect him or her more remotely. County government is nearest home and touches all of us every day. State government perhaps comes next in its contact with our daily life. Most of us are prone though to devote much more time to arguement over national issues and candidates than we are to give in thought to our county and state governments.

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks oportunity. It can not remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to use it.—Bourke Cockran.

SHOULD DEVELOP SENSE OF HONOR

By Dr. M. L. Kesler, in Asheville Citizen

"The sense of honor is the most important thing to develop in a child, and the lack of a sense of honor is the most fatal deficiency in his character," Dr. M. L. Kesler, of the Thomasville, N. C., Orphanage, told his hearers at the Social Service Conference at Ridgecrest recently.

Dr. Kesler's address was of the same practical nature that all the social service topics have been, and he gave an interesting insight into the Orphanage work. "The position of matron in a cottage for the dependent children is the most weighty place any woman can fill. To mend the minds and the spirits, to straighten the warped characters of the children that come in from environments sometimes that have all but destroyed the finer things, is the most delicate operation—far more so than to perform a surgical operation of a dangerous type. We must come to have the idea of paying good salaries and having trained women in these important places." Dr. Kesler takes the position that the institutions which receive boys and girls owe it to them to give them the best.

Discussing recent surveys of 10,000 children over a four-year period in another state, Dr. Kesler declared that the lack of sense of honor was the most discouraging thing. Proving his point as to the necessity of trained workers with children, Dr. Kesler pointed out that the same groups of children tested under different teachers of higher character, in turn gained in the character tests. He says character cannot be taught, nor lectured into a child, but that it will be "caught" if the person working with them wins the love of the child, and sets the right example. He said the thing that is the matter with the young people is old people. Parents are the cause of things. He pointed out that it isn't young people who are making obscene movies, writing salacious literature, and such other commercialized forms of lowering morals, but it is grown-ups who are after the dollar. While Dr. Kesler does not believe young people are perfect, he sees in them real humans who respond to good when it is offered, as they respond to evil when tempted. He believes in the possibilities wrapped up in the boys and girls, and insists that only genuine Christians who live as the pray should be over them. He is dubious of good being done by a person who assumes the "goody-goody" role with them.

6,950 NEW CARS BOUGHT IN STATE IN MONTH OF JULY

North Carolinians bought nearly 2,000 more automobiles in July than in a previous month of the year, the records of Sprague Silver, of the Automobile Bureau of the Department of Revenue, revealed. Compilations showed that license for 6,950 new cars were purchased during the month just passed. Sales during June were 5,008, and for the first seven months of the year, were 33,778.

WHOLESOME THRILLS

By Hilda Richmond

Many gloomy minded people would have us think that athletics and entertainments, and social joys have eclipsed the fundamental purpose for which schools were established, and that may be true in certain localities but certainly it is not true as a whole. Formerly high schools and colleges had but one or two courses to offer, and it was much harder to win honors than now, but happily under the new system students may take that for which they are best fitted and come to distinction in their chosen field. Not that honors are won without trying now, or that they are worth less than in the old days, but rather where one door of opportunity opened in former days to hard-working pupils there are now a hundred doors flung wide.

"Poor things! Do you suppose they really get a kick out of study?" That is what a frivolous young lady remarked as she saw the honor students receiving their medals and trophies on commencement day. She had taken a short course in beauty parlor work and was making money rapidly, but here were young people of her own age willing and anxious to sacrifice and give up years of time for a mere medal whose intrinsic worth could not be great, as it really had no remarkable value. Of course she had never felt any thrills because she had never cultivated her God-given powers of mind.

There are grandfathers and grandmothers today who can get a real thrill out of the memories of country school triumphs when they were the best spellers in the whole country, or received a life certificate to teach school after years of hard work Why not? That kind of thrill never dies

A few years ago in a thriving Ohio city a lady nearing eighty years calmly floored the best spellers of her native town, high school and college students included. In one large high school the janitor wiped the coal dust from his hands and was unanimously judged the best writer in the test for pupils. Now somebody is ready to say that it was little profit to the old janitor that he wrote, well if it had advanced him no farther then shoveling coal and sweeping walks, but wait a minute. He was in that position through misfortune not his own and was bravely carrying on in spite of troubles that kept him from clerical work.

Why, study will fill the mind with good things, and train, the individual for life's work! It not only brings rewards in school days but for all of life! It has a thrill peculiarly its own, and one that any real worker may experience. It can not be bought or given away, but must be earned and therein lies the thrill. To work a week on a mathematical problem and then suddenly find the solution may bring no financial reward, no one else may even sympathize or rejoice with the worker, but it has its rewards. The trained minds are managing the world's affairs, while those who never got any "kick" out of study are in the inferior places. Youth is peculiarly the time to acquire the habit of thrilling over intellectual attainment, and the long list of honor students in high schools and colleges annually show that some young folks are able to choose the worth-while things for their own.

AMERICANS ALL

(Charlotte Observer)

Aaron Naumberg, Aldermino Portfolio, Simon Guggenhiem, Barney Baruch, Leonard Schupp, Julius Rosenwald, Daniel Guggenhiem, S. S. Kresge. Some of the names are familiar and on every tongue, some are not. But do you know, those men listed above have given $50,000,000 for charity and civic improvement? Some are dead, some are living, but there stands a monument to America's sons by adoption. How often do you hear, right here at home, that this or that foreigner is only working until he can make enough money to go back "home" and live in comfort. And how does this list of the deeds of some of them belie this statement. True, those who have not passed on are living in comfort at home, but America is their home, and they have done the country more good than many of the simon-pure Americans who feel that they have a prior lien on this country.

Of course, there are good American names also on the list of the country's great benefactors. It was said at the time of the James B. Duke indenture that total benefactions by rich Americans in the 10 years from 1914 to 1924 had reached two billion dollars. Along with Duke are the names of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Eastman and others. But the outstanding feature of the list is the number of names contained in it which bear what we call the foreign tags. Yet only the name is foreign, for these men, and thousands of others in just as satisfactory but less spectacular ways, have done the same, have left an imprint of pure Americanism that can hardly be disputed. By their deeds, and not by their names, you shall know them.

THE FASTEST GROWING

(Greensboro Daily News)

Mr. Ashcraft of the Monroe Enquirer sends the Daily News a piece of kudzu vine which is distinguished from pieces of kudzu in general in that the growth of this one was noted over a period of 14 days. "The fastest growing plant on earth" went ten feet in that time to produce the sample as attested by Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft.

Where and by whom the appellation of fastest growing was attached to kudzu does not appear. The most rapid vegetable growth would be by some plant, likely a vine, in the tropics; our limited collection of kudzu lore does not include information as to whether this one grows in the tropics. It does not live in sub-zero temperature.

It is an impressive piece of vegetation which Mr. Ashcraft sends, when one thinks of it as the handcraft of nature in Union county in the space of a fortnight. The question is pertinent as to whether the kudzu cannot do for abused North Carolina lands much that it is wished forestry might do, and whether or not the Japanese legume can be used valuably int he process of reforestation.

SHARLIE FINDS A NEW JOB

By Rose D. Nealley, in Young Folks

Sharlie locked the door and turned to stare at the little room with the same tragic look a recently convicted prisoner might bestow upon his cell. The room was clean, with painted walls, muslin curtains and one small rug beside the narrow cot, but how different from her own big sunny room at home, a room filled with dear personal belongings and looking out on a lovesome garden.

Tears of homesickness stood in Sharlie's eyes for a moment, then she wiped them quickly away and began to unpack her trunk and put away her few belongings. Tired with the day's excitement, she made ready for bed at once, but sleep would not come. After a time she became conscious of a disturbing sound from the next room. The sounding was unmistakably sobbing. Someone was in distress. Sharlie could endure this for only a few minutes, then she got up, put on her kimono and tapped on the door of the next room.

At first there was no answer, but the sobbing ceased. Sharlie tapped again. There was a rustling sound and the door opened a few inches. "What is it?" came a voice.

Sharlie was always direct. "I heard you crying and I thought perhaps I could help you. Won't you let me in? I am your new neighbor.

"Oh, I didn't think anyone could hear me." The girl was sobbing again. She opened the door wider and Sharlie slipped into the room and closed the door softly.

"Are you sick?"

"No, no!"

"Maybe you're homesick. I'm a bit that way myself. Horrid feeling, isn't it?"

In the halflight Sharlie could see how thin and dispirited the girl looked and how young. She sat down on the edge of the cot and pulled the girl down beside her. "Now tell me all about it," she coaxed.

"I've lost my job and I can't find another. That means I can't afford to stay here any longer, and I have to pay my sisters board, too. She's a cripple. She lives in the country, our old home, with Aunt Alice. My aunt is old and poor, and she can't keep her for nothing. I only pay four dollars, but that helps a little. Now I can't pay anything, and what will Aunt Alice do with two of us on her hands!" The girl told this haltingly between sobs.

"Haven't you any father or mother?"

"No. Aunt Alice is our only relative. She's a great-aunt, really, but she's good, and kind to Janice."

Sharlie was silent for a moment. She was thinking, "Here is someone in real distress." Her own homesickness vanished. "Have you ever worked in a telephone office?" she inquired.

The girl shook her head. "No, but I asked for work there only yesterday. They told me they had just engaged a new girl and didn't need any more help."

"Perhaps the new girl won't appear. They don't sometimes. Supposing you go again with me in the morning and we'll see if they can't take you on."

"How kind you are!" the girl glanced up with a smile through her tears. "And don't you even know my name! It's Leita Bentley. What is your?"

"Sharlie Vaughn, otherwise Charlotte, but nobody calls me that."

The next morning, with Leita in tow, Sharlie entered the telephone office and asked for the manager. "You wait here," she said to Leita before she entered his private office.

In a few minutes she came out with sparkling eyes. "It's as I told you, the girl who was engaged has decided not to take the place. The manager will talk with you about it."

The look of joy on Leita's face when she found she was to have the place more than repaid Sharlie for her self-sacrifice. No conception of the fact that it was Sharlie herself who had voluntarily given up this opportunity entered Leita's mind. "She needs it so much more than I do and surely I can find something 'else," Sharlie had told herself.

Finding a new job was not so easy as Sharlie had believed. Business in the city was quite dull, and she had, at last, to take a waitress' position in a restaurant, which paid a little besides tips and was much harder work than the telephone office would have been. Sharlie did not complain. She was, at least, paying her way and something better would turn up before long, she assured herself.

The two girls became fast friends. It seemed to Sharlie like having a younger sister to come home to each night. They were living in a boarding house for working girls, girls who came to the city from the country, mostly. It was comfortable, clean and safe, and cheaper than most boarding houses.

Leita was now happy in her work and able to send her sister's board money regularly, but the fact that her sister's lameness did not improve troubled her greatly. "If only I could afford to take her to a specialist, one who thoroughly understands such cases, he might be able to help her," Leita told Sharlie. "Of course that is out of the question," she sighed. "It would take heaps of money and a long time to make her well. Dr. Peters advised me to take Janice to see Dr. Benson. He said Dr. Benson was wonderful with crippled people. Did you ever hear of him, Sharlie?"

Sharlie's answer came so slowly that Leita looked up to see what was the matter. "You look queer,

"Oh no!" Sharlie smiled reassuredly. "I—I thought I was going to sneeze. Yes, I've heard of Dr. Benson. He's a great surgeon, there's no doubt about it. I—I feel almost sure that he could help Janice."

"Have you ever seen him?" Leita purused.

"I? Oh, no! But, of course, everyone in the state has heard of him. In fact, I think he is quite famous all over the country. He performs a great many operations. I wish he could see Janice."

Leita sighed again. "It's out of the question Sharlie."

"If he were anyone else in the world I'd go to him and beg him on my knees to help Janice," Sharlie said to herself, as she hurried to her work.

Leita was going home over the next week-end. "Why don't you go with me?" she asked Sharlie. "I'd like you to see Janice. She's the

sweetest child in the world, if she is my sister. Isn't this the week you are to have Saturday afternoon and Sunday off?'' Sharlie nodded. ''I'd love to go, Leita, if you're sure it wouldn't put your aunt out.''

''Aunt Alice adores company. She see very few people, for she can't leave Janice, you see. You'd be doing her a real favor.''

So it happened that Sharlie came in contact with Janice Bentley. The sweetest child in the world, Leita had called her, and Sharlie believed this was true when she met her. The child's face was so lovely it made Sharlie catch her breath with admiration. Her big, dusky eyes were soft and pleading. She was very pale, but her skin had the texture of a lily. Her nature was as lovely as her face. Never a word of discontent escaped her. Grateful smiles met every word addressed to her.

''You darling!'' Sharlie fell on her knees beside the couch and kissed the pale cheeks.

Aunt Alice was a frail woman with silvered hair, eager to be hospitable to Leita's friend, and pathetically pleased with the attention Sharlie gave her. ''It's so seldom we have company from away,'' she observed, ''it surely is a real treat. Now I can use the china grandfather brought from the old world so long ago. We only use it on special occasions.''

''I'm glad to furnish one of the special occasions,'' laughed Sharlie. ''Oh, what beauties!'' as the older woman took down the exquisite cups from the closet. ''What an odd pattern!''

''Yes, I've never known of a set like it. I suppose I ought to sell it,'' she went on wistfully. ''It would bring quite a bit of money but not enough for—'' She paused and nodded in the direction of the room where Janice sat in her wheelchair.

''Yes,'' I know,'' spoke Sharlie. Aunt Alice did not need to finish her sentence.

Sharlie made a quick and firm decision that night. ''I won't have it on my conscience that I might have helped and wouldn't, just from a selfish, personal reason,'' she told herself. ''Sharlie, this is the hardest job you've ever undertaken, but you're going to see it through.''

It was in consequence of this decision that, a few days later, Sharlie presented herself at the office of Dr. Benson. She was appalled by the roomful of waiting patients, but she slipped into the nearest chair and waited with what patience she could muster until her turn came. Then the doctor nodded to her and she got up and went into the private office with him.

''Well, young lady, what is your difficulty?'' he questioned, knidly, seeing that it was hard for her to speak.

''It's not for myself,'' she blurted out awkwardly. ''It's about a little crippled girl. She needs help awfully. She has no parents and her older sister supports her and herself. Her doctor recommended that she come to you—but—but they haven't any money and so—I—''

''I see. You are planning to finance the case yourself. Are you a relative, may I ask?''

Sharlie was taken aback. ''I? Oh no! I haven't any money, either.''

''In that case?'' the doctor smiled grimly, Sharlie thought. He left the question in the air.

Sharlie flushed deeply. ''The child

is so lovely and it's such a dreadful pity!''

''Are you asking me to see the child as an act of charity?''

How hard he was making it for her!

''Do you realize that if I took all the charity patients that I was asked to take that I wouldn't have any time for my own practice?''

''No, I didn't, really.''

She raised her eyes and looked at her questioner. His face was not as stern as she had thought. Indeed there was a kindly light in his eyes. Her hopes suddenly rose.

''Young woman, what is your name?'' The question was shot at her, and took her by surprise.

Immediately she was on the defensive. ''What does that matter?' she retorted.

''It matters very much—to me.''

So the game was up. Something had given her away. ''My name is Sharlie Vaughn,'' she answered defiantly.

''Charlotte Benson's daughter. My sister's child.''

Sharlie nodded. ''I wouldn't have asked a favor for myself,'' she explained. ''Mother said you told her once never to ask anything of you as long as she lived, and she hasn't. She told me not to, either, but I couldn't help asking for Janice.'' Her lips trembled. ''Now you won't of course. I thought you wouldn't know, you've never seen me.''

''Child you are your mother over again. I knew you must be her daughter the moment I began talking to you. Don't you suppose I've regretted those words I said to your mother before you were born? I went to Germany to study medicine right' after our quarrel and when I came back she had gone away from home and left no address. I was told she had married but could not learn her married name. I have lived with the hope of finding her again. Sharlie now do you think I'll refuse the first favor you or your family ask of me after all this?''

A radiant smile broke over Sharlie's face. ''No I know you won't Uncle Alfred.''

''Uncle sounds good to me. Do you suppose your mother will be glad to see me?''

''Glad! She always adored you. She told me that was why it hurt so when you said what you did to her.''

He questioned her eagerly about the family and their circumstances and seemed much concerned to learn that thorugh unavoidable misfortune his sister's family was greatly cramped for money.

''On the whole,'' he said thoughtfully, ''I've decided not to see your mother just yet. I'm going to plan a surprise for her. Don't speak of this interview, Sharlie, until you have my permission.'

Leita's joy was unspeakable when she found that Dr. Benson had actually promised to see Janice and would do his best to cure her. ''Sharlie, you seem to get everything you ask for,'' she told her friend. ''How do you do it? You must have some pull some way.''

But Sharlie only laughed and said the pull this time was on Dr. Benson's heartstrings. He certainly was a very kind man.

A few days later Sharlie received a letter from her mother containing some interesting news. ''The Morgan house on the hill near our place,'' she wrote, ''has been sold. The sale was made through an agent and the name of the new owner has

not been disclosed. Of course we are all eager to know who it is. The agent said the place was to be thoroughly renovated inside and out. Probably it will be used for a summer home. It will surely be the finest place in town when completed.''

Dr. Benson took Janice in hand at once and, after a thorough examination, he declared that he could make her well. The operation performed was successful and the child was soon on the road to recovery.

Sharlie was frequently invited to her uncle's bachelor home where she was cordially entertained. She was still working hard at the restaurant, but she did not mind, she was so happy in the happiness of Leita and Janice. She never thought of asking any favors of her uncle for herself.

It was two months later that her mother wrote again in regard to the Morgan place. ''There's to be open house there next Saturday,'' she said. ''We are all invited to come. The new owner will be present to meet his neighbors, we are told. Can't you get away to be here? You might never have a chance to see the inside of the house. It is beautifully furnished, they say, and all ready for occupancy.''

Sharlie wrote her mother that it would be impossible for her to come, but she did not tell her the reason, which was that Dr. Benson has asked her to go into the country with him for the week-end. It was Dr. Benson himself who had come to the restaurant and asked that she be released for the time, which was graciously permitted. Her uncle never seemed to ask for favors in vain.

''I believe he is taking me home,'' Sharlie told herself, as the car took the familiar road, but she said nothing until her uncle turned into the Morgan drive.

''This isn't the right place!'' cried Sharlie. ''Ours is just beyond here.''

Her uncle laughed gaily. ''There's no mistake, my dear. See, there is your mother in the doorway of her own home. Purchased by me and deeded to her. Perhaps she will allow me to spend my holidays and vacations with her. It would seem like a real home to me.''

Sharlie was too bewildered to answer and the car had stopped at the door where all the family was gathered to receive them. In order that the surprise might not be too overwhelming, Dr. Benson had asked his agent to reveal the secret to Mrs. Vaughn a few hours before their arrival. She stood upon the threshold now, with shining eyes and outstretched hands. The meeting of brother and sister after all these years brought tears to all eyes.

''So you've been in the secret all the time,'' her mother said to her at last, happily.

''Yes,'' Sharlie answered, laughing.

''There's another secret she doesn't know,'' Dr. Benson said, turning to his niece. ''She's not going back to the restaurant. I've arranged the business for her. She's to be my new officegirl, with a generous salary. I shall rely on her for companionship outside of business hours, and I'll tell you Anne,'' turning again to his sister. ''You'll see us out here frequently. And perhaps you wouldn't mind taking a little patient of mine for a few weeks while she is gaining her health. Her name is Janice Bentley. If it hadn't been for Sharlie's kindness to her we might never have been reunited.''

ABLE TO GO ON ALONE

(Greensboro News)

Chairman Frank Page of the highway department says the state system can be added to at the rate of 350 miles a year, with maintenance and overhead, and liquidate the whole road debt by 1952. This allows for a considerably less annual increase in motor traffic than the present rate of increase.

It is also contingent on the entire amount of the highway toll (the rate remaining four cents a gallon on fuel) continuing to flow into the treasury of the highway department. There are some signs that a more determined effort may be made at diversion. The argument is not lacking in plausibility. If a car burns a gallon of fuel on country roads, the four cents must be paid on that gallon, and all goes to the state roads. The fuel tax operates in fact as a mileage toll; but toll is collected for county mileage as for state-system mileage, only the country road gets none of it. If the country roads are left altogether out of consideration, it is fairly accurate to say the roads are paid for by a graduate per-mile fee; the man who gets fewest miles to the gallon pays the most per mile, but also he presumably operates a heavier car.

It certainly would have been fatal to the construction of the state system if the diversionists had had their way before this. As it is, the system is so far advanced that it cannot make a great deal of difference, unless the state is confronted with the necessity of very large expenditures for widening the trunk lines.

THIS IS THE WAY

Oh, this is the way to make a friend;
You must never be afraid to lend
A helping hand when things go wrong
And cheer his way with a smile and song.

Oh, this is the way to keep a friend,
You must ever be willing to freely spend
The best of your love, and faith and trust,
For friendship means love, and give love you must.

Oh, this is the way to make a friend,
To make and keep him to the end:
You must ever let him find in you
A friend that is brave and staunch and true.

—Selected

CELIA ON DUTY

By Ethel M. Wheeler

Celia Terry's disappointment was keen, for she had been promised a short holiday away from the island which meant home to her. However, since her mother had been called upon to help in a case of sickness, Celia had smothered the sigh that threatened to escape, and had assisted in packing the bag for Mrs. Terry, while young Jack, who was Celia's junior by several years looked on feelingly.

"But, mother, how long are you going to be away?" he asked with the suspicion of a tear in his eye. Jack had never been separated from his mother before; of course, there was Celia left, and father, too, but —well, things could not be quite the same! Who would butter the bread and spread jam when he came in hungry from fishing? Who, indeed? Celia would just say: "Go to the pantry and help yourself!" Or more likely she would announce that dinner would be ready before a great while, and he could wait until then!

"I shall return as soon as your auntie is better." Mrs. Terry answered. "Father will want you to go to town with him, Jack. The time will pass quickly, you'll see."

An hour later Mrs. Terry waved goodbye from the little motor boat that chugged swiftly away around the bend. Father had taken Jack as far as town, where they would lay in a supply of groceries that were needed, and where Mrs. Terry would board the train to continue her journey to her sister's.

Celia was left alone for the afternoon. She had plenty to do for several hours; a housekeeper usually has, she reflected, and this time the sigh did escape. But there was no one near to hear it.

"And to think that Captain Mackey's son and daughter are spending the summer near me—and yet so far! I did want to visit with Elsa so much."

The kettle's boiling over put a stop to lamentations.

When Mr. Terry and Jack returned a delicious hot supper awaited them. During the evening, when father had gone to the lighthouse, Celia read aloud to her brother until he at length grew too drowsy to listen.

"Jack," said the girl suddenly, "did Father get oil for the lamp in the lighthouse? It is almost gone —not enough for another night."

"I'm sure he forgot the oil," the boy replied. "Let me run and ask him—" Jack was gone.

Mr. Terry said he felt that something important had been overlooked; however, on the morrow he and Jack would go to town. It was a risk to allow the oil to run low, and this worried him. Never before had it happened.

Celia awoke with a sense of oppression; how warm it would be later. the sky was almost too blue, and the sun rose red as fire. Breakfast that morning was an effort even Jack could not eat.

Across the calm waters of the bay they could see the lake steamer at her dock, awaiting the hour for departure through the several lakes.

The Sagamo made a trip daily of

at least one hundred miles, leaving at seven in the morning and returning about half-past eight at night.

Captain Mackey owned the graceful white steamer, and this year he had brought his children North, allowing them to spend days at various points of interest, while he, of course, commanded his boat.

Elsa had written Celia that since her Aunt Mackey accompanied them and they were spending a joyous vacation, she did hope her friend would be able to come along. Celia gave a most tremendous sigh this particular morning, so deep, indeed, that it caused Jack to look quickly over at her.

"No use peeping at the Sagamo, Cel'," he laughed. "Better come fishing with me today."

"After I can clean my lamp in the lighthouse I shall want your assistance picking blue-berries, Jack. They are fully ripe, and Celia expects to surprise mother by having several jars ready for pies," said his father.

Jack was quite willing to forego fishing for berrying, which meant such delicious desserts later.

As they were leaving the house Celia reminded her father about the oil. **That** was important.

"I have not forgotten, my dear," answered Mr. Terry. "Right after dinner Jack and I will run across to town and be back in plenty of time to fill and light the lamp. How warm it is! They berry picking must be done this morning for the sun will be scorching by afternoon."

All morning Celia did not feel comfortable and it was not entirely because of the heat. She felt worried about that oil.

Directly after dinner Mr. Terry prepared for his town trip, Jack teased his sister by calling: "Come along, Cel'; I'll treat to ice cream soda!"

"Chocolate?" inquired Celia sweetly. Jack did delight in chocolate flavor, while Celia preferred pineapple.

"Any kind," said the boy grandly. "Lemon if you wish!"

"Good afternoon; and pleasant voyage!" laughed the girl as she ran back to the kitchen.

When they were gone, however, rather wistfully did Celia return to the porch. It was a fine day for even a little trip. Bother those blueberries! Perhaps they would have kept until the morrow. Father would have been willing for her to go with them. Too late—for they were beyond call.

With a careless glance across the bay the girl turned into the cottage. She did not notice a tiny, innocent-loking cloud upon the horizon; it would have caused no anxiety had she done so, for the sun and sky were brilliant, indeed. A rather perfect summer day.

Celia was presently humming a lively tune as she gathered together necessary bowls and kettles before commencing to "look over" the six or more quarts of blueberries. It was much easier to do them soon after they were picked, for they were solid and dry; and there is hardly a mussier task than sorting soft, bruised huckleberries! Celia knew this well. She had always lived in the North country among pines and rocks, small islands and large ones, with plenty of clear deep water mixed in.

Mr. Terry had kept the lighthouse situated on a huge, rocky point at the Narrows for many years. Behind this tall, white tower stood the pret-

ty little cottage that was home. There was a garden in summer—full of old-fashioned flowers; and in the winter deep snow covered everything.

Four o'clock! How the hours flew. Time Father and Jack were returning. As Celia washed her hands—and gazed with pardonable pride at her dozen glass jars of fruit—she thought surely 'twas somewhat dark for that time of day. Quickly drying her fingers she ran out of doors.

The sky was entirely overcast; the air was hot and dry. Far distant sounded dull thunder. How angry looking were those clouds above the bay!

"It will certainly be a terrible storm," said Celia aloud. "If only Father would come!" Straining her eyes the girl peered anxiously across the gloomy water. There was no sign of any craft. No one would dare to start out now. But thunder storms were usually quick to pass. That was one comfort. They were sudden and treacherous, but soon over.

The girl started to light the lamp in the oilless greedy lamp high up in the tower. . . . .

There were plenty of candles, and Celia decided to save the oil, although as she assured herself, what little there was would never satisfy that hungary lamp overhead.

Having closed all the windows, the girl sat down to watch the fast approaching storm. Vivid flashes followed almost immediately by crashes of thunder were incessant. Darkness descended; one would have thought the hour was midnight.

Celia was not afraid, but she could not remember ever having witnessed such a terrific tempest. The wind had risen, and finally came the rain. It sounded like a cloudburst upon the roof of the little cottage.

"Hope you don't leak!" said Celia, glancing up doubiously. The candles sputtered and gave only a glimmer of light.

Six o'clock arrived with no abating of the storm. At seven Celia ate a few dried biscuits and drank some milk. She could not bring herself to prepare a meal with such deafening noise about her, and what would be the use? Father and Jack could not possibly arrive while the storm lasted. Instead of one storm there seemed to be several, which chased each other back and forth.

"Some minutes I think surely 'tis over, and then bang! back it comes. Oh, dear, that light should be lit this minute. The Sagamo is due in half an hour. Perhaps there are other boats out—"

Of all times to run out of oil! Quickly took stock of what was in the house; just three small lamps half-filled! A drop in the bucket, so far as the lighthouse was concerned.

"Father would expect me to do something," the girl told herself as she snatched from a peg her brother's mackintosh. Snuffing the candles she opened the door and ran out into the night.

Progress was slow, for all was dense darkness. The wind beat her back, while drenching rain poured on her uncovered head. Of course, the only flashlight they possessed was in the boat, and the lantern must be at the tower.

"Hope I don't make a wrong turn, and step in the lake!" A rather weak laugh accompained this remark. But Celia kept on.

The flashes of lightning did little in aiding her direction, for they were

so sudden and quick, and then afterward everything seemed so dark, that the girl wished they would cease for a few minutes at least.

Suddenly she knocked against something hard; reaching up she felt about her. Yes, it was the lighthouse. Groping her way around she finally gained the heavy door which she managed, after some effort, to open. Just within she stumbled across something—the lantern. Carefully she she pulled from her pocket several matches, and at last had a light. It took but a minute to ascend the steep stairway, and then she was in the gloomy tower where a brilliant light should at that very instant be burning brightly. How dreadful to have the beacon fail when most needed! What small amount of oil she had brought was soon poured into the cavernous receptacle; such a tiny bit! Would it be sufficient to light at all?

The great clock in the corner chimed the half hour; eight-thirty! Exactly time the Sagamo was due. Celia's hand shook as she tried to light the beacon. The wick did not seem inclined to absorb that drop of oil, and match after match went out.

"Only two left," said Celia with a catch in her voice. She stood for a minute, her hand covering closed eyes.

Then calmly she struck a match and with steady hand held it forth.

At last! A light. It spread around the wick quickly, as though trying to make up for lost time.

A gleam of light out upon the water. Celia prayed that it might burn until the Sagamo was safely beyond the rocky Narrows. Smaller craft, too, might be out upon that violent lake.

Surely that was the steamer rounding the bend? Did the light from being the bend? Did the light from the lamp beside her flicker? Would it go out when most needed?

In a frenzy Celia picked up the lantern and rushed out on the small balcony that surrounded the tower. Waving the feeble light aloft in a signal of distress, which the captain would certainly understand should he notice it, the courageous girl stood bareheaded and coatless, not knowing that she was wet through—shivering with cold and fear.

The Sagamo safely passed the lighthouse; but what was she trying to do? It was evident that the captain intended to stop, if possible, at their little wharf!

Still carrying her lantern, Celia descended the lighthouse stairs and was in a minute picking her was to the dock. The storm seemed somewhat abated, although it rained heavily and the wind was high.

"Hello! What's the trouble?" A voice from the steamer reached her as the gang-plank was thrown over.

Many faces peered into the darkness. Captain Mackey and the purser came quickly ashore. It required but a moment for Celia to explain the difficulty. Had they any oil to spare?

"Plenty!" cried the Captain. "Why! if it isn't our little friend, Celia Terry! Bless me, child; what are you doing out in this storm? Wet through! Come aboard quickly. Where is Elsa? Fetch her this minute, Purser!"

What a time they had among them! The Sagamo was one hour late in reaching its destination that night—and nobody cared.

Three cheers for Celia Terry.

Then came Father and Jack, and

the entire story had to be retold. Elsa was easily persuaded to remain with the Terrys, and her brother promised to "drop in" the following day.

As the girls were preparing for bed, Celia said: "Well, I'm glad an ill wind—with rain—does blow somebody good. Didn't it just blow you in to visit me?"

"I was coming anyway. As soon as I received your letter Aunt Mackey agreed that I should return with Father on the Sagamo—and here I am!"

"We have oil enough to last months, counting the supply from the Sagamo and what Father brought," said Celia slowly. "I feel sure we will never let it run low again."

"Never!" echoed a voce from the hall.

"Jack, you rascal, get to bed! It is almost midnight!"

"Sweet dreams!" cried the boy, "and don't waken me before noon."

AUTOMOBILES ARE COSTLY BUT ARE HERE TO STAY

(Beaufort News)

Dr. E. C. Branson, of the editorial board of the University News Letter, is authority for the statement that the automobile owners of North Carolina spent the sum of $46,885,000 for gasoline last year. This does not include the amount spent for oils, grease, tires, tubes and for repairs. It seems incredible that the people of a commonwealth that not many years ago was rated rather low in wealth should be able to spend such a vast sum for transportation or any other purpose. From the fact of this expenditure Dr. Branson draws the conclusion that we "are a rich people, most unbelieveably rich." Is it not possible though that we are spending more for automobiles than we can afford?

Despite the cost of automobiles and their upkeep, despite the loss of life and personal injuries caused by them, despite the aid which they give to criminals, despite the encouragement which they give to idleness and vice and extravagance, they are here to stay. The automobile will continue in use until some better means of transportation is furnished and that contingency is not in sight. Since motor cars are going to continue to be used for a long time to come it is right and proper that we should throw as many safeguards around their use as we can. It is reported that in the year 1927 in North Carolina 511 persons lost their lives in automobiles accidents. A very large number were injured, many were caused by reckless, incompetent or drunken drivers. It is the duty of the State to protect the lives of its people as far as may be possible. One way to do it is to stop people from driving cars who are not fit to drive. Let everybody who is able to buy a car get one if he likes, but let nobody drive a car who can not pass a rigid examination as to character habits and ability.

THE BIRD THAT HAS A FLOATING NEST

My Ina Long Perry

There are many interesting bird nests, but one of the most unusual ones is that of the grebe. This bird seldom leaves the water. It lives chiefly on frogs and fish, which it catches with little trouble, because of its expertness in swimming and diving.

When nesting-time comes the grebe darts to the bottom of the lake to gather leaves and old brown sticks for its home. It also uses stalks and weeds of water plants, which stick above the water. It builds its nest on the surface of the water, attached to a shrub or a clump of grass, but occasionally a nest has been found in a sheltered spot, not attached to anything, but allowed to drift like a raft. After the mother bird lays the eggs she is very careful about leaving the nest. Whenever she wants to dive for fish or crabs for her dinner she scratches the loose dry leaves and grass around the edge of the nest over the top of the eggs to hide them from all enemies.

The little grebes are lively from the very first. Unlike the young land birds, they are covered to keep them warm, and are strong enough to move about and swim almost from their infancy. They are very cunning little felows and are called dab-chicks. They have very odd markings over their backs, beautiful rose-colored bills, and wear rosy-white aprons.

The mother takes very good care of her babies. She carries them on her back and dives with them under one wing. This is one way she has of protecting them from enemies. As soon as she sees or hears an enemy she gives the signal. They all hop on her back and cling to her wing. Quick as a flash she dives under the water and swims away from danger.

The plumage of the grebe is very beautiful, at one time it was used for trimming on hats and dresses. In color these birds are dark, usually brown, with gray or white breast and underparts. In the summer most species have a gorgeous crest or top-knot, which is divided in the middle so that it droops over on each side in a very artistic way. In winter the crest disappears almost completely, and the plumage becomes very dull.

There are about six different kinds of grebes. They are found in both America and Europe. One of the prettiest grebes found in the United States is the rednecked grebe, wheih comes down from Canada to spend the winters where it is not so cold.

The grebe is a very odd-looking bird, and so clumsy on land that it can hardly walk. This is because its feet are so much like paddles and are broad and flat for diving and swimming. Its legs are set so far back on its body that it always has the appearance of being reared up in front and on the alert.

Living on the water all the time from the time they first see the light of day from their floating nest enables the little dab-chicks to learn how soon to catch frogs and fish for their dinner. In a short time they can dive as quickly and as well as their mother.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mrs. Pearl Young, matron at first cottage, has returned from a visit to her daughter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. A. P. House, of Charlotte, recently visited his son, H. D. House, who has charge of our bakery.

Mr. R. H. Walker, one of the officers in charge of eighth cottage, has returned from a week's vacation.

Mrs. Sappenfield, matron of the fourteenth cottage, has been sick for a few days. We are glad to learn that she is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Manly Misenheimer, of Oklahoma, visited the School last Monday. Mr. Misenheimer is editor of a paper out in the oil fields.

Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Goodman, of Newberry, S. C., visited the former's sister, Miss Vernie Goodman, at the Training School, last Monday.

Our first cantaloupes were gathered the first of the week. Only a wagon load was to be had, but before long we will have plenty and to spare.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hunter, of Greensboro, recently visited friends at the institution. Mr. Hunter was a member of the staff here a few years ago.

Rev. C. Herman Trueblood, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His sermon was very good and was enjoyed by all present.

This month is our mid-year parole month, and Supt. Boger has sure been thinning the ranks. If they go much longer like they have for the past two weeks, there sure won't be many left.

Herbert Floyd and Horace McCall, two of our young printers, were paroled last week, going to their respective homes in Charlotte and New Bern. They have our best wishes for success.

The baseball game scheduled with our ancient rivals, the Harrisburg team, was "washed out" last Saturday. One of the heaviest rain storms in recent years made it necessary to postpone the game until the following Saturday.

Lawrence Vaughan, one of our Linotype operators, worked in the Concord Observer office last week, substituting for one of their operators, who was attending the Firemen's Convention at New Bern.

Some of our officers and matrons are enjoying the vacation period. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hudson are visiting friends and relatives down in the lower part of the county, and Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Presson, and

son, Lawrence, Jr., are visiting in Monroe.

This section was visited by one of the worst storms in recent years last Friday and Saturday. Several of the roads over our property were damaged considerably and a number of flower beds, especially the dahlia beds at the print shop and at third cottage were badly washed and the plants broken.

The barn boys have been hauling gravel to repair the new road that has just been completed that leads to the old Fisher Place. The road was damaged by the recent rains.

NATURE AND GOD

..'' 'Tis Nature that weaves the curtain,
That covers the sunrise glow
With hangings of rose and azure
That change as the moments go.
It closes the gates of sunset
On ocean, and sky, and sod;
But Nature, with all its wonders,
Is only a name for God.

'' 'Tis Nature that clothes the lilies
And teaches the birds to sing;
That stretches the reaching meadows
Where the langorous grasses cling.
It teaches the heart its beating,
Puts the glow of life in a clod;
But Nature, with power unfailing,
Is only a name for God.

'' 'Tis Nature that sets the planets
Each swinging in its place,
And scatters the stars in motion
Through the farthest realms of space,
'Tis Nature that rules the ages.
As though with a shepherd's rod;
But Nature, with love unchanging,
Is only a name for God.''—Kind Words.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 25, 1928. No. 31

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U. N. C. Library

IN THE WHILES

Twice in a while I'm merry,
Once in a while I'm sad,
Thrice in a while the thought of your smile
Makes my whole day glad.

—Richard F. Schultes.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Our success or failure in life rests largely upon our ability to make the proper adjustments. We fight and rebel over conditions that we cannot help and forget to trust God, who has promised to guide us all along the the way. It is chafing against the things that are displeasing to us that causes the greatest sorrow. If we can learn to adjust our life to the plan that God has for us and follow His will in all things, we will find that life will move along in a calm and unruffled channel.—Christian Observer.

THE CHILD PROBLEM

The following is an excerpt from an address before an assembly of church workers, the subject Child Welfare, by Supt. M. L. Kesler of Thomasville Orphanage. The entire discourse shows the spirit of a man who has spent his life in salvaging human souls—and not one who has given his life to manipulating an adding machine, and by so doing can instantly inform any one as to the finances of county or State.

Supt. Kesler is a wizard when it comes to transforming the homeless boys and girls into upright men and women. Remember the scriptures say, "for the poor always ye have with you." Dr. Kesler has given much study to the child problem:

Dr. Kesler gave the State legislature a rap for their attitude toward helping all the dependent children who needed help, appropriating a

"measly" $50,000 for that, and millions for roads and others things. He believes in good roads, and all progressive improvements, he said, but deplored the lack of interest in the dependent children on the part of the legislators of this State in the past. "Then politics got into it, and the $50,000, was cut to $30,000," he added.

Dr. Kesler showed that the time would never come when there were no children who were dependent. For that reason orphanages will always be needed, he said. Every call for help should be investigated at first hand by the case workers, and if the child is not admitted, something should be done to solve the problem to the best interest of the family. He likes the term "family welfare" rather than "child welfare" from some standpoints. The question of children from homes where the parents are united to keep them, affords a great problem that has not been solved, according to Dr. Kesler.

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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN REUNION

Tarboro did itself proud in playing host to the 21st Annual Convention of the Confederate Veterans from August 7-10 inclusive. The city was bedecked for the occasion in bars and stripes of the Confederacy; the people of Tarboro and the whole of Edgecombe County, from the highest to the humblest, abandoned all business and in the spirit of the old South determined to give to the survivors of the Gray a royal welcome.

Despite the fact that there were only 330 veterans at the Reunion to answer the roll call the interest of the public was not the least bit abated on account of the dwindling line of the brave and heroic followers of Lee and Jackson.

Tarboro left nothing undone in the way of taking care of these old warriors who fought the battles of the brave and true more than half century ago.

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STATE FIREMEN CONVENTION

The State Firemen held their 41st Annual Convention during the first week of August in New Bern. We know that New Bern with its historical background and hospitable people gave to that crowd of 1,500 men—who often risk life to save life and property when answering the fire alarm—a royal entertainment; because New Bern people do not think of hospitality

in terms of just giving board and lodging. This body of brave men when services are not in demand receive little attention. They are appreciated at the time when needed.

President Duckett, Asheville, recommended in his report that the State Association sponsor a training school to learn the art of fighting fire. This is a timely thought—one to be considered seriously because it not only takes a cool and deliberate person to take the lead but one who knows the best methods of fighting fire so there will be no confusion or loss of time at the critical moment.

A little training along this line of thought in public schools and state institutions might be the means of saving the county and state much expense if there were conserted action by the student body at the time of a sudden conflagration.

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THE SPIRIT CONTAGIOUS

The following tells of the wisdom of Editor Price, of Rutherford County News, in making for himself a country estate so after the day's work is over in the town he quietly wends his way homeward to relax with a complete shift of scenes.

We are expecting many business men of Concord to catch the spirit of Editor Price, and before very long we predict many beautiful country estates around and about Concord. Cabarrus County, like Rutherford, can furnish many beautiful sites for country homes. The following is from the Stanly News Herald.

> Editor R. E. Price, of the Rutherford County News, has caught the spirit and has purchased a 12-acre tract two miles out from Rutherfordton, on the Chimney Rock Highway and has erected a handsome home thereon. He is raising chickens, corn and fruits, having now a fine crop of peaches on the young trees of his new orchard.

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WHO IS WHO IN THE KING'S DAUGHTERS ORDER

This issue of The Uplift carries an interesting article telling something of the life and activities of Mrs. Morris W. Leibert, New York, president of the International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons.

It was our pleasure to meet Mrs. Liebert in Charleston, S. C., four years

ago at an International Convention and it was at this meeting she impressed the entire body of workers with her sweet dignity, gentle spirit and kindly face.

She is the widow of a Moravian Bishop of New York State, but she has found joy and comfort in working beyond her own denominational lines, and rejoices that she is called to a broader field of service to labor among those who are often not affiliated with any church.

The Uplift is always proud to recognize "Who is Who" in the Order of the King's Daughters, because The Uplift, the official organ of the Jackson Training School recognizes the value of the mission of the King's Daughters and appreciates the interest of the North Carolina Branch in the life of the Training School.

We, locally, know something of the work of the King's Daughters, but if there were a greater publicity given to the work throughout the states there would be possibly a greater following and more interest in the work of the Order.

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ALL SINGERS NOT SELFISH

The little town of Southport realized a thrill, Thursday night, 9th, when Gene Austin, the King of modern singers, sung from the deck of his private yacht, Blue Heaven, to an audience of 2,000 people that assembled from around the immediate vicinity including many from the city of Wilmington.

All available row-boats were commandeered, the roofs of the fish houses, all pilings along the dock, and every conceivable space elsewhere was crowded with interested as well as curious spectators who wished to see and hear the noted artist.

The search light of the yacht was directed upon Gene Austin as he merged from his private apartments, took his position before a small piano on deck, and rendered to the delight of all a benefit concert for the local baseball team. He was greeted with a round of applause that was an evidence of appreciation of the crowd.

The whole thing was a lovely setting for a concert consisting of popular airs—the stillness of the evening, the gentle ripple of the waves, the myriad of many artificial lights reflected in the water and the canopy of heaven the only shelter as Austin, in his sweet, clear voice, sang "Voice

of the Southland Keeps Calling me Home," "Ramona," "The Girl of My Dreams," and other selections.

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THE MINISTER'S MISSION

For any minister of the Gospel to take refuge in the house of God to give vent to his feelings especially if detrimental to the social or politicial standing of his fellowman is not brave to express it mildly.

But there is much of the human in all of us—we like a little publicity even if it is somewhat sensational. The only avenue for some to get before the limelight is to preach about the moral issues of the day in the most blatant manner to the oblivion of the spiritual needs. It is quite easy to confuse morals and religion. The ultimate aim of every minister of the Gospel should be not to minister to the needs of the body, but to the needs of the soul.

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THE FLYING BOAT THE SAFEST

Just imagine the "consternation in camp" if while sailing smoothly in an airplane or seaplane and find yourself completely and suddenly surrounded by flames—even being in a "Whale" of a seaplane does not assure one of safety or quiet the nerves under such arduous circumstances.

Captain Courtney of the flying seaplane, named the Whale, gave a graphic story upon reaching New York of the fire, the sudden dive into the sea, the hours of drifting, the Radio S. O. S., call and the final rescuing by the liner Minnewaska. The whole account reads like a mystery story, but from all reports the flying plane or seaplane seems to make the trans-Atlantic crossing safer. But the question is: Are any of the flights safe?

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

The new one-dollar bills have not gotten around to me as yet. They say they are a third smaller than the ones we've been using. I guess being so much smaller it takes them a longer time to get around. Some complain about the size. As far as I am concerned, a dollar is a dollar, whether it is as big as a barn door, or as small as a postage stamp, and the smaller they are the more of them I can carry. The new dollar suits me. The old ones are just as new to my pocket-book as the new issue. Let 'em come—in flocks.

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The present is the only time you have in which to battle for what you want. You have no assurance of any other time. Successful business men do their level best with conditions as they find them now. They do not wait until next year when "things will be better." The waiting policy is a losing policy. It is very much on the order of the Quaker woman's philosophy in a sermon. She had her discourse divided into three parts. In the first place, she said, she couldn't understand why some people go to the trouble of killing themselves, when if they would wait awhile they would die without any effort on their part. In the second place, she couldn't understand why boys would throw rocks at apples on the trees and knock them down, when if they would let them alone the apples would fall. In the third place she couldn't understand why young men would put themselves to great trouble to visit girls when if they would just stay at home, the girls would come to see them. So, there you are about waiting.

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If the temperature in Hawaii is the same all the year round, as they say it is, I am wondering what the people talk about when they meet; and what a fellow's conversation is when he goes to see his girl.

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It seems that the banana is coming into the lime-light at a rapid rate. It is said bananas are taking the place of apples in a fruit diet. Now its going to take me a long time to get used to banana cider. I know it will. And banana cloth is talked of. Of all things. But I imagine it will be a nice thing to slip on when you are in a very big hurry.

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They are telling it down in Macon, Ga., that a moonshiner spilled some of his choice product on his wife's pansy bed one evening, and all the pansies had become tiger lilies the next morning. That's the Georgia brand. The North Carolina bootlegger's product has been known to make the driver of an automobile think he was a lineman, and undertake to climb telephone poles with his car to work on the wires.

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Dependability is one of the best assets a human being can have. A dependable person is as stable as the hill—as steady as a clock. Unswerving fidelity to each and every trust As a characteristic it is a jewel. It was in the Sun composing room. Two errors were discovered in a form just before it was rolled and sent

to the sterotyping room. I called attention to them and D. B. Breese, the pressman, remarked: "Tell J. J. Weatherspoon about them. They'll be corrected." That's a compliment to the faithfulness of "Red" Weatherspoon, as the boys in the office familiarly call him.

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Sleepy time. The sun had gone down in the bright golden west. In her snow-white crib the baby darling was taking her rest. Her Teddy Bear was hugged close up to the dear little heart. She looked like a little angel just from around the "great white throne," down on earth among the beautiful flowers, the fairest of the fair among them all. Her dreams must be sweet, from the angelic smile on her face. Perhaps she's dreaming of angels, or perhaps butterflies; or flying aeroplanes, or of fairies and birdies, or nice mud pies. Whatever it is, it is pleasing, and her rest is not broken. When the grownups at the end of the way, lie down to that sleep which knows no awakening, what a peaceful eternal rest it will be to have the calm and joy of the innocence and tranquility of baby at sleepy time.

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Two little chaps were carrying on an animated conversation. One said to the other: "I say, your father is a shoemaker and you haven't got on any shoes." The other boy replied. "That's nothing; your father is a dentist and your baby sister hasn't got a tooth in her head."

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It is announced that the 18,000,000th telephone will be installed in the United States this year. Now, talk about talking, this is concrete evidence that people just love to talk, and conversation is not becoming a lost art, whether you can look the the person in the eye you are talking to or not. But after a while we will be able to see "who's this," at the other end of the line, and they'll know "who's that," at this end.

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I once saw a sign in a savings bank window which said: "If you dream castles in the air, save and put a foundation under them." A man I knew, as an initial step towards wealth, saved, and after a time reached his first goal, the $1,000 goal, after which, it is said, the money just grows. He began looking around for ways to help that $1,000 grow. Like many a thrifty, but too impatient young man, bought wildcat stock. The $1,000 was gone and with it his dream and all the rest. Put a foundation under your dream castles.

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It is well to diet your mind as well as your body. There is just as much detrimental to the mental part of your existence as there is to the physical part of your being. There is, in these piping times of rapid progress, such an alarming variety of knowledge issued from the printing presses, that Margaret Culkin Banning is wondering what mental gluttony is doing to the people. People are literally stuffed with things they have no time to digest. Superficial study and reading causes them to lose sight of independent thinking. Among other things she has this to say: "All the great thinking of the world is, and has

been, done by those who keep themselves on a mental diet. Enough new ideas to keep the mind alert is essential. But if they are too many the mind ceases to be alert and soon becomes sluggish. It simply collects new ideas and does nothing with them. They go to fat.'' Intellectual digestion can be spoiled by absorbing too many facts and opinions, from ''every wind that blows,'' without stopping to think whether they are founded upon truth and justice. Thinking the way to sound opinions is the exceptional in the minds of many. It is so much easier to mental labor to have somebody else do the thinking and accept their conclusions as our own. Many hazy ideas are founded upon illogical processes. As Watts puts it, in his ''False Greatness'':

''Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span;
I must be measur'd by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man.''

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The young boys who run about the towns and cities, in the present day, may know more than their parents —and some claim that they do, as Wordsworth would say: ''The child is father of the man''—but those who have their feet shod at all times do not seem to have that real joy and delight of barefooted boyhood as they did in the days of my boyhood, when we used to turn our feet out the first warm days of approaching spring. Every boy of my acquaintance, in those days, carried a stone-bruise, or limped more or less with some ailment of the foot, or a stubbed toe. It was a common thing to see toes adorned with rags, nursing a sore toe. The joy of such an affliction was the fact a boy would show his sore toe for a bite of an apple, or a peach, or anything else the other fellow was eating and he had none. It was a trading commodity; and it most always consummated the trade. The boy without a sore toe, or a stone-bruise, was not in the elite of boyhood circles with some ailing prowess he was proud to show his chums, and carry off the laurels of boyhood affliction.

FLOWER TALK

The violets tell us ''Be modest,''
The sunflowers ''Laugh and be gay.''
Forget-me-nots, ''Please remember.''
The roses, ''Be sweet every day.''

They bring a message to us;
Be sure that we get them all right,
While out in the garden the flowers
Are nodding their wise heads so bright.—Selected.

DR. STRATON HEDGES

(Asheville Citizen)

Now it is reported that Dr. John Roach Straton, the sensational Fundamentalist pastor of Calvary Baptist Church in New York, has begun to hedge on his acceptance of Governor Smith's challenge to give him a public hearing in his pulpit on the attack which he made upon the Democratic Presidential candidate when he called him the most baleful moral influence in the public life of America. Dr. Straton, it is stated, is now contending that a condition of his acceptance of this challenge shall be that Governor Smith will arrange a second hearing for the two of them in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

We do not know that this report as to Dr. Straton's revised position is correct but we do know that such a position is utterly preposterous. Governor Smith has made no attack upon Dr. Straton and no attack up Dr. Straton has been made in St. Patrick's Cathedral, so far as any one knows. Why, then, should Governor Smith be expected to debate any question with Dr. Straton in St. Patrick's Cathedral? As pastor of Calvary Church, Dr. Straton from his pulpit made a sweeping charge against the Democratic candidate for President. His denunciation of Governor Smith was broadcast over the radio and was published in the press. Governor Smith thereupon asked for the right to answer this denunciation on the spot and in the place where it was delivered. He offered to allow his accuser to put to him any question he chose and promised to meet that question fairly and frankly. He is not interested of course, in having a debate with Dr. Straton. He is interested only in branding an accusation. It is not for Dr. Straton to attempt to make conditions as to whether or not he will give Governor Smith this opportunity.

Dr. Straton appears to be rather given to reckless and wanton attacks upon public men. A story from Norfolk in The Baltimore Sun relates that in 1919 when Dr. Straton was preaching in Norfolk, he accused O. L. Shackleford, then Commonwealth's Attorney, now judge of Corporation Court No. 2, of Norfolk of trying to block grand-jury investigations and made insinuations against his integrity. Mr. Shackleford sued Dr. Straton for libel, but some months later, before the case went to trial, Dr. Straton withdrew the charges he had made, admitting that he had "done Mr. Shackleford a great injustice" and offering his apologies and regrets. As the Shackleford charges had been preferred in February and were not withdrawn until June, the suggestion is powerful that they were withdrawn only under pressure. The epsoide will cast considerable light upon Dr. Straton in his present role.

The darkest hour in any man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it.—Horace Greeley.

MRS. LEIBERT ELECTED INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT

(Home News)

At the general convention of the International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons held in Ottawa, Canada, in June 1928, Mrs. Morris W. Leibert, of New York City, was elected president. At present Mrs. Leibert is also president and central council member of the New York state branch of the Order. It is a source of great pride and joy that such a high honor has come to Mrs. Leibert and to the New York state branch through her.

Probably there is no one now in the Order who has a longer or more active record of service In His Name than has Mrs. Leibert. Joining the Order in 1886 the following year Mrs. Leibert organized a circle of which she become leader. For a number of years she was the leader of six circles, for six years president of the New York District and State Treasurer for two years. For the past eight years (the present term will make ten) she has been president of the New York state branch, part of that time the central council member and at present is president of The Home for Aged Couples and The King's Daughters of the New York state branch.

To be president of a branch is no small task under any circumstances bringing with it, as it does. many arduous duties. But during Mrs. Leibert's encumbency and largely through her influence, the state undertook the stupendous task of raising a $150,000 endowment fund for the Home above mentioned. It would be impossible to try to tell how great and faithful have been Mrs. Liebert's efforts in connection with this fund. She has worked personally, in her own circle and throughout the state spending untold amounts of energy and thought, until through her and many other faithful King's Daughters the fund has gone over the top to the amount of $175, 000

In The Home there is a room endowed in memory of Bishop Morris W. Liebert by Mrs. Liebert and her daughters. In the Infirmary are two beds each endowed by Mrs. Liebert and her daughter Mrs. W. R. Noe, Jr. Aside from the material benefits, and not all have been mentioned, Mrs. Liebert's sweet dignity and sterling character have done much to The Home and for the New York branch. As the wife of a Bishop of the Moravian church her accquaintance became large and she has interested many influential people in the work of the Order. Through Mrs. Liebert's guidance the work of the Branch has grown in every respect and it is with great pride and rejoicing that we wish her unlimited success in the higher and larger service to which she has been called.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.—Lloyd Jones.

THE HOME MAKER

By Mrs. W. T. Whitsett

Some covet the honors that come from successful literary work; some strive for laurels in law, medicine, science, and theology; but no honor could come to me which I would prize more highly than that of home maker, the one greatest profession in the world.

"Home is the sacred refuge of our life." Home is the resort of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where polished friends and dear relations mingle in earth's finest joys. Why should not one be proud to wear the title of home maker?

Poets have found difficulty in selecting words to properly describe the ideal home. Some have called our best American homes "The foundation of civilization." If this be true, then to be a home maker with all its good influences should be the loftiest ambition of every woman.

Home making proper takes, I believe, more diplomacy, ingenuity, tact and resourcefulness than any other profession on earth. Let us briefly consider some of the requisites for a good home maker:

The standards for teachers, doctors, lawyers, ministers etc., are yearly growing higher, but to enter the profession of home maker, mother, and wife, there are no well-recognized standards of proficiency as yet. Any eighteen-year-old girl may enter at pleasure, be felicitated upon her good fortune and be expected to make a great success, when she has never cooked a meal nor planned one; never studied meal planning nor preparation; never made a garment; never bathed a baby; never studied child hygiene, nor any of the numerous subjects that will likely confront her even during the first year of this profession. Our girls need a literary education; but I do think it is criminal for them to spend years at college studying higher mathematics, romance, languages, etc., to the neglect of any information as to child feeding and care, cooking, buying, and budgeting, sewing, and the thousand and one things that she will so much need when she marries.

Mothers should insist if their daughters go to college that they include in their courses the practical things that will help them to become good home makers; and if girls do not go to college, then the mothers should teach these things in their homes.

There must be a plan for any successful effort. A magnificent building develops from the mind of the architect, then in the blue prints of his draughtsman, and then in the steel and stone of the builders. Just so we should have plans and ideals for our homes if we are to attain to anything like perfection.

We must decide what kind of home we want; not just the rooms and the furnishings, the lawn and its plantings; but above all else, the character and influence which we wish our homes to have. Once a professor in a school asked his students to write out their highest ambition; what they wanted most to become. One girl wrote, "If I can only attain to a degree the realization of the beautiful ideal described in Proverbs 31 I shall be happy." Some would have

thought that a very strange answer; but was it? To be an ideal mother, wife, and home maker. Any way that girl married that professor, and has ever since been striving to reach that goal. True homes must be Christian homes, and to make them Christian, the home maker must be a Christian woman.

There can be no true home where love does not dwell. In this day of rush, and hurry, and mad pursuit for happiness, we need love more than ever.

"Hurrying home to wash, and eat
and sleep.
Hurrying to love a little maybe
Between the dark and the dawn
Or cuddle a tired child,
Who blinks to see his father."

No one can realize more than we mothers and home makers the hurrying and rushing of the young people in their mad pursuit of dreamed-of pleasures; and it is our job to love them so much, and to make our homes so attractive that the home will be more than able to compete with any outside attractions. Our children will then be glad to remain at home for the most of their entertainment.

A few weeks ago the Junior Christian Endeavor Societies had for their topic, "How Can We Make Our Homes Better and Happier?" My society drew a plan of a home on the blackboard, named all the rooms, etc. It was brought out that the carpenter could do all the building; it could be made comfortable and even beautiful; the furnace could be put in to warm it; the electric lights to make it bright as day; the walls beautifully papered; but is this all to make a home? Would this make a real home? Every junior present answered at once, no! Well, what more is needed to make a home? People must be in the house. Well, suppose the people were always quarreling and fighting, would it then be home? It would not. The juniors finally decided that to have a real home we must have a house, then father, mother, and children, and then all love each other very much. In the living room they would all meet and entertain their friends, play the piano and sing; in the library they would read and study and talk; father and mother would read to the children the great things from the world's literature and the wonderful Bible stories; all would talk, be instructed, and enjoy the hours. The dining room would be home-like and happy, food would be of the right kind, properly prepared, to keep all well and strong. All would thank God for so much He has given to make them well and strong. Pleasant conversation would prevail. Smiles and happiness would abound. So from the mere house, we would build a real home. This is a good lesson not alone for children, but for all home makers. Certainly, love is one of the essential things.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them.—Henry Ward Beecher.

THOMAS A. EDISON

(Exchange)

Hard work! These two words sum up the career of Thomas Alva Edison, the world-famous inventor whose name has penetrated every remote quarter of the globe.

Edison is perhaps the greatest—at least one among the two or three greatest—of Americans born in a small town, and his career is an inspiration to every boy, whether he hails from a big city or a tiny hamlet. For Edison is the miracle man of the century. His inventions and experiments are known so widely that it is futile to enumerate them here. We are in contact every day of our lives with instruments, devices and comforts that owe their being to the genius of Thomas A. Edison.

Milan, Ohio, was the town of his birth—February 11, 1847 the date. He received some instruction from his mother, and at 12 years of age began in the battle of life by selling newspapers on the Grand Trunk Railway. Already young Edison was tinkering with machinery and developing those interests that in later life made him such a world-figure.

He learned telegraphy and became an operator at various places in the United States and Canada, and soon invented many telegraphic appliances that brought him a reputation that was a forerunner of his present universal recognition.

His present workshop is at West Orange, New Jersey, where he and a staff of experts constantly surprise the world with their scientific findings. Edison is now eighty-one but his quest for the secrets underlying natural forces has not ceased. He has just set out on experiments in rubber-growing which he contemplates will take twenty years to complete—and he looks forward to completing them.

Edison is an inveterate worker, at it all the time, and allows himself at most six hours sleep at night. He believes that if we all worked more and slept less, we would be happier and healthier. Most people find more sleep than Edison necessary—but his constitution is such that he needs very little. Work, absorbs him from morn till night, and he thrives on it.

The small-town boy among other things his given us the megaphone, the phonograph, the incandescent lamp and light system, and motion pictures; he has received patents for over 1,000 inventions, including many war inventions for the United States Government.

His career has been as dazzling as the electric light he invented. Those who deplore the lack of opportunity in American small towns should cast a glance toward the distinguished and esteemed genius known as Thomas Alva Edison. He is an immortal.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
God made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.—Selected.

THE PERFECT WORLD

(Asheville Citizen)

Edna Ferba, Sinclair Lewis, Henry L. Mencken and other distinguished writers have agreed to write for The Nation their description of the world they would like to live in. Stuart Chase opens the search for the perfect existence by listing both what he likes and what he would abolish on earth as to make his contacts ideal.

Among the things he dislikes are ill health, monotonous work, eating poor food, eating in ugly places, all transit in New York whether by foot or on wheels, being looked down upon, going to formal entertainments, shopping (with rare exceptions), and being bored by bad plays and books or by people. Among the things he likes and wants are: encountering a vivid awareness of good health, creative work, manual and intellectual; eating good food in comfortable places; the sensation of living in sunny, well-designed houses, being with friends, going on spontaneous parties, making love spontaneously, kindly causual contacts with strangers, travel for pleasure, keep discussion, a good fight, and, of course, good music and books and impressive scenery.

His lists are so interesting and so important because they fairly jolt the reader with the realization that, from Mr. Chase's standpoint at any rate, the ideal world is easy to create. In fact, it is not too much to say that it is possible for any average individual, if not to surround himself with the perfect world, at least to live among things and people that make the world beautiful, fascinating and satisfying. All of the things Chase dislikes can be avoided or abolished with reasonable care. All of his preferences can be met if the individual is willing to exert himself.

Consider the number of people who needlessly submit to ugly surroundings, monotony in thought and act, and boring men and women. They find others boring because they are not always ready to make them show their best sides. The trouble is, not that the others are boring, but that the bored person refuses to find in them interesting or instructive things. It is an art and a game to draw out of others the best they have, to fire them up to animation and enthusiasm.

The man who "doesn't like to take the trouble of meeting new people" and the woman who "prefers to sit at home and knit" would find any world stale, flat and unprofitable. Life is a fine adventure to only those who go adventuring.

No church can be saved by an endowment. An endowment is of value only when you have a living church to use it. There are dead churches with heavy endowments. They have piles of gold, but no life. There is no life in them because they are lacking in love.—Dr. Charles E. Jefferson.

ROADS

(Albemarle Press)

A contract for the grading of the Albemarle-Concord road was let by the State Highway commission on the 7th. As yet no statement has been given out as to whether this road will be surfaced. It is hoped that it will, for there is really a need for a good road in this direction. There are some who will argue that it will take the trade to Concord but we doubt this.

Albemarle and Stanly county are fortunate in having several good highways, but there is still need for more. Route 80 is paved from Salisbury, but the Southern part of this route is in sad need of repairs. Albemarle stores now attract trade from Anson county, and a good paved highways from Wadeboro to Albemarle would bring thousands of dollars more business to Albemarle every year. Albemarle will not lose anything by having good roads leading in from all directions.

It is reasonable to believe that it will only be a matter of time until the state will see fit to pave the section of Route 74 between Albemarle and the river. The paving of Highways 74 and 80 will give Stanly County a net work of paved roads which would be a credit to any county of like size in the state.

The County Highways, however, must be maintained, for they are almost as essential as the State roads. The County Highway Commission has been doing some splendid work in maintaining these county roads, and it is hoped that they will be able to keep them in good shape. Careful management, a ready repair crew, and a willingness to do will make the task a comparatively easy one.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Bell the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches, in the depth of winter. Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name. Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker. Dont snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind. Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lesson. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books. Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice. Don't snub any one. Not alone because, some day, he may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—Selected.

AIR MAIL PROGRESS

(Winston-Salem Sentinel)

More than a quarter of a million letters a day are being transported now over 21 air routes in the United States. The mail planes fly 20,000 miles a day, or four-fifths of the distance around the world.

These facts are given as the result of a survey conducted by the American Air Transport Association to indicate the extent to which air mail service has grown. It is stated that the greatest increase has come within the last few years, since the inauguration of night flying giving 24-hour-a-day service

Such information is interesting and gratifying. It marks the progress and proclaims the successful future of this form of transportation. The benefits of air mail service are being more and more recognized by business men, who appreciate the saving in time afforded by this quick means of sending letters.

The South only recently has been given air mail serivce, through the New York to Atlanta route, and this service is to be expanded by the addition of other lines immediately. Business men of Winston-Salem are taking advantage of the opportunity to get their mail dispatched with the minimum loss of time and reports indicate they are finding it most valuable.

The air mail is here to stay and the big part it is playing today in the business and commercial world is evidence of the fact that it is to fill a definite place in life during the future.

TOURIST BUSINESS IS AN AID

(Selected)

The development within the past few years of tourists camps has opened an entirely new chapter in the history of modern motoring and the results of the new touring will be to decentralize tourist business and recreational activity.

Tourists camps, especially those operated by towns, are proving to be a great aid to the smaller places where before the motorists would pass rapidly through, making some effort to reach a larger place before nightfall. Today, the small towns are furnishing the greatest opposition to the cities for tourists trade.

There are few communities where the tourists fail to stop. A survey of the tourists camping growth shows that there are more than 3,000 camp sites many of which are equipped with every facility for the motor tourists' comfort and convenience. California tops the list in the number of camps for a single state, while Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Florida are not far behind.

There are thousands of small towns which could not possibly support a first class hotel and maintain it as a paying investment, but which are nevertheless able to provide for suitable camping grounds and thus make a strong bid for their share of the tourist patronage which formerly escaped them altogether.

JOHN BUNYAN

(Charity and Children)

Much has been said of late about John Bunyan whose body rests in Westminister Abby, where England's immortals sleep their last sleep.

Bunyan was a cobbler of shoes. A man of limited educational advantages, an obscure preacher who for the faith that was in him languished in Bedford jail for twelve long years. Separated from his beloved family and from the noise and tumult of the world, he had time to meditate and from his prison cell there streamed forth a story that stands next to the Bible in popular favor.

One of the greatest creations in all literature sacred or secular, is the Pilgrims Progress, the fascinating allegory of the journey of the Christian through this world and his safe arrival at his heavenly home at the journey's end.

The book charms alike the saint and the sinner, the scholar and the statesman, childhood and old age. It has poured a flood of light on the pathway of life and has brightened the road for millions who struggle beneath the burden of the world.

And yet this man gave twelve years of his life as a penalty for preaching the gospel. However these twelve long years were not given in vain. So far from being lost, they were the twelve greatest years of his life and more productive than a whole life time of other men whose names stand high on the scroll of fame.

At the last Baptist Alliance, in Toronto, one of the greatest deliverances of that mighty assembly was a speech by Dr. W. J. McGlothin, of Furman University, setting forth the worth and work of John Bunyan, the Bedford prisoner. Christians of all denominations delight to do him honor, for his work for the Kingdom of God surpasses that of any other man of his day or of any other day before or since his death.

AVIATION PROGRESS

In the first six months of 1928 the increased interest which the United States is taking in aviation was evidenced by the establishment of 557 airports in various parts of the country. Many of these airports have been created through action by State and city governments. Others have been made possible by private organizations.

It is also announced that the air-mail lines of America are now paying good interest on the investment. In the past ten years the air mail has handled more than 300,000,000 letters and its pilots have flown nearly 14,000,000 miles. There have been but thirty-two fatal crashes in the decade.—Asheville Citizen.

OUR BRETHREN, THE ESKIMOS

By Mabel I. Lien

I wish it were possible for me to take you into an Eskimo village. Yon could then see that part of our country in which the Eskimo lives, see his living conditions, and get a glimpse into his native home life. Probably you think of the country as a cold and barren region; a place where winters are long and dreary, and where people live in snow houses. Alaska may well be spoken of as being divided into two distinct parts the sontheasteru part and the northern part. Those of you who have visited the southeastern part, I know will agree with me that it is beautiful with its snow-capped mountains, abundant vegetation, pine forests, numberless rivers and smaller streams.

In this section we find Indians, Rnssians, and a goodly number of American white people. It is farther north that the Eskimo lives. In this part there is less vegetation, and all the year round it is mnch colder. There are but few places where there are trees other than willow bushes. All the same the conntry is not devoid of beauty. There are mountains, and the tnndra with grasses and mosses; in the spring you will find hundreds of wild flowers including the May flower, the violet, the wild poppy, and also the dandelion. Then there is the ocean, and I do not know of anything which speaks more forcefully of God's glory and greatness than the ocean. Thus, as far as nature is concerned, I do not think that the Lord has neglected the land of the Eskimo.

How Do They Live?

These people live together in villages. Life is very much the same in all communities; there are no industries, no stores, not even a post-office. Each family makes its own living by hunting and fishing. During the winter they hunt foxes—occasionally they get a bear. In the spring and fall, or rather with the going and coming of the ice, they hnnt seal and walrus; while during the summer they fish. The Eskimo lives mostly "on the country," although he does a fair amount of trading with white traders. Money has no value to the real Eskimo. Dealing with traders is simply the exchange of wares. The native has ivory, fish and furs, for which he gets staple foods, such as flour, sugar and probably milk, also some white man's clothing.

Most of these people are wretchedly poor. A white man visiting an Eskimo village for the first time would say they are ALL wretchedly poor! We cannot estimate an Eskimo's material worth by any financial standing, as he has none. His wealth is estimated by the number of reindeer which he has and the number of foxes which he caught during the winter. Toward the end of winter it is often hard for the average family to be comfortably fed and clothed, because the reindeer herd may be in the mountains where it cannot be reached and the sea is not yet open for fishing. During the month of March, I remember calling at the home of a large Eskimo family to see a little boy who

was sick. It was a beautiful morning, but twenty below. As I came toward the house, two bright-eyed little fellows came to meet me. I shivered to see how poorly they were dressed; the younger had ony a reindeer skin dress which was too old and worn for giving any warmth to the little body. Both were barefooted. In the house there was but very little to eat—I am certain the mother did not know what she could serve for the next meal. In cases like this it is pitiful not to be able to help them more in a material way.

A Friendly People

As a people the Eskimos are friendly. In our work among them our lives are not in danger, as has been the case in China, but all the same there are things to contend with; this is especially true regarding the white traders. They do many things to make it most unpleasant for both government and church workers, to say nothing of their demoralizing influences upon the natives. Among other things, they have led the Eskimo to gamble and to drink. Furthermore, the traders have made money by dishonest trading. Now the Eskimo has begun to realize the value of his wares and watches his opportunity for "a good bargain." But he does not see the difference between a trader and a missionary; to the native they are both white and as such are not to be trusted. A church worker must live with these people in such a way as to share their joys and hardships, and thus prove to them that he is there to work for their welfare. The missionary will then be spoken of as God's man.

The work of our Church has, so far, been limited to only two stations, Teller and Igloo. But what about the villages farther inland and farther north? In many of them we have Eskimos baptized into our faith, and according to the command of Christ we owe them instruction. Many of these natives have pleadingly expressed their desire for a resident missionary. Because these people are primitive and childish they need constant care. They are not able to take care of themselves as there is no one among them who is able to act as a spiritual leader. They know there is a God; they also know of the immortality of the soul, but this is not sufficient. They must learn to know the Saviour as a friend and as a personal Saviour. Surely, in the sight of the Lord their souls are as precious as ours. He loves them with the same everlasting love. They need not only pastors, but teachers, doctors, nurses and other social workers who are prompted by the love of God to show and help them into better ways of living. Surely, we have a responsibility toward these people.

Kindness propagates itself on all sides. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries. Thus, for all these reasons, there is no better thing, which we can do for others, than to be kind to them; and our kindness is the greatest gift they can receive, except the grace of God. —Fredrick William Faber.

EDUCATING THE PRISONERS

(Mooseheart Magazine)

It is generally agreed that most criminals suffer from a defective education. Many of them do not know enough to read or write. A great majority of them appear to have learned no trade. These defects of education ought to be remedied, when men are sent to our penitentiaries. Most penologists and criminologists are agreed that some of our criminals come out of our prisons worse than they were when they went in. Perhaps we could obviate this condition to some extent, if we adopted a new policy toward them.

We ought to do all in our power to make decent and self-respecting citizens of our prisoners. The old idea of revenge as a punishment for crime is passing away. The man who wants to see another hurt for his misdeeds is himself a bit of a criminal at heart. We should seek to effect not revenge but reformation.

Of course we may often fail to effect our object. But there will never be any harm in trying. If a man in prison is unable to read or write, he should be taught his letters while there. If he knows no trade he should be taught one by means of which he can earn his living when he comes out.

Some of the most eminent doctors claim that many criminals can be cured by means of medical treatment. If these claims are justified, why are not the doctors given a chance to show their skill?

If I were in a cynical mood, I should say that it looks at times as if a good many people would lose interest in life if the greater part of our press were not devoted to describing the activities, trails, and punishments of criminals. Crime gives a large number of prosecuting attorneys and attorneys for the defense abundant opportunity to make grand-stand plays of the sort which seems to be incense to their spiritual nostrils. But all serious and decent people want to see an end of crime, if there be any way to end it; and it might be advisable to give a more attentive ear to some of our doctors than to some of our lawyers.

HOW WORDS ORIGINATE

Limousine is so-called from Limoges in France, where carriage bodies of this type were first made; artesian wells are named from the French province of Artois, where these wells were dug; the word bayonet comes from the French town of Bayonne, where bayonets were made. Canter is an abbreviation of Canterbury gallop, this being the easy gait at which the Pilgrims rode to Canterbury town. Currants first came from Corinth. Coach comes from Kosci, Hungary, where coaches were first used. Copper springs from a word derived from Cyprus, the island of its original discovery.—Selected

GROWING TOWARD MATURITY

(Young Folks)

There is a young man of my acquaintance who, when he was growing boy, used to take great delight in making collection of various objects. Banners, buttons, pins, badges, shells, pebbles, strangely colored bits of glass, these were some of the articles he dearly loved to gather together. Whenever he learned I was going away he would request that I try to bring something along to add to his collection. He had devised a kind of wall fixture upon which he would hang them. It was a motley variety, but to him intensely interesting.

But years have pased and these one time treasures have all gone out on the scrap pile. He still speaks of them, and laughs about them; and the laugh is always attended by a blush, as though he is ashamed he ever took a fancy to such useless trinkets. But why should he be? They are part of a boy's life. They fit in at that particular stage of his development, and let us add, are a part of his development.

But would it not be sad if he were still gathering these trifles and lavishing on them the same love? He has grown; his body and mind have expanded; his interests have widened; and he has put away those childish things. God has made it so that these lesser joys and concerns drop away and make room for the larger ones which are knocking at our doors for admission. As a lad of half a dozen years I was thrown with a man six feet two, and I used to think, "How far he can see and how much he can include in his vision!" That is what growth of another sort should mean to us. When we were boys a boy's problems were all we could handle; but now that we are men we have become stronger, our sympathies have broadened and our interests have stretched out.

EAT WHEN HUNGRY

In a recent "Keeping Fit at 60" lecture to some 400 senators and and representatives, their wives and friends, Bernarr McFadden, physical culturist, advocated substitution of appetite as a gage of meal times for the time honored American habit of three square meals a day. In his opinion regular meals are a mistake and one should eat only when hungry. "I often fast two days," he said "and once I went without food for 18 days. People who are dying today are dying from eating too much food." He urged development of a "physical personality" and pointed out that the simplest and best of all exercises is walking (barefooted.)

THE FIRE MRS. SMITH DID NOT SEE

By Clara Bell Kent Palmer

Mrs. Smith was the most popular old lady in Annapolis. She was a widow who had raised five children of her own, and had mothered numberless young men, who had come to the town as candidates for the United States Naval Academy; and through it all she kept her body vigorous and her heart young.

She sympathized whole-heartedly with the youth of her day, and never was willingly absent from any source of fun or excitement. She chaperoned at innumerable parties, always helped to serve church and community suppers, gratefully accepted tickets from her boys to be present at all College activities, hardly ever missed an entertaining lecture or debate, and never, except on one notable occasion, failed to be among those in the front line of observers when a fire broke out.

Fires, as one knows, are the chief sources of excitement in a small town, and, in the winter of which I write, Annapolitians had been treated to several illuminating spectacles.

But, alas! for dear old Mrs. Smith! She suddenly developed deafness in her right ear! And, so, one night, happening to be reposing upon her left ear, she failed to hear either the town siren or the fire bells.

The impressive factor about the fire that night was that it occurred in a Colonial brick building, used at that time for a theater, and situated just three doors from Mrs. Smith's own home.

Whistles blew and bells clanged, fire engines came roaring and clattering by, doors banged, people hurried through the streets shouting to each other, flames crackled, bricks fell, firemen noisily arranged their apparatus and loudly called directions to one another; but Mrs. Smith slept on, while three doors away the biggest fire Annapolis has ever known rapidly spread and lighted up the streets for blocks around.

Presently the city's volunteer firemen finding that the blaze was getting beyong their control, sent a call for help to the Naval authorities.

Then the Government boats in the harbor sounded their whistles, and the Naval Academy siren moaned and shrieked, and sailors, marines and midshipmen came pouring along the streets of the town, bringing the Naval aparatus with them. Still Mrs. Smith slept on.

The seamen tackled their job heroically and efficiently, and soon it became evident that the fire was being brought under control. The theater was too far gone to be saved, and the Masonic Temple which adjoined the theater on the farther side, was all but destroyed, but the dwelling house on the side towards Mrs. Smith's house was only partially injured.

It was in an effort to save this house that the amusing incident of the evening was brought about.

In order to direct pressure against the vital point in the burning building a midshipman mounted to the top of Mrs. Smith's house, and was climbing gingerly along her roof, hose in hand, bound for a vantage point from which to attack the fire, when step-

ping on a rotten place in Mrs. Smith's roof he dropped straight through, and landed on the old lady's bed.

The jar of the young man's impact, amid a shower of broken shingles and plaster, aroused the old lady at last.

Calmly she sat up in bed, and brushed the dust from her eyes. Then without any great evidence of astonishment, she recognized the dishevelled midshipman as one of "her boys," and pleasantly inquired, "Why, bless my heart child, where did you come from?"

LITTLE THINGS COUNT

By John Scott Douglas, in Young Folks

Vivian Small was the name of the tallest boy in Easterbrook. The "Vivian" was given him by his English parents because it was a boy's name in their country. But it was forgiven him by the boys of Easterbrook. For there was nothing feminine about him. He was large, square-shouldered and had a deep bass voice like an amiable rumble of thunder—if you can imagine such a thing. He never was forgiven for his last name, however—he was six feet four in height!

There were two sides to Vivian Small: First, he was an athlete. His large frame and splendid physique fitted him admirably for this role. He was never happier than when taking part in some athletic competition—especially tennis. Second, he had his goal. This goal was engineering. He hoped some day to be a famous engineer. And the means of accomplishing his goal, as he saw it, was to graduate from Mass. Tec.

Small had just graduated from high school. Having no money, he intended to work for his father, a contractor, for several years, in order to earn enough to go to Mass. Tec. for several years. He expected to work in addition to his regular work there, which he knew would prove arduous, in order to finance his last two years. Unfortunately, his father was in no financial position to help him, for Hughes, the other contractor in Easterbrook had the lion's share of the business because of his larger capital.

Early in life, Mr. Small had told Vivian that he couldn't become adept in all lines and make a great success in all. Consequently, although Vivian took part in all forms of athletics, he specialized in tennis. The greater share of his exercise he received in this sport from early spring, when the nets were first up, to late fall, when the first snow prohibited play. His size had made him the veritable Tilden of his vicinity, though his skill with the racket made him in no way conceited.

There came to Easterbrook the first part of August a wealthy lumberman, Hartley Watts, and his son, Donald. It was the Watts' plan to build a saw mill in the town, together with about one hundred houses to accommodate additional workmen who must be brought in from outside towns. Naturally, both Small and Hughes were eager for the business. They

had heard it was to be given to a contractor. And Watts, a big, gruff, though genial man, visited both.

One night he had dinner with the Smalls and Vivian had an opportunity to meet Donald. They instantly took a liking to each other, perhaps because opposites attract. They were not opposites in nature for Donald was a clean, frank, courteous young fellow, several years Vivian's senior. But physically they were the anithesis of each other; Donald was only five-feet-seven, and he was very slim and lightly built; very graceful in comparison to the awkward Vivian. As if by mutual accord, their conversation drifted into the channel of tennis.

"I was entered in the men's doubles," Vivian rumbled affably; "but my partner obtained a position with the group department of an insurance company, so he had to leave before the state tournament, which starts in three days. Guess I'll have to play in only the singles and mixed doubles. There doesn't seem to be anybody in need of a partner."

Donald's eyes sparkled with interest. "Might I play?"

"Why, of course, Don. I didn't know you played. We could be doubles partners if you'd like—only I'm not much of a player." It was like Vivian to belittle his own ability on the courts.

When they started to play together the next afternoon, both were surprised to find how evenly they were matched. They played only one game all afternoon, and it had to called off finally when the score was 19-18 in Vivian's favor. There was hardly a shade of advantage on either side.

"Team work is what counts in this game," Vivian declared emphatically. "We've got to work together, Don, just as a football team does. I believe some tennis matches are won by team work rather than by playing."

"You seem to win a lot of your points by out-thinking me," Donald laughed.

"I guess I don't out-think you!" Vivian asserted seriously. "It's more likely the other way about."

As they played together, they learned the eccentricities of each other's games. They learned to run forward together for net play. And one mind seemed to motivate them, for they had learned to accept certain actions on the part of the other as a signal to stay back and drive, or run forward for net play.

One day they played with Sam Hughes, son of the other contractor, and Lew Smith. Time after time, Hughes would call Small's speedy drives out, whereas Donald could see that they obviously were not out. Yet he did not protest. Nor did Vivian. In the end they won comfortably.

As they were walking home, Donald mentioned the fact:

"Do you permit players to call good shots out as Hughes did today?"

Vivian laughed. "His father rather spoils him. Rather than have an argument with him, I permit him to have his own way. His eyesight seems to get worse and worse, however."

"That wouldn't go in a tournament, would it? queried Donald. "Sam is hurting himself to take such an unfair advantage of his opponents.

"You must understand, Donald, that Mr. Hughes is one of the richest men in town. Since he and my father are business rivals I don't like to say anything against him. But

he is referee in some of the big matches, and there has been considerable criticism regarding some of his decisions when Sam is playing. Some of our very biggest players in the State refuse to participate in the State tournament as long as Mr. Hughes is referee."

"Do you mean that he cheats in favor of Sam?" demanded Donald incredulously.

Vivian shrugged his shoulders. "If he were not a business rival of my father's, I might make some comment. As it is, Donald, I have nothing to say."

* * * *

That evening Donald said to his father:

"Who are you going to hire to do your work, Hughes or Small?"

Watts looked thoughtfully. "Personally I like Small better, son, but I'm not sure that he has the capital for this job. It looks as though negotiantions are about to be closed with Hughes. He has the assets to back him up, and the organization."

"Dad, you were telling me that little things count to inform one which way the wind is blowing."

"Yes, Donald," querulously.

"Well, I was playing tennis with Sam Hughes today. He cheated considerably, perhaps a little thing in itself, but an indication of his character and his bringing up at home. Vivian informed me that some of the best tennis players in the State were disgruntled by Mr. Hughes' decisions as referee in the tennis matches. I judge that he meant Hughes called good balls out."

Watts stroked his beard thoughtfully. "That's the way I've felt about him throughout these negotiations."

"Will you scrutinize any contracts you make with him carefully, Dad?"

Watts laughed affably. "You'll have me believing he's a bad character yet."

"Not exactly that, Dad, but you said that little things show character. So do be careful. . . . By the way, Dad, Vivian is going to Mass. Tec., too. Wish we could go together. But he has to earn some money before he can start."

"You boys are getting pretty thick," laughed Watts heartily. "Well, he strikes me as a clean, upstanding lad. "I'll see if we can manage to send you back to Tec. together. You remember I'm one of the chief directors in the Western Pacific Light Company, and we send ten boys to receive engineering education each year, providing they will promise to remain with the company for a period of five years."

"Well, Dad," remarked Donald with a laugh, "it would certainly be doing a good turn to send Vivian back to get that course. And I'm certain you'd have a trustworthy fellow. Again the little things count in his case. He's shown himself a perfect gentleman in all ways. He wouldn't take me, an outsider, for his partner and spend all this time adapting his style of play to mine if he weren't just naturally decent."

The tournament week started. And negotiations for the lumber mill had not yet been settled, though Watts had finally decided to do business with Hughes when all details had been arranged. Hughes offered him a shade better price for the work.

Donald and Vivian started at opposite ends of the tournament singles. They both flashed their way through the preliminary matches without the

loss of a set. Vivian's first real competition was in the semi-finals when he played Lew Smith. He was playing against Hughes the referee, who called many of his good shots out, and Smith, who could seemingly drive from anywhere in the court, back-hand or fore-hand. Yet Vivian's cannon-ball service was supreme that day. He aced Smith repeatedly. His net play was invulnerable, for he could hardly be passed. And, awkward though he was, he covered the court without hurrying at any time. He always seemed to be thinking his plays before he made them; he always met the returning ball without difficulty. He won the match 7-5; 6-4; 6-2.

Donald had less luck playing Sam Hughes. Donald was repeatedly amazed at the audacity of Hughes, the referee, in calling apparently good shots out, time after time. Sam was playing in fine fettle, while Donald became unnerved at the thought that all his border-line shots were certain to be called out. And it had always been his policy to drive his shots well back. Consequently, he was at a poor advantage.

The spectators were enraged at the injustice of the decisions. They mumbled beneath their breath: "If these courts didn't belong to Hughes they certainly wouldn't let him referee the matches." "It's a pity there aren't some other decent courts in the State!" "Well, Hughes put up the cups and he wants to get them back by refereeing the matches to please himself." "Jimmy! did you see that one of Sam's that he called good! It was out five inches. He ought to have another pair of thick-lens glasses." "And he called that shot of Watts' out! If that shot had been a foot farther back, it would still have been good!"

Finally Donald lost the match 8-10; 7-5; 6-8; 7-5; 6-4. He shook hands amiably with Sam and the referee, and left the court smiling. Everybody was seething. If he had had fair umpiring he would undoubtedly have won the match.

In the finals of the singles Vivian left no room for doubt. He played at net as much as possible, smashing the balls in the middle of the court with such force that they bounced over Sam's head. Not even the audacious Hughes had the nerve to call those shots out, though he did give Sam considerable advantage in cheating for him in various ways. The score of that final match was Vivian's by the decisive score of 6-4; 6-2; 6-1 Reluctantly, Hughes handed him the singles' cup.

That same day Vivian and Claire Goodwin played Sam and Rose Blum in the mixed doubles, and once more Sam was forced to leave the courts sulkily in defeat; this time the loss was greater, 6-2; 6-1; 6-2. Another pair of cups did Mr. Hughes bestow, none too pleasantly.

But the men's doubles were the most exciting of all. The score of 10-8; 7-9; 8-6; 5-7; 6-3 in Vivian's and Donald's favor only partially told the story. For Hughes ruled more audaciously than he had in any of the other matches. Pop bottles actually flew in his direction at some of the more outlandish decisions. It seemed incredible that any man could face a crowd in the guise of referee and hand out such rank decisions time and again. Yet in spite of those decisions, Lew Smith and

his son, Sam, lost the match and the cup. In actual counts they were greatly outplayed in every feature of the game, but most especially in team-work. Donald and Vivian worked together like a couple of automatons; they ran forward together, and back at the same second. At other times they would form their single file formation, Vivian in center court at net, and Donald behind him to receive lobs.

Watts and Small met them at the end of the match congratulating them on their victory. Watt's face was white, and his lips were white and set in a grim line. His face twitched nervously. But Small seemed to be his usual serene itself.

"Let me drive you home," Small invited the other three. "My car is waiting at the street."

Donald and Vivian were enthusiastically talking about their match, when they heard Watts, after a long silence, announce:

"Small, I'm ready to accept your terms for the mill and houses."

"What!" ejaculated Small incredulously, staring at Watts in great surprise. "I thought my price was too high."

"I thought it was, but I'd rather pay a little more and do business with you. Donald told me to watch Hughes because he had seen several indications that he might prove tricky. Fortunately for me, I did watch him. And he tried to slip a clause into my contract with him stating that I was to furnish all the lumber—an absurd condition, naturally, considering the price I was paying him, and our previous agreements. He tried to get me to sign it without reading it very carefully, but I suspected he might do something like that, and, when I found that clause. I told him that our negotiations were off. He claimed that it was a stupid mistake on the part of his stenographer, but I don't care to have any further dealings with a man who will try to trick me."

"Then Dad can send me to Mass. Tec. with you," exulted Vivian as he turned eagerly to Donald.

Donald's eyes twinkled. "He won't need to, Viv. Dad's arranged to send you as one of the ten men from the Western Pacific Light Company. He liked lots of little things about you, Viv, and well, little things count, you know."

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Miss Barber is matron at the eleventh cottage. Miss Hartsell, the regular matron, is on a vacation trip.

Last Saturday morning a bunch of boys worked on the ball diamond and got it cleaned up in time for the game after dinner. The diamond was pretty much "washed" during the heavy rains last week. It now looks a good deal better.

A carload of coal was put off on our spur track last week and was unloaded Monday by a number of boys.

Monroe Horton, a member of the

fifth cottage, has been given a position in the print shop during the past week. We all wish him luck.

Emory Shields, a member of the third cottage, has been given a position in the carpenter shop recently. We hope that he will soon be a fine carpenter.

Talk about swimming, the printers nearly had to do this very thing recently. During the heavy rain storm a drain pipe in front of the shop became stopped up and, the water having no other place to run, found its way into the print shop. The next morning the water was ankle deep inside. What a nice time we had. The pipe has been repaired, so maybe we won't be washed out again.

We were honored last week-end by a visit paid us by one of North Carolina's most distinguished citizens, Colonel Fred A. Olds, of Raleigh. Colonel Olds has charge of the Hall of History at the capitol. He goes from town to town and city to city, visiting the schools and talking with the students. During the last year he has visited thirteen hundred (1300) schools in various parts of the State. He made six talks to the boys and officers together and one to the officers alone. Each time he had something new and interesting to tell, and all were eager to hear him. He has traveled in different parts of the world and can keep your attention about as long as anyone else. Several of his talks were about his trips abroad. He having charge of the Hall of History, he knows a good deal about history. In the words of one of our boys: "He can tell you more history in a day than you could learn from books in a month," which is not far from correct. We all hated to see the Colonel leave, but hope that we will see him again in the near future.

Last Saturday afternoon the Harrisburg team visited the local diamond and went away with the short end of a 3 to 1 score. It was a good game, both teams playing first-class baseball. Both Harris and Lisk pitched a good game, each team collecting seven hits, none of them for extra bases, and each twirler fanned the same number (3) and gave very few bases on balls. Neither side scored until the sixth frame, when the visitors put their lone tally across on two singles and an error. The local team, in their half of the same inning put two markers across the old dish on successive singles by Scarborough and Petrea, two stolen bases, and an infield out. One more was added by the local boys in the eighth when McCall singled, stole second and scored when Scarborough drove out his second hit.

Lisk, local pitcher, kept the visitors' hits scattered, and was ably assisted by some fast fielding with men on bases. The Harrisburg lads also did some nice fielding, making two double plays.

The score:		R	H	E
Harrisburg	000 001 000	1	7	2
J. T. S.	000 002 01x	3	7	3

Stolen bases—K. Alexander, Gray, B. Harris, McCall, Scarborough and Petrea. Base on balls—off Lisk 2; off Harris 1. Struck out—by Lisk 3; by Harris 3. Hit by pitcher—by Harris 1.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 1, 1928. No. 32

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

I hold not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well; all things are not ill and all things are not well; but all things shall be well, because this is God's world.—Robert Browning.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SHIPS THAT NEVER COME IN

All young people have their dream ships—and they expect them to come in. But dream ships have a way of drifting farther and farther out to sea until they finally disappear. The ship that comes in is the one captained by Common Sense, with Vision for a mate, and a crew made up of Industry, Persistence, Ambition, Dtermination and Enthusiasm.

A ship thus manned will reach the harbor, but the one with Idle Watching for a Captain, Thoughtlessness for a mate, and a crew made up of Delay, Indecision, Fear and Faint Hope, never calls at a port.

Dream all you will, but see to it that your dreams are not merely fanciful pictures. To fix upon a possible and desireable objective and to think of it night and day, to work toward it hour after hour, is not idle dreaming; it is the practical thing that enables men and women to rise above their fellows in the scale of accomplishment.—Southern News Bulletin.

A PUBLIC TRUST, NOT PRIVATE POSSESSION

Many people feel quite secure from all of the ills of life when holding large possessions; but when the rich, or leisure class do awaken to the fact that material wealth is a loan or trust as Aaron Naufberg did, one of the finest lessons of the Christian religion is learned—the brotherhood of man.

No man could exemplify a finer conception of the christian spirit than the son of the Jewish Rabbi as described in the following as taken from the Lynchburg News:

Aaron Naufberg, son of a Jewish Rabbi, died in June and, under a will probated recently, left the greater part of his estate of $1,3000,000 to charities, Jewish, Protestant, Catholic, civic and interdenominational, thereby joining the goodly company of those who have learned that great wealth is a public trust rather than a private possession.

Aside from the fact that Naufberg realized the obligation imposed by great wealth, it is to be noted that he did not confine his donations to charities of his own religious faith. More than most Gentiles, he seems to have realized the brotherhood of man and the fact that money given for charitable purposes, whether through Jewish, Catholic or Protestant agencies, is money given to the service of that God whom Jews, Catholics and Protestants alike worship. It is an object lesson particularly needed at this time.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE BYRDS OF VIRGINIA

The city of Norfolk is the assembling port for Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd's airplanes, and all equipments essential for his flight to the unknown land of the Anarctic regions before shipment to the snow covered wastes of the South Pole.

Every precaution will be taken in working out details for the flight, by Byrd and his crew, so nothing could be left undone that would prove a handicap after leaving home and friendly shores..

It has been estimated that the outlay for this expedition will cost over $1,000,000; if the trip is successful the value of revealing the secrets of the unexplored territory cannot be measured by dollars and cents. Then there is another thought—if this venture is a failure and crew lost even the memory of those who undertook the hazardous flight will perish with time.

Governor Harry F. Byrd, chief Executive of the Old Dominion, known as the flying governor, made the trip from Richmond to Virginia Beach this summer aboard the army dirigible T. C. 10 to inspect the Virginia Military Reservation.

There was standing within the shadow of the dirigible that brought Gov. Byrd to the encampment at the Beach, his grandmother, Mrs. William Byrd, 89 years of age—and she remarked: "I would like to ride on that thing."

It is evident the Byrds have inherited the spirit of venture, the dare of their pioneer forebears with no fear; because hope and faith seem to envelop their very being that bear them up and on in every hazardous undertaking.

If aviation proves successful "when the world is tied together with ships of the air, the name of Dick Bryd will stand out among the most brilliant in the galaxy of the pioneer of aviation just as Columbus is regarded today an explorer of the deep. His countrymen will see that the honors they were waiting to accord him are transformed into a memorial that will perpetuate his name for all time."

Here is hoping Dick Byrd will hoist old glory on the South Pole, and meet with a success commensurate with that when he went to the northern extreme.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DEVELOPMENTS IN TIDEWATER VIRGINIA

In Nansemond and Isle of Wight Counties of tidewater Virginia there has been built within the past six months by private corporations of New York and Norfolk Cities, a perfect net work of hard surface roads, also bridges to span the James River, Nansemond River and Chuckatuck Creek that bring in close proximity not only the county seats and community settlements of the respectives counties, but makes Newport News, Hampton, Old Point Comfort and Yorktown within a radius of a few hours ride. Distance today (debarring accidents) is more frequently measured by hours and minutes than by miles.

The bridge across the James River, five miles long, connects Newport News of Warwick County with Isle of Wight and Nansemond Counties; the bridges that span Nansemond River and Chuckatuck Creek (about two miles long) eliminates the water routes or boat trips, that were once essential in going from one seaport town to another around Norfolk City. All of this work, twenty miles of hard surface, seven miles of bridge work will have been completed in less than a year which is a practical demonstration of economy of time in road building.

This twenty miles of hard surface winds like a ribbon through one of the richest agricultural sections of highly cultivated truck farms in eastern Virginia. This part of Virginia prior to the War Between the States was the home of the Virginia gentry and many colonial homes surrounded by groves of the natural forest, magnolia trees, crepe myrtles and English box-bushes are seen as one rides along, and these old homes reveal the ideal life of the early pioneers of the Old Dominion—perfect seclusion, or an aversion to publicity.

This link of hard surface brings tourists from the North and West direct to Virginia Beach, Yorktown, Hampton-Roads, called by many "The Cradle of the Republic," and other historic shrines that form a background in making our America a free and independent land. No place can offer to the retired financier more beautiful sights for private estates with a history of noble achievements in which to spend the sunset of life than those overlooking the James and Nansemond Rivers.

We cannot just now see the objective of this marvelous development by private corporations of New York and Norfolk; but we sense on account of the wonderful water front, and in the midst of a rich agricultural country that there is a dream of manufacturing developments in the mind of some great man with a vision.

For one to have been away three years, and review the changes it seems that some magic wand has touched the country, but the magic wand in this instance is the brain of man.

The North Carolinians never fail to boast of their progress in road building and up-to-date school buildings; but the Virginians continue quite conservative and take time in this day of fast living to review past history and pay homage to the old historic shrines.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN

The press gives out the information that during the burning of the Administration Building of the Central Hospital for insane of Nashville, Tenn., that 1,000 inmates were released so as to save them from the flames. Out of that number of irresponsible people only thirteen were missing. With such a small percentage unaccounted for it is reasonable to conjecture the unlucky number after the excitement subsided was found.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Many people think that the work of the good Samaritan is only in spots, but you find good works wherever you go. While sitting in the office of a clever and popular young fellow one day we heard this young fellow take more than an hour of his valuable time in raising a fund to pay expenses of a young woman is in extremis at Catawba T. B. Sanatorium. You do not find many young men who think that kind of work is for them, but for the

other fellow. Usually young men will chip in fifty cents or a dollar towards the emergency fund and feel that they have done their bit. To be a leader and put over any proposition of welfare work it takes time, patience and grace. The young man referred to is a Rotarian and he gave one good hour in calling together his committee to help one of his own people—he knew the young woman slightly but it was enough for him to know she needed help.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

John D. Rockfeller, Jr., is taking much interest in restoring old buildings, and preserving relics of the Revolutionary period.

We have not heard of him yet having a match of Kentucky thoroughbreds, carriage and liveried coachman and taking a ride in some conspicuous boulevard.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Some brilliant mind suggests the only way to prevent disaster of submarines is to hold the maneuvers in some mountain city.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

All of Doctor Straton's sensational charges against Governor Smith have found a place on first pages of many newspapers. Dr. Straton realized the publicity he was seeking and the papers without much effort found news—that the majority of the people like to read.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

See where a New Jersey farmer, the other day, flagged a passenger train with a burlap bag and saved the train from being derailed by a break in the rails. The burlap bag is making progress. It is a matter of history, in others days, a red flannel petticoat was used to flag down trains in cases of this kind. So this particular bag is a lap ahead in rendering valuable service. The red flannel petticoat has gone into the obsolete shades of oblivion along with the long trains the women used to wear.

—o—

It is related that a Georgia man was taken up in an airplane for a ride and lost his speech in the air. The report is that he hasn't recovered it yet. If this is generally known there will be an effort to send some of the campaign orators up for an air ride before the campaign is over. And there will be some husbands mean enough to suggest to their wives that an airplane ride would do them good.

—o—

It has been said that Opportunity is the middle name of every job in the world. But you don't discover it until you put something real into your work instead of taking everything you can out of it. Don't be a machine; use your brain. Many do with opportunity as children do at the seashore; fill their little hands with sand, then let the grains fall through one by one, till they are all gone. Four things come not back; the spoken word; the sped arrow; the past life; and the neglected opportunity. Opportunities are the offers of God. Heaven gives us enough when it gives us opportunity. Great opportunities are generally the result of the wise improvement of small ones. If your opportunities are not good, better improve them. Remember you are responsible for talents, for time, and for opportunities. Improve them as one that must give an account. Make hay while the sun shines. Gather roses while they bloom.

—o—

The lady of the house, hearing the sound of crockery crashing on the kitchen floor, inquired: "Lena, what are you doing?" And Lena replied: "Nothing, ma'am, it's done."

—o—

Boys and girls in the present generation are made wise too early in many things. There has been a great revolution—or is it evolution?—in the life of the young people in the past fifty years. The tendency is to pleasures and self indulgences. Boys must have money for all sorts of amusements. Girls now go regularly to barber shops at an age when boys have no use for razors. They must have lip sticks, paint and powder to cover the bloom of their youth, and spend more for cosmetics and silk stockings than their food cost in years past. Publicity and praise-seeking is rampant. Will this tendency promote their fitness for future usefulness? Does the desire for public applause, and indulgence in all sorts of amusements, increase their desire for genuine education? Are they absorbing true or false values

by which their later lives will be ruled? Are not children too much encouraged in the spending of money? Will they, thereby, learn the value of money?

—o—

Inconceivable? Surely! Only in the most unusual cases do we seek outside of our own community for some far-famed specialist's services. Our faithful physician is a family friend. So are our dentist and lawyers. Their skilled services can always be depended upon—they cheerfully respond to our calls for aid at any hour of the day or night we need them. We appreciate their reliability. They are assets to our town. We would never think of doing anything that would make them feel we mistrusted them. Human nature is peculiar. We are all subject to foolish prejudices. Few people regard their home merchants in the same light as the doctors and other professional men. Yet—deprived of the indispensable services our home merchants render, most of the families in our community would move away to some other place. There are some people who have an idea that what they can get at home is not as good as what they can get elsewhere. About ten times out of ten it is better. More satisfactory. Some look at it in this light. The progressive development of our community depends on our home merchants. Like our family physicians —home merchants are loyal friends. They are always convenient. They strive to serve you well. They supply your needs with promptness and deliver utmost values. When you trade in some other town—you retard prosperity in your own community. Think this over in the future when you buy anything. Boost your own town. It pays best in the end. Try it!

—o—

The average wrist watch comes in quite handy when time hangs heavy on your hands. Tourists' watches are somewhat time travelers, too.

—o—

Guess I have failed a thousand times in many things I have undertaken to do. It is possible I am scared in hundreds of places by the knocks of errors committed. I have hoped and been scorned; have trusted and been mistaken; my friendship crushed often in neglect; unnoticed by men who have had my aid; have listened to the flatterer, which was forth; have been under clouds as black as darkness itself, and in the sunshine as well. But I believe in ultimate good. Fate has not had the power to convince me that I am licked. I do not seek or desire unearned pleasure; I ask for no pathway through flowery lanes; I offer a full, fair measure of effort for all that comes to me. I'll press on through the world's grilling pace. I'll not whine at trifles. I will appreciate blessings and return thanks for them. Let the world wag as it will I know I will come out victorious as long as my soul will not permit me to believe that I'm licked.

—o—

A lot of the books of the present day should have their appendix cut out. It would make them more healthy and wholesome.

—o—

It has been said that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. But they are finding out

pretty fast and are wondering how some people live as they do.

—o—

Believe me or anybody else you choose, all kinds of driving is beset with danger. It is now announced that slow driving is dangerous. It does appear so. You are liable to be bumped into, or run over by the fellow who wants to get ahead whether or no. And then, fast driving isn't so all-fired safe, either, when you come to think about it.

—o—

It is said that residents of certain parts of Kansas and Nebraska have been more or less alarmed by rains in which there was a strong odor of sulphur. Wonder if they have noticed whether the wind was from the Kansas City Whiteway, or from Start-on-the-Hudson. These are the only sulphur manufacturing places I can recall just now.

—o—

Did you ever notice or experience the blessing of harmony? When all things are in affinity there is harmony. Where discord enters there will be misery and loss for the mind which harbors it. Life's discords come chiefly at one's own invitation. They are inevitable. To be in tune with ourselves puts us in tune with nature and with what lies behind nature. Getting all "fussed up" is an indulgence for which one must pay a stiff price. Emotions of every sort exacts its penalty. Anger, sorrow, fear, envy, jealousy, set one jangling insdie, with consequent loss of efficiency and poise. You can get out of tune easily unless you keep your thoughts under control. And thought control is not so difficult after all. It pays such big dividends in health and happiness that one well can afford to practice it, in business, in public and private life, in the social relationship. To be in harmony is to be content and happy. To "cuss out" a delinquent subordinate gets an employer nothing but a wound that will be hard in healing. To fear the unknown is but to woo specters of frightful mien. To cultivate serenity of spirit is to build onto the stature of the soul. With a rational living and a serenity of mind a man lives fully. He sees things in a newer aspect, and he will read the hearts of his fellow men with kindly intent. With harmony in his soul he will bring joy and laughter and service to the world. He will escape the black shadows which follow in the train of discord and will find the songs of humanity sweet in his ears. His memories will become mellowed with an iridescence of peace and beauty and hope.

Very few people think. Mass life in the city discourages individual thinking. With few exceptions, city people follow the lead of mass suggestion. They think what the crowd thinks, and feel what the crowd feels. They love what the crowd loves and hate what the crowd hates. Hence it is not strange that they should make very serious blunders in their valuations of life conditions.—Selected.

LONG LIVE——

(News and Observer)

Twenty-seven members of the crew of the Italian Submarine F-14 sunk in a collision during naval maneuvers were eagerly awaiting the rescue that signals from divers without indicated was imminent. Then came the penetrating odor of gas. The crew gathered at the prow and the telegraph operator ticked out the last message as the deadly sulphuric acid fumes worked toward the trapped victims.

We are gathered in the prow. . . .
Gas is advancing inexorably. . . . .
We are dying. . . . Long live. . . . .

There's a message to thrill Italians with the spirit of true Roman courage. They're a jealous people, those Italians now. It may be, in some respects, the most dangerous thing that Mussolini and his Fascist regime have accomplished, but it must be admitted they have developed a nationalism, a love of Italy and a confidence in Italy's pre-eminence to the marvel as well as the nervousness of Europe. It was exemplified recently in the Italian reception for Nobile, the arctic explorer discredited elsewhere by his personal conduct in the tragic ending of his expedition. To Italians, Nobile was an Italian. Almost it was the spirit that an Italian can do no wrong.

Whatever hurdles of fact Italians may be forced to leap blindfolded to pay honor to Nobile, they encounter no necessity to stretch their patriotism over apparent barriers to honor the crew of the submarine and particularly the unnamed telegraph operator.

We are dying. . . Long live. . .

The unselfish message will go down in the annals of brave men everywhere. Was it loyalty to Mussolini that dictated that last statement, loyalty to Facism, love of Italy?

Certainly it was not love for self. There were no words of censure for the blunder that brounght them to the cruel end. There were no frantic calls for release. There was no hysteria.

We are dying. . . Long live. . .

They were the last words of heroic men, facing death calmly, selflessly.

MYSELF AND I

I have to live with myself so
I want to be sweet and good to know.
For what's the use of spending my days
With some one no one can love or praise?
Life is full of blessings and glee
But this is the loveliest thing for me:
To look in the mirror above myself
And be really glad that I know myself!—Exchange.

RESTORING FORT McHENRY

(Greensboro Daily News)

Were Francis Scott Key again to stand aboard a British ship on the inlet of Chesapeake bay, facing Fort McHenry in Baltimore, as he did in the war of 1812 when he wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," he could look out "by the dawn's early light" and see a sight which surely would please him.

The old fort, long allowed to stand as a curiosity and relic, and altered through the decades to care for different government needs, is being restored to its original appearance and condition by the United States Army.

The work is being done partly in preparation for a visit by President Coolidge, who will make an address at the fort on September 12, Defender's Day.

Forty workmen, in command of Lieut. Clifford Smith, have attacked the fort to make it what it used to be. They first stormed the gate and tore down the old wooden arch. In its place they will erect an arch of the original stones, which have been used for supports for the wooden structure. The gate long ago was altered in structure and form.

Lieut. Smith is construction quartermaster at Fort Leonard Wood. He has a copy of the original plans of Fort McHenry to aid him in the restoration.

In tearing down the old wooden arch the workmen came across the skeleton of a cat which had been imprisoned there by some unknown accident perhaps scores of years ago.

Bulging walls of buildings must be straightened, weeds cut, walkways and roads rearranged, wooden floors relaid, and plaster torn out to reveal the original brick walls. The old style spiral stairway will replace those now in the building.

Authorities doing the work here puzzled about the location of a well on the property, which history tells about, until an old man visited the place and conversed with Sergeant Zuggar. He said he served as a soldier at the fort from 1860 to 1862, and that his father was a soldier there before him and once was a prisoner of war there. The old man took the workmen to a place on the reservation and stamped his foot on the ground over the spot where he said the well lay.

Excavation revealed the well with its original flagstones.

The fort now is headquarters for the Maryland prohibition enforcement unit.

As Maltbie D. Babcock says: "God took the Jewish candle out of the candlestick because it would not be the light of the world, and the nation went into darkness; it was for the same reason that the Church went into the dark ages—it turned its candle into a dark lantern and said, 'As long as I may see the light I do not care who is in the dark'"

DICK BYRD'S PREPARATION

(Norfolk Ledger)

Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd is going about preparations for his invasion of the uncharted areas of the Anarctic with customary thoroughness and, as usual, he is taking no chances on equipment or supplies. With his lieutenants he has figured out to a fine point exactly what is necessary, and when he has assembled, tested and examined everything figured to be needed, the Byrd expedition will get under way.

With the experiences of so many other fearless and intrepid seekers after extending the knowledge of man, the Virginian takes the business of exploring most seriously and properly so, for what would it avail should he find himself and his companions thousands of miles from civization, illy equipped and with something left undone that might easily have been remedied before departure from home and friendly shores?

The arrival at Norfolk the latter part of this month of the airplanes the commander will take with him on the expedition, links the port of his home state with the Byrd expedition. Here the planes will be dismantled an d crated for shipment by steamer the latter part of September. A final test will doubtless be given the machines before they are taken apart by the men whose duty it will be to assemble them again when the vessel reaches the snow-covered wastes of the South Pole regions .

What will be done here with the planes is being followed with all other equipment in New York and elsewhere. Dogs have been trained in Canada, water craft put through tests, the physical condition, even down to the teeth of the men, thoroughly examined, and the food selected especially as to its variety and nutriment, while clothing for all has been selected with an especial idea as to its protective qualities.

Byrd will miss Floyd Bennett, the naval airman who was his chief reliance on the north Pole flight, but he has selected his companions with the utmost care. In the party will be scientists who will garner knowledge for the world of the mineral and other conditions of the Antarctic areas; there will be specialists in all lines, wireless operators to keep in touch with civilization, and the Virginian has given recognition to the Boy Scouts of America by agreeing to take with him one of their number, who will be selected from the stars of the organization.

It may be that Dick Byrd has reduced exploring, whether in the air or on land, to a cold business proposition. Perhaps he will miss thrills that might have come from surmounting obstacles that might be met were his preparations less complete, but the chances are that the commander will find enough unforeseen situations that will prevent his year or more in the Antarctic from becoming monotonous.

The expedition will represent an outlay of $1,000,000 before it returns to America, but what it will accomplish cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

FOUR HISTORIC CHURCHES OF TIDE-WATER VIRGINIA

Old St. Paul's, Norfolk. This church was erected in 1739. Its large churchyard, filled with quaint old tombs, is in the heart of the city, and with its green shrubs and magnolia trees exerts a sense of peacefulness and rest amidst its busy surroundings. When Lord Dunmore, enraged because of his defeat at Great Bridge (Norfolk County) fired on Norfolk on New Year's Day, 1776, a cannon ball lodged in the side of the church, where it still can be seen amid the ivy which covers the walls. The chair in which John Hancock sat when he signed the Declaration of Independence, is a relic of great interest owned by St. Paul's, and is kept in the vestry room.

Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg. This church was built in 1710 and is the oldest church in continuous use in the United States. It was more intimately associated with Colonial history than any other building in Virginia. Five Presidents of the United States—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler—worshiped here, as did all of the Colonial Governors and the members of the House of Burgesses for three-quarters of a century. It contains many interesting relics, among them the Jamestown baptismal font and communion service. The church has been beautifully restored through the efforts of the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, the present rector, and, on October 5, 1907, in the presence of a most distinguished company, it was dedicated by the Bishop of London. At the same time a lectern, the gift of President Roosevelt, and a Bible, the gift of King Edward, were presented.

St. John's, Hampton. This edifice was erected in 1727, and is the successor of a church built about 1610. In its keeping and in constant use for a chalice and paten given by Mrs. Mary Robinson, of London, in 1619. They have been in longer use than any other English church vessels in America. It is of interest to note that the oldest free school in this country still exists in this parish, without a break in its history since the year 1634. In St. John's is a beautiful memorial window, representing the baptism of the famous Indian princess, Pocahontas, the first native convert to Christianity in Viriginia. The funds, with which this window was erected were contributed in part by the Indian girls at the Hampton Normal School.

Old St. Luke's, Smithfield. Old St. Luke's, of which doubtless the Jamestown Church of 1639 was almost the exact counterpart, is the oldest Protestant church and, in fact the oldest building of English construction, in America. Built in 1632, it has suffered no material change since it was first erected, and is still in an excellent state of preservation. It contains many very beautiful windows, memorials to John Smith, Pocahontas, John Rolfe, Sir Walter Raleigh, Robert Hunt, Alexander Whittaker, James Blair, Bishops Madison, Moore, Meade and Johns, George Washington, Robert E. Lee, and others.

COMMEMORATED ANNIVERSARY OF VIRGINIA DARE'S BIRTH

(Virginia Pilot)

Bright and smiling skies heralded the 341st anniversary of the birth of a little maid whose name will live as long as the story of America keeps green in the memory of mankind. The maid was Virginia Dare, who was born on Roanoke Island, August 18, 1587; and hundreds gathered recently at the site of Old Fort Raleigh, where she first saw light of day, to pay homage to her, and to the circumstances that she was the first child of English parents born under the English flag in America.

There was an air of reverence about the ceremonies which were conducted recently, beginning at 11 o'clock, in the grateful shade of the trees that shelter the site of the ancient fort. Maj. W. Scott Privott, of Edenton, was the principal speaker; and after calling attention to the occasion for the celebration, and its significance in the story of America, he paid tribute to the men of the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, who rescued from oblivion the romance of Virginia Dare and her companions.

Sacred Ground Bought

Major Privott called attention specifically to the purchase of the Fort Raleigh tract by the association with the idea of preserving it forever as sacred ground for Americans, and of the erection of the chaste granite tablet that marks the site of the fort itself. The monument was placed there in 1896.

Major Privott was introduced in appropriate fashion by W. D. Pruden, also of Edenton.

Those heartbreakingly tragic days of nearly three centuries and a half ago, when the little band of colonists waged their losing battle against hostile savages and against the primeval wilderness that crowded close upon their little fort, were brought very close at hand when the people of the island in appropriate costume, re-enacted several of the scenes that are recorded in the brief history of the Lost Colony. Among these were the baptismal rites for the little Virginia Dare and fore that kindly Indian prince, Manteo, who helped and protected the colonists against his hostile countrymen.

When the ceremonies were over, an ample picnic lunch was spread on long tables in the vicinity of the old fort, and all present were invited to partake at a nominal cost. The lunch was sponsored by the Manteo Parent-Teachers-Association.

Foundation of Jamestown

Among those who attended the event were many from the summer colony at Nags Head, a few miles across Roanoke Sound from Fort Raleigh. Some of these came in small boats and others in automobiles by way of the three-mile bridge and causeway that now connects Roanoke Island with the beach country.

It was the coming of the Lost Colony that led the way for the first permanent settlement at Jamestown 20 years later, history recording that Captain John Smith and his com-

patriots were headed for Roanoke Island when strong winds blew them from their course and guided their ships into Chesapeake Bay instead. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the first Englishman to attempt to colonize the New World for Queen Elizabeth's "tight little kingdom," first sent two master marines, Philliph Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, to the shore of what is now North Carolina in 1584, to view the country and report on what they saw.

Amadas and Barlowe brought back a glowing tale of the New World. They pictured a land of luxurant fertility and of delightfully mild climate—a summer land where the sun shone brightly from the skies of deepest blue and where grapevines laden with luscious fruit tumbled to the very water's edge—a vertiable paradise compared with the fogbound little island of Great Britian.

Raleigh was delighted, and immediately set about arrangements to send settlers to the wonderful new land. The first colony, made up entirely of men and headed by Gov. Ralph Lane, arrived at Roanoke Island in 1585.

The summer land was a lonely land for the Lane colonists, with their wives and sweethearts many miles away in Old England. Thus, when Sir Francis Drake came cruising by Roanoke Island, in July, 1586, they readily abandoned their settlement and went back to the home land with him. Some two weeks after their departure, Sir Richard Grenville arrived, and finding the place abandoned left 15 men there plentifully supplied with provisions.

Second Colony Sent

Undaunted by his initial failure, Sir Walter Raleigh sent another colony to Roanoke Island in the spring of 1587. This time, to guard against a repetition of the Ralph Lane failure, he sent the colonists' wives and families with them. In all, 105 men, women and children came to Fort Raleigh in this expedition. On arrival, they found no trace of the 15 men Grenville had left there a year before.

The colony was headed by Gov. John White, and numbered among the settlers were his daughter, Eleanor, and her husband, Ananias Dare. To them was born a daughter, christened Virginia, on August 18—the little lost lady of the New World.

The spectre of starvation began to hover over the colonists as that fate ful summer of 1587 waxed and waned. The Indians, grown hostile, could not be depended upon to bring the supplies of fish and corn on which the colonists had relied largely for sustenance. Two weeks after Virginia Dare was born. Governor White departed for England at the insistence of other colonists to bring back supplies.

On his arrival, Governor White found his home land in the midst of feverish preparations to meet the peril of being overwhelmed by the Spanish armada—probably the most formidable naval expedition of conquest that had been assembled up to that time. White and his ships were immediately pressed into service and played their part in the historic annihilation of that monster fleet.

Four Years Later

Other matters, too, delayed him, and it was not until 1591 that Governor White again set foot on Roanoke Island. Silence greeted him brok-

en only by the lapping of the waves and the whispering of the trees. The word "Croatan," carved upon a tree near the site of the abandoned fort, was the only clue to the whereabouts of the colonists; and efforts to trace them by it proved utterly without avail.

The story of the Lost Colony ends there. Whether the colonists were slaughtered, whether they moved to some other locality and ultimately perished from starvation or disease, or whether they were absorbed into some Indian tribe on the mainland—history can not choose between these possibilities. Governor White kept up his search at intervals for several years and Captain John Smith sent out several expeditions with like purpose , after the settlement at Jamestown was made, but none gained even a hint as to the fate of that ill-starred band.

NOT CONSISTENT

(Young Folks)

Colonel Robert G. Ingersol, America's greatest infidel, and Henry Ward Beecher, America's greatest preacher, were good friends. They differed in their views on religious subjects as widely as two men could, and yet they held each other in warm esteem. What Ingersoll denied Beecher believed, and yet they remained on good terms, visiting back and forth.

One day Colonel Ingersol was in the Beecher home. Standing on the desk of Mr. Beecher's study was an "elaborate celestrial globe, which had been sent him with the compliments of some manufacturer. On its surface, in delicate workmanship, were raised figures of the constellations and of the stars which compose them. The globe struck Ingersol's fancy. He turned it round and round, examining it with interest."

Colonel Ingersol wanted to purchase one like it, and asked Mr. Beecher who made it. "Who made it do you say, Colonel?" asked Beecher. "Who made this globe? Why, nobody, of course. It just happened."

So far as that globe was concerned Ingersol must have seen how fallaceous was any hint that it merely came into existence by chance. And yet that is what the great infidel practically held concerning the earth and the starry worlds that inhabit space above us. Long ago the psalmist said that the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork. If there is any difficulty in believing that a being, intelligent and powerful,, called the heavens and the earth into existence, it is ten times more difficult to accept any other theory as to their creation and continued existence. The view that they came by chance, or are the product of some blind force, does not commend itself to the rational mind. Things do not come into being that way nowadays. Every effect must have an adequate cause, we say; and certainly the universe, whose mystery and majesty never cease to cause us to marvel, cannot be accounted for except by believing in God who is wise, and strong, and loving.

GROUP OF CHILDREN TAKEN TO KIWANIS SUMMER HEALTH CAMP

(Virginia Pilot)

Midseason reports from committees of the Portsmouth Kiwanis Club and officials in direct charge have indicated the most gratifying progress achieved by the club's fresh air farm, annual summer institution operated for the benefit of the city's underprivileged and unfortunate children. The three of four two-week periods at the farm concluded recently, when 25 girls were returned to their home by the Kiwanians after a forenight's entertainment at the health resort. The last farm period was formally opened a few weeks ago, when the girls were succeeded at the farm by a similar number of boys. At the conclusion of the establishment's operations at the end of the current month, approximately 100 youngsters will have partaken of the service club's hospitality and corrective program. This number is appreciably more than that accommodated at the farm either last year or in 1926, in both of which between 70 and 80 kiddies visited the outdoor plant. This year is the third for the enterprise.

Kiwanians, together with Misses Elizabeth Faison and Geneva Kline, directresses of the farm, are convinced that records maintained by the club's medical inspection and dental committee this year will show exceedingly satisfactory returns in improved health and moral in the farm tenants, as the outcome of their stay. Data submitted in connection with the records of the group of girls who were guests at the farm for the first two weeks in July was regarded by physicians as displaying especially interesting and helpful increases and gains. Practically all of the children listed in both the first and second July periods gained weight in substantial amounts. In addition, there were several important corrections of physical defects, as well as innumerable instances of successful health education and various minor improvements. The mental attitude of some youngsters has also been estimated as favorably altered by a stay at the farm.

Praise For Miss Faison

Particular praise from those in charge has been forthcoming in recognition of the accomplishments and efforts of Miss Faison, who has supervised the Kiwanis center since its inception three years ago. Her daily programs and stipulations as employed in operation of the establishment have been given the unqualified approval of both club members and medical committee members. She has been materially assisted this year by Miss Kline.

The farm's location on the property of Kiwanian George Ivins, in Norfolk County, a short distance from Hodges Ferry and fronting on the Western Branch of the Elizabeth River, is regarded as superior to the former site. The old farmhouse utilized as quarters has been repaired and fully equipped. In addition, arrangements have been made for various conveniences and necessities, such as running water, showers, etc.

No pains have been spared in making conditions at the underprivileged children's resort as nearly ideal for the purpose in view as possible. The institution's regulations stipulate rigid regard of lengthy hours for slumber. Meals are served at regular hours and consists of entirely wholesome and nourishing dishes in proper quantity. Cleanliness in all its manifestations is strictly enforced. Clothes are supplied by the club, and consist of khaki uniforms fitted for hard usage. No end of recreation sports, games and others diversions are among the daily attractions. Singing and music are encouraged. Miss Faison has maintained as a primary and basic item in the training, a well-adapted measure of discipline.

That the boys and girls who have been occupants of the Kiwanis farm to date this year have enjoyed the sojourn to a degree equivalent to that which might be occasioned by a vacation at the seashore, has been actively demonstrated. A superb degree of happiness appears to prevail among the youngsters. Kiwanians and others who have been visitors have observed a response to the relief from a cramped, heated, dirty and stifling city. If not miracles, at least marvels, have been wrought in many cases, according to a member of the club committee.

The club has, on two occasions, served its weekly luncheon on the farm premises. Wives and friends of the club men attended both functions, and witnessed demonstrations by the children then present.

Kiwanian Fred A. Duke, vice-president of the club, is general fresh-air farm chairman. He is assisted by a large committe, and by several subcommittees each in charge of various matters. Members of the club have also volunteered various supplies and furnishings which have been donated or are supplied periodically to the farm.

The club is hoping to occupy the same site and to operate on an even larger scale next summer.

ASHEVILLE-HENDERSONVILLE AIRPORT

For Asheville the problem of securing an airport has presented difficulties greater than those with which any other city in this part of the country has had to contend. During many months the situation has been studied from every angle and those who have taken part in these investigations are satisfied that the plan for a joint Asheville-Hendersonville airport near Fletcher, which is about midway between the two places, is the best available solution of the problem.

The plan which has been worked out provides for the immediate improvement of the airport under private ownership and Mr. Roberts, who has undertaken the project, is even now purchasing the first of the planes which he proposes to operate in conjunction with it. The site that has been chosen lends itself admirably to airport purposes and there will be general gratification that steps are at last to be taken to put Asheville in the aviation picture.—Asheville Citizen.

HYMNS THAT LIVE FOREVER

(Norfolk Ledger)

There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E're since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper based this hymn on Zachariah 13:1—"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness." It was written in 1779 for John Newton's cottage prayer meetings, and is found in the Olney Hymns of that same year. It is the most popular and most widely sung of all of Cowper's hymns.

One of the most popular poets and letter-writers of the English language. He was born in Berkhampstead, Hertforshire, in 1731. His father, Rev. John Cowper, was a chaplain to George II. He spent 10 years in Westminster School, and then began reading law, but abandonned it for literature after a very brief practice. He became the most distinguished poet of the English language in the latter part of the Eighteenth century. His poetic works are numerous and well known. His life is invested with a peculiar and sorrowful interest, owing to his constitutional tendency to mental and moral despondency, which brought on frequent attacks of insanity. In 1767 he moved to Olney, the home of Rev. John Newton. An intimate friendship between the two at once began. Cowper was a constant and prayerful attendant upon Newton's Church services, especially his cottage prayer meetings, for which nearly all his hymns were written at Newton's request. The Olney Hymns (1779) was their joint production, 78 of them coming from Cowper. He also translated many of the hymns of Madame Guyon, an eminent French mystic writer of the Seventeenth century.

This hymn is connected with as many experiences of repentance, saving faith and pardon as any hymn. perhaps, ever written. It is one of the classic hymns of the English language; not of the highest order of sacred poetry, it is true, but it is a hymn that takes hold of the hearts and the devotion of the people. Its history would be a history of multitudes of the saved, some of who are now living and some of whom are singing the "nobler, sweeter song" above. If the number of those

with whose salvation and Christian experience this hymn has beeen intimately associated could be computed, it would be legion. The singing of this hymn has often proved more effectual than even the preaching of the Word in bringing souls to Christ.

Poor Cowper, who was doomed to sing so many of his sweet songs in darkness of mind and sadness of heart and anguish of soul while here in the flesh, will have—has in part already had—a right royal greeting in the better land from that blood-washed throng who shall have been helped on their way to heaven by singing his fervent, spiritual songs. Little did he imagine—says one in commentnig on this hymn—when he first heard Newton announce, and that small band unite in singing.

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,"

that there was starting a song in the earth that would afterward be caught up by unnumbered millions, and which, a century and a half later, while his

—"poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

would still be repeated from the rising to the setting of the sun and would continue to echo around the globe,

"Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

STAINS

One day Ruth came home from school with three stains on her pretty dress. When mother saw them, she said:

"You may get them out yourself. I'll tell you how."

So Ruth rubbed the cocoa stain in cold water. That disappeared. Then she poured boiling water through the strawberry stain. The red turned to pink, then faded away. The ink stain was hardest of all. Mother gave her something in a bottle that banished the ugly black. Some drops from another bottle kept the acid from eating the cloth.

It is easy to take stains out of cloth, but do you know how to take stains out of thoughts?

There is a quarrel stain. Your playmate does something that you do not like. Soon there is an ugly, brown stain on your friendship. You can make it disappear by pouring on the water of remembrance. Think of all the fun you have had together and of all the kind things which your playmate has done. Away will go the quarrel stain.

Some stains are very hard to get out if you let them get old. There is the bad word stain. It is hard to get that out if you keep thinking about the words or even repeating them. Take them out at once. Make yourself think of last Sunday's Golden Text or your favorite stories whenever bad words want to say themselves over.

Whenever you make a thought stain, see if you can remove it as quickly as the boiling water faded the strawberry stain.—Dew Drops.

HISTORIC SHRINES ABOUND IN SOUTHEASTERN VIRGINIA

(Virginia Pilot)

Within a few hours travel of Norfolk and Virginia Beach, themselves rich in historic significance as well as in the interest of the present, lies a hallowed land. Modernity goes hand in hand with antiquity, the richness of the present marching in a magnificent procession with the treasures of the past.

This territory, across Hampton Roads, has been called "The Cradle of the Republic," because there the new nation had its physical beginnings, there its first problems of infancy were met and overcome, and there, at last, flamed up the fire of independence which made America a free and independent land.

The parties that visit the Virginia shrine will come first upon old Yorktown, nestling so sedately among her great trees and on the banks of her great river. Here is the broad field over which Washington's ragged troops made their last attack against the redcoats under Cornwallis. Here too, is the cave in which Cornwallis is said to have taken refuge when the tide of battle was against him.

At Yorktown is the great monument raised to commemorate Washington's victory and the real beginning of the new republic. The York River, the main avenue of travel in those days and which figured extensively in the Revolutionary War, stretches away beside the quiet town.

From Yorktown, over much the same route followed by the modern highway that now leads from that vantage point, Washington's little army of victors tramped back to Williamsburg, which was the center of things in Virginia then. Williamsburg, where is located the College of William and Mary, was once the capital of Virginia. Here the House of Burgesses met, here the flames of revolution were fanned to fire. About this old town, which has retained much of its historic beauty, early history of America revolved. The social life of Virginia was centered here in the days of Washington and of his brilliant contemporaries whose names are emblazoned on the pages of history.

Then, a little way beyond Williamsburg, is Jamestown Island, the real birthplace of the republic. Here Capt. John Smith and his little band set up their new government. Here they fought starvation, disease, homesickness and all the ills of the flesh while they carried out their determination to establish a new world.

Jamestown Island has been restored to some of its ancient glory. A portion of the island is now a State reservation, while a portion of it is owned by private interests. The old church still stands, and all about the place one finds evidences of the early life.

Good roads traverse all this country,. Busses carry visitors to all these spots, and competent guides point out and explain the points of interest.

Virginia history was made in these spots. In Yorktown, Williamsburg, or Jamestown almost every tree has

its place in history. Who can walk down the aisle of Bruton Parish Church, at Williamsburg, in whose pews the nation's great patriots sat at worship, whose bell rung out the glad tidings of the Declaration of Independence, without catching a thrill from the experience?

Who can stand in the doorway of the old Jamestown church, realizing that in the other days the pioneers stood there to pray in no perfunctory way for guidance in a task that seemed too hard for man to perform without being touched by the sacred atmosphere?

That part of Virginia is bound to make its appeal to the student of history as well as to the casual visitor. The trip can be made easily in a day from Norfolk. It is a trip that countless hundreds have traveled many hundreds of miles to take.

DINING IN AN AIRSHIP

By June Douglas, in Junior Life

"How would you like to eat your meals in a dining car, with beautiful pictures of sky and clouds and rivers and woods and pastures passing by all the time?" asked Daddy Childers, mysteriously.

"That would be wonderful!" exclaimed Etta, enthusiasticly. "Have you ever dined that way, daddy?"

"Hardly 'that way,'" laughed her father. "But that is exactly the way Mr. and Mrs. Kite Bird do daily, only with a lot of extra thrills to it."

"But what do they eat?" asked Etta.

"You would never guess what is their favorite dish in this airy dining room, I am sure. So I will tell you. It is 'snake steak.'"

"No!" exclaimed Etta, turning up her pretty nose. "Snakes can't fly. How do they catch them?"

Mr. Duncan laughed. "They are very clever; they swoop down like a flash, and, presto; a snake is grasped in their talons. Up they dart into the air, and as they sail along they reach down and tear off a steak, a chop, or whatever, and dine peacefully as their airship sails swiftly along.

"Then, in case they want a little 'tabasco sauce' served with their steak, they swoop down and pick a small wasp's nest from some tree and eat this 'peppery diet.'"

"What do these 'queer diners' look like?" she asked.

"Well," answered Mr. Duncan, slowly, "if you are ever fortunate enough to see one flying, you will certainly be impressed and delighted. They are the most graceful of fliers and can be easily recognized by their long, forked, swallow-like tails. Their plumage is a black, brown, reddish color."

"Is that the only thing listed on their menu cards?" asked Etta, as Mr. Duncan paused.

"Oh, no, indeed," he answered hastily; "they are extremely fond of frogs, rats, mice and many kinds of insects. And they are delighted when they can capture a nice, fat bunny rabbit. But I think they deserve a rabbit now and then, because they are so good at ridding our country of those other pests."

ESTEEM AND TRUST YOUTH

(Christian Advocate)

Many people now moving on toward the lengthening shadows are ever bewailing the worldliness of the young and mourning over the visions and fancies of the boys and girls. Some even go so far as to discount all genuineness of their religious profession. It is a grievous wrong. Our conviction is that the young people of our churches are as genuinely religious as their seniors. And we are not so sure the balance does not tilt in their favor. Thye are more demonstrative in their wayward capers but that does not argue greater moral obliquity. The outbursts of youthful frivolity are not a tithe so dangerous as the misdeeds of the old sinner who quietly moves on in his daily rounds. A guiding hand till the fires of youth cool will save the one, but the other is of more serious import.

In estimating the young we must not forget that it is the period of visions and dreams. Jacob saw visions and watched the angels a long time before he had gone so deep into the mystery of life and the reality of God that it became a night wrestling-match. The agony of the night struggle is for the serious days —let age have the moral combat. But don't discount youth because of its dreams and visions. The mere fact that a boy would rather go to a ball game than to a prayer meeting is no reproach to the boy. It is just what every healthy boy likes. Still, this does not argue that he should not go to prayer meeting. It does, however, declare the impossibility of making a mature man of a boy in a day. The new wine cannot be put into old bottles.

Beneath the surface in many a gay girl and rude boys beats a heart true and loyal, and back of this exterior lie the possibilities of a pure and noble life. These will respond to the calls of a friendly voice. Why not trust them and do all to encourage them? Let the church bear long with the boys and girls, the young men and the young woman. Read your Bible and mark the apostasies there, and you will find the bulk of them in mid-life. The great danger is not in the vision hour of life, but later, when the visions begin to die. Young men and maidens, yours is a glorious hour! Sing, as you look up, and lift up.

NO FORWARDING ADDRESS

The mate had fallen overboard. He sank out of sight, then rose to the surface.

"Ahoy, there," he yelled, "drop me a line!"

The captain appeared at the rail and shouted back:

"All right, but what's your address going to be?"

THE RAINBOW

By Leonora Sill Ashton

Golden, radiant, glorious; the sun burst out from behind the black clouds which had darkened the summer afternoon, and before the rain had stopped falling the yellow light flooded the earth with shining beauty.

Every leaf, every pine needle, every blade of grass glittered, and then, stealing silently upon the air, through the very raindrops themselves, dawned the rainbow.

Lavender, pink, blue and green—the delicate tints formed the wonderful arch in midair.

Gathered upon the wide piazza, the children had grown very restless during the shower, but now came the cries:

"It's clearing up! Here comes the sun!' and then, "Oh, look at the ranibow."

The children's mother, who had been busily sewing, as well as endeavoring to keep the active young creatures within the bounds of the piazza's dryness, laid down her needle for a moment to look at the beautiful sight.

"Don't miss it for an instant, children!" she cried. "See, it's beginning to fade already.'

"I wish it would stay," said Janet the youngest. "I'd like to go and pick it up."

"That's something we can never do,' said her mother, "but a thought has just come to me with the rainbow."

"What, mother?"

"Well, come and sit here beside me, and keep off the wet grass until supper time, and I'll tell you about it."

The children were really tired after an afternoon of romping and then racing over the fields to reach the house before the shower overtook them, so they were happy to sit down and listen to their mtoher, who always had something ineresting to tell them.

They made a pretty picture as they gathered together. There was Janet the youngest; then Mary, fourteen; Jack, who was twelve, and Dickie, just ten.

"You have been talking for a week about a club you were going to form," said their mother. "How is it getting on?"

"We haven't done much about it," said Jack.

"That is what I thought,' said their mother, "and do you know it is it a very bad to get in the habit of planning and talking about this thing and that, and then not having anything come of it? Have the Morrises and Davises said anything about it?"

"No, only that they are going to belong, and Mary's going to be president."

"You havent decided on any object for the club?"

"No."

"Nor even a motto, or colors?"

"No."

"Well, then, what would you think of suggesting this at your first meeting? Call it the Rainbow Club, and have your colors the beautiful shades that we saw just now?"

"Oh, mother, that would be splendid," cried Mary.

"Wait a moment Mary; this is

not just a pretty idea. You are none of you too young to understand that every organization, however small, should have something in its constitution that works for the good of some one else. Why not have your motto 'Sunshine in the rain,' and have this little club a society that tries to do something to brighten the life of another, when that life happens to be dark?''

''Oh, mother!'' cried Mary again.

''Make a little rainbow for them?'' asked Janet, eagerly.

''Yes, that is just what I mean,'' said mother, smiling alike at the two girls.

''But what do my boys says?''

''I think it will be fine, mother,'' answered Jack. ''Only I don't want any one talking about it.''

''You are perfectly right,'' said his mother. ''Perhaps some people would say you boys were afraid of being laughed at, but you have the correct idea.''

''Nothing that we do for others should be known or talked of, if we can help it.''

''Let's get them all together tomorrow,'' said Mary. ''May we have the meeting here, mother?''

''Certainly, and, if you decide upon anything of the kind, I will get the rainbow ribbons for you when I go into town.''

The wet grass was forgotten, and supper time came before the children were through planning for this new venture. All were anxious for to morrow to come.

''We can go for the mail regularly for Mrs. Oldham, and not let her wait till her husband comes home at night, or have her watch for some one to go by to ask to bring it. And we can wheel Jimmie Phillips around his garden. He says when one of the boys does it, it seems more like play than when the man just trundles him around.''

In fact, the children went all over the village in their thoughts, stopping at this house and that, where they knew some one lived whom they might help.

Mrs. Marshall smiled as she took up her sewing again and listened intently, only once in awhile interrupting with a word of her own. She knew the first burst of enthusiasm well, and she knew her children. Of course, they were not going to spend the rest of the summer waiting on their needy and afflicted neighbors; but, nevertheless, they had grasped her idea thoroughly, and she knew there would be some result from their plan.

She was not mistaken.

The next afternoon there was much whispering and much mystery, although the house stood back from the road, and the garden and fruit trees were even farther removed. Evidently the club was to be an active one.

The names of people in the village were carefully gone over again, and after the election of officers and the decision as to the dues of the society, each one of the twelve children was given one person for whom he or she was to do something to help in his special need.

Dickie was to get the mail each day to Mrs. Oldahm, ''and do it regularly, because she watches and watches for the letters from her two sons; one's a sailor and one lives in Chicago.''

Anna Morris was to go and ask Mrs. Stringham, who was blind, if she would like her to read to her

each day.

"Bless your heart, yes," came the answer the next day when the subject was announced. "'If there's a thing I enjoy, it is to know what the world is doing.'

These two used up the village invalids, but there were plenty of active babies around, and the town was not one that boasted of much domestic help. While not actually ill, there were several overworked mothers.

"I'm going to take the Clark baby an hour each day," said Adelaide Davis. "That will be rainbow enough for me. I can't say it means a stormy life for a mother to have a baby, but anyway, they get tired and it will help."

The children were really all very quiet about what they did, and kept at their tasks with a degree of regularity.

Mrs. Mansfield's trip to town was delayed for various reasons, and it was fully two weeks before she was able to bring the children the ribbon.

By special invitation she attended the meeting that afternoon, and presented each one with a piece of ribbon of the variegated hues of the rainbow. It was decreed that it should be worn only at the meetings of the club. Then they told Mrs. Mansfield about the things they were trying to do.

"Think of the pot of gold that each one of them will find, if they keep on following the rainbow this way," she said to herself as she turned to go towards the house.

PATTY'S INHERITANCE

By Margaret T. Kratz

Patricia Marsh had lived with her grandmother Marsh ever since her parents died during the flu epidemic. Her garndmother had been very kind to her, but Patty, as she was called, had also been her grandmother's chief standby, being both nurse and housekeeper during the last years of the old lady's life. They lived in the big house where the Marsh boys and girls had all lived until they married and moved away. Grandmother would not consent to selling the house while she lived, declaring that she and Patty could get on well enough.

When everything was settled after her grandmother's death Patty found that her chief possession beyond her personal belongings, was a big old trunk, which had remained locked because she had no key to open it.

It was necessary for Patty to find a position unless she desired to live with one of her aunts. She wanted to be independent, and since she liked housekeeping, she was recommended for the position of Junior Matron in the Children's Home at Selden. This gave her many opportunities for service in a field that would include religious, social and industrial agencies. Her youth made her more companionable than the Senior Matron, who often cautioned her against giving too much sympathy to

There was to be a big pageant and

the children.
party on Founders' Day. Of course there had always been special refreshments on that day, but this year the children and teachers were to take part in making the one hundredth anniversary an outstanding event. Patty wished that she could help, but unless there was something in grandmother's old trunk, she knew there was not much she could do. In rather anxious expectation she consulted the carpenter who promised to get a locksmith. The following day the trunk was opened with a good bit of trouble. Patty could hardly wait to look inside and wondered at herself for not having the desire before. The trunk had been stored away in the attic and Patty had been so busy with her new responsibilities that she had not given it a thought. She had won the confidence of the children woh came to her freely, always sure of sympathy and love.

Several clubs had been started and it was partly from the Junior Literary Society, aided by the Senior Auxiliary Society, that the idea of the pageant had originated. It was to extend over the years of the Home's existence, and through tableaux, dialogues and songs aimed to show its growth.

"Oh Miss Patty," called the carpenter, "can you come up here a minute? The man has opened the lock of your trunk and I thought you ought to be the first one to look inside." As Patty climbed the stairs she thanked the carpenter for his thoughtfulness. After paying the locksmith, she proceeding to examine the contents of the trunk. There were two old-fashioned quilts, several old bonnets, three dresses, including one used with hoops, and many other things which she dared not then take time to examine as the supper bell had rung. Her delight at finding the old dresses knew no bounds.

The following day, during her free period, Patty continued to examine the remaining articles in the trunk. Several pieces of bright colored calico were neatly folded and wrapped in paper. A few linen squares woven by hand and some flax brought over from England. Several swords, an old army suit, her grandfather's two high hats, and an envelope containing old papers completed the contents. In the latter was a deed to a piece of land in southern Texas which her father had purchased when he was stationed at El Paso and had evidently forgotten.

The days following the opening of the trunk were busy ones. The dresses fitted Mary Holmes, Grace Trueheart, and Alice Barton who were very slender. They looked as if they belonged to another age when they tried them on. Even the quilts were used to form a background in several tableaux. It was the hardest of all to find costumes for the boys. By letting others know their needs, they created public interest in the event and soon collected quite a wardrobe of suitable clothing.

During the early history of Ohio northern tribes of Indians to revolt the English had influenced certain and endanger the new settlements. The local Indians had been very loyal and helped to protect them against many surprises of the enemy. The Home had been used as a safe refuge and guides still point out bul-

let holes in the walls of the old dormitory. They were able to secure from one of the descendants of a friendly tribe several hunting shirts, feathers and tomahawks.

The event passed off successfully. Patty didn't take part but she was kept busy helping the others. The local paper reported very favorably, describing it as a most worth while educational undertaking, which the community would not easily "forget." The pageant was repeated and photographed and always highly commended for being true to history.

After several weeks Patty had a letter from an antique firm, offering her a substantial price for the quilts and dresses, but she refused to sell them since they now seemed a treasure, and restored them away again in the old trunk.

After the excitement died down, Patty gave the deed to one of the members of the Board of Directors, who was able to dispose of the Texas property for four thousand dollars. This money Patty turned over to the Board for the purpose of erecting a gymnasium to be called "Marsh Hall," which was badly needed by the older boys and girls. Patty herself spent many happy hours there. Thus "Patty's Inheritance" proved to be a real treasure and its use brought joy not to Patty alone, but to the inmates of Selden Home.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hudson, of this institution, have returned from their vacation.

Miss Sue Powell, of Whiteville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Fisher, of this institution.

Mr. Poole is teaching the boys of Mrs. Duckett's school room during the latter's absence.

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, is enjoying a visit with relatives in Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Black were visited by relatives from Kings Mountain last Sunday afternoon.

Silas Wheeler, a member of the eighth cottage, has been given a position in the carpenter shop.

Mr. Hood with a mowing machine and team, cut the grass on the lawns about the campus last Monday.

Loney Wright, a former boy of this institution, was here for a short visit last Monday afternoon.

Elwood Webb a member of the first cottage, was paroled last week. Webb went to his home in Edenton.

The boys and officers enjoyed an excellent chicken dinner last Sunday, followed by a watermelon feast on the campus.

The carpenter shop boys have been

repairing the windows and screens of several cottages lately. They also made some repairs on one of the rooms of the officers' quarters in the third cottage.

A number of work force boys have been repairing the road down by the ball ground, leading to the spur track, or "siding." lately. Before this was done it was rocky and and awfully bumpy, but now it is level and much smoother.

Talking about "sights" you ought to see the School boys partaking of a watermelon feast. Anywhere from 150 to 250 watermelons are cut in order that there will be enough to go around, and spread out on a large rock on the campus. What a sight! Motorists traveling past the School cen be seen parked along the highway watching, and those that don't stop just drive along slowly with eyes as big as tea-cups, wondering where so much watermelon goes to.

Mr. John McCachren, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He brought as the speaker Rev. Hubert Spaugh, pastor Myers Park Moravian Church, Charlotte. The subject of his talk was: "It's Little Things That Count." Mr. McCachren had another treat for the boys. Mr. Ed Stokes, solist of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, sang one selection. The entire program was excellent and was enjoyed by all. We wish to thank Mr. McCachren for his great interest in the boys.

The local team handed Harrisburg another defeat last Saturday afternoon by the score of 6 to 2. Lisk held the visitors to four widely scattered hits for seven innings and then gave way to Scarboro, who held them hitless for the two remaining frames Rob Harris, the visitors' starting pitcher, held the school scoreless until the sixth inning, when the local lads jumped on his delivery for six runs. In addition to their hitting the school players ran wild on the bases in this inning, stealing five sacks. Jim Alexander, who relieved Harris, permitted no scoring in the last two innings.

The score:		R	H	E
J. T. S.	000 006 00x	6	10	2
Harrisburg	100 000 100	2	4	2

Two-base hits—J. Scarboro. Double plays—J. Scarboro and White. Base on balls—off Lisk 1; off R. Harris 1. Struck out—by Lisk 2; by J. Scarboro 4; by R. Harris 6; by J. Alexander2. Hit by pitcher—by Harris 1; by J. Alexander 1. Umpires—Russell and Honeycutt.

Our junior team also played a winning game last Saturday, defeat-the Franklin Mill Juniors by the score of 10 to 2.

With us, no one is born with a right to look down upon his neighbor and hold him in contempt.—Mark Twain.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

P36

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1928. No. 33

MOONLIGHT SOLITUDE

Where tall pines whisper secrets in the moonlight,
  Where soft winds blow,
Where the air is sweet with odors of the night;
  There I would go—
And let my heart in God's wilderness delight

—*James Wilmer.*

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A FINE SPIRIT

A fatherless boy, named Frederick Alfred Grimes, was recently received into the Barnardo Homes, London, the eighty-four thousandth child received into that institutoin since its first establishment forty years ago. What a blessed harvest has followed from one young man's responding to a call of need! Forty years ago Dr. Barnardo, a young medical student in London, was accosted by a street waif and solicited for a bite to eat. He took him to an eating house and drew from him the story of his life as he eagerly devoured the food that was set before him. "Are there many others as needy as you?" "Lots of them, the boy answered. "Take me to see some of them," and the boy led the young doctor to places where he saw scores of boys sleeping on cellar doors, on roofs of houses, in court ways and alleys, and the young man determined to open refuge for such homeless waifs as these. The work has gone on until the number received has passed the eighty-four thousand mark.—The Sunday School World.

HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS

The happy school girls and boys, thoroughly invigorated after a long and joyous vacation, will be conspicuous this week on the streets as they wend their way to the school room. Much time will be spent in getting all preliminary work prior to opening of the Fall school term in order so that each grade will soon be properly functioning under the supervision of competent teachers. The success of any school depends upon the interest of

the teacher and pupil right along with the co-operation of parents.

The public schools are community institutions maintained by the taxpayers—we are all stockholders, therefore, we should endeavor to give constructive criticism so as to make the schools of Concord, also the rural schools, comparable with the best in the country.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SIX KILLED AND OTHERS INJURED

The town of Shelby within the past six months has experienced its second disastrous catastrophe. Last February the town was thrown into mourning by the burning of the hotel with a loss of six lives; and this last tragedy of a few days ago, caused by the sudden collapse of the walls of buildings in the business block that entrapped many human lives is an incident that will be passed down with all of its horrors to the coming generations.

As people review the horrors of the whole affair, words fail to come to give utterance to feeling—silence and the gentle touch of the hand tell a depth of sympathy—because thoughts at times are too deep even for expression by tears.

There is no tragedy that has brought forth a greater feeling of sympathy —the whole state bows with those who mourn for the stricken families of Shelby.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

EIGHTY BOYS PAROLED

The School never receives a boy with the idea of keeping him. Its whole aim and work is to get boys ready to go home. To so change their habits and viewpoints of life that they can so live among the people of their home community that their acts will bring them to the favorable attention of the public. To lose the desire for such habits and conduct that did create for themselves such unfavorable criticism. If parents could ever realize the object of a boy's stay at the School, a great annoyance would be eliminated in the School's operation. No parent, it would seem, would want to remove a boy from a training that would upon its completion, make of the boy a more likeable, a more manly, a more respected fellow. It is hard to

educate the parents to look at the boy's stay at the School in this light.

The School feels the effect in each parole of sending its best, more dependable, more efficient boys away. It sorely cripples in many of the departments but the operation is for the boys' interest and not the School's.

Our August parole sent out 80 of our best boys to return to their homes to start life over again. We're sure there was not a single boy who left here who was not thoroughly confident that he would forever lead an honest, consistent life. But when they get out in the world, their weaknesses are so weak that some of them will not be able to make the grade. We find though, that on an average 80 per cent of them will never give any more trouble.

Here's hoping that the 80 boys who went away during the last month will be sturdy enough to raise that average, even though any one would admit that it was good.

The School's work would be much easier were it able to keep the same boys for five or six years. We are always sending home the trained and but keeping and receiving the untrained.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH—THE DAY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONSHIP

The assembling of the diplomatic representatives from the fifteen great nations in Paris, August, 28th, to sign the Kellog-Briand treaty renouncing war seemed neither to enthuse America nor Europe—despite the fact the event was one conducted with great pomp and ceremony.

Frank B. Kellog, U. S., Secretary of State, is one of the chief promoters of the pact, the object of which is to ban war by agreement, or make war more difficult. In less than ten minutes the plenipotentiaries of the fifteen nations as they sat around the horse-shoe shaped table and affixed their signatures to the Kellog-Briand pact (using the same ink-stand Benjamin Franklin did) with the hope of world peace.

There would have been a great thrill for some of us imbued with the spirit of true democracy and accustomed to wearing conventional dress, to have been fortunate enough to be appointed as a representative at this august meeting; and be escorted to your respective seat by an usher clad in blue and gold trimmed coats, red velvet breeches and white silk stockings. The following is the agreement in a nutshell to be approved by the constitutional requirements of the different powers:

ARTICLE I: The high contracting parties solemnly declare in the

names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an intsrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

ARTICLE II. The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

All admirers of Woodrow Wilson know that he first thought of a warless world, but the idea was left to Secretary Kellog and Briand of France to crystalize. Stressmann, the German representative was the first to sign the treaty. Whether war is banished or not the attempt has been made to insure peace.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

W. C. Durant, the motor car magnate and capitalist, has offered a $25,000 prize to the person who gives "the best and most practicable plan to make effective the Eighteenth Amendment." As the question of prohibition is raging, or is constantly discussed, it is natural to presume that everybody knows that the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors is prohibited in the Eighteenth Ameendment; but we further know that up to date there has not been an enforcement as it should be, as most of the people want it to be; but on the other hand the throttle to lawlessness has been thrown wide open—and the bootlegger stuff has proven a curse to the morale of our country.

If the offering of a prize is an impetus to some one to work out a practical solution to the question—demanding law enforcement to the wide spread violation of the liquor law as embodied in the 18th amendment—the $25,000 will have worked miracles and the benefits to humanity cannot be conceived of by all minds of all classes..

This question has absorbed the attention of all classes, high and low, rich and poor, and we have gotten no further than—just where we started.

Let us abide our time and see what solution to the question the offering of the $25,000 will bring forth; but Mr. Durant must keep in mind that there are some who have offered millions to keep the illicit liquor traffic going.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

CONGRATULATIONS

The special edition of the Smithfield Herald, called "The Opportunities

of Johnston County'' in which the industrial, agricultural, educational and civic advantages are accentuated in feature articles making in all a forty-four page issue, is an evidence of faith of the home folks in county and community interests.

The successful management of the paper with Mrs. T. J. Lassiter, editor, is proof that there are women who have great business qualifications and can rise to any emergency.

The owners of the paper have gone to great expense and given much time to bringing Johnston county with all of its resources and trade advantages before the people by getting out the largest, single paper in the county.

We congratulate the staff of the Smithfield Herald upon the herculean undertaking and the success of the same.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

''THE QUEEN CITY ENTERTAINED ROYALLY''

The meeting of the North Carolina Division of the American Legion in Charlotte was a colorful affair, and Charlotte, as usual, made a fine background—a progressive city, rich in history from early Revolutionary days with a people always genuinely hospitable—for the assembling of these brave soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice for the sake of humanity. But there are two pictures connected with every event as well as two sides to every question. The two pictures in this instance were: first the soldier in the vigor of health who participated and enjoyed the festivities of this occasion; and the other was the maimed soldier caused by the cruelties of war whose chief joy was to sit placidly by and see his fellow comrades actively take part in the program. But such is life—a mingling of joy and sorrow.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

President Coolidge has at last accepted Mr. Hoover's resignation as head of Department of Commerce and appointed in his place William F. Whiting, a paper manufacturer of Holyoke, Mass.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

September. Golden month. Stands upon the earth like a goddess of might and glory. As Longfellow, in Evangeline says, "Wild with the winds of September, wrestled the trees of the forest." September brings its rich store of golden grain, anr ripe, red fruit. October gazes upon the harvest gathered in. The skies are deep sapphire blue—trees in the forest will soon be aflame with vivid fire—grasses murmur softly of sleep in the bronze bosom of Mother Earth—and mankind will look upon his work of spring and summer and be contented. The season of contemplation is at hand—of meditation and rest from the burning zeal of sowing and reaping. But these are days of serious labors, too. These are the days of gratitude, of assembling and assorting, of taking heed of one's hours and one's resources and preparing for bleaker hours when life's garnered store grows meager. Summer has had its fling. Now we get back to work again.

—o—

"Back to school again!" That's the slogan for the first part of this month. Thirty million boys and girls, young men and women will begin their studies in the public schools, colleges and universities of the United States. My! What an army of young people seeking knowledge. Youth is always ready for a change. After a summer without school, most youngsters are ready for a new rial. There is the thought of advancement. It is a sad mistake when a boy or girl feel that they have all the education that is necessary, when they can read and write. One boy may think he has as much schooling as his father, and "Dad" has gotten along pretty well. Another may have a job that is paying quite well, so what's the use to waste time and lose money by going to school. Here's a girl who sees no use to go to school any more so long as she doesn't have have to work for a living. Here's another just doesn't want to go because she can't have the clothes and automobiles that other girls have. Maybe she has an opportunity to work for some money to provide at least the pretty clothes. Sad mistake to have these ideas. If boys were no better educated than their fathers the world could never advance. If many have succeeded without education, thousands have failed for the lack of it. If you can hold a job with a little schooling, you can hold a beter one with more. A little sacrifice of pleasure now will be worth a fortune when you are older.

—o—

Monday, September 3, is set apart in the calendar as Labor Day. Ever since I was a youngster, every day was labor day with me, except Sunday. But Labor Day has a deep meaning. It is an honest recognition, of honest men, who work with their hands, and carry on the world's achievements. They have the blessing of Heaven upon their toil "by the sweat of the brow." Christ himself was a carpenter; Lincoln was a rail splitter, Elihu Brutt a blacksmith; John Bright a spinner; Ben-

jamin Franklin a printer; and thousands of others, since the world began, could be named who toiled with their hands. The world has been better because of the labors of these men and all others. The laboring man in overalls, carrying a dinner pail, is the bulwark of the world's industrial life. They are the Atlases of productive industry.

—o—

There was a prophet of old who said: "All men are liars." He says himself that he said it in his haste. It is not wise in this day and generaion to say that in haste or with deliberation. The consequences are too dangerous.

—o—

Some people, by their own innocent expressions, show that they need education. Dr. Mildred Trotter, of England, is quoted as saying that "Whiskers do not grow continuously, but in spurts." Come, now, Mildred, it is very evident that you have not had very much personal experience with whiskers; or else your subject must have made a bungling job of shaving himself with a dull safety razor.

—o—

This country would be several thousand times better off if it had more people who would take pains and fewer of those who give them.

—o—

The spirit of contest is abroad in the land—and world I might add—in a very large and impressive degree. Everybody seems to be wanting to beat somebody else at nothing. Of all the contests, of every imaginable character, I have seen mentioned in the papers, that of the French barber, who gave himself a twice-over shave in 27 seconds, takes the cake, if not the whole bakery. Excuse me, I know I am not a thing of beauty, yet do not care to resemble a fresh cut of steak. This barber can have every particle of the glory he gets out of it. As to being a useful demonstration it is about as thrilling as sitting on the apex of a house; or the comb of a wave; or taking a shower bath under the street sprinkler.

—o—

Raleigh has been reminiscing and bringng up recollections of what was called the Charleston earthquake, some 40 or 41 years ago. I remember the event vividly. I was in Charlotte at the time. The first night the tremors rolled the beds about, and my room-mate wanted to know what I was doing shoving the bed around. I wanted to know the same thing of him. Then it dawned on us. People went out of the building like going to a fire. When we got on the ground we found terra firma trembling, but not as much as we were. The streets were soon filled with citizens leaving the buildings; they didn't stand on the order of going and many looked like ghosts moving abou,t so scant was their wearing apparel. The second night I was in a theatre, when vibrations repeated themselves, without an encore from the audience. The friend with me wanted to know why I was trembling so and shaking my knees. I told him that was just what I wanted to know why he was shaking so against me. One of the performers announced that the play would be suspended for a few minutes as earthquake shocks were on. The audience sat in silence and kept as still a they could, but when the vi-

brations became more pronounced, there was a break, and they piled pell-mell down the stairway, carrying people and chairs in the isles as they went. Very few were injued. A negro shoe-shine in the gallery became so excited, and scared, that he went right out of the second-story window, and landed on the pavement below with a sound like a large over-ripe tomato when it falls some distance. He wasn't hurt a bit. He was too scared. Several days after the two nights of the 'quake, when the public mind had quieted down, a farmer came into the Chronicle newspaper office on business. The office was on the second floor. During his presence in the office the job department in the rear of the building, started up one of the job presses, and the running made vibrations in the building very similar to those of the earthquake. He stared around a few seconds, and grabbing his hat made down the steps three and four at the time, and no amount of explanations could induce him to return. "Too much 'quake up there," he said. But it was nothing but the job press running and it sure run him out.

—o—

There are "country things" we all love when we look into our jewelry box of thought and memory, no matter how big a city we live in. The young things of a farm. Long-legged colts, with great staring eyes, and hobby-horse bodies; weak-kneed staggering calves, nuzzling and confiding, bawling for their supper; the balls of yellow fluffy chicks that clutter the kitchen door, and fit so smuggling in one's cupping hands; puppies with awkward big feet and adoring eyes and clumsy raptures; round little pigs, with shoe-button eyes and little figure nine tails. Then there are sounds that revive memories. The babble of brooks; the caws of the crow over the corn fields; the whistle of the "Bob Whites;" the melody of the birds, and the animated discussions of the wood-peckers in convention assembled. Odors, too bring up "fond recollections." Wet earth after a summer shower; wood smoke in the open; the hot breath of a sun-warmed wheat field; the ozone from pine trees in late winter when the sap begins to rise; the perfume of flowers in wooded dells; the scent of swelling lilac buds and the honeysuckle when it sprinkles its savor on the ambient air. We meet these in after life, as we journey along, but they all bring to mind many reminiscences of the past. But they are delightful thoughts in their passing.

How much did Philadelphia Pa?
How much does Columbus O?
How many eggs did Louisiana La?
What grass did Joplin Mo?
We call Minneapolis Minn:
Why not Annapolis Ann?
If you can't tell the reason why,
I'll bet Topeka Kan.

A HOSPITAL FOR PEOPLE OF MODERATE MEANS

(Health Bulletin)

The Women's Medical Association of New York City is undertaking, with prospects of immediate success, the building of a big hospital in that city to be known as the Gotham Hospital, the principal purpose of which is to offer modern hospital care to middle class people, or people of moderate means. If the State of North Carolina needs anything in this world more than just such enterprises, we would like to take a look at it.

It is proposed to have two hundred rooms in this new hospital, with an endowment of three million dollars, which is being secured by popular subscription. The largest ward is to have only six beds, only a little space assigned to ward room. The hospital is to be so designed that one special nurse can look after two or three patients at the same time. The nurses are to be employed on a salary for their whole time. There is to be no training school for nurses. Thus the very best class of nursing will be offered to the patients in this hospital, and by the group arrangement satisfactory nursing service can be had at about one-half of the present cost in the average hospital fo r special nursing service. Any patient requiring special nurse service and not being able to pay for it will be allowed to pay what he can, and the balance will be made up to the hospital from the endowment fund.

In that hospital the great middle class people, to which most of us belong, such, for instance, as ministers, teachers, farmers, stenographers, clerks and so on, who are able to pay a physician or surgeon a moderate fee but are nearly always unable to pay the full standard fee required for best service, and yet who abhor being assigned to wards as paupers, will, in that hospital, have the opportunity of paying to the hospital as much as they conscientiously can pay, and the hospital will, therefore, turn over such fee to the doctor or surgeon treating such patient, the hospital serving as the medium of contact, financially as well as otherwise, between the patient and the doctor. Naturally, under the present arrangements in places like New York such patients would have to go to the wards. Their medical service could be free, of course, but the doctor or surgeon treating the case, instead of receiving a moderate, fee through the channels of the hospital, would receive nothing. And yet the doctor or surgeon under this arrangement, would not be put in a position of reducing a standard fee, which, by all means, he should have everywhere when the patient is fully able to pay for such fee.

A very conservative estimate, based on carefully gathered statistics, seems to indicate that at any given moment there are at least two persons in every one hundred of the population who are sick. Of this number not less than ten per cent of those sick require hospital care. Let us apply these figures to the average North Carolina county of forty thousand people. In such a

county there cannot be less than eight hundred persons at any time sick. Of that number eighty of them are needing hospital treatment. Now we can make a safe estimate of our own, which is certainly conservative, and that is that fifty per cent of these people are not able to pay the standard fees for first class private treatment offered by good hospitals, competent surgeons, and physicians in North Carolina any more than they could in New York.

In our own opinion the New York City Women's Medical Association has started a program this time that will be abundantly successful, and one which will be far-reaching in its application to practically all other sections of the country. Any system or plan of hospitalization that is not designed to give the great body of middle class, self-respecting people an opportunity to help themselves within their financial reach to medical, surgical, and hospital service cannot succeed in meeting the requirement of modern civilization and humanitarianism, to say the least.

A man by himself, is no man, is very dull, is very blunt; but if his fellow come and quicken him by his presence, speech or example, he is so whetted on by by this means that he is much more comfortable, skillful and better than he was.—Peter Muffet.

MOTHERS AID AND THE NEXT LEGISLATURE

(Charity and Children)

The public needs to be informed and aroused on this phase of public welfare. If our law-making body at its next sitting could have full and sympathetic knowledge of this field of opportunity for a great service all shades of political opinion surely would unite in quadrupling approporation to this cause.

One half of the world does not know how the other half lives, mainly for the reason the other half is submerged and voiceless. There are literally thousands of mothers in North Carolina who are struggling almost alone against a sea of diffiulties—dire poverty, disease, children going wild while the mother is breaking on the wheel of toil. The suggestion that they be sent to the orphanage is almost advice to commit a crime.

When will our people see that no family should be broken up that has a mother to hold it together with proper aid?

If it is our duty to educate all the children it follows that we should furnish conditions making the education possible. Before the school attendance law can be enforced, with the least hope of success, the children must be properly cloathed and nourished.

It is the most economical and constructive form of public welfare.

WINEFRED BLACK AND MILFORD W. HOWARD

("My Country 'Tis Of Thee")

By C. W. Hunt

(No. 1)

Some weeks ago a relative, by marriage, sent me a page taken from an issue of the Birmingham News, on which I found an interesting story, rather a number of stories and an introduction to two characters I am going to plead my ignorance of by telling my readers that I never before knew the writer, Milford W. Howard, who in these stories introduced me to Winefred Black, the oldest member of the Hearst Newspaper organization, whom also I have to plead ignorance of any previous knowledge of, and if what Howard tells of her is a criterion, I have further to confess that I have lost much of what would have been a blessing to me, had I been reading after such all these years.

It seems that Howard has a place in the wilds of the Alabama mountains; that Winfred Black, seeking in her own way things that are worth while found her way to this abode of Howards; just to pay her respects to a fellow writer, but who lingered long past her intended stay, and they both drank deep at the fountain of wisdom and even dived into the super-natural. So impressed am I with what they saw and talked about, I am about to reproduce here one of these subjects, and this will, nothing happening, be followed by one, perhaps two others, later. Howard tells how Winefred Black, with the subject "My Country 'Tis of Thee" is wandering from place to place studying races, parts of races, mixtures of races, happened at Howard's camp and was told that she was in the bounds that contain four millions of the purest Anglo Saxons left in or out of the American melting pot, and bounded as follows: reaching from North Alabama almost to Pennsylvania, a territory of vast natural beauty, approximately 100 miles wide and 600 miles long. Less than one per cent of the population in this territory is foregn born, and here we have the highest average intelligence to be found anywhere in in the United States. But to the story, in Howard's own words:

"To say that she (Winefred Black) is the greatest woman journalist in the world, and the greatest woman I ever met, is trite and common place. No doubt others have said this about her before. What I would like to do is to portray the soul of Winefred Black as it was revealed to me.

"Physically she is striking, unusual. Her head is Websterian, her carriage queenly, her eyes all the colors of the rainbow, blended according to her changing emotions. Her features the rugged Alps crowned with snow, spotless white, mirroring the moods of this soul, as the Alps reflect the shadows of the drifting clouds on the sunlight in azure blue sky.

When she first came she wore a

mask over rugged features, inscrutable, impenetrable, and, oh, so tired and weary. On Sunday morning I witnessed a miracle I shall remember to my last day. It thrilled me to exclamation that caused her to blush like a school girl. The miracle I beheld moved my wife as greatly as it did me, and strengthened my belief in immortality, for we had glimpsed a living soul in a moment of transfiguration.....

"I am coming back to the thread of my story for a little while, to Winefred Black's theme, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." She lives in San Francisco, and knows about the yellow peril of the Japanese and Chinese. She came to New Orleans and studied Arcadians and Creoles, Through Mississippi and Louisiana she had touched upon the Negro question, which embraced about one tenth of the population of the United States. Of these eleven or twelve millions, an overwhelming number are mulatoes. All past white civilizations that attempted to live long side negro population have become mongrelized and lost. She knows this. From Alabama she was to stop somewhere and study the Moravians, and in New York the Jews, and more races than are to be found in any other city in the world. Then to New England to study the French-Canadians, who have driven out the old American stock—across the country to Chicago to learn about the gangster and his nativity, and back to San Francisco to write a series of articles about the most heterogeneous country on the globe.....

"My Country 'Tis of Thee!" My God! How tragic the words to a real American! Perhaps "we" can still claim it as our country, for, according to the best obtainable information, we are still a little more than fifty per cent Anglo-Saxon, but the tide is moving swift against us and unless there is something done, and that quickly, to check it, it will be "your" country, aliens, and not "ours."

"For long hours, that seemed all too short, we talked of these and their causes. The removal of the Anglo Saxon from the soil—his native habitat—to the city, where he has never thrived or survived, the curse of luxury, the crime of race suicide, camouflaged as "birth control." When we had gone over the ground pretty thoroughly, I came back to the Anglo Saxon mountaineer and told her that herein lay the hope of "My Country 'Tis of Thee." in my opinion. Enthusiastically I pointed out the territory in which dwell 4,000,000 of them, reaching..... I told her all this as the weariness seemed to fall away from her, and she began to take on an animation of manner that transformed her. I told her, moreover that it was still fashionable to have large families in our Southern mountains, and race suicide was abhored and called by its right name, 'The murder of the innocents.' My supreme and only hope for the race, I urged, was that we might sow the seed corn here in the mountains, for repopulating our country after it had become hopelessly mongrelized,.

"Here I cried is your big story. Here dwell in rural simplicity the descendants of the English and the Scotch who laid the foundation for our great republic. I was in London recently and read the names of 1,100 employes of one great railroad on a marble slab who lost their

lives in the world war. There were several Howards in the list, and I am sure I could duplicate every name on the slab of marble here in my own county of DeKalb.

You will find the same condition all through the Southern Appalachian for "My Country" of the days of Washington you are close to the heart of it." This is enough of what I told her, but I have a feeling that a new world has opened for this fine mind, this great soul, and I am expecting something tremendously big will come out of it. I do not see how it could be otherwise.

"For five years it has been the biggest dream of my life, the preservation of and the perpetuity of the great race here in the mountains. I have even dreamed of a great order to be called the Saxons and I have launched a magazine called the "The Saxon," to be the mouth piece of the order. I never got beyond the first issue, printed on credit, and my printer waited two or three years for his money. Our spiritual prototypes must have a material manifestation if strongly, wisely and unselfishly projected and faithfully matured. So I believe with all my heart, my dreams are coming true, "My own will come back to me," and that Winefred Black, with her rich experience, her marvelous vision and great newspaper support was divinely sent at the right time to bring about the realization of my dreams."

(Continued next week)

WILL THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR DESTROY US?

(Selected)

It has flown on and has quickly settled other mortgages over the necks of the chief nations of Europe. Its worships patrol the Yangtse and dive in out of ports where usury is slow of collection.

Greed, avarice, usury are unpleasant words, no longer heard. Those who dare utter them are denounced as pessimists or even menaces in the land. All of them are now united under the dantier title, "Prosperity." Meanwhile the shining, whirring wings of the dollar detract attention from what lies behind; and gentle, gradually but certainly morality, respect for law, altruism, devotion to self-government, individual discipline, and contented minds shrink, while these one-time red-blooded positive factors in American life fade into anaemic negatives.

Babylon, Carthage, Rome, Spain, France fell, the heads of their people turned by the extravagance, immorality, and vanity occasioned by a surplus of wealth. But these were older times and different people. This is a Christian land, and the Christians follow the Golden Rule. Will Christianity save us, or will the triumphant dollar reduce Christianity to mere mummery and cuase the downfall of another over-rich nation? Is this pessimism, or is the denial of these facts over-confidence?

THE COST OF SICKNESS

(Asheville Citizen)

Miss Elizabeth G. Fox of Washington, D. C., director of the Public Health Nursing Service of the American Red Cross, recently told a meeting of the Elizabeth Visiting Nurses' Association of Elizabeth, New Jersey, that illness brings to physicians in the United States $1,500,000 a day. A recent survey of 1200 families by the Department of Labor showed that the average annual expenditure of each man, woman, and child was $60.00. She stated further that there were $5,000,000,000 invested in hospitals over the country and that the daily maintenance cost of these was $3,000,000. Two per cent of the population is always ill and more than half the population is suffering from some kind of ailment. Prevention must be elevated to the same plane as cure to answer the high cost of sickness in the United States.

The wide prevalence of ill health in the country is amply demonstrated by these figures, as well as the costly elaborate medical organization. that has been built up to grapple with disease. Sickness reduces efficiency and lessens the sum total of work even when it leaves no serious after effects. Also it is expensive. Every epidemic of fever or influenza hampers production and the accummulation of wealth. The simplest diseases of children cause discomfort and the expenditure of money and also interfere with the normal activities of older people. Our scientific medical equipment is marvelous in its accuracy and completeness. Yet it is occasioned in large measure by carelessness and inattention to minor bodily ills.

In past eras flourishing nations and civilizations were sometimes wiped out by disease which could not be grappled with. The brilliant Maya Indian civilization of Central America deteriorated and fell because of the ravages of yellow fever. Some scholars attribute the decline of the ancient Greeks and Romans to the spread of malaria. The dreadful Black Death of the fourteenth century not only swept away about half the population of western Europe, but also lowered the efficiency of those who survived. Even as late as the eighteenth century medical science was in its infancy and people died wholesale from diseases which are now easily cured.

The nineteenth century was a marvelous period of scientific progress and of consequent improvement in the methods of curing sicknesses of all kinds. The death toll from diseases was lessened and the average age of man was steadily lengthened. Sanitation, cleanliness, and the securing of proper water supplies contributed much to promoting the health of people. Yet not until about 1900 did medical authorities learn that mosquitoes and ordinary flies spread the germs of yellow fever, malaria, and other once dreaded plagues.

The twentieth century constitutes a period of increasing attention to the prevention of disease. We are constantly improving our methods of curing sickness, but even more do we

seek to discover the causes of epidemics of all sorts so as to prevent their outbreak and spread. Municipal health bureaus, hospitals of all sorts, and different medical specialists turn their attention to this fundamental problem. The use of vaccination and inoculation is constantly extending with results of marvelous benefit.

If our modern scientific world can successfully eliminate most forms of disease by the use of preventive methods it will thereby promote human health, happiness and prosperity and will also enormously increase the efficiency of the race. Ill health not only produces death, discomfort and expensive medical care, but it further takes a tremendous toll in lowering the productive capacity of mankind.

Thomas A. Edison is looking for plants in Western North Carolina capable of producing rubber, and the Asheville Chamber of Commerce has sent samples to his laboratories. Should the quantity of rubber in these plants prove to be sufficient to justify their cultivation, North Carolina can add another important product to her rapidly growing list.—Albemarle Press.

A HERO

(Exchange)

A few years ago a fire broke out in a charming little Swiss village. In a few hours the quaint farmhouses were entirely destroyed.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors, even. His home and his cows were gone, and so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins of his home.

Just as daybreak came, however, he heard a well-known sound; and, looking up , he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed boy.

"O, my son, my son!" he cried. "Are yuo really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: "O, no,! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father. "He who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

PRESIDENT WILSON SPENT PART OF HONEYMOON NEAR MORGANTON

By Mary Johnston Avery, in Morganton News-Herald

"Professor Woodrow Wilson and his lovely bride are visitng their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Erwin, at Maplewood."

The Morganton Star, of July 10, 1885, included this among its list of weekly "personals." At the time this simple announcement was not one to attract unusual attention, and no list of social functions followed the arrival of these guests.

But that short little item in the old time-stained copy of a county newspaper sent me excitedly through all of Miss Beatrice Cobb's "Stars" of June and July, 1885, hoping to bring to light a bigger and better find—but all in vain.

Beautiful Maplewood

Still, there was "Maplewood" and its owner, Hamilton Erwin, the only surviving member of this group of four. Maplewood is about three miles north of Morganton on highway No. 18. The car was stopped in front of an old cabin at the crossroads near Johns river, and below in a valley to the right was a brick house.

An old negro was sitting on he cabin porch, and to my inquiry said:

"Yas, sar; that's the house down dar," and with his bony finger pointed to the brick house below.

"I dunno 'bout Mr. President Wilson, but dat's Mas Hamp Urbin's house, Maplewood, and him and Miss Lizzie had most ebby body visited 'em."

Then the old negro scratched his head and recollected something.

"Oh, was sar; I members they had President Wilson, 'cause I drove for Miss Lizzie and took the ladies out driving. Yas, sar; Miss Wilson show was a prutty lady."

And the old man got up and waddled into the cabin as if he might remember too much. And there in a few yards of us was the simple, unpretentious brick home of the Erwins, almost hidden in its grove of green trees, with its front yard running down to the river. The house was pathetic and sad looking as it stood there waiting alone. And what is more desolate than an empty home bereft of the spirit that brought it into being?

Lonely Old House

Maplewood is now just a lonely old brick house by the side of the road, and it might easily be a national shrine. In its grove of maples, from which it took its name, the trees are the only living expression of its interesting bit of history, for they are just as they were when the great war president as a youth walked back and forth under their leafy shade and the young and gifted wife sketched their lights and shadows.

Mrs. Erwin and Mrs. Wilson had been friends for many years, so when the Wilsons were married, June 24, 1885, and came to North Carolina to spend their honeymoon, it had been arranged for this visit to Maplewood. Mrs. Wilson was particularly anxious to see her namesake, Ellen Axson Erwin, the infant daugh-

ter of her friend.

The late Joseph P. Caldwell once said that everybody of importance and everything unusual touched Morganton some way or some time, and if a person ever once came to the town, they always were sure to return. The story is told that one old lady came to spend the night with one of the old families and stayed 40 years!

So it was no unusual thing for the great, or near great, to spend a while in this dear, quaint, little old place, or be in some way linked with its splendid history. Did not Andrew Jackson come to the home of Waightsill Avery to study law under this learned barrister, and later, in a moment of ire, challenge him for a duel?

Other Great Men

The celebrated divine, Dr. Thormwell, whom Wilson's father said was an "intellectual athlete," came here visiting his daughter, as did also the great minister and scholar, Dr. Robert M. Morrison, founder and first president of Davidson College.

By chance Morganton played the host to Thomas Edison and Henry Ford on one of their southern tours, and one one occasion the great musician Hoffman came near missing a night's rest because the Morganton Hotel had no accommodations for dogs and Hoffman could not be separated from his.

These men came by chance, but Woodrow Wilson came to Morganton from choice, and stayed a week in July of 1885. And no more mention was made of him than a bare line in a county newspaper. How cruel was fate that it could not have known that this silent, sedate young professor was later to be a great university's president, a governor of of a great state, and one of America's greatest presidents.

What a triumphant welcome would have been his, and children's children would still be talking of "when mother and father dined with Wilson." Instead Wilson came quietly as any romantic young man might have with his bride to visit friends. Even the hosts had no feeling that they were entertaining the south's most gifted son, America's noble president, and one of the world's greatest thinkers.

Not Impressive Man

"No," said Mr. Erwin, when asked about his guests of long ago, "President Wilson did not impress me as an outstanding personality at that time. He was a very silent, thoughtful man of scholarly reserve even then." And as Mr. Erwin thought of the occasion he said in his very quiet way, with his soft mellow voice: "Professor Wilson spent most of his time in our library, buried deep in the books. We had some rare volumes inherited from my grandfathers, W. W. Erwin and William Sharp."

"One thing that has amused me in later years," continued Mr. Erwin, "has been the claims of many people in the county in regard to meeting Mr. Wilson when he was visiting us. One man, who wanted me to recommend him to the president for office, added, "I remember so well as a boy, how I carried his birds for him when he went hunting. Hunting birds in the middle of July!"

"Besides the library," said Mr. Erwin, as he walked into that once

cheerful room, "Professor Wilson seemed to display a great fondness for the southern cooking, and particularly was fond of the wonderful country home our country folk have always been noted for, and the fried chicken."

This fondness still manifested itself a few years later, on another visit to Carolina, when his host gave him a dinner party. It happened to be Thanksgiving, and everything the state could boast was spread upon the table. The dinner was well over and the last guest departed at 5 P. M., when Mr. Wilson turned to his hostess and said: "Madam, when do you have the evening meal?"

Not intending to have an evening meal at all, she quickly said:

"I had planned just to send up a light lunch to your room, so you could rest."

So about 7 P. M., Professor Wilson enjoyed tea and country ham and beaten biscuits!

It is told that after his address that evening before a great crowd, he remarked to his hostess. "I was so diabolically dull tonight."

Liked To Walk Alone

The story of the hunting reminded Mr. Erwin that Professor Wilson loved to take long walks, and he seemed deeply interested in all the rural life around him. But he liked to go out alone, or only with his wife, who was eager to sketch the mountains all about her. "A man on his honeymoon wants to be let alone," said Mr. Erwin, "even if he is great."

The Wilsons never lost touch with their Erwin friends, and as soon as he became president, Mr. Wilson appointed Mr. Erwin postmaster of Morganton. Mrs. Wilson educated her namesake, Ellen Erwin, and she was their guest at the White House the first winter the Wilsons were there.

And though the Wilsons never returned to Morganton, it claimed the proud privilege of entertaining their daughter. Years after when I. T. Avery and Miss Margaet DuBose were married, Miss Eleanor Woodrow Wilson, afterwards Mrs. McAdoo was a bridesmaid, and her escort was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin, Mr. Lawrence Erwin.

"It was an interesting experience to take this daughter of the then governor of New Jersey out to the home where her mother and father spent part of their honeymoon," said Mr. Erwin. "I thought a governor's daughter was big enough, but she became something bigger still in 1912—the daughter of a president."

And since 1912 Morganton has always had a sort of superior and proprietary air when the great presidents' name is mentioned, as if to say, "Why, didn't you know Morganton entertained the Wilsons on their bridal tour?"

There is no moment like the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost and perish in the hurry and scurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.—Maria Edgeworth.

THE YORKTOWN BATTLEFIELD

By G. G. Page

The battle of Kings Mountain, October 7, 1780, was the turning point of the war of the Revolution. After that the Americans made steady advance until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown October 19, 1781.

Morgan, heading the American forces, defeated Tarleton at Cowpens, S. C., January 17, 1781.

The battle of Guilford Courthouse, near Greensboro, N. C., March 15th, 1781, in which General Greene led the Americans against Lord Cornwallis, resulted in a draw. The British claimed the victory but Cornwallis admitted that another such victory and he would be undone.

General Greene next joined battle with Lord Rawdon at Hobkirk's Hill near Camden S. C., April 25, 1781. General Rawdon was forced to withdraw his British troops and he retired below the Santee.

General Greene next turned his attention to Ninety-Six, in South Carolina, a strongly fortified post commanded by Colonel Cruger. This fort would have yielded to General Greene if Lord Rawdon had not heard of the plight and rushed aid to the British. The Americans stormed the fort June 18, 1781, but were unsuccessful and General Greene withdrew his forces.

Post after post in South Carolina fell into the hands of the Americans. Lord Rawdon withdrew to Charleston and left Stewart in command, near Orangeburg, S. C. What is said to have been the hardest fought battle of the war occurred at Eutaw Springs, S. C., September 8, 1781. The Americans won the victory and the enemy retreated to Charleston.

The Battle of Yorktown

Lord Cornwallis had journeyed from North Carolina to the peninsula of Yorktown in Virginia. He did a lot of damage in passing from North Carolina. His cavalry troop destroyed property worth more than ten million dollars. General George Washington was now in New York and was informed of Cornwallis' movements. Washington had been engaging the British under Clinton but he left a force to threaten Clinton and hastened to oppose Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Cornwallis occupied the town with several of his ships anchored above Gloucester Point. The Americans formed a crescent about Yorktown. Washington, with his army, was stationed about three miles out in the country to the south. Nelson had the militia at Wormley's creek to the east, and Rochambeau to the west. The French fleet, Compte de Grasse commander, lay off the river forming a block against the British.

Cornwallis found himself completely hemmed in as did Major Ferguson at Kings Mountain. He undertook to cross over to the Gloucester side where part of his army was stationed. He had prepared battoes in which to escape across the river whenever opportunity would afford. At high noon the movement began. With muffled oars Cornwallis led in an attempt to cross the river in the small boats. When about midstream a storm arose and the little craft were not able to withstand the

elements. Some were driven ashore, some capsized, and others captured by the French ships. Part of the English fleet also sunk and some captured by the French. Before the British ships were taken Cornwallis directed that everything of any value be thrown overboard, and it is said that a large and heavy chest filled with money and other valuables was thrown into the river to prevent it falling into the hands of the Americans. It is said that the York river has been dragged many times in the hope of finding the Cornwallis treasure but no trace of it has been reported. This occurred October 18, 1781, and the following day, October 19, 1781, the surrender was made.

Cornwallis resorted to his last strategy by writing to Washington asking that the actual surrender be deferred another day on account of sickness. It is said that he sent to New York for reinforcements and was hoping that the help would arrive in time to save the situation if it could be put off another day. Washington heard of the strategy and hastened to close the transaction. It is well that he did, for at the very time the messages were being exchanged the desired ships were entering the river with reinforcements from the British Army. One was sunk at the mouth of the river by the French, and others were driven back. Washington insisted that the surrender must be made that day, the 19th.

Cornwallis declined to surrender in person but sent his sword by General O'Hara, in retaliation for which General Washington declined to accept it and deputized General Lincoln to receive it. This was a sweet experience for General Lincoln as he had been forced to surrender to an inferior at Charleston the previous year.

Thus ended the great Revolutionary War and America was free.

A JOHN WESLEY STORY

That great man, and great democrat, or commoner, John Wesley, was urged at the height of his power in England to go into politics.

The times were politically corrupt and those who wanted Wesley to enter politics thought that he could help purge them and help, too, to effect through politics some of the social reforms to which most of the men in public life were then so blind.

Wesley had a greater hold upon the masses of England than any other man. But what was his reply to those who wanted him to enter politics?

"Ah, no!" said he. "I know mankind too well. I know that they that love you for political service, love you less than their dinner, and that they that hate you, hate you worse than the devil."

John Wesley did know mankind. That was one of the things which made him such a power.—Asheville Citizen.

JEFFERSON, A VERSATILE MAN

(Selected)

Some men have some single event in their lives so far overshadowing everything else that they are known by this incident to an almost utter loss of an estimate of the man himself. So it is with Thomas Jefferson. His writing of the Declaration of Independence stands out so boldly that the real Jefferson is scarcely ever brought to the mind. But if one could have been at Monticello, his home, and listened to him as he wooed the masters of music on his violin there would have appeared a different character. Or if he could have been heard analyzing some abstruse problem in mathematics and reasoning it through to correct conclusion or discussing with clarity a scientfic hypothesis, or demonstrating a thorough familiarity with the the classical language, or arguing a complex question in law, the marvel would be at the breadth of his learning. Then, when he spoke with ease French, Italian and Spanish, besides English, the people of the time must have accepted him as an unusul linguist.

As an agriculturist he had wonderful vision. Speaking in a letter of the farmer's lack of education in those days, he said: "The class principally defective is that of agriculture. It is the first in respect. The same artificial means which have been used to produce a competition in learning may be equally successful in restoring agriculture to its primary dignity in the eyes of men. It is a science of the very first order. It counts among its handmaids chemistry, natural philosophy, mechanics, mathematics, natural history and botany. In every college and university a professor of agriculture and the class of its students might be honored as the first, young men closing their academical education with this, as the crown of all other sciences, fascinated with its solid charms; and at a time when they are to choose an occupation, instead of crowding the other classes, would return to the farms of their fathers, their own or that of others, and replenish and invigorate a calling now languishing.

"The schools, instead of storing their pupils with a lore which the present state of society does not call for, converted into schools of agriculture, might restore them to that great calling, qualified to enrich and honor themselves, and to increase the productions of the nation instead of consuming them."

In the light of the present agrcultural education the letter seems almost prophetic. Among the things which he did of a practical nature to advance soil products was the bringing of olive trees from Marseilles to Charleston and also the importation of upland rice from Africa. While in all matters in which he was interested he was given to creating theories he did not lack practical reasoning. And it may as well be confessed that he had his ideas on all subjects to which he directed his attention in any degree.

Jefferson was probably one of the best educated men in the colonies and knew how to use that education.

The Declaration of Independence was written when he was but 33 years of age, he submitted to the house of burgesses of Virginia a draft of instructions to the delegates to the Continental congress, which was later printed and circulated in the form of a pamphlet under the title, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." Its reception in England formed the basis of a charge of treason lodged against him. With this and other patriotic utterance the public is more or less familiar, but the other sides to him are little known.

Like his illustrious compatriot, Washington, he had a series of maxims and these he communicated to his grandson as a decalogue of canons for observation in practical life:

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

These seem not to have been original with him, not all of them at least, but had been adopted by him as governing maxims of his life. He passed them on to his grandson with a letter:

"Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss."

To no one man during the war for independence were so many tasks assigned. His ability to clearly and forcibly express himself made him the voice of the Continental congress many times. But he obtained his greatest pleasure back at Monticello, where he loved to entertain his friends and where his many sides found expression.

BALLOT REFORM NEEDED

Judge Sinclair, in ordering investigation of charges in the Robeson county primary, denounced the use of money and said there ought to be a law preventing its expenditure which would make a candidate forfeit his office if he violated the law. That is the law in England and the coming Legislature should enact such a measure for North Carolina. Money and corruption in primaries or elections poisons the spring at its source.

Judge Sinclair also declared that the time had come for the establishment of the Australian ballot "by which each voter may mark his ballot without other people knowing how he voted."—News & Observer.

MORE THAN TWO MILLON NAMED MARY IN THE UNITED STATES

(The Lutheran)

If you were to call "Mary" in a voice that could be heard from Maine to California an army of 2,000,000 women and girls would answer to that name, according to an article, "What's in a Name?" by George R. Stewart, Jr., in Children, the Magazine for Parents.

Mr. Stewart a member of the faculty of the University of California, has just completed a survey which also shows that should the same imaginary, far-reaching voice call "William" the air of these United States would echo with 2,500,000 "Aye, aye, sirs."

But even though these good old-fashioned names are still answered to by vast majorities, Mr. Stewart predicts that in the future there will be an overwhelming crop of Anitas, Glorias, the Constances to mark the popularity of movie stars in our generation. For Mr. Stewart has discovered that there are fashions in names. In 1905 Mary led the list one in fourteen. Today the Marys are gradually giving way to Elizabeth, Dorothy, and Marie. In 1905 Anna, Grace, Emily, Alice, Caroline, Mary, Emma and Mabel were popular, but today they are decreasing in popularity.

Occasionally there is some more direct reason for these fashions in names. Take Edna for instance. With no preceding history of account it leaped into popularity about 1870, soon after the publication of "St, Elmo," whose saintly heroine was named Edna Earl. Since the war, for example, there has been a regular deluge of Jeans and Joans, drawing no doubt from the heroine of France. Dorothy has recently had a surprising career. Among many hundreds of girls born about 1875 I failed to find a single one of that name. About 1885 something started it going and since then it has boomed like a western town.

The author warns against using fickle names, reminding parents that "names, despite Shakespeare, are an important personality." When a name grows out of date, a girl can't change it and parents will regret that they have given it to her. He also advises that names rapdily rising in popularity be avoided. "Your child will grow up as one of a crowd, instead of with a distinctive name of her own," he says.

The social dsitinction of names has been more or less realized but the author has put it on a statistical basis. "Bridget has come to mean a cook, because at one time most of the kitchen help was Irish. Dinah and Chloe seem to mean colored mammies, while Geraldine and Alfreda seemed to demand a Lady in front of them. Men's names seem to show no social gradations like women's. James has long been popular for coachman or chauffeur, and everyone calls the Pullman porter 'George.' Nevertheless James and George go on being as popular in good society as anywhere else."

"Apart from fashion and social distinction, there are a few general

principles to follow in naming the baby,'' continues the article in Children, the Magazine for Parents. Take into consideration the initials. Consider the suitcase of the poor girl named Alberta Susan Spear! Do not try too much for softness. Names like Lenora Malloy simply lack backbone. The more neutral the last name the wider the choice—one of the few advantages of Smith. If your last name means anything—Fish, Fry or Brewer, for instance—be careful what name you choose to go with it. Marietta Fish is not so good.

''Men's names like men's fashions do not change in popularity as often as women's. William and John are today the most popular and were forty years ago. The only three names that have fallen from popularity are Henry, Frederick and Thomas. Their successors are Harold, Arthur and Francis.''

The author has an interesting explanation of the reason why such names as Percy, Algernon, Reginald and possibly Clarence, once names of glorious warriors and brave men, now suggest a little boy in ruffles and are decidedly unpopular with their bearers. The change came in the nineteenth century when the ''nouveaux riches were setting out to get social distinction along with their money.'' With a name, middle-class mothers tried to gain for their sons the social leap they themselves could not make. When these Percies and Reginalds began to grow up, instead or armoured knights riding plumed horses they were pale faced and courage-lacking. People began to laugh..

One more rule. Don't call your boy by a name used for girls.

WHITE BOYS IN COURT

In his charge to the grand jury recently Judge Webb remarked on the fact that courts face a situation now that is quite different from what it was ten years ago in that so many defendants coming to the bar are boys and young white men. Formerly it was not so rare to see negro boys in court, but conditions have almost reversed themselves and so many of the defendants in cases at present are white boys, often from the best families. How to deal with the young law-breaker is one of the hardest problems of present-day law enforcement.

Judge Webb offered no remedy for the situation, but he said that it is one that demands the serious thought and combined efforts of all agencies and people interested in the moral advancement of the country. It is a challenge to the home, the church, and the courts.

—Morganton Hrald.

THE CHARM OF THE THAMES

By Grace Irene Carroll, in Young Folks

One of the loveliest little rivers in the world is the Thames, flowing as it does through some of the most picturesque pastoral scenery in England. From its plethoric bosom splendid views of such noted places as Windsor Castle, Eton, Oxford, and Hampton Court may be had, as well as many oft-spoken-of little towns such as Henley, Maidenhead, and Kingston. The manifold beauties of the delightful little stream are everywhere in evidence, yet never twice alike, whether one travels up or down its winding course. Progressing upstream under the full light of the morning sun, each bend of the silvery waterway seems strikingly lovely; yet seen as one returns downstream in the reposeful quiet of oncoming evening, the western sky brilliantly washed in red by a slowly-lowering sun, the same spot takes on a glamor of enchantment. At all seasons of the year, under every condition of light and atmosphere, from every point of view, the Thames River is always indescribably lovely.

To enjoy this loveliness to the full, no better way can be found than to patronize one of the many little excursion steamers which ply the river daily, moving silently up or downstream, scarcely faster than the leisurely current itself. A day aboard one of them is a dream, a divine idyl, a thing of complete rest and peace, a continuous moving-pteiure of placid pastoral perfection, the memory of which clings like the dust of a butterfly's wings long after the butterfly itself has perished.

As the quiet little boat sinuates with the river, each new vista opens up some new charm to challenge attention and admiration. Now it is a few huddled houstops, sun-browned and sentineled by tidy trees, or some quaint old church-tower, silhouetted against the sky, each of them falling naturally into place in the level perspective with a pleasing note of rural peace and harmony. Again it is a cluster of towering poplars growing close to the gleaming water's edge, struggling with fine dignity to overtop all other trees nearby, and flinging their spired shade from high up across the mimic bluffs of the flat grassy shore. Or, perhaps, as one glides on between lush sun-drenched meadows where poppies flaunt their vivid red and buttercups and daisies move, it is just the whitish patches that are sheep, browsing in utter peace throughout the long sunny hours, which win our notice. Pleasant little villas secrete themselves behind ivy-covered garden walls—walls that shut in velvety, flower-bordered lawns, extending to the very brink of the brimming stream itself—and are complemented by tiny boat-houses, suggestive of long, lazy hours on the placid river with oars idly dipping below its limpid surface. And everywhere there are flowers, their colors intense and their foliage luxuriant, for flowers in England quite evidently grow and blossom merely because they are eager to do so; while the English ivy, so omnipresent, looks as though

diligent fairies had been at work polishing each and every glossy leaf. Swans frequently add an idyllic note to the picture, loitering idly in the green gloom of the lush grasses or paddling tranquilly beneath the knots of leafy boskage overhanging the dreamy lymph, faltering between rest and motion, and starting soft still ripples, the crest of which catch the sunlight as they travel outward and trace golden circles on the pellucid turquoise. Occasionally broad marshes of mottled green, bronze, rose, and amber stretch away on both sides of the boat, and over them the cloud-shadows chase and run away like fingers on a keyboard.

Now and then the boat drifts beneath the graceful arches of some stone bridge spanning the river and connecting the low-lying green fields on either side at a point where some tiny village nestles. And there are frequent locks, dominated by a keeper's stone-built little cottage, its doorway-garden invariably a huge splotch of roses and other gay flowers. Stately iris tremble among the reeds along the shore, and willows tranquilly trail their tips in the chuckling tide, while swallows dart and skim overhead and birds cheep cheerfully in the meadows.

At Henley one sees a number of charming houseboats moored along the river's bank, set broadside to the shore and lined up as closely together as can be managed. Snub-nosed punts also float about in great numbers managed by gaily-attired, happy young people. All these things, together with the hundreds of picturesque residences that dot the shores, and the utter profusion of flowers everywhere visible give to the Thames the sobriquet of "King of Rivers."

Who does not know that the Thames runs beneath the far-famed London Bridge? For London, the metropolis of the British Empire and long the largest city in the world, is both on both sides of the Thames. Indeed, more than half the charm of the great city might be said to be borrowed from the river. Along the embankment, beginning at Westminster Bridge and the great Houses of Parliament there is a tree-bordered path and driveway for several miles—a tiny selvedge of green. In the sombre hues of commonplace, dirty-brown schooners and barges moored along the London docks, their torn sails reflected in wavering lines by the turbid water, Turner and Whistler found inspiration for many of their loveliest paintings. In literature, history, and music, as well as in art, the beauty of the Thames has oft been rehearsed and its manifold charms told and retold.

THE PRESIDENT ONCE SAID

John Adams, in 1796, "Let us all in our several departments cheerfully engage—but especially the proper patrons and supporters of law, learning, and religion! Let the pulpit resound with the doctrines and sentiments of religious liberty." Henry Manken, Jr., Washington, D. C.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. Walker and a number of boys have been working on the flower beds lately.

On account of bad weather last Saturday afternoon, the boys retired to the cottages.

Dr. Caldwell, of Concord, county physician, has been making blood tests and administering smallpox vaccine to 28 new boys.

Although getting away to a very late start, corn, beans, peas and tomatoes are quite plentiful now, and can be found on our menu daily.

Lawrence Vaughan, one of our Linotype operators, was paroled the other day. He has secured a position with the Concord Observer.

The boys all show their appreciation of the Bibles presented to them by Mr. William Barnhardt. Each boy receives one upon being paroled.

Mr. and Mrs. Carriker, and daughter, Dorothy Jane, are enjoying their vacation. Mr. Andrews has charge of fifth cottage during their absence.

A large number of boys were promoted the first of the week. All those who were promoted were glad of the chance to try for a higher grade.

Our first aid department will be glad to learn that the new winter shoes will be issued soon, thus protecting the little fellows from "stumped" toes, stone bruises, etc.

Miss Lillie Belle Slaton has recently joined our teaching staff here. Miss Slaton, who hails from Alabama, was a student at N. C. C. W., at Greensboro during the past summer.

The School recently purchased a new one and one-quarter ton Graham truck. This will soon be decorated with the initials J. T. S.—N. C., as required by the last session of the legislature.

Quite a number of new boys have been received this week and were placed in the Receiving Cottage, where they will remain for two weeks. They will then be placed in the different cottages.

Our job pressman has been very busy lately printing a supply of Maintenance Fund checks. From the looks of the pile he has printed, it will be a long time before he will be bothered with them again.

Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger, have been spending a few days in "The Land of the Sky." While in Rutherfordton, Mr. Boger addressed the sheriffs of the state in their annual convention there.

Several of our officers and boys

have been doing quite a bit of plumbing lately. A 2-inch pipe line has been laid from the lower end of the campus to the new septic tanks; and the pumps in the old well are being repaired.

William Lloyd, of the third cottage, has been made "second in command" at the Receiving Building. As there are only new boys in this cottage the officer in charge surely does need a little help. We all hope Lloyd likes his new position.

Owing to an unfavorable season, our watermelon patch was not as productive as in former years, but despite this fact the boys enjoyed several feasts. Last Wednesday about 400 melons were hauled up on the campus for the last feast of the season.

The attendance at most moving picture theatres usually falls off during the summer months, but that doesn't seems to make any difference at the Training School. These youngsters thoroughly enjoy the Thursday night "movies" even during the hottest weather.

We have been gathering large quantities of string beans recently. Some of these are distributed to the cottages, 1000 pounds will serve the boys twice. Some of them are sold and the rest are taken to the cannery, for use next winter. As one boy remarked: "We eat what we can; and what we can't, we can."

Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, recently visited the School in the interest of the remodling of our chapel. This chapel, donated by the King's Daughters, is far too small for our increasing population, and Miss Shaw is a member of the committee appointed by this splendid organization, to look after the necessary plans for its enlargement.

We are proud of the Sunday School work as carried on here at the School. Each Friday evening finds thirty boys in each of our sixteen cottages, busily engaged in the study of the lesson for the next Sunday. Then when the classes assemble on Sunday morning every boy knows his lesson and the manner in which they answer the questions would compare favorably with any Sunday School in the state.

Rev. Robert Arrowwood, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. His subject was: "Nothing Over Ten Cents," or "Little things Count." Woolworth, who sells nothing over ten cents, built the largest building in New York City. Wrigley, who sells five cent packs of gum, built the second largest building. Little things, if done right will amount to something big later on. His talk was fine.

The road leading down to the Southern Railway side track on the School grounds was badly damaged by the recent heavy rains. During the past few days a carload of feed and one of coal had to be unloaded, and owing to the condition of the road, wagons were used instead of our trucks. A number of our officers with forces of boys soon got on the job; bad holes were filled up and other necessary repairs were made and as a result the road is again in very good shape.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 15, 1928. No. 34

THE SECRET OF HER CHARM

We have read of a girl whose wonderful grace and purity of character charmed every one who knew her. One day a friend touched the spring of a little gold locket which she always wore on her neck, but which she would let no one see, and in it were these words: "Whom not having seen, I love."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HE HAS NO MOTHER

Sitting in the school-room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs recieved from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then thurned away, she answered, "I don't want to hear another word. "WILLIE HAS NO MOTHER." The brother's lips were silent; the rebuke came home to him, and stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie" compared with his own happy lot. "HE HAS A MOTHER." Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer NO MOTHER to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently to him, then.—Selected.

THE MOST OUTSTANDING BOY SCOUT OF AMERICA

Paul Siple of Erie Pa., was chosen from the nation's Boy Scouts to accompany Commander Dick Byrd on his daring adventure to the unknown frozen waste of the South Pole. This pleased his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde L. Siple, because of the fact that young Siple was beter fitted for the trip than any other scout in America. He had passed every test and measured up to the requirements exacted for the trip.

The father's instructions to his young son were to take with him the Boy

Scout Manual and an American flag, place them as far South as possible, then return home and report.

The mother upon hearing of the honor conferred upon her boy recieved him as a mother would with a fond embrace, but we read of no special instructions from her to be observed during his absence, but we wager Paul will find tucked away in some of his pockets a Bible and inscribed therein "from Mother."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THREE ARTICLES WORTH WHILE

In this issue of the Uplift appears number two of three articles running serially, so generously contributed by the Uplift's good friend, Mr. C. W. Hunt, Charlotte, and so impressed are we with the real value of this series, special attention is being called to them. If you failed to read the first get the last Uplift and read it, and you will want to read this one and the next. The last number dealt with the subject,"My Country Tis Of Thee" and the pure Anglo-Saxons of our Southern mountains, and introduced two writers that are comparatively unknown to the average Uplift reader. This number deals with a subject more interesting:"The Immortality Of The Soul." And is discussed in a vein that makes one want more. The third article tells a story that reads like fiction, yet strange and on the weird order, in describing the death of Homer Devenport, the greatest of all cartoonists, as well as another story equally as interesting as the three mentioned. In a private letter Mr. Hunt intimates that his vacation season at Blowing Rock is about over, and the little cottage in the pines on the Statesville highway just out of Charlotte is inviting.

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NEW ST. JAMES OF CONCORD

The dream of years was realized by St. James Luthern congregation on Sunday, September 2nd. The congregation entered the new church which had been under construction for more than a year. This congregation has undertaken a task far beyond that which congregations of this size usually undertake in building programs. But with scarcely anything except an undaunted faith, with a devotion that knows no limits, and with a loyalty characteristic of all their works they have built.

This is not the largest Lutheran church in the state, but there are none

more churchly. The outstanding and impressive feature, the one commented upon by every one who enters this church, is its conduciveness to worship, the one purpose for which the church auditorium was built.

Constructed of Indiana limestone, its outside strikes one at a glance with durability and permanance. Tudor Gothic in architecture it immediately calls to mind that this is a House of God. Located in the center of town, within a half block of the County courthouse, within one block of the City Hall, right by all the banks, most of the business section, it will daily and hourly be a reminder to those who work, those who solve hard problems that there is One Whose power never ceases. It will constantly send out the call "Come unto Me all ye that labor."

Within, the building creates in the individual a desire to worship. The high walls are finished in Old Gothic Ivory. The windows are of the best imported antique stained glass, two of which bear full sized form figures of Biblical characters. The spacious chancel with the high altar and reredos the choir stalls within the chancel, the pulpit and lectern all carry a message of the sacredness of this place a place alone for the proclamation of the Gospel. This is a building magnificent in beauty, symmetry, and churchliness.

The rear of the building is arranged strictly for educational purposes, with equipment to care for 600 pupils. The building has been constructed to care for six departments in the Sunday School work. Here are the church offices, the library, and also a large assembly and social room. The minutest details are carefully worked out so as to give the largest amount of room within the smallest possible space.

This building is not the product of one generation, but one is reminded of the loyalty and faithfulness of those who served in the past, and those who continue to give faithful service to the church and community.

The following is an excerpt from a sermon of Dr. J. C. Rowan, of First Presbyterian Church, Concord, in the new Lutheran church during the series of services the first week the church was opened:

> "The Church of Jesus Christ, in all of her branches, ought to be—and I am going to dare say is—a vanguard of the forces of righteousness, bearing a torch and furnishing light, as well as an ambulance corps, bringing up in the rear and caring for the wounded. The Church of Jesus Christ ought to be no less a preventorium than a sanitorium. The Church of Jesus Christ ought not to be simply an organization for the preservation of ancient opinions and customs, but also an organization to advance living religion, making history as well as merely recording it. The functions of the Church of Jesus Christ is to be the "pillar

and ground of truth,'' and to minister to man—especially to 'them who are the household of faith.' The churches' first duty—first, I said—is to minister to those within the church and to those without it. I sometimes wonder if we have not reversed the divine order and the divine programme.

''To pass the Torch ahead, we must get clearly and distinctively before our minds three things; What the Torch is, where the Torch is found, and how the Torch is passed ahead.

''Jesus said: 'I am the light of the World.' The Torch then, to be passed ahead is Jesus Christ Himself in all the beauty and grace and helpfulness of His teachings and His life. Again, the Torch to be passed ahead is the living Christ—living in living men. The Torch of Jesus Christ is passed ahead, in the last place, I would say, through a beautiful soul, and a helpful soul. To so live that when all else is forgotten, even the memory of your true life cannot die.''

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE CONCORD CITY SCHOOLS

The Concord Ciay Schools began a new session September 3rd, under very favorable auspices. There were enrolled the first day 2015 white children 461 colored children. Seventy-five white teachers and thirteen colored teachers are employed in the City Schools.

Prof. J. M. Tignor is the new principal of the Concord High School. Prof. Tignor has his masters degree from from the University of Virginia, and has been the successful principal of several large high schools in his native state. Last year Mr. Tignor was ad enterim teacher of psychology and education in Queens College. He is well equipped for his work, and has made a most favorable impression on all who have met him. The City High School offers three courses; the Classical course, English course, and a Business course. The school is a member of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States, and the graduates enter any college on certificate. The schools of Concord support a very fine orchestra, band and glee clubs. The Music Department of the entire school is under charge of Mr. Hobart Davis, assisted by Miss Willie McKnight. All members of the High School faculty hold college degrees, and the following colleges and universities are represented therein: The University of Virginia, University of North Carolina, University of South Carolina, Davidson, Smith College, Duke University, Converse, Winthrop, North Carolina College for Women, State Teachers College of Missouri, Wofford, University of Nebraska, and

Northwestern University.

The Grammar Department in under the direction of Miss Harriet Bowen, Supervisor. Miss Bowen comes to Concord from Chapel Hill, where she has been principal of the Junior High School since its organization. Living at the very center of educational life of our state, Miss Bowen has enjoyed exceptional advantages for developing leadership in her chosen work. The people of Concord feel that they are fortunate to have Miss Bowen as Supervisor of the Grammar School Department.

All Primary grades are under the efficicient direction of Miss Mary King, Primary Supervisor who needs no introduction, because she has spent her school life in the City Schools, and has proven herself interested in child life. Supt. A. S. Webb has been connected with the city schools for nearly twenty years and he has seen the schools grow from four or five hundred up to nearly three thousand pupils. The schools of our city and county are a public trust—and we believe with the splendid corps of teachers, and the interested men who make up the board of education, there will be continued progres educationally in the city and county.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Time Brings Changes

Seventy years ago, the first of the month, there was a celebration in New York in honor of Cyrus W. Field, who made possible electric communication between Great Britain and the United States, by laying the first cable. Last year Lindberg sailed through the air across the Atlantic. Wonderful things have transpired between these two dates. A new day is at hand when the countries of the world are brought into close contact—have become next door neighbors as it were. The world is being revolutionized by the genius of American inventors. Times have changed, and are continually changing. The strange things of to-day will be the practical things of tomorrow. The world is being made better, and life easier to live than in the olden days. The whole world is in close touch, by means of cables, airships and radio. Genius has given us many wonderful things. It is possible we may fight some more wars, but universal peace and brotherhood are coming. The time may seem long to mere mortals, but time is a mote in the dream of infinity.

—o—

The wonder is what will man do next. The announcement is made that a radio lecture has been broadcast from the bottom of the ocean. It must have been full of very deep feeling. It always impressed me that that was where the old-fashioned bass solo sounded like it came from.

—o—

The story is going the rounds that a Massachusetts boy hiked 117 miles to join the army and was rejected on account of flat feet. He should thank his stars that he is better off than many who did join the army, who have been left flat all over since they came out of the service.

—o—

Importance of Character

It is what we put into the passing moments that make up all of life; all of character; all of success. We are what we are, not what the world thinks we are. What the other fellow says about us may gain us a little notoriety sometimes, but that is all. In every phase of life the one great difference between men—the weak and the strong, the success and the failure—is that of character. Wealth, or fame, or happiness, is what the world gives us. Character is what we give the world in exchange for these. The stronger our character, the greater the returns it will command. Seek first, therefore strength of character, and all these other things shall be added unto you.

—o—

Never before, I venture to say, in the history of America, have the politicians of both parties taken such an interest in agriculture, and the agriculturist, as they are manifesting this year. It should be a fine educational campaign for the farmer When it is over he should know what his complaint is and learn what remedy is necessary to give him relief.

—o—

They used to say in times past that it was "A long lane that had no turn." The modern version

in this day is, "It's a long lane that has no filling station."

—o—

The Foolish Owl

An enterprising bird story comes from Fort William, on Lake Superior . A mallard duck was swimming on the lake, along towards evening, and a big owl was sitting on the shore watching it. Suddenly some hunters came along in an automobile. The car scared the duck and it rose and flew off, just above the surface of the water. The owl, seeing his prey escaping, immediately took after the duck and was overhauling it when the duck made a clever nose-dive into the water. Instantly the owl followed. And that was where the owl was out of luck. It could keep afloat, but could not pursue the duck, nor take off again from the water. The hunters rowed out and caught it and put it in a cage. The duck got away. So owls are not as wise as they are reputed to be. Any bird that looks as wise as an owl does should know better than to alight on the water without pontoons. Though to tell the truth, some of our owl aviators don't seem to be any wiser.

—o—

A physician has made known the fact that in pursuing the game of checkers it calls into play 140 different muscles. This is news. To see the checker players—and chess players—sit in perfect tranquility for a given length of time, without so much as winking an eye-lid, it would look as if their muscles were taking a vacation, or had gone to sleep. Must be something wrong about this muscle diagnosis. Must have been golf the doctor was thinking about.

—o—

A psychologist classes Al Smith as a syntonic type and Herbert Hoover as a schizoid. I didn't know that running for the presidency was as bad as that. Isn't it awful? The candidates should take something, quick!

—o—

Economy Is Economy

Although people are living fast these days and spend a great deal of money, some wisely and some foolishly, still there is a streak of economy running all down the line. The pressing club people have worked the pressing business to a close press. For the women they make well worn dresses look fresh and new, and send them back to their wearers in a large paper envelope. For a man the arrangement is more complex. A man can drop into one of the clubs, if he is pressed for time, and have his suit pressed, and he sits in a little chubby hole in his undies while the pressing operation is going on. We are making wonderful progress in our operations and methods.

—o—

I saw a young lady the other day, in the front door-way of one of our stores, and on a table in front of her, with a peculiar kind of needle, was demonstrating the mending of "runs" in stockings. I guess the "runs" in stockings come from their "fast" colors.

—o—

Moonlight has been known to get many a fellow into trouble in his gay, and giddy youth. And "moonshine" does the same thing when he gets older, and well acquainted with the ways of the world.

—o—

Books a Friend to Man

Books are not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life. They are

not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, and needing repair; but like a spiritual tree. They yield their precious fruit from year to year. The best society in the world is that which lives in good books. There is a certain monotony in daily life, and those whose aims are high, but who lack the inherent strength to stand true to them amid adverse influences, gradually drop out of the ever-thinning ranks of the aspiring. They are conquered by routine, and disheartened by the discipline and labor that guard the prizes of life. Even to the strongest there are hours of weakness and weariness. To the weak, and to the strong in their times of weakness, books are inspiring friends and teachers. Against the feebleness of individual efforts they proclaim the victory of faith and patience, and out of the uncertainty and discouragement of one day's work they prophesy the fuller and richer life, that grows strong and deep through conflict, sets itself more and more in harmony with the noblest aims, and is at last crowned with honor and power.

—o—

Good cheer is just as essential to life as sunshine, air and water. It is just as plentiful, all around us, if people will only recognize its presence and practice it. Shakespeare, in his Comedy of Errors, says, "Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merry feast." Cheer not only helps you, but helps others. It spreads like the ripples on a lake. Keep smiling. Spread good cheer.

—o—

A good story is told of an Irishman, about three sheets to the wind on his way home, near midnight. In crossing the bridge he saw the reflection of the moon on the water below. He was gazing into the water when a policeman approached him from the opposite direction, and Pat inquired of him: "Phwat's the matter down there?" "That's the moon," replied the policeman. "Well, how did I get up here?" asked Pat.

PAINT ME AS I AM

There is an old story of Oliver Cromwell which bears repetition. It is to the effect that when the artist who was painting his picture wished to paint him without the ugly wart which disfigured his face he indignantly demanded: "Paint me as I am." The story is good enough to be be true. It probably is, and helps us to a greater appreciation of that sturdy, ready witted courageous farmer statesman who was the directing genius in the war that settled in the negative the question of the divine right of kings, and who hesitated not himself to mount the throne upon which kings had sat and take in his own hands the sceptre of government. Cromwell may have had his faults and weaknesses, but insincerity and pride were not in the number. "Paint me as I am" was his protest against sham and hypocrisy.

WINEFRED BLACK AND MILFORD W. HOWARD

"THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL"

By C. W. Hunt — Part II

Following up the story of last week under the above headlines, appearing as number one, in which I introduced Milford W. Howard and Winefred Black, wherein they found so much of promise of saving pure, the mountain Anglo Saxon of the South, and the vivid description Howard gave of the Winefred Black personality, with her unusual face and deep religious character, I am following up the discussion indulged by these two, and giving you what they say about the immortality of the soul, as follows:

"Winefred Black belongs to the Hearst organization, controlling a large number of newspapers and magazines, but of the thousands of employes she is the only one with William Randolph Hearst at the beginning of his spectacular career. She, Mr. Hearst and I all happen to be the same age, 65; it is a glorious time in one's life, or should be. I know it is the most wonderful time in the life of Winefred Black, and from what she tells me, the same is true of William Randolph Hearst. Speaking personally, as I am supposed to do in this column, I unhesitatingly say that I am just beginning to really live. All my previous experiences have given me a background of memories that have enriched my life, broadened my horizon, increased my capacity for the things worthwhile. I have learned to discriminate between the true and the false, the sham and the real. Greatest of all I have learned the one supreme adventure in life is the Spiritual adventure. Winefred Black has learned this quite as well as I have; and thus it was that we two at 65 could speak a common language of the soul. So when we came to the deeper things of life—the things that abide when world shall disintregate and sins dissolve—we found so much in common in our beliefs, our languages, our hopes, we concluded the thing of greatest importance to each of us is our own soul. The getting acquainted with one's soul is life's supreme adventure.

"In Oscar Wilde's master piece, "De Profundus," he says: 'But to recognize that the soul of a man is unknowable is the ultimate achievement of wisdom. The final mystery is one's self. When one has weighed the sun in the balance, and measured the steps of the moon, and mapped out the seven heavens, there still remains one's self. Who can calculate the orbit of his own soul.'

"Winefred Black and I went far afield in trying to 'calculate the orbit' of our souls, the wonder increasing at every step until we finally exclaimed with the Psalmist: 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that Thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the

angels, and has crowned him with glory and honor.' Of one thing we are firmly convinced—the immortality of the soul. If this be not so, then life is the supreme tragedy, and it was far better never to have been born. On another point we were equally agreed, and that is, there can be no perfect happiness in this life without a belief in immortality. How pointedly this was accentuated in a story she told me of Clarence Darrow, the noted Chicago criminal lawyer. On one occasion he asked her if she were ever perfectly happy for one single hour in her life? She replied: 'Yes, thousands of times.'

"Poor Clarence Darrow, who does not believe in immortality, who thinks of man as bone and flesh, blood and brain, said he had never experienced one hour of perfect happiness in his life. I have met Clarence Darrow. He and I had a joint discussion in a political meeting years ago, and his face surely tells the story of his unhappiness. If I felt there was nothing to me but this body I would be far unhappier than Clarence Darrow. If I had the courage and did not care for the feelings of those who love me, I might end such a miserable existence. The most loathsome thing the mind can imagine is a decaying, putrifying corpse—rotting body eaten by worms, decaying brain devoured by a handful of magots. When Clarence Darrow sees this as his final end, I wonder that he does not go mad and cry out for the rocks and mountains to fall on him.

"Winefred Black sees her soul rising triumphant from the body with the 'loosening of the silver cord,' going forth into a world more beautiful, more real than this, and to an adventure that makes all earthly experiences pale into insignificance. I believe Winefred Black found a new world here (At Howard's Summer home in the Alabama mountains) refreshing her in body and spirit. She laughed like a school girl and was thrilled by the little simple things that appeal to great souls only.

"'For instance she went swimming in the pot hole in the De Soto River, and to see Granny Dollar to have her fortune told, and to see the little brown hen, 17 years old that lays an egg every day. How thrilled she was as Granny who will be 101 years old this month, told her she 'conjured' away wens, warts and cancers, and explained that one who 'conjures'' can not pray. Taking Winefred Black aside, she whispered: 'You are part "Injun," conjurin is same as white man's praying'..... After the world weariness had fallen away and she had drunk of the sweet waters of the oasis she had found in life's desert, she thrilled us with the most charming reminiscences of her unusual life..... Her powers of expression are amazing when she is animated—she carries you along with her as she lives again the scenes of the past."

Thus I have retold at some length another section of the wonderful visit of Winefred Black to Milford W. Howard, at his summer home, and in dealing with immortality as these people have, as told above, I am reminded of a life story in the American last year or year before, carrying a picture of old Dr. Wilson, who had been a practicing physician of the old school for fifty years, who had seen many people die, and who told her he never saw but one man who died in agony and terror and he was a most wicked man. He

said that there is something that takes away the fear of death and calms the soul of those dying, and closed with the statement that he could not understand how it would be possible for an unbeliever to see what he had seen and not believe in a future state. This same Dr. Wilson was a resident of Charlotte, a young man, when the war began in 1861, and who went through the lines when the eastern coast of North Carolina was captured. He returned last spring to see the descendants of those who helped him then. Number three will carry the story of the death of Homer Davenport, the world's greatest cartoonist.

(Continued Next Week)

WHAT SORT OF A MAN WAS OBREGON?

The estmiate of any Mexican leader depends upon whether the virdict is that of his friends or his foes. It is a tribute to Obregon that, though a soldier and fighter, with the reputation of being the only revolutionary general who never lost a battle, he is reported to have said:

'I would rather teach the Mexican people to use a toothbrush than to handle a rifle. I would rather see them in schools than on battlefields. I prefer any day a good electrician, machinist, carpenter or farmer to a soldier.''

He is said also to have been friendly to this country, and to have taken the attitude toward foreign investors that ''a country without capital is like a body without blood.''—The Congregationalist.

WASHINGTONS BIBLE SEALED IN GLASS

The treasured Bible, the property of Fredericksburg, Va., Masonic Lodge, on which Washington took his Masonic oath, has been sealed in a glass case, a gift from Trinity Lodge No. 41, of Washington, D. C. The gift was made at the instigation of O. A. C. Oehmler, a member of Trinity Lodge. His mother made the cushion upon which the Bible rests in the case.

Some time ago when Trinity Lodge visited the Lodge in Fredericksburg, Oehmler with others was shown the Bible, which at that time was covered with netting. He was deeply impressed and decided that it was practically sacreligious to have this relic lay under such inauspious surrounding and with the ever-present danger of mutilation from relic seekers. He learned also that the Bible was considered precious by the lodge and that almost fabulous sums had been been offered for it. As the result of his interest and as a gesture of fraternal love Trinity lodge presented the glass case in which the Bible has been hermetically sealed.

TABLET UNVEILED TO CHRISTIAN REID

(Exchange)

"Christian Reid," in whose memory a tablet was unveiled and dedicated today at Calvary Episcopal Church, Fletchers, was a native of Salisbury. She was born and died on Fulton street which several years ago gave way for a modern residence.

This noted writer of fiction was Frances Caldwell Fisher Tiernan. Her mother was a daughter of Judge Caldwell and married the writer's father. Charles F. Fletcher, against the wishes of Mrs. Caldwell. On account of this objection the wedding was performed at the home of a friend, Mrs. Boyden, the present home of Col. A. H. Boyden. Frances Caldwell was the oldest child, two others being Annie and Fred, twins.

Col. Fisher was a great industrial captain of North Carolina. He was president of the North Carolina Railroad and by his ambition and ability he projected the building of a railroad west from Salisbury to Asheville The Civil War caught this road in the building and Col. Fisher organized a regiment of soldiers which he equiped largely out of his personal account. This regiment arrived on the battle field in time to turn the tide of Manassas and give the Confederates one of their most decisive victories of the war. But in this battle Colonel Fisher lost his life.

Frances received most of her education from a maiden aunt, Miss Christian Fisher, who acted as her coach and secretary during the period of her early writings. After doing some magazine writing, Frances was taken on a trip through Western North Carolina, the beauties of which were unknown to the outside world. The trip was proposed by an uncle, Peter Hairston, who saw that she had a carriage and horses and also a saddle horse which she used in making trips across the unknown mountains. After this trip Frances, whose pen name wasc "Christian Reid," wrote a wonderful account of her visit. This was published in a book form called "The Land of the Sky" This book more than any thing else introduced Asheville and that section to the country at large and gave it a permanent name, "The Land of the Sky" "Christian Reid" wrote many books and magazine stories but the one her home town people think of when her name is mentioned is"The Land of the Sky."

"Christian Reid" was born in Salisbury July 5, 1826, lived here practically all her life, and passed away March 24, 1920.

"Education, if it means anything, is the quickening of the powers which enable us to live—ideally, practically, morally and mentally, or that give us the capacity to enjoy and expand life. Art even in its simplest form tends to these ends."

HOME LIFE COMING BACK

(Asheville Citizen)

Family Life, as Americans once knew it, is coming back. The home, we believe, will soon cease to figure merely as a place to go away from.

When motion pictures achieved an excellence that attracted millions of people to the theater every evening, home life was sorely stricken. The automobile had already taken some of the charm out of the old hearthstone, and the movies finished the business. Sociologyists and publicists, preachers and cartoonists announced that the beautiful family life of olden times, when everybody sat around the livingroom lamp at night, was gone never to return. These "modern inventions," they lamented, "have transformed homes into mere filling stations."

But poetic justice is not dead. Along comes another inventor which, if the prophets are correct, will make family life what it used to be. In a brief comment on television, The Outlook hints at what is to be expected. "At the next heavyweight championship match," it says, "Tex Richard may have to lock out more than the radio announcer; the television transmitter may also threaten to keep potential seat buyers at home and cut the profits."

That is to say, if people can sit in their homes and see the fight by the simple process of pressing a button, they will not be so foolish as to go and spend their hard earned cash for the doubtful privelege of sitting on a hard bench a city block from the ring and straining their optics to the limit in a painful attempt to find out who knocks down whom. "Radio-television for the home," The Outlook declares, "ought to be a reality soon." To hear and to see at home everything that occurs at a fight, a ball game or in a motion picture, gives the old hearthstone a charm it has never had.

But when everybody is forming the habit of staying at home, what will the showman and the promoters do? Will they keep the radio and television men off their premises so as to compel the public to buy seats? Or will they sell the radio and television rights, thus doing away with the necessity of building great auditoriums? Viewed in this light, the thing assumes unsuspected complications. Nevertheless, we put our trust in the indestructibility of the home. Family life is to be saved by the very inventiveness which for a brief while seemed to wipe it off the map.

BUT HE WAS PUNISHED

John.—Teacher, can anyone be punished for something he did'nt do?
Teacher.—Why of course not, John.
John.—That's fine. I haven't done my arithmetic.

THE BUTTERFLY PLAN.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

State agencies have earnestly taken up the recent suggestion of Governor McLean that North Carolina ought to seriously undertake the beautification of its state highways. It has been decided to ask the Legislature to grant permission to the State Highway Commission to use some of the road funds in the planting of trees and shrubs at suitable points along highways and in the removal of unsightly encumbrances.

A great deal of the automobile riding the people do these days is for health and pleasure. What could contribute more to the joys of motoring than a pleasing view all along the way? We drive far to see beautiful mountain scenery or noted pastoral scenes. Thousands of our folks make their way to the Shenandoah valley of Virginia, for instance, because of the pleasing aspect of the countryside all along the way. Many thousands go to other places in North Carolina where the work of beauty that nature has done has not been too greatly marred by man.

We have about reached the end of the wasteful age in other lines of endeavor, and it is gratifying to note that the work of building back natural beauty is being undertaken seriously by our State officials. They will find plenty of native trees and shrubs that can be used readily in the scheme of adding beauty to the roadside along our State highways. What nature has there can in many instances be nurtured and aided. What man has placed as a hindrance to nature can be removed without particular harm to anyone and with great benefit to the esthetic point of view.

One of the stock criticsms of North Carolina by visitors from some other State is that we have taken too little care of appearances. This criticsm is being overcome to a large extent by the efforts of the people living along the roadways to "spruce up" their premises. The State can do a most vaulable work by carrying out a definite plan of highway beautification and its officials deserve approval of all citizens in the undertaking.

TOO MANY "REPEATERS"

A study of the school figures for North Carolina by grades reveals that at least three children out of every ten fail each year of promotion.

That means for the white schools that the teachers must go over the same ground twice with well over 100,000 pupils annually. Perhaps there is no cure for such a state of affairs except time and steady effort, but a searching inquiry as to why so large a percentage of children regularly fall below the normal in their school work might yield profitable results.

If the number of "repeaters" could be cut in half the saving would be immediate and considerable; and there is plenty of opportunity to use the money thus conserved to great advantage elsewhere.—Asheville Citizen.

SCOUT CHOSEN FOR DARING POLAR TRIP.

(Exchange)

Paul L. Siple, Erie Boy Scout, is going "to the bottom of the world" with Commander Richard E. Byrd's South Pole expedition and faces two years in the desolate and frozen wastes of the Antarctic, with a band of hardy adventurers, but the least worried about are his father and mother here.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Clyde L. Siple and confidence supreme is theirs.

"My only instructions to my son will be to take with him the Boy Scout manual and an American flag, place them as far south as he possibly can and then come back to me and report," says his father.

"If the good Lord permitted Paul to be selected for this expedition, the good Lord will permit him to return to me," says his mother. "I have the utmost confidence in Commander Byrd and I know that he will take care of my boy."

And Paul's comment is, "I'm going to play a man's part."

Clyde Siple, the father, was working at his job in the shops of the General Electric company here when Paul bounded in, excitedly, with the news that he had been selected from among the nation's Boy Scouts to accompany Commander Byrd's expedition.

"Dad," he almost shouted, "I'm going to the South Pole with Commander Byrd. They've chosen me to represent the Boy Scouts."

The elder Siple wiped his grimy hand with a rag and extended it to Paul.

"Put her there, son," he said, quietly.

And when Paul hurried home to break the news to his mother Mrs. Siple looked at her tall, handsome son for a moment and then she flung both arms around him and kissed him, smiling happily through a flood of tears.

"Yes," said Mrs. Siple after the excitement had quieted and the neighbors began to come and offer their congratulations to Paul, "I have the utmost confidence in Commander Byrd. Really, our whole family feels like explorers. Night after night we have pored over the maps of the trip and read the books of Commander Byrd's previous Polar expeditions until we feel as though we all were making the trip."

"Thrilled To Death."

Paul, himself, is thrilled over the prospects of the Antarctic trip—and what red-blooded American boy of 19 wouldn't be? He knows Commander Byrd personally because he and five other Boy Scouts met him when they went to New York recently to be personally examined as to their fitness for the trip. Is was from the six, representing Boy Scouts in all parts of the United States, that the final selection was made.

"Of course, I'm thrilled to death,' Paul said. "I knew that I had one chance in six to get the trip, but the other five boys were all very good,

and it must have been a hard job to make the selection.

"Commander Byrd is a prince of a fellow and I'm willing to follow him anywhere he leads. I am prepared to take a man's part in the expedition and I am certain that the Boy Scouts of America will be proud that one of their number has been granted the opportunity to follow the American flag to the South Pole."

Since joining the Boy Scouts nine years ago, Paul has taken a leading part in everything. If he had to wear all his Scout medals and awards he would not have room enough on his blouse for them, because he has won more than sixty. He is also a Sea Scout and an honor mate in that organization which stood him in good stead when he was being considered for the Polar trip.

Paul's troop is No. 24 of the Park Presbyterian church.

"He is the most conscientious and dependable Boy Scout I have ever worked with," says Harry E. Frayer, Erie's chief Scout executive and the man who entered young Siple in the Byrd contest. "He is not only interested in making a fine record for himself, but in seeing that other scouts do so, too. In all the scout tests, he has made the higest possible grades. He has a great ambition to be a scout executive."

The tall, heavy set, good natured and unassuming boy has a magnetic personality and affableness that is expressed in The Spokesman, year book of Central high school of 1926:

"Here is a fellow who is so good natured and fun loving that one can't help liking him. We know that he will gather a wealth of friends wherever he may go, with his winning smile and kind ways. Every one of his associates feel him to be a trustworthy friend."

THE LIVING CHRIST

The union of the forces of Protestant Christianity may be a far way off, but the body that refuses to even consider the matter will have some difficulty explaining the meaning of Christ's prayer for the oneness of all believers. I am far from saying that there are not real differences, differences in what seem to be fundamentals, differences that appear to be continental in their width. It is useless to say that we are already one and then refuse to have anything to do with others. We are in duty bound to try to find a way out of our scrambled Protestantism, and if we fail we have at least tried.

A few hours before the battle of Trafalgar began, Nelson heard that Admiral Collingwood and his captain were not on speaking terms. Nelson asked Collingwood if this were true. "We are not on speaking terms with each other," said Collingwood. Instantly Nelson sent for the captain, and then turning to both he said: Look! Yonder is the enemy. Shake hands for England's sake." With such tremendous tasks awaiting the Christian church it is as true today as in Apostolic times, that needless division and estrangement is a sign of weakness.—Selected.

MRS. MARTHA FINK—CABARRUS COUNTY'S OLDEST CITIZEN

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Time placed a heavy hand on the feeble brow of Mrs. Martha Fink during the past year, and this venerable Cabarrus woman was forced to observe her 111th birthday anniversary in a manner distasteful to her. Instead of celebrating the event as she did last year, with scores of relatives and friends as her guests, she was forced this year to remain quietly at the home of her son, where she lives.

Hoping against hope, almost, relatives of Mrs. Fink planned throughout the year to make this birthday celebration the greatest in her life but Time wouldn't be denied, and at the last minute the festivities had to be called off.

Mrs. Fink lives with her son, M. F. Fink, near Harrisburg, and during the past year scores of persons called at the Fink home to see this woman who says she was born in Montgomery county on September 1st, 1817. Little was known of her life generally until last year when she celebrated her 110th birthday with a big picnic, but her fame spread rapidly after that major event, and hardly a week passed during the past year that some one did not call to chat with the frail woman and congratulate her on her battle with Father Time.

And because they feared this would be her last birthday, relatives had prepared to feast her in regal style. The picnic of last year would be but a sample, the crowd but a smattering of those who planned to be present this year. But the plans had to be cancelled, for "Granny" lost much strength during the year, she was too weak to stand the ordeal of an all-day picnic.

Last year for her birthday she was robed in a "party dress," and was able to move out into the big grove where the picnic dinner was served. The dress had been preserved for this year, carefully packed away for the big event, but it probably has been worn for the last time, for Mrs. Fink doesn't hear as well as she did last year, she can't walk without aid, she can't eat with regularity, and her mind fails to function with its accustomed keenness.

"Granny" is unable now to follow her secret of success—work. "Work hard indoors, out-of-doors and everywhere," she said last year when asked for recipe of longevity. And she can qualify as an expert, for work has been her portion for nigh unto a hundred years, from the time she married as a strip of a girl until within the past three years. Besides the household duties and rearing children, she has done all kinds of field work, plowed, chopped wood, sawed and cleared off land.

She said idleness has ruined many but hard work helps all.

Mrs. Fink last year related with a sense of pride, something of her work during the trials of the War Between the States. She cultivated crops while her husband was at the front and boasted with pride that "when he got back the crops were as fine as they were when he left." Mrs. Fink said she was not a young

woman when the war started.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Fink knitted stockings for her children, grand-children and great-grand-children, but work for this estimable woman is over. It's just a question of time, and apparently not much of a question, until her frail body will give completely away before the ravishes of Time, and until the final summons she will be ministered unto at the hands of her children, the oldest of whom, Ephraim, is 79 years of age.

THE THINGS THAT HAVEN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE

The things that haven't been done before,
  Those are the things to try.
Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore,
  At the rim of the far-flung sky.
And his heart was bold and his faith was strong,
  As he ventured in dangers new,
And he paid no heed to the jeering throng,
    Or the fear of the doubting crew.
The many will follow the beaten track
    With guide posts along the way.
They live and have for ages back
  With a chart for every day.
Someone has told them it's safe to go
  On the road he has traveled o'er,
And all the way they strive to know
  Are the things that were known before
  The things that haven't been done before
  Are the tasks worth while today.
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
  Are you the one that shall lead the way?
Are you one of the timid souls that quail
  At the jeers of the doubting crew,
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,
  Strike out for the goal that's new?

—Anon.

THE MIMIC WORLD

(Asheville Citizen)

Down from New York come stirring and enthusiastic stories of the excellences of "The Terror," the second 100 per cent, all-talking motion picture released by Warner Brothers. "Talk about improvement!" writes A. M. Sherwood, Jr., the well known critic. "You never saw such improvement in your life as "The Terror shows over all previous attempts at talking pictures. It's heartening, stimulating and really rather thrilling. There isn't a sub-title in the piece."

Any impartial person who goes to the talking movies now gets a vision of something big and beautiful just ahead in the mimic world. This impression is borne out by Sherwood's judgment of "The Terror." So great has been the popularity of the talking movie that the producers are sparing neither effort nor money to improve it. There are the Vitaphone, the Movietone, Photophone, and the Filmaphone, and in their respective studios and laboratories, artists and scientists work with might and main to bring the mechanisms to greater degrees of effectiveness.

Such improvements are needed. They do not yet reproduce perfectly all types of voices or all modes of vocal expression. But now and then a voice comes from the machine so absolutely life-like that the hearer gets a thrill at the realization of what it will mean when the voice of an actress in a play can be so perfectly recorded. Lionel Barrymore's lines in "The Lion and the Mouse" are an illustration of a speaker's words coming to the audience true to the life.

If this effect can be achieved in regard to one voice or one type of voice, it is a certainty that a similar exactitude will be reached in recording all voices. When that happens, and we believe it will be soon, the possibilities of the talking movie will be tremendous.

When the Plaza Theater showed "The Lights of New York" here last month, it broke the record of the house for weekly attendance, simply because an all-talking picture had unprecedented drawing powers. If the present development of this form of entertainment is so impressive, who can put a limit to what its attractiveness will be when vastly improved? And who can foretell what it will mean to art? When art is perfectly reproduced, the fact that it is done by machinery does not keep it from being art. The vision of a bigger and lovlier mimic world starts with that.

Getting the mail from Europe to this country twenty-four hours faster is an impressive achievement, but we should like to have more faith in its practical value. Our impression is that eight of every ten pieces of mail from abroad at this time of year bring little but photographs of tourists seated at the bottle-laden tables of sidewalk cafes.

—Edward Hope.

WESTERN UNION LAYS NEW DEEP SEA CABLE

The cable ship Dominia, largestan vessel of her type in the world, arrived at St. Johns, Nf.,recently after completing what is believed the fastest survey ever made of a new cable route. The survey, which included accurate soundings of the sea bottom, was made by the Dominia over the route of the deep-sea cable to be laid by the Western Union Telegraph Company, between Bay Roberts, Nf., and the Azores. This cable, the core of which is wrapped with a special alloy wire originated in the laboratories of the Western Electric Company, will be the fastest duplex cable in the world.

Beginning the survey at the Azores on August 14, the Dominia steamed steadily toward Bay Roberts for 7 days, over a predetermined route. Practically all the way the vessel was proceeding at 8 knots per hour, while soundings were made constantly by an echo depth finder which operates electrically. The distance is 1, 264 miles.

This depth finder radiates into the water a sound which is produced by electro-mechanically driven diaphram. The sound travels to the bottom of the sea and returns in the form of an echo which is caught by a hydrophone. The echo is conducted electrically to the indicator on the ships bridge where by suitable devices it is translated into fathoms of depth. It is thus possible for the ship to make soundings while traveling at full speed, instead of having to stop to use the tedious lead-line method.

The Dominia, owned by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, a British organization, has the contract for laying the new Western Union Cable from Bay Roberts to Horta, in the Azores. Today the vessel is transferring the shore end of the cable to the Western Union cable ship Cyrus Field. The Cyrus Field will lay this shore end, from Bay Roberts to deep water, where it was picked up August 23 by the Dominia for the start toward Horta. The Dominia expected to complete her job by about September 2.

There are three classes of citizens in almost every community—those who are making the current—those who are carried along by the result of the efforts of those around them—and those who do not want to be carried, but try to trip those who carry them. It is criminal to belong to the last class and uncomplimentary to belong to the second class, and any town should consider itself mighty unfortunate in having no one who does not belong to the first class.—Selected.

DO YOU SEE THINGS LIKE THIS?

By Rose Naomi Scott

Did you ever try to decide upon the most beautiful incident that ever occurred in your every-day life?

Not all great heroisms, or beautiful acts, you know, are recorded. Many are known today because an eye sensitive to beauty in every-day saw them, and set them down in verse, or or story in a picture. This power to perceive beauty in obscure place marks the poet and artist.

The dying boy of Ratisbon fame, who rode with a message to Napoleon and dropped dead as he delivered it, lives in Browning's vivid verse. The courage of Alexander Selkirk, on a desert island hundreds of years ago, would never have been known, beyond his home town and generation, if Defoe had not recorded it in the matchless romance of Robinson Crusoe. A peasant boy and girl stopping their field work to pray at the ringing of a bell, would have meant nothing except to their own hearts and a spectator if Millet had not felt the appeal of it and put it on canvas, as the "The Angelus" for the world.

Can we see, too, in ordinary days, often in shabby folks, marvelous things, happening before our very eyes? As you think back doubtless little things stand out from common days that have enriched existence for you.

Here are two of the most beautiful things that life has shown me.

On a street car in a city of the far South two mothers sat in adjoining seats.

One, in a soiled sleazy dress, with unkempt bobbed hair, and an ignorant face, had an under-nourished cross-eyed, pathetic, neglected child of two beside her. The child's claw-like hands were more grimy even than her unwashed face and dress and hair.

These grimy hands gripped the back of her seat as the child stared, backwards, with a wistfulness that stirred the heart of the mother sitting behind. This mother held a lovely baby, white, pink, fragrant, fresh; and she, too, was crisply and beautifully dressed. On her arm an expensive bag with peeps of lace and a delectable odor gave away its contents of little garments, a change for the baby a little later.

The child hanging over the back of the seat, seemed fascinated by the rosy health of the mother and baby just behind. She reached out those wretched little hands with silly little sounds. The mother of the little miserable, snarled at her, and struck her hands down, with a sidewise glance at the mother behind, for approval. The child's face sharpened into fury, she screamed like a little animal, and her mother was going to strike her again, when the woman behind put her hand, white and manicured, over that grimy little claw.

She touched it with the same tenderness with which she held her dainty baby. You wondered how she dared, in face of germs and her own child, to caress that foul little hand. Softly she stroked it, gaily she smiled into the crossed eyes.

An exquisite quietness crept over the child. A defeated look struggled

up in the wistful eyes, a look that blurred my own. I simply had to look away. The lovely mother was getting off as I looked up again, but still turning that radiant warmth on the child, as she gathered her own competently in one arm.

The last picture I have of the neglected little child shows her holding up her soiled little paw, staring at it, and turning it over, evidently trying to see on it, actually and visibly, the tenderness that had touched it.

I felt I had looked on the bare heart of motherliness. A motherliness that perceived through dirt and neglect, the sacred marvel of a little child, and reached toward it the same tenderness that blessed the cherished baby in her arms.

At the time it seemed the most beautiful thing life had ever shown me.

Another act, however, of instinctive unselfishness has come to rival it. Incidentally, it, too, had to do with a street car.

Waiting, one day, on a quiet street, for a street car, a man pushed in front of me so abruptly I had to give back. He stopped near me, waiting, I supposed, for a car, and tapping the pavement occasionally with a cane he carried. Once and again he seemed about to cross the street but hesitated, and did not move from the sidewalk. Slowly the situation seeped in upon my own absorbed thoughts.

The man was blind. He was waiting for the street to be empty, of noise or vibration, before he attempted to cross.

Should I offer to assist him His face had the unmistakable stamp of breeding and manliness. He might resent aid offered by a stranger and a woman.

He tapped the curbing, and his cane marked the step from the curbing to the pavement. The whir of a coming auto arrested him, and he stepped back on the sidewalk.

"Will you walk with me as we cross the street?" I finally mustered courage to ask.

His answer leaped back instinctively, and that was the beautiful thing about it.

"Thank you, no. You might miss your car while seeing me across."

Do you get the unselfish viewpoint that blind man had to have to say this? His mind had leapt all around my situation on that street corner. Long before I had seen that he was blind, he had perceived, by my lingering there, that I was waiting for a car. Thinking wholly of me, in my offer, he remembered that I might lose my car, while I was walking across the street with him. He was seeing this possible inconvenience to me, as he stood there, in utter blackness, fumbling with his cane, helpless to cross that street. I, in the blaze of light, and all that vision meant, could hardly get my mind about the independence and courage, the chivalrous thoughtfulness that the quick retort shaped before me. I had first to picture myself in his awful night. It was a sermon on selfless consideration of others, that held me silent with a lump in my throat, as, protesting my car was not in sight, he allowed me to walk by him until his cane touched the opposite curb, a sermon that has blessed me from that date.

Have you seen anyhing more beautiful in your every-day? When we look with eyes, open to see noble and lovely things in the hurry of

the commonplace, though we cannot record them in verse or story or picture, we, too, become arists and poets of the beauty that endures.

FAMOUS OLD CHURCH

The Trinity church (Boston) corner stone was laid in 1743, as an outgrowth of King's chapel. The first building was of wood, 90 feet long and 60 feet broad, without any external ornament, neither tower, steeple nor window in the lower story of the front of the building. There were three entrances in the front, with neither arch nor porch. The inside, in contrast with the exterior, was very handsome, the paintings and arches considered the finest in the city. It was surplanted by a granite structure in 1828, with a noble square tower. This was destroyed by fire in 1872 and rebuilt.—Monroe Journal

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ADVENTURE ETERNAL.

(Colliers Weekly) .. ..

The Polar regions have taken heavy toll this summer. Explorers have suffered in body and soul most of the evil which the icy desert can inflict, and yet others plan to go forward. Tragedy serves but to lure fresh adventurers onward.

What is the magic which persuades vigorous men to abadon the ease and comforts of civilization to undergo heavy labor amid harsh surroundings and to chance it with suffering and death?

Certainly money does not beckon. No man can hope to derive much profit from what he may encounter on the polar seas .

Fame, yes, if body and spirit stand the strain, but humiliation awaits him whose courage cracks in the loneliness of the great waste.

Amundsen, Scott and Shackleton in the South, and Peary, Byrd, Amundsen, Steafanson and a host of others no less famous in the North have year after year pitted their endurance and ingenuity against the menace of the polar desert. Many died as heroes. Others suffered beyond imagination, but still the crusade continues.

What pulls them on?

Desire to understand and to master the unknown, the instinct which has lifted men above all other creatures of the earth is the great driving force.

Nobody can say in advance of the event what any bit of exploration may achieve. Most of the great discoveries were accidental. Columbus was looking for something else when he found America. Australia was the unforeseen incident of Cap't. Cook's long voyage.

The men who challenge the Polar regions are for the most part looking for nothing of immediate practical worth.

Men want to know the unknown. Studies must be made of the ocean and land, of wind and of rainfall.

Geologists must map the remote areas and other scientists must study the fishes and animals and plant life.

What good will come? Who can say? What good came of Charles Darwin's studies and voyages? The formulation of an idea of growth, a rule that the simple precedes the complex, and that in all life there is unity, are some of the truths glimpsed by the biologist.

Perhaps the first fruits of the arctic trips will be better understanding of the conditions which influence the weather. That is practically enough. Other things immediately useful may be learned, such as possible airplane routes across the polar seas.

But these possible gains, important as they are, are relatively insignificant. The great thing is that exploration offers an avenue of effort for the best the human race possesses.

The inquiring mind, capable of learning new truth, the dauntless spirit, the will to live and to struggle amid incredible hardships, the sense of brotherhood which makes brave men of every nation risk their lives to aid unknown comrades, what is finer?

Yes, the polar region has taken its toll, but it has left memories, some of them inspiring as anything written upon the pages of history.

BROADENING RURAL SCHOOL COURSES

The County school authorities are making the endeavor to put into the system of rural schools in the Fall studies in commercial, agriculture and music for the children of the countryside, these special courses of instruction being made available at chosen schools that are so situated as to put the benefits of this innovation in reach of as many of the students as possible.

Only two agricultural teachers are so far employed, commercial courses are to be offered in three or more of the schools, while every school in the county will have the opportunity of musical instruction, five teachers having been determined upon to cover the whole County in their itinerary during the next year.

This progressive step is in line with what is being done generally over the country, although in this State very little of this sort of instruction has so far been made available for the children of the rural schools.

In this County this is a mere beginning. It is the hope of the authorities to broaden this work in the future and make it possible for any boy or girl who wants to secure vocational instruction and girls who want adequate musical training, to find such available for them.

Why should such not be when popular consent makes it virtually mandatory upon urban schools to supply these courses? And if they are necessary for the children of the City system, why should they be counted less essential for the children of the rural?—Charlotte News.

MRS. DANSDILL TELLS OF THE MENACE OF WHITE PLAGUE

(Exchange)

"Tuberculosis takes its greatest toll among youth and men and women in the most productive times of their lives," said Miss Theresa Dansdill in a speech made recently at the chapel convocation of the summer school of North Carolina college.

Miss Dansdill, who is director of health education of the North Carolina Tuberculosis association, went on to say that the only group that has as high a death rate as it had 10 years ago is the age group of high school girls. She thought that the desire to be fashionably slender undoubtedly has much to do with the high death rate in this group.

"If the present campaign for education can be carried on effectively, the disease of tuberculosis will be conquered within the next ten years. There were over 2,500 deaths from tuberculosis in North Carolina last year. Education will reduce this number."

Miss Dansdill came to North Carolina from Iowa. While she was connected with the national tuberculosis association she wrote a book that has been adopted as a text in physical education schools throughout the country.

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY

There is no denying the place that Colonel George Harvey held as a writer and as a moulder of public opinion in his own particular sphere. As the editor of Harper's Weekly and The North American Review and as an able publicist he not only attracted attention but he had an unmistakable following, readers who thought much as he did.

Prior to the Wilson administration Col. Harvey was held in higher esteem by Southern Democrats, perhaps, than he was by Northern Democrats. He was not an intense party man. He belonged more properly with the Mugwumps, a staunch fighter of political rings and predatory politics. But he fought for his own hand, or for the favored few.

That is why he surprised nobody when he left the Democratic party flat and helped nominate Harding.

Able, a fighter, an enemy to corruption it must have seared the soul of Colonel Harvey to see what the Ohio gang did while in power, with President Harding as their duped catspaw. Small wonder he sank out of sight in the years that followed the Harding administration. No doubt he thought his work done.

All things considered, he deserved well of his country. His ideals were high, his battles were over for what he considered the right, and if he made mistakes he was like all mankind, merely human.

—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

HONOR ROLL

Room No. 1

—A—

Johnnie Holmes.

—B—

Donald Etchier, Byron Ford, Edgar Rochester, Edwin McBryde.

Room No. 2

—A—

Willie Smith, Coleman Goodwin, Albert Spangler, Ralph Walton.

—B—

Walter Bates, William Rose, William Hendrick, Vernon Cooper.

Room No 3

—A—

Carl Ballard, Monroe Horton, Clyde Evans, Brenell Fink, Ramond Lowery, Nolan Austin, Hubert Correll.

—B—

Necola Bristow, Dan Wilson, W. B. Saunders, George Bristow,, Allen Coke.

Room No. 5

—A—

Bennie Moore, Marvin Barnes, Bobbie Hendrick, Phil Gibson, Johnnie Price, Harrell Howie, David, Hall, Mark Witty, Obie Sims, James Smith, Malcome, Moore, Paul Huffman, Rudolph Snipes, Grover McQuay, Isham Harvey.

—B—

Mahlon Allen, Edward Eggers, Fred Coner, Walter Maddox, Clarence Helms, John Callahan, Herman Kissiah, Willie Thomas.

Room No. 6

—A—

Leroy Alldred, Woodrow Griffith, Leonard Powers, Lester Wall Clyde Kivett, Albert Orr, Lee McPherson, Vance Thomason.

—B—

Lester Whittaker, John Thompson, DeWhitt Duncan, Alvin Roberts, Hubert Hines, James Talbert, "Buck" Winkler, Reid Jackson, Shirley Earnhardt.

Room No. 7

—A—

Ozell Willis, Ed Pennell, Glenn Page Dubal Ashe, Willard Squires, Ray Chambers, Alfred Denton, James Carrol, Johnnie Williamson, Lee Bright, Franklin Roberts, James Mason, Woodrow Johnston, Blanco Williams, Gus Riley, James Elliott, and Herschel Crews.

NORTH CAROLINA FLAG GOES TO SOUTH POLE

When the Antarctic expedition of Commander Richard E. Byrd reaches the South Pole the flag of North Carolina as well as the flags of Virginia and the United States will be dropped there

Miss Lena Campbell, of Wilmingaon, who visited here on her way from New York city after seeing the expedition's base ship,"City of New York." off revealed today that she had given a North Carolina State flag to her friend, Dr. Francis D. Camon, medical officer of the ship who promised it would be left at the South Pole if the expedition is successful.—News and Observer.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lisk left last Monday for a brief vacation.

Mr and Mrs. L. S. Presson have returned from a month's vacation.

After being idle during the summer months, the shoe shop force has again resumed operations.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris, officer and matron in charge of the thirteenth cottage, are enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

The farm boys have been busy lately, preparing the land for fall sowing of rape, kale, spinach, etc. We are great lovers of these salads during the winter.

Dr. Lewis, president of Scotia Seminary, Concord, had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and preached a very good sermon.

The chicken business seems to be flourishing here at the school. Last Sunday our entire population of almost 600, enjoyed another of those famous Southern fried chicken dinners.

We enjoyed a letter last week from Stanley Armstrong, one of our former printing department boys. He is now holding a position as Linotype operator with the Greensboro Daily News.

Traveling over our campus one hears quite a bit of conversation concerning the Cabarrus District fair. Both boys and officers seem to be anticipating a good time at this annual event.

We are wondering when Mr. Hood, who has charge of the bees, will make another raid on the hives. We all have a "sweet tooth" and hope it wont be long until we can enjoy some more real honey.

We are very sorry to learn that Bertie Murray, one of our old boys, whose home is in Nash County, is seriously ill, suffering from blood-poisoning. We hope that he may soon be well again.

Miss Vernie Goodman was very unfortunate last week in having her Ford coupe stolen for the second time this year. It was recovered near Connelly Springs, but had been destroyed by fire.

We have been sowing a large quanity of pansy and delphenium seeds lately. The pansies are beginning to show up and if nothing happens to destroy them, we will have plenty of plants to sell as well as for use here on the campus

---

The main attraction down at the ball grounds last Saturday afternoon was a game between a team composed of five officers and four boys, and a team selected from our boys. It was a good game, the "old-timers" winning by the score of 2 to 1.

The local rabbit and 'possum hunters are just rarin to go, in fact they can hardly wait for the season

to open. This season we are going to invite Supt. Leonard, of the Eastern Carolina Training School, to join us in another hunt and we will assure him that we will have a real hunt.

The school has been the fortunate possessor of a fine field of beans from which the beetle has been kept out by constant dusting with arsenate of lead. The yield from the field of beans aside from supplying our own tables with nice fresh beans, has enriched our own treasure to the tune of about $700.00.

It seems that the beans of the whole county were destroyed and fresh green ones have been in demand. They will readily sell at ten cents per pound. An idea of the yield from our field of beans can be gotten from learning that the largest picking amounted to 1800 lbs. The consumption for one meal at the school is 350lbs.

But alas, the rains and the wet grounds prevented our dusting process to be kept up and the bean pickers reported to-day that the beetle had done its work and the bean supply from the school is gone.

The last hour that I spend in this world
I hope I will spend with you;
Then even though the sun is setting
And the grass will be fresh with dew,
I'll not mind the world's fading splendor
'Cause I'll be there with you.
I'll not cry when the night winds whisper farewell
And I see the gray skies that were blue;
But be happy to say that I lived so long,
And I spent my last hour with you.

—Cynthia Patrick.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

via

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Friday, September 21, 1928
Round trip fare from Concord, N. C.

$11.50

Tickets on sale Friday, Sept. 21st, for all trains (Except Crescent Limited).

Final limit good returning on all regular trains (Except Crescent Limited) so as to reach original starting point prior to midnight Wednesday, September 26th, 1928.

Fine opportunity to visit the Nation's Capital.

For further information and pullman reservations call on any Southern Railway agent.

R. H. Graham,
Div. Pass. Agent,
Charlotte, N. C.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 22, 1928. No. 35

THE THING THAT COUNTS

"We are all blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife, sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprized at his serenity and composure that she cried out: "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?" LLLL

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing at the breast of his wife, exclaimed: "Are you not afraid?"

She immediately answered: "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," replied his wife, "I know that sword is in the hands of my husband and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and He that holds the wind in His hand is my Father."—Exchange.

THE INFLUENCE OF HOME LIFE

It does seem impossible that there are over 200.000 children between the ages of seven and fourteen who either through their own indifference, or that of their parents, are not enrolled in some class room of the many schools and participating in the equal advantages provided by the state for an education.

When one thinks of the money spent for modern school buildings with up-to-date equipments and the best of teachers to carry on the work with the hope of fine results—it is appalling to the average citizen who is intesested in the welfare of the child to think of the number who absent themselves from school. The whole thing spells a waste of money because the objective of the public school system is to give the children of the "Old North State an education.

The question is why? No answer comes to the mind of the writer but a lack of interest on the part of the parents. Whenever a child is under the influence of a doless, indifferent parent, or parents, unless that child is all broken out with educational aspirations the child will without doubt reflect the spirit of the home; and the enforcement of the compulsory school law is just about impossible even with the combined efforts of every officer from the state commissioner of welfare work down to the county welfare officer. In casting about for an approach to these "don't-care" homes we believe the Parent-Teachers association could come nearer working a reform than any other body of workers.

There are misguided parents as well as incorrigible children, therefore, all of the uplift, of reform work, should not be confined to the child life alone because there are times when the parents unconciously wield a bad influence over the home.

"The strength of every country is in the intelligent and well ordeded homes of its people" because all of us know a course in an institution of learning alone does not determine the best things in life.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

AUTUMN FLOWER SHOW IN ASHEVILLE

Within the ballroom of Battery Park Hotel last week the autumn flower show sponsored by the Associated Garden Clubs of Asheville, was so arranged as to attract the attention of all lovers of nature and beauty. It is evident that much interest centered around this annual event for people of large estates, in and around Asheville, were generous in contributing from their flower garden a gorgeous array of autumn flowers so as to make the affair a credit to the community. In addition to the usual run of autumn flowers, a variety of dahlias conspicuous because of the array of colors there was exhibited a new flower called the "shortia" or "sherwoodia" which is something new in the catalouge of flowers to the writer, but if called by some other botanical name we might recognize it. The whole display

was marked for its simplicity. The dahlias were displayed on three tier tables with background of black, in the center of the room was a fountain surrounded by ferns, palms and white hydrangeas while the entrance and windows were perfect bowers of evergreens and white flowers. Some writer has said "flowers are the sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to put a soul in." Some years ago one of the church societies in Concord sponsored a Flower Show; the event was greatly appreciated by every one and when it ceased to function there was an expression of universal regret, let us hope that next Fall some organization in Concord will stage a Flower Show.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WAR ON THE MOSQUITOES

Dr. Powhatan Schenck, director of public welfare, Norfolk, Va., also secretary of Hampton Roads Mosquito Commission is making a raid on the mosquito.

He said there are three kinds of mosquitoes around Norfolk—the salt water variety, the house mosquito and the fresh water mosquito. The former breeds in the marshes around salt water; the house mosquito breeds in cans and dump piles around houses and the fresh water variety in pools that become stagnated. This information is worth giving out to the people who do not live on the seacoast so as to take every precaution in eliminating the little pest, because mosquitos are found from seacost to mountains.

Dr. Schenk states that it will take $200,000 to start the work and $20,000 annually to keep up the battle so as to effectively eliminate the mosquito.

The counties of Norfolk, Princess Anne, Isle of Wight, Warwick, and Nansemond and Elizabeth City will be solicited to contribute to this work

The objective of this Mosquito Commission is to drain many acres of marsh land thereby destroying the breeding places also making the land a hundred more times more valuable than it is to-day.

As an impetus to the people on and around Norfolk to take interest in this piece of health work Dr Schenk states the result of a similar campaigh in New Jersey as follows: New Jersey is solving the mosquito problem by reclaiming its land and converting it into taxable and valuable property. He says the State of New Jersey appropriated $5,000,000 from the start and made other appropriations as the work progressed. The result has been that thousands of acres of land that was formerly of no value except as

breeding places for mosquitoes has been converted into building sites. The mosquito is no longer residing in the neighborhood and the value of the land has increased 75 per cent.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

INTEREST IN HISTORICAL PLACES

If possible for interested parties of the Old Dominion to restore the oldest church building in America, St. Lukes, Episcopal Church near Smithfield. Virginia, so as to conform to the period in which it was built, there is not a doubt that the people of the Old North State can reclaim in a similar manner St. Thomas' church in the historic town of Bath..

The old St. Luke, of Virginia in the early part of the present century was made into a most churchly house of worship with appropriate chancel furniture, also art glass windows, sent direct from England and emblematic of the four Gospels and other Biblical characters; this church is now instead of furnishing shelter for the beast of the field and birds of the forest in time of storm a beautiful and restful place of refuge, in a grove of black walnut and other trees of the native forest, for those who wish to commune with God; it is an outstanding marker to our early forebears who when our country was in the midst of turmoil. struggling for freedom, were not oblivious of One Whose power never ceases; it continues to be a point of interest, as it overlooks the highway that leads direct from Norfolk to Richmond, for thousands of interested tourist yearly who stop and register, also incidentally drop a coin in the Free-Will offering box that is near the registration book in the vestibule.

Services are held in this old church twice a month, the rector lives in Smithfield, and it is not unusual to find in the congregation at different times people from Norfolk, Petersburg, Richmond, Portsmouth, Suffolk and other nearby cities, many who have a common interest either by early association or are decendants of some of the noble pioneers whose bodies rest in the grave yard that surrounds the church.

The following from the Beaufort News shows that interest is awakened, and something will be done so as to restore old St. Thomas:

A movement is on foot to restore old St. Thomas' church in Bath to make it conform to the period in which it was built. A committee has been appointed to look into the cost of the project and an effort will be made to raise necessary funds. The building was erected in colonial times, 1734 in fact. It is the oldest church building in North Carolina as Bath is the oldest town. Thousands of tourists visit Bath and the numbers will increase

with the passing of time. North Carolinians have not taken as much pains as they might have done to preserve their places of historical interest. It is to be hoped that the Bath undertaking will be successful.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE BOYS AT THE FAIR

The boys at the school have the dates of October 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13, securely fixed in their memories. The smallest to the largest could tell what is to happen on these dates that will be of unfailing interest to them. They are the dates of The Cabarrus District Fair. The boys look forward to the fair with as great interest as they do to the Fourth of July

The management of the fair has for years allowed the boys of the school to come to the fair and go through all the shows on the ground, see all the races and other amusements free of charge. Everything is wide open for the boys. They certainly appreciate this kindness on the part of these fine gentlemen who have never been able to overcome the feeling they had when attending a fair or the disapointment they felt when they were not able to attend. Any how it has been a custom for years to receive a pressing invitation for the boys to come and enjoy themselves.

The opening day of the fair is a great day for the boys. There is not much sleep for them before the opening date, because they are too excited. Every body rises early, eats breakfast and ready to go to the fair grounds by eight oclock. Fifteen lines, each containing from 30 to 33 boys can be seen treking toward the fair. It is a pleasant sight to watch the elastic step, the expectant face and the pleasant smile of the boys as they march.

Preparations have already been made for their dinner and supper, and for any boy whose physical condition will not allow him in line there will be a truck to carry the boy not able to march. Wagons carry the dinner and drinking water for them. At the noon hour the truck will return to the school and bring a load of ice cold milk to make more palatable the lunch that has gone on before.

The excitement among them runs high for the entire day and what they see will furnish a great part of their conversation until some other event like Thanksgiving or Christmas gives them a new topic of conversation.

MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME.

Serene I fold my hands and wait
  Nor care for wind, nor tide nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
  For lo my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
  For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
  And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
  The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
  Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
  I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap when it has sown,
  And gather up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
  The tidal wave comes to the sea,
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor nigh,
  Can keep my own away from me.

The waters know their own and draw
  The brooks and springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
  Into the soul of pure delights.—John Burroughs.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

The value of a cigarette lighter depends on the successful manner in which it lights. The same thing is true of an airplane. If the former doesn't work right it is an annoyance; and if the latter doesn't light, it is a life killer.

—o—

A New York paper says on account of no word in the English language to rhyme with prohibition, poets have remained quiet on the subject. Well. the prohibition law being like scrambled eggs, which you cannot unscramble, and the great to do some are making over the question these days, how about "exhibition" being a good word to rhyme with prohibition?

—o—

Days of Fads Not Over

Fads come along periodically, like balls down a tin-pin alley. We have many today, which occupy the minds of people, and they will eventually fade away and give place to something else, just as they have been doing for years. Some forty odd years ago there was a great hurrah about blue glass. It was regarded as a panacea for all kinds of ills. People wore blue glasses for their eyes; had blue glass rooms fitted up to sit in the sunshine that would come through the blue glass windows. They chaimed they got stout under it, and got thin from its effects. It raged for a while as a cure all. Then came the liver pad fad. For "all the ills under the sun" they said there was a liver pad. People wore these pads as conscientiously as they did their other clothing. They went about all puffed up like baseball pitchers, with liver pads on their chests. When friend saluted friend, it was "How's your pad?" "Doing fine; how's your's?" So it went for a length of time and then faded out. To paraphrase my old friend, Bill Shakespeare on "Shadows." "What fads we are, fads we pursue?"

—o—

The tired business man came home tired after a long day at the office. The family gathered for dinner. The tired business man bowed his head to ask the blessing and all was quiet. "This is Mr. Jones speaking," he began. Guess he thought the Lord did not recognize his voice; and probably He didn't.

"The new patient in ward B is very good looking," said the nurse at the hospital. "Yes," agreed the matron, "but don't wash his face. He's had that done by four nurses already this morning."

—o—

The Death of a Friend

Death is that silent, grim, messenger that pilots everyone through the "valley of the shadows" into eternal light and life. We know it must come to every one living, yet when it does come to our loved ones and friends it is a distinct shock to our mortal natures and open the flood gates of grief.

It was but a short time ago that E. Bryan Jones, a prominent citizen of Hickory lived and moved among loved ones and his fellow men. Today he sleeps the eternal sleep beneath a canopy of beautiful beautiful flowers, the last token of respect of friends and loved ones. He was of

a historic and influential family, in North Carolina. His fidelity and loyalty were conspicious characteristics which blossomed in every relation of life. He was cheerful under afflictions and the finer qualities of his mind lost none of their brilliance. Those who knew him best, and therefore loved him most. feel a newness of grief which makes it impossible to speak of him as he deserves. There was a knightliness about his mind and manner which suggest the tribute to the dead Hamlet: "Good night, sweet prince, And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

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They now say that an attempt is being made to perfect a fool-proof airplane. I am of the opinion that they will never get it perfected until they get the law of gravitation repealed.

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There's a wealth of good advice in what a father said to his son about to go out into the world. He said: "Son, keep your eyes and ears open, and you'll learn a lot you don't know now."

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Valueless Awards.

Because President Coolidge has broken 24 out of 25 clay pigeons he has been presented with a gold card by the American Trapshooter's Association. I do not know what the card is for—possibly it entitles him to the privilege of shooting clay pigeons whenever he wants to, but on the face of it it does not seem to be much of an award. Of course he can drag it into conversation now and then. Once there was a fellow who worked on a newspaper who had a friend who was president of a two by four railroad somewhere out in Idaho. It was only 30 miles long, but every year this newspaper man got a handsomely engraved annual pass. He never had the money to get to the railroad, and it didn't go anywhere anyway, but he got a lot of quiet satisfaction in receiving the pass, prizing it more than the annual necktie received from his wife.

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Some people carry a grouch around with them like many folks did their snuff boxes in olden times. And sometimes their grouch gets the better of them. A man went into a Durham clothing store with a considerable grouch on as to not knowing what he wanted, and a hard disposition to be pleased. He tried on coat after coat. Something he didn't like was the matter with every one. It was trying on the clerk, too. After going through the whole gamut of suits in the store, he remarked; "I simply couldn't wear this coat. It does not fit me comfortably." The clerk very quietly remarked: "Pardon me, sir. I have shown you all of our stock now. That is your own coat you have on."

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Weather Signs

The weather and weather signs have been the topic of conversation for ages past; in facts it may be safe to say, since time began. Everybody knows about weather, and you cannot mention a subject so universal in its scope. In this day it is a scientific study by the government. In years past, when I was a shaver that didn't shave, most of the old people in those days did their own predicting, and they hit it about as often the experts do today. Corns and rheumatism were great factors

in causing old men to sense "a change in the weather." And to this day many now believe in these signs. Old river man, long subjected to fogs and night air on their watches, were quite experts and reliable prophets. They all had more or less "weather eyes." There were many discussons between them and the farmers as to coming seasons and whether they would be wet or dry, cold or moderate, hot or cold. The river men depended on the river, the farmers on the skies, the bark on trees, the birds. and the conduct of the little woods wild animals. The corn husks played a part in the fall, as did the presence or absence of dew on the grass in the morning. For generations weather signs have been popular. A very old one was:

When the grass is dry at the morning light,
Look for rain before the night;
When the dew is on the grass,
Rain will never come to pass.

Dr. Humphreys, of the United States weather bureau, says there is real scientific reason behind the above lines. One of the very best indicators of the weather for the day is the state of the dew in the morning. Sunday School superintendents in the by-gone days always knew it would be a fine day for the annual picnic in the woods if the grass was wet with the dew at sunup. The most quoted lines from "away back" are not so trustworthy. They are:

A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow in the night
Is the shepherd's delight.

PLANS FOR CHICAGO TOWER 75 STORIES HIGH

Completed plans for the Chicago Tower, the world's largest building, which will be erected in Chicago, have been announced by Walter W. Ahlchlager, architect, telling a story of architectural conception and engineering skill.

The Chicago tower, 75 stories high, will have a cubic content equal to that of 50 modern office buildings. Its height of 880 feet will exceed by 88 feet the height of the Woolworth building, now the world's highest structure. The floor area of the Chicago Tower, approximately 3,639,094 square feet, will be nearly five times as large as that of the 120 Broadway building in New York, which is now the world's most spacious building.

Forty-five million dollars is the estimated cost of the Chicago Tower. It is expected building operations will begin Feb. 1, 1929.

—Lenoir News Topic

WINEFRED BLACK AND MILFORD W. HOWARD

"THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL"

By C. W. Hunt—Part III

Following up the two former stories concerning Winefred Black and Milford W. Howard, in which was told of their meeting in Alabama and his zeal to keep the four million pure Anglo Saxon mountain people pure and their discussion of the immorality of the soul, this story is about the strange death of Homer Davenport the greatest cartoonist the world has ever known. and of Winefred Black at backwoods country church. It sounds like fiction, yet Winfred Black describes in detail the things that transpired, leading up to Davenport's being stricken in the vehicle and his subsequent death in a very few days. But why am I taking the time and space to copy the different stories Winefred Black and Milford Howard, ever to tell what seems to be uncanny in the strange death of Davenport? That is easy. Both are strangers to me, but I have not before come upon such stories of wonderful people, and it is that those who read after me may get the benefit of these that I am writing them over again; as well as to say that I have been very deeply touched by these human interests. So here is number three and the last of these:

"Homer Davenport. who earned fifty thousand dollars a year as a cartoonist, was a strange and unusal man. He was a rare genius and genius and insanity are often very near neighbors. Genius never follows the beaten track, and for that reason is always interesting, even if erratic. One of Homer Davenport's strange fancies was for Arabian horses. In pursuit of this fancy he went to the Arabian desert, where every one fell under his peculiar hypnotic powers and became his devotees. The chief adopted him as his blood brother by the transfusion of blood from his arm to the arm of Davenport, the cartoonist takink an an oath to return to the desert at the expiration of three years. He purchased 16 beautiful Arabian thorroughbreds, but all offers were declined for a mare that Davenport wanted tremendously. He raised his bid from $12,000 to $30.000, but he Arab was adamant. Dissapointed, he prepared to depart. The last morning came and he went out to take charge of his 16 thoroughbreds, and there stood the coveted mare of matchless beauty.

"So you have decided to accept my offer of $30,000? he cried rapturously. 'No,' said the chief, 'you are my blood brother and it is a present to remind you of your promise to return to the desert in three years."

"Davenport's Arabian horses were the sensation of New York. He had iron holders set in the harness where he could place a tumbler full of water on their backs. Then for miles he would drive his train at a swift pace and never would a drop of water be lost from the tumblers, so smoothly did they glide.

"Three years passed and he had

soul.''

''We heard them sing, and such singing: Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.' First the notes and then the 'poetry,' as they call the words. The high trebble in the thing that plays on their heartstrings. Winefred Black noted everything, she was in a new world, the world of her forefathers. They are Devonshire type,'' she exclaimed, every one of them. That is where my ancestors came from, Devonshire, in dear old England.''

''I observed her taking notes of the hymns, alert, eager, thrilled as she had not been for years. This music is like the old Georgian chants, she exclaimed. How it moves the soul!''

''In answer to my request, they sang 'Greenfield,' First came the notes, fa, sol. la, me. Then they swung into the poetry, the wailing of the tribble making your flesh creep:

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see.
Sweet prospects sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fileds strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

Oh, my grandmother used to sing it. How I wish my sisters were here. How wonderful: How marvelous: It moves my soul and opens up a new world.

''The heaving bosom, the moist cheek. reverent mein, spoke more eloquently than words, and I knew the greatest of the woman of the world whose heart can be touched by the simple songs of those Anglo Saxon mountaineers. At eleven oclock the program called for a sermon——————it was dryer than dust. I—sat and watched her——————I watched her as she walked softly down the aisle, her head bowed in soft humility. I did not know I should not see her again, but I am glad it was thus. The picture of the proud, world famous woman treading softly and reverently from the little backwoods church will live with me while memory lasts. I am glad there were no farewells, no good-bys.

(Conclusion)

50,000 MICE ON FARM

A mouse farm in Rayleigh, England, the only one of its kind in the world, has a stock of 50,000 mice.

Thousands are sent away each week to universities, hospitals, and medical schools for cancer research work.

The farm is known as The Mousery, and the mice are housed in some hundreds of metal mesh cages. The mouse farmer and two assistants spend from four to six hours a day feeding the stock.

One section of the farm is known as''The Nursery.'' Here approximately 300 mice are born daily.

NORTH CAROLINA FACTS

(Selected)

Leads All

North Carolina ranks first in tobacco manufacture, has the largest hosiery mills, towel mill, overalls factory, and second largest aluminum plant in the world.

North Carolina has the largest denim mill, damask mill, underwear factory and pulp paper mill in the United States. More tobacco products are made in one North Carolina city than any other in the world.

North Carolina has more cotton mills than any State in the Union; is second in the value of cotton manufactures; first in the number of spindle hours; has more mills dye and finish their own products than any other Southern State.

It consumes in its textile mills 1,411,710 bales of raw cotton in 1926.

Leads in Increase

In real property and inprovements the increase per capita wealth during the ten year census period from 1912 to 1922 was as follows: North Carolina increase 238 per cent; United States, increase 61 per cent.

In manufacturing machinery, tools. implements, etc.., the per cent increase for the ten-year period was: North Carolina, increase 190 per cent; United States increase 159.1 per cent.

Wealth

North Carolina's property value is estimated to exceed five billion dollars (681 million in 1900, 1,685 million in 1910, 4,543 million in 1926). Federal taxes paid the United States government in the year ending June 30, 1927, by North Carolina were $205,648.000, preceeded only by New York,Pennsylvania and Illinois; leading all states in amount of tobacco taxes paid.

Bank resources, State and national, in North Carolina, increased from $150, 000, 000 in 1914 to $500,000,000 in 1926, a gain of 230 per cent in 12 years. The banking resourses of the United States increased slightly more than 100 per cent in the last 20 years.

Educaton

The University of North Carolina, founded in 1789, is the oldest State university in America. The State maintains five other colleges for white and six for colored. There are also in the State 32 privately operated colleges for the white and seven for colored. North Carolina leads the South in education. Spent $35,000.000 on public schools in 1926, 34 per cent for new schools, leading the United States in the latter, with New York second. Duke University, at Durham, has one of the greatest endowments of any American college.

Highways

Hard-surfaced roads connect practically every county seat and principal city in North Carolina; 7,384.3 miles of State highways, spent more on highways in 1926 than any Southern State; $125,000,000 in five years. The State highway department built an average of 1.54 miles of hard-surface roads and 2.4 miles of other dependable roads for every working day in 1927. State highways are financed, built and maintained out of revenue from auto license and gas taxes.

Industry

North Carolina has (estimated)

over one billion and a quarter of dollars capital invested in manufact- almost forgotten his promise to return to the desert. Then a message came in Arabic, which he had to get translated. 'Keep your promise and come to the desert or something dreadful will happen to you.' Business matters crowded in on him and he did not go. Came a secand message of the same purport, but this, too, was ignored. Finally the third message came and this time said: 'If you do not start on your journey within three days of the receipt of this message, we will come for you.' I was riding with Homer Davenport on the third day after he received the last summons, behind a pair of his beautiful Arabian horses. We were traveling Riverside drive, a great thoroughfare, thronged with people. when suddenly he cried; 'My God, I am blind! Take the reins! Take the reins!''

''I was terror stricken, for I knew I could not manage the high-mettled horses, no one had ever driven them but him. I told him I could not do so, again he urged me, saying he could not see. In desperation I grasped the reins, still terror striken, but almost instantly his eyesight returned and he drove home. Arrived there total blindness fell upon him again. He went to bed and never regained his sight, at the end of three days he died. ''The Arabs had come for him.''

''The white hair that crowns Winefred Black's noble head was titian once upon a time, before the tragic death of a son, who was drowned while she looked on, powerless to render aid. She was promising brilliant and the pride of a fond mothers heart. The blackness of the night, the pit of despair, for weeks and months, left the beautiful titian hair still more beautiful, and the great soul pierced like the body of our Master, but finer, mellower, sweeter than before, while for Winefred Black there gleams more brightly than ever the star of hope when her boy met this pilot face to face when he had 'Crossed the bar.''

''Winefred Black has had her Gethsemane, yes, many of them, just as I have, but she has also dwelt in Paradise. I have a feeling that her Gethsemanes are all behind her. and that henceforth hers is to be a life of sweet infoldment and spiritual illumination.

''Sunday morning she was all aglow over the thought of going to Sand Mountain to hear the Pea Ridge Singers, noted for their rendering of the old four-note music of our Anglo Saxon grandfathers and grandmothers. She came to the breakfast table radiant. She was more beautiful than she had ever been before in her life,and she was noted for her beauty in other years. This morning she was divine. A glory lighted her face and shone 'round about her that seemed to embrace me. Her eyes were lighted with the fires of heaven. It was her soul speaking through them, and I exclaimed involuntarily: ''How beautiful you are this morning!''

''She was surprised, confused, nonpulsed. She blushed like the most timid school girl. Words failed her, but her heart said, Thank God for this oasis in life's desert, where the old falls away and all things are new. To my wife she said in spoken words: It is like a cool sweet bath after a long day's journey in the desert, just to be here. Beauty is of the

soul. and I am overwhelmed that my face reflects the joy I feel in my ing establishments; 68 million in 1900, 217 million in 1910, 669 million in 1920—U.S. census), and approximately an equal amount in annual output of its 6.200 factories (216 million in 1910, 951 million in 1925, 1,050 million in 1926—U. S. census.

North Carolina leads every Southern State in the number of mill and factory wage earners, 182,234 workers, whose total annual wages amount to more than $134,237,097.

North Carolina leads all Southern states in values added to the raw materials by manufacturers: North Carolina, $499,727. 125; Texas, $392,-808,607; Maryland, $357,660,398; Virginia, $274,199,597; Georgia, $249,-501,036.

North Carolina leads in the South in the number of furniture factories and value of products; it is first in the United States in the manufacture of wooden bedroom furniture.

North Carolina leads all Southern States in capital invested, the number of operatives employed, variety of products, and (except Texas) value of the annual output of all its factories

Water Power

North Carolina ranks fifth in the United States in water power development. In the Southern States it ranks second in output of power plants. 1,730,861,590 kilowatt hours), and second in output by water power (1.025,278,570 kilowatt hours.

Agriculture

In 1927 North Carolina ranked fourth in value per acre of the 22 important farm crops of the United States (45.43); it ranked sixth in total value of same ($314,596,000), surpassing the great Northern States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin, and exceeded only by Texas, Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois and Kansas.

Minerals

North Carolina ranks first in the United States in number of native (260) minerals and in the value and quantity of scrap mica (43 per cent of tht United States) and feldspur (44 per cent of the United States) produced and in pyrophyllite and residual kaolin clay. Value of mica is 37 per cent of total production in United States; it ranks second in the production of copper in the Southern States, and has the largest feldspar mine and open face granite quarry in the world.

Forest Products

North Carolina progress $100,000.-000 worth of forest products annually. The South produces 50 per cent of the nation's lumber, and western North Carolina hardwood forests and eastern North Carolina's pine and gum timberlands are among the richest in supplies of lumber in the eastern half of the United States.

My soul, do not pray for too little. Do .not .imagine that mere .things will make thee blessed. No outward contact with any visible beauty would satisfy thee for an hour. The unseen alone will content thee. The things that belong unto thy peace are not worlds of space.—George Matheson. —N. C. Christian Advocate.

PARTIES AND PRESIDENTS.

(Monroe Journal)

One hundred years ago this fall Andrew Jackson was elected president of the United States. He had been a candidate in 1824, and though having recieved the highest vote of any candidate, was defeated in the House of Representatives, where the decision went.

In 1824 William H. Crawford of Georgia was named as candidate by the congressional caucus, the method of nomination prior to the development of the party convention. But when the electors gathered to cast their ballots, Crawford got only 41 votes. Henry Clay got 37, John Quincy Adams 84, and Andrew Jackson got 99. No one having a majority of all the votes cast by the electoral college, the election went to the House of Representatives in the manner provided by the constitution. Here Clay threw his strengh to Adams, who was elected.

Then old Andy went roaring back to the people, with the result that in 1828 he recieved 178 electorial votes and Adams though expecting a scond term, got only 83 votes. John C. Calhoun had been elected vice president in 1824 and was again elected with Jackson in 1828.

Up till that time all these men had been followers of the party of Thomas Jefferson under the name of Republicans. The Republicans under Jefferson had killed out the old Federalist party with John Adams as its first and only president. During the [illegible] the word Republi- [illegible] and the party [illegible] party, and [illegible] to the Federalist, arose. Whig and Democrat strove with each other till just before the Civil War when the new party sprang up.

This new party grew out of the agitation in the North against slavery, and adopted the old name of Republican. Its first candidate for president was John C. Freemont, who was nominated in 1856. Freemont, though born in South Carolina, was not of Southern lineage. He had a bizarre career as explorer, western fighter. and politician. In the election Fillmore, the last Whig nominee, received only 8 electoral votes. Freemont received 114, and Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, received 124.

Abraham Lincoln was nominated by the Republicans in1860. Stephan A. Douglas was nominated by the Northern Democrats, and the other Democrats split between two other tickets. Lincoln received 180 electoral votes, Douglas 12, Breckenridge 72, Bell 39. Though elected, Lincoln had lacked nearly a million votes cast being up with the total number cast against him.

In 1864. before the close of the War, the Democrats of the North nominated General George B. McLellan against Lincoln. He received only 12 votes to Lincoln's 212. New Jersey was one of the states that went for McLellan. Maryland would have done so but was prevented by a Federal army.

Nobly the Northern Democrats came back to the struggle in 1868, with the nomination of Seymour. His nomination was made in Tam-

many Hall on July 4, 1869,and Zeb Vance and Wade Hampton sat in that convention. Seymour recieved more white votes than were cast for General Grant. But the Southern votes, cast under bayonets and counted by Federal Generals, were partly thrown out and partly counted for Grant in the electoral college. and Seymour was defeated.

In 1872 there was a bolt against Grant and the rebellious Republicans nominated Horace Greely and the Democrats endorsed him. He made a poor show in the election.

In 1876 the Democrats nominated another New Yorker, Samuel T. Tilden. He was selected until the Republicans conceived the idea of throwing out Florida and another Southern State, and this gave the office of president to the Republican nominee, Rutherford B. Hayes.

General Winfield Scott, a Northern General and Democrat. was nominated in 1880. In the North that year all Democrats were contemptousuly called Skeedaddlers and copperheads. General Garfield, the Republican candidate, was elected.

* * * * * * * * *

In 1884 James G. Blaine, denominated The Plumed Knight in a nominating speech by Bob Ingersoll, was defeated by Grover Cleveland.

In 1888 Cleveland was defeated by General Benjamin Harrison who was in turn defeated by Cleveland in 1892.

Bryan was nominated by the Democrats in 1896 and was defeated by McKinley, and again in 1900. In 1904 Judge Parker of New York was the Democratic nominee and was defeated by Roosevelt who had become president upon the assassination of McKinley. Byran came in for his third try in 1908, and was defeated by Taft.

In 1912 Roosevelt bolted the Republican party after he found that Taft's supporters had, by the aid of the Southern negro delegates, cinched the nomination. Taft carried only the State of Reed Smoot, the Mormon, that time, and Wilson was elected on a plurality, as Lincoln had been in 1860.

In 1920, Cox, the Democratic nominee was defeated by Mr. Harding and Normalcy. Coolidge slipped in by way of the vice presidency, was elected in 1924, and did not choose to run in 1928, but arranged for the mantle to fall on Mr. Hoover

Had the Southern Democrats been willing to accept Stephan A. Douglas in 1860, the War might have been averted. Had Lincoln not been killed he would doubtless have saved the South the horrors of Reconstruction. Had Samuel J. Tilden been a fighting man instead of a lover of peace, civil war migt have broken out, as is was threatened, in 1876. Had not McKinley been assassinated, Theodore Roosevelt would probably never have been president. Had Taft stepped down in favor of Roosevelt in 1912, Woodrow Wilson would not have been president.

Had Henry Clay not helped to defeat Andrew Jackson in 1824 he might have realized the ambition of his life and become president. Had John C. Calhoun not flirted with Nullification he might have been pre-Nullification he might have been president. And he had not defeated Martin Van Buren's confirmation by the Senate as Minister to England, the latter perhaps would not have been made President by Andrew Jackson.

HOW DIFFERENCE IN BIBLE CAME ABOUT

(Kansas City Times)

There are about sixty-six books in the regular Protestant Bible. The Catholic Bible contains the sixty-six books of the Protestant Bible and seven books in addition. The seven extra books in the Catholic Bible are: Tobias, Judith, Wisdon (or Wisdom of Soloman), Ecclesiasticus, Baruch. I Maccabees, and II Maccabees. The Old Testament of the Catholic Bible also contains chapters and parts of chapters which are not in the Jewish editions or in the Protestant Bible. Since different transilations are used there are naturally many minor differences in the texts of the two Bibles. The Catholic Bible is the results of selections made by the council of Trent (1545-63) which enumerate the books which should be considered as "sacred and canonical" by the Catholic church. Seven of the books enumerated by that council are omitted from the Protestant Bible because Luther, Calvin and other Protestant leaders rejected them.

THE INVENTIONS OF TIN CANS

Notwithstanding the maledictions that have been pronounced on tin cans and the imprecations that have been uttered against the man who invented them. mostly by husbands who balk at being fed from them as they recall the good things that mother used to cook, the tin can has served a good purpose in the world, and the man who invented them preformed a service to mankind.

The man who invented tin cans, or who at least, invented the first automobile tin can making machine, has just died at Scarsdale, N. Y. He was Frank M. Leavitt, and he was the inventor of a number of important devices. including the Bliss-Leavitt torpedo and other projectiles that have been used by the United States Navy. He was a native of Athens, Ohio.

Mr. Leavitt, who was 72 when he died, introduced the white-head torpedo, into use by the Navy in 1890. The Bliss-Leavitt torpedo, one of his most important inventions has a range of 12,500 feet.

However important his torpedo invention may have been, Mr. Leavitt's greatest contribution to the world undoubtly was his tin can making machine.—Montgomery Advertiser.

TRY SOME SPINACH FOR WINTER GREENS

(Mecklenburg Times)

While spinach is not in accord with some folks' ideas about what is good to eat, it is an excellent green for winter and spring and commands a ready sale on most large markets.

The crop may be planted at intervals during September and October to harvest during the late fall or it may be sown in February for spring harvest," says Robert Schmidt, vegetable specialist at State College. "The fall crop is often left in the field over winter and harvested in February or March. The leaves may be injured by heavy frost, but aside application of nitrate of soda will bring out new leaves. The best variety for fall planting is the Virginia Savoy, which is blist resistant. The best variety for spring planting is the Long Standing Bloomsdale Savoy."

In any case, states Mr. Schmidt, the crop likes a rich, well drained sandy loam soil. It does best on one that is slightly alkaline, hence lime should be applied a few days before planting. Well-rotted manure always gives good results. The best commercial fertilizer is one analyzing 8 per cent phosphoric acid, 9 per cent nitrogen and 3 per cent potash. applied at the rate of from 1600 to 2000 pounds per acre. The applications are the best made at three or four different times during the growing season.

Mr. Schmidt states that spinach is either planted in beds or sown in broadcast. The practice followed by the best growers in North Carolina is to plant in raised beds, four rows wide, with each row from 10 to 12 inches apart. Put the seed in about one-half inch deep and when the plants have formed four full leaves thin to four to six inches apart. About 20 pounds of seeds are required to plant an acre in this way.

Spinach is harvested by cutting the tap root just below the lower leaves. All discolored leaves are removed and the crop marketed in bushel baskets or ventilated barrels. An acre should produce from 300 to 400 barrels of good spinach.

Of Daniel Webster it is recorded that for several hours after he had delivered his great oration at Bunker Hill, his face wore an indescribably grand expression that awed those who came into his presence. Character carves .the .countenance. Sydney .Smith said .of Francis Horner that the Ten Commandments were written on his face.."Human physiognomy," says Victor Hugo, "is formed by the conscience and the life, and is the result of a multitude of mysterious excavations."

Some have become so sanctified by the Holy Spirit that they wear a heavenly aspect and are verily transfigured into the likeness of Christ.

—Alabama Baptist.

DR. FRANK CRANE SAYS.

(Mooresvlle Enterprise)

Moses and the Ten Commandments

Moses was a Jew the great grandson of Levi, the great great grandson of Jacob, who was the first Israelite, and the great great great-great grandson of Abraham, who was the first Hebrew.

In China they boast of pedigrees thirty centuries long; the only people that can show anything equal to this are the Jews. The proud Jew of this day can look down with contempt upon the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs and the Guelphs of Europe, "whose blood has crept through scoundrels since the flood. "But to the Egyptians Moses was a slave's son. He was to them as a black baby born in a Louisana slave-hut, would have been to the Southern aristocracy in 1850.

Time has a grim humor. The monarchs of Egypt are today only known as contemporaries of Moses. The Czar of Russia will be known as the contemporary of Tolstoy.

Moses goes up into smoking Sinai and has a conversation with the thunder and lightning. What did they say to him? He shows us when he comes down. There on a stone slab are graven The Ten Commandments.

Whether he really spoke with God, or whether he had a hypnotic fit up there in the thunderstorm, the fact remains that in some way he got hold of the toughest, most everlasting and fireproof bundle of truths any son of man ever found.

The Ten Commandments are the most important words in history. They were given by Moses to the Jews but they have been generally accepted throughout Christendom as the foundation of all law and morals.

They are the basis of society in the civilized world.

There is no other instance in history where a rule has been recognized and obeyed by the mass of the most intelligent people for over three thousand years. They are not merely religious teaching inculated by the church. They lay their restraining hand on every human being.

They function in the home, the market, and the street and office. They hold in the wild places of the earth and in the fatherest seas.

When perchance you're feeling blue,
Something for others you can do,
Planning pleasures for your friends,
Added joys to living lends.—Selected.

INTEREST IN THE STATE GAME FARM AT ASHEBORO.

(Conservation and Industry)

The Game Farm at Asheboro is complete and has been operating for about two months. The work of propagating quail and pheasants is progressing as well as could be expected for the first year, having started late. There is much interest in the farm, Thousands of visitors go there each week. It is estimated, with reasonable luck, 2,000 quail will be reared there that first year. The Department has distributed from the farm a number of pheasant eggs to private parties, many who are engaged in pheasant raising for the first time. It is estimated that more than 1,000 young pheasants were hatched recently in Davie county alone.

Mexican Bob-White

By order of the Board, $8,000 was spent in the purchase of 4.000 of these quail for restocking. There were distributed among all the quail counties of the State. The game work of the Department was greatly advertised by the release of these birds. Sportsmen everywhere were pleased. Reports from the Mexican quail released have come from many counties. They do not seem as wild as our native bird. They stick to the place where released, for the most part. Several reports show they are laying at this time.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

(Selected)

A visitor to a glass manufactory saw a man molding clay into the great pots which were to be used in shaping the glass. Noticing that all the molding was done by hand, he said to the workman, "Why do you not use tools in shaping the clay?" The workman replied, "There is no tool that can do this work. We have tried different ones, but somehow it needs human touch."

There is much of the Lord's work that likewise "needs human touch." The Divine Hand would have been too glorious, too dazzling, too bright, if it had been reached out of heaven to help, to life and save, to wipe away tears, to heal heart wounds, to be laid in benediction on the childrens heads; and therefore God took a human form, that with a human hand He might touch the sinful and the sorrowing. And now that Christ has gone away again into heaven He does not reach out of the skies that glorious hand to do His work of love in this world, but He uses our common hands—your and mine—sending us to do in His name the gentle things He would have done for His "little ones."

HE MAY BECOME A PRESIDENT BUT—

(Holland Magazine)

Of course, your boy might grow up and become the president of the United States. We put a new man on the job about every eight years, and there are several boys now growing up who are going to occupy that high office. As proof of our democracy we cite the reader to the fact that the two prominent candidates for president were both born in poverty. Herbert Hoover was born on a small farm in Iowa, and Al Smith the product of the East Side tenement district of New York City, spent his early years on the the sidewalks of that great city, or at least his waking hours. Perhaps some Southern boy will be president of the United States at some time in the future. The South was given recognition in 1928, politically speaking, for the first time since the Civil War. through the holding of a national convention at Houston, Texas, and the selection of a vice-presidential candidate from Arkansas. With our increasing wealth and influence, who knows but that the South will again produce the Nation's statesmen as it did in the early days of this Republic?

Fond parents must bear in mind that their boy has only one chance in several million of being president, and it might be well to train him in the ways of making a living and being a good and honest citizen rather than center their hopes on his one day occupying the White House for a brief period of four or eight years. While a good president is always desirable, we also need good citizens, and of course we need so many more of them.

There is wonderful opportunity for making good citizens out of our Southern boys. Our educational facilities are rapidly developing and are probably as ample and as efficient as those found in any other section of the country. Developing industrially as we are we need to turn our attention toward a form of education that will train the hands and the eyes, as well as the brain. To state it another way, the time is here when the young man in overalls with grease on his hands, and maybe some on his face, is in greater demand at a higher wage than the white-collar worker, important as he may be.

Realizing the importance of a practical education for those who have no inclination to enter a profession the city of Dallas, Texas, is equipping one of its high schools and employing instructors to teach young men and women how to make an honest living, and at the same time be of constructive service to their State and Nation. Men and women who render a service, whether in the home or in the field and shop, seldom go wrong, and for that reason we expect the technological high school of Dallas to develop a brand of citizenship that will bring honor to those responsible for its establishment.

There may be other public schools in the South of like character, but we dare say that we need more of them.

HE DREAMED OF A WORLD STATE

By Thomas Curtis Clark

Like many another young lawyer who leaves college and puts up his shingle in some town or city, Thomas Woodrow Wilson found it rather hard sledding at Atlanta, Ga. He knew a good deal about law, but the people did not seem to need his assistance. After several months of watchful waiting, the lawyer decided to turn teacher, and after a while he found himself a professor of prestige and authority in Princeton University, where he later became president.

In his lofty position, his life was not easy, for he set about democratizing the school. He realized that the sons of the rich had monopolized the situation there, and he thought it worth while to make of Princeton a school where the sons of the poor could have just as good a chance to become educated as their wealthy brothers. Finally, the aggressive president lost favor with the powers-that-be at Princeton.

About that time New Jersey needed a good governor, and Woodrow Wilson was placed in nomination by the leaders of the Democratic party, he won. As govenor he kept things stirred up, as one will who has ideals —in this far-from-perfect world. After the sitaution became rather unpleasant for all concerned, in New Jersey, it happened that the United States needed a President, and, strange to say, the politicians came to Woodrow Wilson. Thus did he become President and he was started upon his path to world fame.

Woodrow Wilson did not like war, and he was especially desirous that his own country be saved from such fate as involved the European nations, upon the outbreak of the great catastrophe, fourteen years or so ago. But events carried the world so rapidly that America was drawn into the whirlpool. Yet, upon announcing to the world the entrance of America into the conflict, President Wilson said: "We have no quarrel with Germany. We have no feeling toward her but one of sympathy and friendship."

Speaking of the kind of peace he thought should be fought for, he said: "A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations...* * * * It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. * * * *We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations."

Such was Woodrow Wilson's ideal and when the war was at last over, it was just such a consummation that he hoped to bring to pass. That was his dream. But there were other statesmen who did not believe in dreams. Certain European men of power said we must face hard facts! And the dream passed.

But in spite of all, and though the fulfillment of the dream be long delayed, in time that brave and daring vision of Woodrow Wilson will become a reality.

THE COST OF SICKNESS

(Stanly News-Herald)

It has been estimated that sickness reduces the earning power of the United States the staggering sum of fifteen billion dollars annually. The the same estimation places the loss to each individual person in the United States, on account of sickness, at thirty one dollars annually. The figures may be too high. They may be too low. But if they are anything like correct, then, estimating Stanly County's population at 35,000, we lose annually on account of sickness right here in Stanly county, the sum of one million and eighty five thousand dollars. That is enough to pay off every cent of the county's bonded indebtedness in one year, and go a long way in addition thereto towards running an eight months school term in every public school in the county.

And this immense sum is not paid off by each of our thirty-five thousand paying his thirty-one dollars, but the sick must bear the greater portion of the burden. Of course, though the general economic loss we all lose to some extent but the sick people and their families pay most of the bills.

How much of our sickness is due to disease which could, with the proper applications of scientific methods be prevented, we have no way of knowing, but from general observation, it would doubtless be pretty safe to estimate it at one half. Then if our people knew how to live right, if they all knew just what to do and would do it, we could, with the proper distribution of public information and by putting what we know into practice, save to our county each year by preventing of sickness over Half a Million Dollars.

And yet we think tax money spent for education and for health work, extravagance. But it is indeed the best investment, finanfially, which we could make. Surely the wise man knew what he was about when nearly four thousand years ago he wrote:

"Riches and honor are with me (knowledge) yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver."

If we cannot for the present see why God leads us the way He does we shall discover the reason for it later on. Who of us has not been rebellious at being hemmed in on this side and that, and finding our path blocked completely? That is the time we must move cautiously. The chances are God is in the offing, waiting for an opportunity to guide us where our lives will count for most. He knows where the most fruitful field is, and why shall we insist on going where we choose instead of going where His unerring wisdom directs?

CRUEL FATHER LOCKED LITTLE SON IN HOME.

In one afternoon Woodrow Wilson, 11 years old, of Memphis, Tenn., experienced more thrills than most people do in a year.

For the first time in his life he went swimming the other day, saw a circus, visited a park, went through a zoo, and saw his first snake. elephant, deer and bear and other animals. All in one glorious afternoon of strange adventure in his home city in the Southland.

Woodrow is a healthy, robust youngster for his age, and has the mentality of the average boy of 16 He is normal in every way and always has been.

Yet since he was a baby he has watched other children play from the window of his home where he was held captive by his father. J. H. Wilson, 74 years old. His mother died when he was a baby and his aged father had kept him closed up in their home.

Recently the lad slipped out into his back yard to play. Neighbors complained to police that Wilson beat the child with his fist when he was discovered out of the house.

Woodrow was taken to juvenile court. Without delay he was taken from the custody of his father. Now almost every civic organization in Memphis is trying for the opportunity to "show him the town."

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH

"Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in boy of twenty.

"Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

"Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

"Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

"Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing, childlike appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

"In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies, you are old. In the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage, and power from God and from your fellowmen, so long are you young."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

By Mrs. Olivia Knight Duckett

There has been for some time lying dormant in our minds, a group of facts which we believe readers of The Uplift will appreciate, even actually enjoy. When these few facts are featured in the nature of a mental picture, outlining in full, the significance of the everyday life of Jackson Training School. In doing this we place something before you that is tangible; potent with life's everyday panorama—a veritable kaleidoscopic view, so to speak—a machinery, palpitating with human life

At the signal of a large bell, at 7:45 o'clock every morning, except Sunday, the entire corps of boys, about 520 in number, with their respective officers in charge, also the Superintendent, is drawn by a command, to rapt attention in front of Cannon Memorial Building.

Overlooking the highway to the east will be seen the flags of our country and state, unfurling to the morning breeze from their sturdy masts. These flags are given a hearty salute by the entire body of men and boys—also by visitors, should any be present.

Immediately following this assemblage, one-half of this group of boys enter the morning school session. However, before repairing to the recitation rooms the principal of the school engages these boys in a fifteen minute rigorous "setting-up" exercise. After which each grade, marching in full rank single file, is escorted by two boys to their several class rooms.

Some Bible reading and the Lord's Prayer in unison opens the day's work in each grade room. Books are rapidly dispensed by capable boys appointed by the teacher for this special purpose. A regular schedule is arranged in easy access that no confusion may arise, as to alternating studies. Within twenty minutes each and every boy in his room is busy with book, ruler and pencil, fully equipped for the day's routine, everything moving with clock-like regularity.

It will further interest you to know that lesson preparation is daily supervised by teachers, as no book is carried away from the school room over night.

The school work is continued throughout the year with the usual intervening holidays incidental to schools in general.

The study plan of this school is intensive and regular. Recreation periods cover twenty minutes, which do not include one hour after the closing of school in afternoon or noon hour. At these recreation intervals during the school hours all mingle on the grounds, unless perhaps some one or two, often several, who have not measured up to the prescribed level of excellence. These, however, are not deprived of their recreation in the open, but are not allowed to mingle with the others until they build up their standard of deportment again

From this intensive study plan, promotion naturally becomes rapid, and even though sometimes quite ir-

regular. Boys are never held back with the progress of the grade. The boy's progress is featured rather than the grade. We find this plan of promotion is really a keen incentive to the boy to push himself to higher attainment. It unfolds to him latent possibilities of power which he never before recognized he possessed.

One hour and thirty minutes is set apart for luncheon or dinner, after which the boys alternate or reverse their several vocations. These boys, under the precise regime as those who have attended school in the morning, enter the afternoon school. Some have come from dairy, laundry, bakery, printing office, farm, sewing-room, flower garden, and others from the cottages, having served there in the capacity of house-boys; with still others who have been busy with store-room accommodations and at the ice plant.

Our grades are instructed by the following teachers:

W. W. Johnson, principal, 7th and 8th grades; W. M. Crooks, 6th grade; G. Lee Simpson, 5th grade; R. R. Black, 4th grade; Mrs. J. H. Hobby, 3rd grade; Mrs. Olivia K. Duckett, 2nd grade; Miss Eva Greenlee, 1st grade; Miss Vernie Goodman, chorus singing and pianist.

Thus each day is filled with the ever recurring duty of each and every boy at the school. It seems hardly creditable when you think of the boy and the uncouth environment from from which he many times comes to us that he sometimes makes two grades a year

When one considers the disinterested and backward boys and the time taken in the preparation and recital of lessons, it becomes almost phenomenal to observe the rapid progress made in a given time. The average age of the boy entering the second and third grades is around fourteen years.

Many of these boys coming to us have never been inside of a church or heard a gospel sermon, nor even attended Sunday School. A small per cent have never known the joy of a Christmas tree

A new world opens to them. Their perception is awakened to the realization that some great change is going on within, making them happier and more contented. This condition is readily recognized by their parents and friends. Even the casual visitor is impressed with the happy atmosphere that pervades the school.

Will you need a spiritual pulmotor to resuscitate you at the end of the summer months?—Anna L. Mower.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The members of the barn force have been making hay during the past few days.

Mr. Hal Morris, of Kings Mountain, visited Mr. C. B. Barber at this place, last week end.

"The Fast Freight" was the title of the moving picture show last week. It was of action, which the boys greatly enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hunt, of Charlotte, called at the Uplift office last Monday en route to their home in Charlotte from Blowing Rock, where they spent the summer months.

T. H. Talbirt, one of our employees here, and Miss Marie Widenhouse, of Concord, were married last Friday, and are now enjoying a wedding trip. We congratulate these newlyweds.

Mr. Charles Miller and Miss Canady, of Greensboro, visited the school last Monday. Mr. Miller is Boys' Commissioner of that city and Miss Canady holds the same position in the girls' welfare department.

Our fifteen hundred faithful white leghorn hens that have supplied so many eggs for the school are slacking up on production on account of moulting. The egg lovers are hoping that they will strike their usual stride again soon.

Several of the boys are rehearsing songs and declamations to be rendered at the annual convention of the King's Daughters which will be held in Raleigh at an early date. Miss Vernie Goodman has charge of the training of these young entertainers.

The halls of the school building and the floors of the auditorium had been a little neglected during the summer on account of the press of work on the outside. Last week a detail of boys under the direction of Mr. Walker made them look like new with a good hefty scouring. a coat of wax and afterward a gentle rubbing.

All departments that require power in their operation were interrupted in their work for several hours Tuesday morning as the storm had blown down one of the power line poles which carried the 2300 volt current to the school. All lights were off and the operations of the kitchen and household work were calling for light.

Rev. Thomas T. Higgins, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Owing to illness, Rev. Higgins had not visited the school for two months, we were glad to have him with us again and hope he will be able to visit us regularly in the future.

It seems that a large number of boys at the school think that a great mistake was made in sending the other fellow home instead of them as quite a few have been trying to get away since the parole month is over from the boys' stand point

these same mistakes are made at each paroling season. The number of boys sent home was much larger than before, so has been the the dissatisfied ones who have tried to leave on their own initiative instead of biding the time when they can go away feeling that they have earned a parole.

During the life of the school we have had some extremely large boys, the largest as to height being six and one half feet. Last week we received our smallest boy. He weighed only thirty five pounds and had not lost his baby accent though the commitment papers gave his age as 7 years old. His smallness, babyish look and manner, elicit many and varied inquiries as to the reason for his coming. Already the mother instinct among the matrons in the cottage homes is showing itself by placing applicaions for this baby boy to be placed in their cottage. In the light of the strength of this instinteive longing, we are sorry that we do not have fifteen such boys, but 'tis a pity that a child of such immature age should be sent to the school.

The office force have been busy and seem to be in a deep, puzzled study since the coming of the new budget blanks from the Budget Bureau at Raleigh. There are an armfull of them too. Messrs. Barber, the book keeper, and Fisher, the assistant superintendant, made a trip to Raleigh the other day to secure direct from Mr. Burke additional information as to how to begin filling the blanks. These blanks are to cover the two year's expenditure during 1929 and 1930, 1930 and 1931. One has to extend his speculation on these matters almost to the point of fore knowledge as no account can be over drawn and no item can be bought that has not been mentioned in the budget. Imagine the ordeal one would have to go through when he is confronted with the task of telling by item the things the school will have to buy in 1930 and 1931 when his telling must be done in September 1298. No wonder all seem to be in a deep, puzzled sudy.

"Take opportunity by the forelock," but know where you intend to lead it.

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Round trip fare from Concord, N. C.

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Final limit good returning on all regular trains (Except Crescent Limited) so as to reach original starting point prior to midnight Wednesday, September 26th, 1928.

Fine opportunity to visit the Nation's Capital.

For further information and pullman reservations call on any Southern Railway agent.

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Div. Pass. Agent,
Charlotte, N. C.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 29, 1928 No. 36

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JUST STAND ASIDE

'Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as 'He' instead of 'I.'
Pick flaws; find faults; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
The faults of others will then dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grows stronger by one mighty link,
When you with 'He' as substitute for 'I'
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.''

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

DR. HOWARD A. KELLY, of BALTIMORE, ON THE BIBLE

"The intimate experiences of life have shown me that the Bible is the living word just as definitely God's Word to me—and to each man who reads it —as a letter received in the morning's mail from my mother to me, personally As such, the Bible is its own defense and needs no apologists.

"I have never in my whole life met a man who really knew the Bible, and rejected it. The difficulty has already been an unwillingness to give it an honest trial.

"Very early I felt called upon to prepare to meet the sundry of the commoner objections. Therefore I consulted many of the abler writers in opposition, and studied the various religions of the world. All this resulted in but a firmer conviction as to the unassailability of the Word of God."

A LIFE A DAY

We are living in the midst of a christian people in a christian land and yet, in the face of all the fine opportunities we are enjoying we are becoming callous daily, or immune to the shocking tragedies caused by automobile accidents. These same fatalities many years ago would have shocked any christian community, but today to snuff out a human life receives only a passing comment by the people at large, in short—human life is counted cheap.

The statistics of the State Board of Health show "that a life a day" is

the average toll of death caused by automobile accidents; and no constructive measures have been suggested to restrain the reckless, careless and lawless drivers on the highways—and this class, like the poor, will be in our midst till the end of time.

It would be impossible for a patrol force to cover the great highway with sufficient thoroughness to apprehend all reckless drivers—but just realizing that there was a patrol officer within a radius of a few miles would no doubt safeguard many human lives. The people of North Carolina advocate the building of highways, and beautifying the same, and yet there is no concerted action on the part of the authority to improve traffic conditions and make our "outings" a real joy.

The Asheville Citizen in substance states that North Carolina led the way in building highways, and those who have the power to act can serve the country in no better way than in solving the problem of a safe traffic.

We gather from what Commissioner Frank Page said in an address before the Lions Club, Raleigh, that he realizes the seriousness of the situation and that something must be done—he said, "if the present rate of increase in traffic accidents keeps up, that the death toll by automobile accidents next year will equal six hundred, beside the injured to something like four thousand."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE RED CROSS NEVER FAILS TO RESPOND

We never really understand the multitude of blessings realized from the fields that yield plentifully, and the merciful dispensation of the Almighty Power till our country is swayed by the shock that comes from the loss of life and property in disasters like fire, hurricane or some other catastrophe.

We have this past week experienced the effects of a terrible hurricane that made its way through the West Indies, the coast of Florida and the middle west at a rapid rate of one hundred and fifty miles per hour.

The very thought carries a chill through our bodies, because in its trail many people were killed, others injured and countless numbers left without shelter, home, clothing or food. The Red Cross Societies heard the appeal for help—the response was immediate—the officials with $50,000 were soon after the call, actively endeavoring in the stricken districts to give relief.

The keynote of the Red Cross is volunteer service and one of its fundamental principles is to help regardless of nationality—in fact it is an agency of good, love, sympathy and charity for all in distress. In such an hour of dire distress it is not the work of the Red Cross alone, it is

the work of all christian people to relieve suffering humanity. We predict that the call will be responded to most generously by our people.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WHERE IS HE

Clinton S. Carnes, treasurer of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist convention certainly made away with a lot of money, $1,000,000, and it is puzzling how in the world that fellow fooled so many people for so long a time. It looks like Carnes fooled all of the people all of the time in his game of chicanery and made a safe escape. This case will furnish a fine argument for the fellow who wishes to remain outside the pale of the christian church, but we should keep in mind that there was a Judas in the midst of Christ's disciples. This deed of this active church worker, who will be classed as a defaulter, will be given much publicity, but there are thousands who are doing splendid work in the church of God daily who will never be known, or be held up as an example of correct living to his fellow man.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SELDOM YOU SEE ONE

Have you observed that an old Mexican War veteran is never seen in our midst? Statistics show that there are three Mexican War veterans receiving pensions, also nine hundred and seventy Mexican War widows and seventeen 1812 War widows that drew pensions last year. This statement carries us back to events that go over a lapse of time covering one hundred and sixteen years or more. Well, the question comes to mind when will the World War pension cease? We approximate by comparison, and to be conservative we would say about in the year of 2044.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

INTERESTED IN KEEPING PEOPLE WELL

The story of the work in the Guilford County Sanitorium elsewhere in this paper is a human interest story—read it. How uplifting it would be to the people of the Old North State if many more of the one hundred

counties could give out to the press similar stories of the care for the sick and needy.

Every news item, or story that reflects interest in the welfare of human life attracts the attention of the Editors of the Uplift, because the very spirit of the Jackson Training School is to make the boys who are physically, mentally or spiritually weak, men of strong character as well as men strong in body. This institution, the Guilford Sanatorium, is under the efficient management of Dr. J. L. Spruill, and it is an outstanding credit to the citizenship of Guilford County.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The Uplift always welcomes new and interested friends. We were delighted to receive last week several articles from the facile pen of Doctor T. F. Opie, Rector of the Holy Comforter Episcopal church, Burlington, North Carolina.

The first article will appear in this week's issue, the others will follow at different times.

Dr. Opie is not only one of the outstanding ministers of his church, but we have learned through the press items that he believes in making "religion a practical and vital force in every day living by becoming interested in community enterprises that will touch the civic, social and educational life of the people."

The Uplift extends a cordial welcome to Dr Opie to visit the school at any time so as to see the boys and the work the school carries on. The chief aim of the superintendent and all officers is to make a splendid citizenship out of what is supposed to be an incorrigible crowd of boys, but the officers look upon the school as one great family contending with the same propositions that confront every home—just youths not disciplined.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Labor Day in Raleigh was celebrated by the unveiling of a tablet to the memory of Andrew Johnson, the president who had his start as a tailor's apprentice in that city. The chief speech of the occasion was made by the Hon. Josephus Daniels.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Editor Harry P. Deaton of the Mooresville Enterprise has lately been

showered with congratulations because of the success that has crowned his efforts in giving Mooresville one of the best weekly papers in the State. Mr. Deaton deserves all of the felicitations and good wishes tendered him by the news papers of the state. Success does not just happen, it comes about by well devised plans for any piece of work, and then backed up by push, pluck and perseverance. All of these qualities belong to Mr. Deaton.

The Uplift rejoices in the success of Editor Deaton, and Concord is proud to have loaned such a splendid citizen to Mooresville.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

FORECAST OF MRS. NELLIE ROSS

Mrs. Nellie Ross, the former Governor of Wyoming, and by the way she received recognition at the Houston Convention, predicts that we will have a woman president some day. The women of North Carolina have no such aspirations, because it is seldom one of our fair tarheelia politicians make the trip to the State Legislature.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

One of these new pocket lighters, when it won't light, is about as aggravating as an automobile out of gas, four miles from a filling station with a blow-out thrown in. When they get that way they come as near having the second commandment broken as any thing you can think of. And the smoking of a pipe, a cigar or a cigarette, doesn't taste any better, lit by a lighter, than if fired up with just a common, ordinary every day match.

—o—

The lipstick is quite a fad now. The girls have a fondness for them, and the boys have acquired a decided taste for them. But as far as osculation goes, I guess lip-sticks have been in vogue since the days of Eve, from the way kisses stick to the lips.

—o—

Life a Royal Traveling Way

This life is a royal way to some grand end. It means something. It depends on how you view it. To some it may mean a millstone about their necks, and to others a diadem on their brows. Life is a grand training ground for the life hereafter. If it is mean to any one he makes it so. God made it glorious. Its channel He paved with diamonds. Its banks He fringed with flowers. He overarched it with stars. Around it He spread the glory of the physical universe—suns, moons, worlds, constellations, systems—all that is magnificent in motion, sublime in magnitude, and grand in order and obedience. God would not have attended life with this broad march of grandeur, if it did not mean something. How much life means, words refuse to tell, because they cannot. The very doorway of life is hung around with flowery emblems, to indicate that it is for some purpose. The mystery of our being, the necessity of action, the relation of cause to effect, the dependence of one thing upon another, the mutual influence and affinity of all things, assure us that life is for a purpose to which every outward thing doth point. In our voyage of life we must not drift, but steer.

—o—

Addressing a "safety first" meeting in Chicago recently, the traffic manager of one of the big transportation firms said: "Accidents do not happen; they are caused." This is something worth thinking about. Burn it into your mind. If people would think of this, accidents would become fewer and human happiness much greater.

—o—

Have heard of all sorts of devices for conveying bootleg liquor, and every conceivable way of hiding it, but here is a new one on me. A prohibition agent in New Orleans found four quart bottles of whiskey and two of rum under a setting hen, in a chicken coop. He evidently wanted that hen to brood over that booze; anyhow, when she cackled, the idea suggests it self, that was the sign for the thirsty to rob the nest. A foul trick on that fowl.

—o—

The Negro in Comedy

Not long ago there was a mild discussion on the subject of "The Negro in Comedy." By this means it was designed to throw some 'light"

on a "dark" subject. I do not think the Negro is so much in comedy as the white man in blacking his face and trying to imitate the Negro, which is good in some particulars, but the white man does not get the true spirit and genius of Negro life. The speech of the Southern Negroes —especially those of the older generation—were characterized by certain shades of tone, modulation and accent which cannot be indicated in written words, and hardly imitated.

I would prefer, instead of "The Negro in Comedy," to consider the Comedy in the Negro. Personally he is not a student of Comedy. A sense of humor just grows with him, and this was particularly true of the older generations, which are fast passing away, and we are having a new modern generation, entirely different from the "old-time darkey."

The Negro in comedy is somewhat of a failure; but the comedy in the Negro is a fruit of the Southern soil. The speech of the Negro, up to the time of the new emancipation, and freedom has given them the opportunities of schools and learning, was largely fashioned and colored by circumstances of temperment and imagination. There is an unfailing source of interest and amusement in the lawless and untutored use which he made of certain figures of speech; in his quaint and homely manner of expression; in the frequent strangeness and incongruity of his comparisons and illustrations; and the mingling of subtle pathos and unconscious humor in his conceptions. In their plantation songs this is most notable.

Some of them were philosophers of quaint ideas. For instance: There was Uncle Gabe who used to make wise sayings that bristled with genuine home-spun humor. I will give you a few:

"'Ef you hire de rabbit to nail on your palin's dar'll be sum big cracks."

"Buyin' land on credit is mighty like wurkin' for 'nudder man."

"De goat an' de mule got different ways o' fightin' and doing mischuf; de goat take better aim, but de mule shoot quicker an' load faster."

"'Tis 'stonishin' how many folks use to know de grandaddy ob a lucky man."

"De tas'e ob a green 'simmon is like a heap'o things dat we hear 'bout —it's hard to keep it a secret when you done jes' find it out."

"De peach-trees dat go to dressin' up too 'arly in de spring won't be pestered wid much cump'ny in de summer."

"De muskeeter says grace too loud for his own good while he gettin' ready to eat."

The humorous philosophy of the Negro runs something like: "on Judging by Appearances."

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your jegment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly need to tell you how you often cum ercross
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar horse.
An', wukin' in de low groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat de finest shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in de row.

I think a man has got mighty slender chance of heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks erbout de sinners wid a

heap o' solem chat,
An nebber draps a nickle in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligon wid his Sunday pantaloons.

I nebber jedge o' people dot I meets on de way
By de place whar de cum frum, an' an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de English sparrow sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle of de sea,
An' you'll find de smalles' 'possum up de bigges' kind o' tree.

"When the engine of an airplane gets to missing, the next thing is the crew."

GO TO SCHOOL

The Southern Planter

One of the reasons for the great prosperity in this country is that an education is within the reach of practically every person who really wants it. The schools and colleges have or will soon open. Thoughtful parents consider giving their children every opportunity to secure the maximum amount of education.

It often seems necessary to keep the children out of school to help with the work. This practice is usually poor economy. The results of a survey conducted in Texas show that a child earns $9.25 each day it spends in school, based on its earning capacity after it leaves school, as compared with the earning capacity of those who never attended school. In other words, if parents can not afford to pay their children $9.25 a day for each day they are kept out of school, they should be kept in school.

Many people have regretted getting too little education, but no one has ever regretted getting too much. Records show that only one person out of every 150,000 in the United States who has had no schooling achieved eminence. On the other hand, one out of every 1,724 high school graduates and one out of every 187 college graduates have made noteworthy achievements. To express it in another way, parents who have given their children a common-school education have given them four times the chance to become a leader than has the child with no education. A person with a high school education has eighty-seven times the chance of becoming a leader as compared with the person with no schooling, and a person with a college education has 800 times the chance.

It is the duty of every person to go to school—a duty he owes himself and the nation.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY IN ALL THE SOUTH.

By C. W. Hunt

It is even one hundred miles from the spuare in Charlotte to the Green Park Hotel in Blowing Rock, but when I arrived at home Monday afternoon I had traveled three hundred miles and touched or crossed from side to side, eleven counties of this good state. Poets have sung and politicians have howled about the lost provinces of North Carolina Avery, Wautauga, Ashe and Allegany counties. (Carrol, Grayson and Wythe counties, Va. are the same) I have lived in one end of the district for six years, in summer, but had never seen the part of it that makes people tell wonderful tales; so instead of coming directly to Charlotte over the nearest route, we chose to take the long route, see the country about which so much has been said, see kin folks and friends along the way, and make three days of getting home instead of three hours and a half. So with that fixed we set out early Saturday morning for Boone, Jefferson, Sparta, Roaring Gap, Elkin, Mt. Airy, Danbury as the first day's travel, making the 171 miles by two o'clock that day, and just a few miles from that town spent Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night with relatives; picking up the journey again Monday morning we came out by Walnut Cove, Kernersville, Winston-Salem, Lexington, Salisbury and Concord, home; and all on 18 gallons of gas with not one minute of trouble, and though the Oldsmobile was four years old it never missed a lick, nor did we have a puncture or blow-out, and turned in home in as good shape as when we left Blowing Rock the 15th day of the month.

To say this is a long and interesting drive, but poorly expresses it. One gets but a short distance out of Boone on route No. 69, before he comes into the rolling hills where cattle, corn and buckwheat grow in luxuriance, and the countryside is one continuous and pleasing prospect of rolling pasture hills and fertile valleys dotted with cattle and haystacks; where almost every farm house is a splendid home and the absence of the tumble-down shack is most noticeable. And such roads. Hard surface or being fixed for hard surface the whole distance from Blowing Rock to Mt. Airy.

The man or woman who confines his or her travels to the eastern side of the Blue Ridge mountains in North Carolina, has small, very small idea of what lies beyond, on the western side. I have told this before, but it will bear repeating: when one climbs through a gap of the Blue Ridge to the top, he finds himself not descending down a steep on the other side, but a rolling plateau at an elevation of from two to three thousand feet higher that the coastal plains on lower peidmont; into a country where the greater part of it is cleared, where pastures and cattle dot the hills, as well as stack after stack of hay in the valleys while on level and hill the shocks of buckwheat dot the land like great flocks of black sheep (That crop is

in the harvesting stage at this season) until one wonders where it all goes to, and who consumes it in the luscious buckwheat cakes? I have never seen any country like it. Wautauga and Avery have much of it, but Ashe and Alleghany seem to be one continous spread of splendid farms and homes, with no waste lands, it all being woods, pastures or cultivated fields where corn, oats, wheat, buckwheat and such grow for the asking, and every home is a good one, with beautiful setting and neighbors in sight in all directions. If this has been the lost province all the years, cut off by the mountain barriers, the State Highway Commission has connected it with hard surfaced roads, so that there are now four great highways coming down on this side, over which come cabbage, potatoes, apples and cattle and lumber. The fact that the mountains have only one steep side makes railway tunnels into it impossible; so what railways enter it come from Virginia and Tennessee, and will always haul heavy products out to other states. As much space as I have taken in telling about this country, "the half has never been told." One has to see it to know it. And the man or woman not too old or timid can leave Charlotte at seven oclock in the morning, go to Roaring Gap, and to Sparta, Jefferson, Boone and Blowing Rock; travel through the very heart of this enchanting country and be back home by seven in the evening and never have to hurry, and never be off a hard surfaced road, except for ten miles near Boone, and it is rock, ready for asphalt.

But as much as I have already said about one trip, there is another chapter; not so enchanting, but still interesting. When one has reached Roaring Gap, after having crossed Ashe and Alleghany counties, he finds himself dropping down toward Elkin at a precipitous rate the road being as winding and as steep as the road from Blowing Rock to Lenoir; the difference being that as he descends he soon comes into the very red hills of Wilkes and Surry, while coming to Lenoir one is in the mountains all the way. Another difference is this: Looking out from Roaring Gap ones view is pastoral, and he sees farm after farm, as far as the eye will reach, while the scene from the peaks about Blowing Rock is the mountainous entirely, except for an occasional mountain farm. Coming to Elkin one finds a town entitled to more notice than it gets. There we saw street after street, block after block filled with parked cars, and must be a wonderful trading center. And here we came again to the Yadkin river, the very longest prong of which is the spring in the Green Park hotel grounds, which we had left, a few hours before. And one is struck with the wideness of the valley at and about Elkin, where the crop is corn; that great feed crop, corn. The paved road skirts the valley for a few miles before ascending into the foot hills toward Mt. Airy, which is but four miles from the Virginia line. One barely leaves the valley before he is in the bright tobacco country, and from there to Danbury, the county seat of Stokes county one is barely ever out of sight of a tobacco field or curing barn. The major part of the crop has been cured, but almost every place we passed was busy with gathering of the leaves as

they ripen, hanging them on sticks and placing in barns ready for the fire Monday morning. There is an over production this year of an inferior quality, with a carry over of approximately 500,000,000 pounds of better tobacco. The enevitable result will be approximaaely one half the price of the three years preceeding this. Pity such is true. Cotton farmer readers do not have to be told what this means.

Just before reaching the days journey's end we came to old Piedmont Springs, three miles out of Danbury, where I was carried on a mattress in a covered wagon, in 1888, just forty years ago, a helpless nervous wreck, and we could not go by without climbing down that steep hill to the old iron spring, so strong with iron as almost put ones teeth on edge, and fill up again on the water that was possibly responsible for my telling this tale today. It was so refreshing I was tempted to drive back Sunday and spend the day under the same old spring house shelter that has stood the storm and is still good after forty long years. But instead I had a real Sunday's rest, and for one Sunday I missed any church service, but did the next best thing, hauled a country church steward out two miles in search of money for the preacher on the charge. My readers have been told of the settlement at Red Shoals in Stokes county and the people who have lived there, and of the happy courting days I spent there, and will not repeat it here. But all things have an ending, and this trip had to end; so Monday morning found us early on the road, and for five hours we paid popcalls on our friends and relatives in the country and in Kernersville (The wife's native place) and Winston Salem, from which place we "Hit the high road" for home, where the speedometer registered three hundred miles since Saturday morning, and it had been done on 18 gallons of gas.

And now Statesville road is home again, I am glad. I will not be here all the time, but will be at home when possible. Trusting my readers have not read in vain, and that all I write may be worth while.

THE NATION'S GREATEST NEED

"We do not need more national development, we need more spiritual development; we do not need more intellectual power, we need more spiritual power; we do not need more knowledge, we need more character; we do not need more government, we need more culture; we do not need more law, we need more religion; we do not need more of the things that are seen, we need more of the things that are unseen." — Selected.

OFFICIALS APPROVE PLANS TO BEAUTIFY HIGHWAYS

(Conservation and Industry)

Highway beautification on a large scale in North Carolina will become a reality if plans discussed recently by Frank Page, Chairman of the State Highway Commission; Director Wade H. Phillips; and State Forester J. S. Holmes materialize.

The officials agreed on a tentative program that would mean a state-wide effort to create more beautiful highways by the planting of trees along the rights-of-way.

A suggestion of such a program was given at a recent meeting of the Board of Conservation and Development, by Governor A. W. McLean, who declared that he would like to see State legislation which would authorize and empower the Highway Commission and the Conservation Board to co-operate in a program to develop the highway system into lanes of scenic attractiveness.

It was agreed at the conference between Chairman Page, Director Phillips, and State Forester Holmes to suggest legislation that would authorize the expenditure of State funds to work out the beautification plans.

At the last session of Congress, the Federal road legislation was amended so that funds for this purpose may be used by the state highway authorites in the planting of trees along the Federal-aid roads. State legislation carrying this provision would enable the use of money from both sources for this work.

North Carolina has already gained ed nation-wide attention for her zeal and success in providing a great highway system. With the weight of the State fully behind a program of beautification, she can also lead the nation in the aesthetic side as well as the utilitarian. It is not a broad stretch of imagination to hope to see her 7500 miles of improved highways flanked by native and exotic trees which would be a joy to the eyes of the motorists and help to promote maximum use of the roads.

LONELY BROTHER

Art thou lonely, O my brother?
Share thy little with another!
Stretch a hand to one unfriended
And thy loneliness is ended.
So both thou and he
Shall less lonely be,
And of thy one loneliness
Shall come two's great happiness.—John Oxenham.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK - AFFECTION

By Rev. Thos. F. Opie

Dr. Henry Drummond said that love is the greatest thing in the world. St. John, trying to find something in the world that was like our Heavenly Father, said, God is love. You cannot be too affectionate. You cannot love anyone too much. Wherever there is love—there is God. If there is love in your heart—if you have an affectionate nature—and feel a real love for people, you see, you are akin to God. The love that you express, lets God express Himself in you!

God cannot show Himself through the lives of some people, because they are selfish and self-centered and full of self-love—and they haven't much room left in their hearts for God—for a sweet and sincere and pure and unselfish love. Cultivate an affectionate and loving nature.

I have known two persons who, I believe, loved everybody. They loved every man, woman and child, so far as I could tell. They were full of affection and devotion for all people. They were always showing this affectionate nature by the things they said and did—by all the kind acts they did for others. It seemed that they were never, or seldom, thinking of themselves. The result was that everbody loved them! Love begets love. People do not usually love those who are mean and selfish and spiteful and careless of others' feelings—and who are snobbish and exclusive.

Very few children seem to show the affection for their fathers and mothers that they should show. They love their parents and their sisters and brothers and all their relations, I suppose, but they do not show it, somehow. They should let it be known. There should never a day pass that we do not tell our loved ones that we love them and, what is still better, show it by the way we treat them. Show it by the thoughtful things we do. Show it by obedience, by truthfulness, by thoughtfulness and by patience—and by every means we can. Let love shine out from the eyes—and let love shine out from the life—by word and thought and deed.

Many a mother's daily life would be easier and her path smoother and everything sweeter, if the young people showed their love and appreciation and affection more. It would be like putting sugar in her cup—it would be like planting sweet flowers, and hanging lovely pictures and singing sweet music for her. Try it.

Then too, children should learn to love their teachers and their pastors, and all who come in touch with them. So many boys and girls feel almost hateful toward the very ones who are trying most to help them—simply because of misunderstanding. They do not seem to know that what the teacher is trying to do is for their best interest and for their training, and so they somehow come to have a strained and an unnatural and an unloving attitude towards them. This makes for unhappiness. It makes the young people unhappy themselves and also the teacher, the parent and all concerned.

Let love and affection sing itself into your heart and let smiles and

good cheer show in your face and let everything about you speak of a sweet and lovely attitude to all. This will spread happiness and joy through the home and the school and everywhere you go. It will be like sunshine and pretty flowers and the sweet singing of birds all about you.

Sooky Sue Sez: It is so easy to criticise, especially if you haven't got as much sense as the other fellow. If you have as much sense you will see what he is trying to do and how much he has done. If you haven't got as much sense, you will only see the mistakes he has made and what he hasn't done.

THE CAPACITY TO ACHIEVE

(Asheville Citizen)

In one paragraph Harry S. Sherwood, writing in Scribner's Magazine, covers with ridicule and refutation the people who lamented that time passes so fast and life is so short that they fear they will not be able to realize their ambitions. Mr. Sherwood's article deals with the life and character of Dr. Howard A. Kelly, professor emeritus of gynecology at Johns Hopkins University.

"He," says the writer, "has been at various times: a member of an expedition studying Indian skulls in Canada; a cowboy riding the plains in the West; a watcher at the polls in Baltimore in the days before the Australian ballot law, when physical violence played a large part in the elections; the champion swimmer of Philadelphia; a crusader in the cause of religion with habits which suggest the clergyman; an expert canoeist shooting dangerous rapids in this country and Canada; a botanist of whom it has been said that he would have made a career in that science, if he had elected to major for life in it; a candidate for membership in the Maryland Legislature, an expert on the deadly reptiles of America, handling snakes as if they were familiar animal friends; an author of great versatility and productiveness; a potential candidate for Governor of Maryland; the father of a family of five sons and four daughters—and at all times a scientist of the first rank, whose zest for athletic sports and for adventure lead him on one occasion, when he had passed his sixty-fifth birthday, to make a dive into the Canadian river which resulted in a fractured vertebra, and led him on another occasion to fly by airplane in response to a call for the relief of human suffering."

That is an epic of versatility, industry, achievement and, above all, vertable genius for enjoying life. It is a striking illustration of how largely and how finely the body and mind of a man can be compelled to perform by the urge of an inflexible resolution. It is an inspiration to imitation by others.

FIGHTING WHITE PLAGUE.

(Greensboro News)

"Dr. are you sure?"

The physician said that he didn't have much doubt: There were the almost unmistakable shadows on the X-ray photograph of the lungs which was an indication that the tubercular bacilus had already started its deadly work.

Fortunately this X-ray picture has been made so readable in the past few years that the doctor can tell even before the temperature begins to rise that the tissue of the lung is diseased; and fortunately also for the people of this county the Guilford county government several years ago in cooperation with a few local philanthropists realized the public responsibility of taking care in so far as possible of the diseased lungs of its people, established the Guilford county sanatorium at Jamestown.

During the present year Guilford county taxpayers will spend more than $100,000 at this institution, taking away much of bitterness from that once almost helpless cry, "Doctor are you sure?"

Patients Contribute Little

Patients at this institution contribute a very small part of the expense of curing and caring for themselves. Many of them pay their board. None more. Some of them not that much. But the person who wants a nice fight on his hands can get same by suggesting to Dr. J. L. Spruill, superintendent of this institution, that he is running a charitable affair. It is Dr. Spruill's theory that this sanatorium, which by common consent is one of the most efficiently operated as well as one of the best equipped public institutions in the South, belongs to the citizens of Guilford county; that if any of those citizens or the children of those citizens become ill with tuberculosis, they deserve every service and every treatment that the sanatorium can give; and they have the right to expect this service, not given as if it came from lordly hands as a gift; but given as a debt paid by the government to its people.

There are two persons connected with the Guilford county sanatorium who know which patients pay their board and which do not. They are Dr. Spruill and his private secretary, Mrs. J. L. Spruill. The head nurse when she makes her rounds from bed to bed on the fresh air corridors doesn't know whether this one pays or this one doesn't. She doesn't care. It is general orders understood that every man and every woman is to get a square deal and no distinctions are to be made. None are.

County Not Niggard

Guilford county has not been niggardly in making things comfortable for the man who is fighting the white plague. From both wings of the modern brick building patients look over a wide floor of periodically clipped grass, interspersed here and there with tall pine trees, well trimmed hedges and shrubbery. A concrete driveway leads from the main building to the handsome brick entrance, which drive way is bordered by a smooth gravel walkway.

Patients wake in the morning to the music of an orchestra made up of a covey of partridges which don't spare their thrilling "Bob, bob whites"

and a Robin Red Breast. The drums are handled by a squadron of squirrels in a nearby oak and the flutes by other members of the feathered family. Dr. Spruill doesn't allow a hunter on the property. These wild folks are dedicated to the cure of tuberculosis.

No dark secret surrounds Guilford's cure for tuberculosis. Of course there is an official looking examination and history blank filled out. X-ray pictures are made and filed. Dr. Spruill does a deal of thumping on the chest all of which he records in much detail along with one's ancestry for some time back and the records are kept with the most painstaking care.

But the cure really begins after the nurse has recorded first temperature and pulse along with weight and height; when one has sunk into a nice comfortable position on a clean bed. The bacilli begins to take back water when the patient takes in a couple of gentle breaths of fresh air drifting to his bed through the screen wire and realizes that he is happy; that he doesn't have to answer the telephone; that he doesn't have to hurry to an appointment; that he doesn't have to hurry to do anything; but just rest. Happy rest together with good food and fresh air are the only things yet known that will arrest lung trouble. If the case has gone too far sometimes this fails.

Food Aplenty

Not long after the patient has placed his body on the sanitorium bed, Walter, the smiling orderly, will bring around the first tray of food. The sufferer looks at that meal and wonders if a mistake has been made. He thought he was sick and here is a real "square meal" that he is expected to eat. These come regularly three times a day.

At 7 o'clock in the morning the nurse makes her round with thermometers and counts pulse. This advent is the sign of rising time. An hour later breakfast is served and one is surprised how good it tastes and how much one can dispose of. There is no undertaker's air about the corridors. No one is ordered not to talk or laugh. Patients are expected to be happy and as a rule they are.

Money is not the coin of the realm at the sanitorium. Those who are wealthy have much "time-up." "Time-up" can be bestowed only by Dr. Spruill. After the temperature has been materially lowered, the body begins to gain weight and the patient has a fresh feeling, the superintendent is apt to tell the nurse some glorious morning that so-and-so can have 15 minutes "time-up" twice a day. That means that 15 minutes in the morning and 15 minutes in the afternoon one may stroll up and down the corridors.

The "time-up" may later lengthened to 30 minutes, an hour and finally gets the priviledge of a meal in the dining room, then two and finally three. Fifteen minutes exercise is later conferred and the one who gets it favorably compares with him, on whom a university bestows a Ph.D. But it matters not how much "time-up" nor how much exercise any patient may have, the period between 10:30 o'clock in the morning until noon must be spent in bed. One may talk during this period. But one may not talk between the hours of 1:30 p. m. and 4 p. m., when one sleeps. Everybody goes to bed at 9 o'clock.

Home for Children

Located near the entrance to the

sanatorium grounds is the children's building recently completed and put into use. This embodies in its architecture beauty of line and in its equipment everything for efficient operation. This building houses the potential cases of tuberculosis. Children who are undernourished and under weight gain rotundity and a healthy color comes back into their cheeks after a few weeks' stay here.

Just behind the main building is situated the negro quarters, which are manned in the same efficient way and with the same fair policy prevailing.

It isn't everybody that gets his case arrested in a few weeks or months. Once it gets a foothold the tuberculosis germ is hard to rout from its stronghold. Years are often spent taking the "cure." And some of these folks in the beds at the sanatorium, who love life just as much as does the one who eats grapefruit at his own breakfast table, will probably spend the rest of their lives in inactivity. There are no pessimists though. They have hearty laughs that sounds much like the chuckles outside of the sanatorium. They love. They are sad. They are happy in the ordinary way. They know they are making a fight but they expect to win. And the cheerfulness of some of them makes one wonder if they haven't won, even though their mortal career ends too early in a cloth shrouded box.

And when that bright morning comes around, the day that has been set aside for a home going; when the superintendent with his last thump on the chest declares that he finds the activity arrested; tuberculosis conquered, at least for the time being; one may ask "Doctor are you sure?" but it will have a different sounding from the way it did, the first time one asked it.

"Keep straight on to the gate
That leads the way to the things that pay.
Sooner or later you'll master fate
If your heart stays right
And your code keeps white.
Isn't it great
To grasp success and not confess you're one whit less
In self-respect—that nothing's wrecked
Which men count high? That you didn't buy with trick or lie—
Nor stoop to cheat?
Better defeat
With honor clean than to have been a thing obscene
For money's sake.
When you can take your first ideals up and scan
Them one by one—when all is done—
And find them without mar or hurt,
Unsmirched by greed and clean of dirt
Then you're some man."—Herbert Kaufman.

THE PASSING OF YAMACRAW.

By Ethel M. Wheeler in the Lutheran—Part 1

The news seemed too wonderful to be true. Phoebe Mann pinched herself to make sure she was awake; then not fully she pinched her brother, who protested loudly. Yes they had not been dreaming. They were going to America.

It was a troublous time in England about the year 1729. Some unfortunate men—Uncle Andrew among them—were unable to pay their debts and had been thrown into prison by their creditors. Here they were treated like slaves.

Longing eyes had turned upon America—a land rich in opportunity. Phoebe and young Andrew had heard of a section lying south of the Carolinas and north of the Spanish Floridas, near a river that flowed into the Atlantic. It was said to be very beautiful.

And now the day had come when their father reached home with the astounding news that the family—including Uncle Andrew—were going across the sea.

Mrs. Mann looked up quickly from her knitting. "How can that be? Has not your brother Andrew been convicted? Is he not a proven debtor? The law will never allow him his freedom. And we can scarcely leave his family, distressed as they are. Ah, no." She sighed and recommenced knitting.

Phoebe and young Andrew waited breathlessly; surely father had not been joking, for twas no jesting matter.

"I have authentic news," replied Mr. Mann quietly. "Those debtors who have fallen into unscrupulous hands and who are worthy. being industrious citizens, are chosen to accompany James Oglethorpe with his trustees to a new land, which in honor of our King is called Georgia. About 125 men with their familes are to go —and we are among them."

Some months were required for the completion of their plans. Phoebe sewed and patched, although she was scarcely eleven. Andrew ran errands, mended utensils and followed his father about, hoping to hear details about the expedition. Other young folks cooked and packed Finally all was in readiness, and the voyagers more or less quaking, gathered in an excited group at Gravesend, while the galley "Ann" loomed large before them.

Phoebe, with a last wistful look behind her, followed her mother into the ship; Andrew came with his father; Uncle Andrew, happy and unfraid, led his little family aboard.

Although by the calender 'twas November the day was warm, the sea calm. Mrs. Mann told Mrs. Andrew had it been otherwise she for one would not have had the courage to go. But the men shook their heads emphatically. More than a stormy day would have been necessary to keep them back.

Gallant General Oglethorpe, during the long voyage that ensued, endeavored to allay all their fears of an unknown land. The sea was not all ways tranquil, but they must have courage, faith. It was fully fifty-five days before the galley "Ann" reached her journey's end.

Near Charleston in South Caro-

lina the little colony landed, and were stationed at length in barracks at Beaufort. Although they were housed as comfortably as possible, some had grown weary of wandering and not waiting for the approval of the General decided to locate there in Beaufort-town.

When this news reached Mr. Mann he was quite upset; he went in haste to interview his brother Andrew. Perhaps between them they could dissuade the unappreciative emigrants until the general's return, for he and several of the trustees was away in quest of a sight for their settlement.

"But I intend to remain in Beaufort myself!" cried Andrew much to his older brother's distress. "We are tired and heart sick; why should we not build ourselves a home—here? General Oglethorpe will understand and give his consent. Why should it matter to him?"

Mr. Mann was far from convinced. The more he thought about the matter, the less he liked it. So, after journey across the seas, they were to part! Certainly he and his family would accompany the General to Georgia, and help to found a colony when and where he saw fit. The brothers parted sadly, but decidely. Each must consider his own welfare; so said Andrew.

Meanwhile the trustees, piloted by a friend, Col. William Bull, had sailed into the Savannah River to make the choice of a site for the new province.

Little dreamed the handful of Yamacraw Redmen settled peacefully on the bluff overlooking the slow-moving and rather muddy stream that their few wigwams among the pines had attracted the searching eyes of Jame Oglethorpe. Much to the wonderment of the Indians several white men landed and made their way to the cleared space adjoining the Yamacraw village.

An Indian woman came forward to greet the English in their own tongue, and later a provisional treaty was secured until the surrounding tribes of Creek nation could be consulted.

"Mary Murgrove evidently has some education," remarked one of the men as they returned to their boat. "They appear to be a peaceable tribe. Let us hope the Creeks are, too!"

"This village is called Yamacraw," said another man.

"With the permission of the trustees I shall name the new Colony Savannah," replied General Oglethorpe.

"A pleasing name, and quite fitting, I should say," spoke up Colonel Bull. "Savannah—a plain, as you see, there are no hills."

On the first day of February one sloop and five plantation boats carried the colonists from Beaufort to Savannah. Not all of them left Beaufort however, and among those who remained was Uncle Andrew. Mrs. Andrew was upset indeed and would have gladly made her home in Georgia.

"How lonesome I shall be without you," she told Mrs. Mann when they parted. "Perhaps—who can tell? Later Andrew may come; let us hope so."

"Uncle Andrew has changed lately," Phoebe said to her brother. "I think he remembers that awful prison back in England. He wants to work to pay off his debts."

"Yes, and hard that will be," answered young Andrew. "With

debt hanging over him and his home to make—''

''But did not General Oglethorpe say the colonists now were debt free? That they were to commence a new life?''

''True; still I know uncle intends to pay what he ever owed!''

If the trustees were disappointed that some of their charges had decided in favor of remaining at Beaufort-town they said nothing. All was taken for granted and the work of reloading for the trip to Savannah went forward.

Phoebe gave a sigh of relief when at last they were safely landed upon Georgia soil. It was a pleasant morning when with lighter hearts they hauled their possessions along the the bluff to where stood four tall pines trees, while around them gathered the Indians. eyes, ears and—in some cases—mouths wide open.

The English children were not used to seeing a Redman, and it required much coaxing and assurance to get the smaller ones away from their parents, so that the latter might work. But, as usual, Phoebe offered her services and soon had them wrapt in a story, in which there was no mention of Indians.

Meanwhile the encampment progressed; branches were torn from pine, cedar and oak and made into rude shelters; forked poles were driven into the ground, with another across the top, and on these were hung cloaks, blankets, or any other covering they might have, and the results they called tents. How odd an appearance must that first crude settlement have presented; how the people ''back home'' in England would have stared at those funny looking tents. But everything to the weary colonist appeared attractive indeed, for were they not free to begin life anew?

As the evening drew on and the settlers were resting after their strenuous day, loyal Indians advanced to welcome them. The trustees invited them to their tents where refreshments was offered; during a short service which followed the Braves stood by in awesome wonderment.

The next morning the General divided the people, some of whom were to clear the land for seeding, others to build a palisade for protection, and the rest to fell trees where the town was to stand.

Before many days the Creek Indians had been called in consultation for the making of a treaty with the white colonists. During May, when the land was truly gorgeous with flowers, nine tribes met with the English in Savannah to effect a satisfactory agreement. The chief, Tomo-chi-chi, accompanied them.

Young Andrew Mann followed the crowd as the inspection went forward. Tomo-chi-chi quite charmed him, and in festival garb the Indian was certainly an imposing figure.

A holiday, or rather a succession of gala days, were proclaimed for rejoicing and thanksgiving, also for the marking off lots and streets.

Andrew came running to his father's tent in great excitement. Bursting in upon his mother and sister he cried:'' A feast! The General is arranging a banquet to follow the granting of land—at his own expense, too! Chief Tomo-chi-chi with some of his Braves will come. Just think. Phoebe, we shall taste vension—''

''And perhaps the fruit that comes from the Floridas?'' asked Phoebe eagerly. ''I do wonder how an orange

will taste?''

''Maybe there will be turtle—'' went on Andrew, as much to tease his sister as anything, and Phoebe made a wry face.

''I must unpack my best linen table cloth,'' remarked mother. ''The solid silver tea kettle, too. I did not expect so soon to prepare for a festival. 'Tis well; the kind General may have foreseen murmurs and differences over the allotment—how can he please everybody? But a banquet will tend to keep peace. Now, Phoebe, let us shine that silver kettle like a mirror. Never a more handsome one came out of England!''

''And never a more generous mother, either!'' cried young Andrew as he pounced down upon her.

It was Phoebe who first saw the creditor. As she glanced from the tent opening a man—whom they supposed had been left in England came toward them.

''Mother!'' whispered Phoebe, her face paling. Who is that man coming this way?''

''Andrew,'' Mrs. Mann said quickly. as she caught sight of the unwelcome guest,''slip out under the tent; go for your father—''

Without a word the boy crept forth and ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

''That dreadful creditor is hunting Uncle Andrew!'' was his greeting to the astonished Mr. Mann. In a few words the boy explained and they returned to the tent.

Meanwhile the creditor had made himself as comforable as possible in the one arm chair they had brought from England: he peered curiously around. Mrs. Mann at the far end of the rude shelter held her head high; Phoebe's cheeks were now red and her eyes blazed.

''So—'' said Mrs. Mann's quiet voice. ''May I ask the meaning of your presence, uninvited?''

''There can be only one meaning, and that an excellant one. I am come to inquire the way to your brother's —ah—adobe. He ended with a sneer which made young Andrew clench his fist, and Phoebe turn pale again.

''I give no information,'' responded Mr. Mann calmly. ''You had best seek Governor Oglethorpe and settle the matter with him—''

''I'll have no nonsense?'' cried the man, irritated. ''Your brother owes me money, which I intend to secure. Otherwise—the prison.''

''Enough!'' said the colonist firmly. ''A threat carries no weight with me. The Governor may be able to suggest—''

But angrily the man had withdrawn.

''I fear 'tis not the last we shall see of him,'' Mrs. Mann said sadly.

''General Oglethorpe will deal with him; have no concern. And now, have you heard the news? Let us be joyful and prepare for the feast!''

''I am glad now that Andrew remained at Beauforttown,'' said Mrs. Mann softly.,''But I connot understand how that creditor reached America.''

''True. 'Tis odd,'' mused Andrew's brother. ''Just what to do, I cannot decide.''

However, since nothing further happened, and the creditor seemed to have disappeared, the family soon forgot him in more pressing and pleasant provision for the festival.

The General had ordered fresh beef, turkey, venison—a new dish to most of the colonist—vegetables,

fruits.

The chief of the Creeks came with queer fish which he declared were edible although the white people looked askance at them; he also brought a live alligator which he presented to Andrew with much ceremony.

"But what shall I do with it?" wondered the boy. "Ugh, its so—crawly!"

"It will grow big, too," said his sister with a wise shake of her head. "Prehaps the General would like it in the fountain he is to have in the park. Wouldn't an alligator be fine there?"

"Hurry, children," called Mrs. Mann. "Time for the parade; bring your streamers, Phoebe, and your gilt edged sword, Andrew."

They were off to the big square in the midst of the settlement. What a lively, happy crowd. Gay colors in the girls' bonnets; bright braid upon the trustees' impressive clothes; waving feathers from the headgear of the Indian braves. A smiling, almost care-free throng.

The principal men of the community busied themselves, after the opening exercises, in consulting papers or maps and in marking off certain squares and lots.

(To be concluded next week)

MARIAN'S NEW IDEA

By Evelyn Howe

The first thing Marian Robinson did after arriving at Camp Wigamog was to seize the water pail from Peggy Giles and run down to the spring to get it filled.

Peggy protested, "Oh, I say, Marian, take off your things, first won't you?" But Marian sped on. Her beautiful, big brown eyes noted everything to be done, and she was always eager to help.

When anyone offered to do anything for her, however, it was a very difficult matter. Marian prided herself on being unselfish and absolutely independent. "No. thank you, I'll do it myself," she often declared. She laughingly said that "Pretty is that pretty does," was her only hope in life. She longed to be tall and graceful like Peggy, instead of short and dumpy, as she expressed it.

The girls went on an exploring expedition that afternoon, arriving home in time to help Mrs. Giles get supper. Marian, who was an adept at making light, fluffy biscuits, offered to make a batch. When they were ready for the oven, she opened the door to see if it was hot enough.

"Why, here's a frying pan," she cried. Not realizing that there was anything in it, she pulled it out hastily, spilling boiling hot bacon grease on her foot. It was all over before Mrs. Giles or Peggy, who were setting the dining room table, could utter a word of warning.

Although Mrs. Giles sent for the nearest doctor immediately, and peeled off Marian's shoe and stocking right away, it was a bad burn. Marian, as might be expected made light

of it, and, in spite of the doctor's suggestion that she stay off it as much as possible, insisted on hopping to meals and helping with dishes.

Two days later her foot became so angry-looking that she had to stay in bed. She was then obliged to accept help and was decidedly ungracious about it. She refused about Peggy bringing hot water to bathe her foot. "It's such a nuisance having to light the oil burner every four hours," she declared.

Peggy scorned the idea.

"Oh, Mrs. Giles, you shouldn't go to so much trouble preparing dainty trays," Marian objected three times a day, thought her appetite was good and she enjoyed every thing on them.

When John West, Peggy's cousin, who lived in the next cottage, came in to see Marian, she poured out her woes to him.

"I do wish your Aunt Maud wouldn't be so kind to me," she stormed. "She's wearing herself out and it worries me."

"Oh, you needn't worry about Aunt Maud," John laughed. "She's in her element caring for people. If she wasn't doing it for you, she'd be doing it for somebody else."

"If I could only go home and not be such a nuisance!" Marian wailed. "But the doctor says I can't be moved."

Just then Peggy and Mildred Anderson arrived with a pail of wild raspberries they had picked on the hill and thick country cream they had bought to eat with them.

"You shouldn't have done it!" was all the thanks Marain gave them after their hot walk; and she spent the next few days wishing they wouldn't do whatever they happened to be doing for her.

Though Marian loved to have Peggy read to her, she was always telling her not to bother. "Go on in swimming! Don't mind me!"

One noon, after Dorothy West had spent the whole morning preparing a chicken dinner, with the sauces and vegetables that go best with it, she carried over a beautiful tray to Marian, only to be met with, "Oh, Dorothy, you shouldn't have done it!"

John happened to come in just as Dorothy went out the front door looking very flushed and hurt.

"Oh, John, I wish Dorothy hadn't done this!" Marian began, but got no further. One look at John's face warned her that she had gone too far. That she had was quite evident, for he lost no time in blurting out, "I say, Marian, what's the big idea anyway? You should have seen Dorothy's disappointed face as she passed me just now."

"Disappointed? Why? What did she say " asked Marian.

"She didn't need to say anything. Haven't I got eyes in my head? She worked all morning to get you this fine dinner."

"Well, she succeeded, by the look of this loaded tray," she laughed nervously.

Marian seemed utterly unconscious of what John was driving at.

"I suppose you thanked her prettily!" sneered John, looking her straight in the face.

Marian hung her her head and began to toy with a spoon. "Why, no, I didn't!" she admited.

"I suppose you told her she shouldn't have done it!" was John's next telling thrust.

"That's exactly what I said," she confessed. "But how did you know?"

"Oh, I know! It's a byword about camp since you burnt your foot. Everyone's talking about it. Mother says you're the hardest person to do anything nice for that she ever met. She says you're so unselfish that you're selfish, and that there's a grace in receiving that's never even occurred to you."

"But, John, I don't understand," Marian looked completely mystified. "I've only been trying to be as little trouble as possible."

"Well, neither do I; but I must say you are horribly ungrateful most of the time. There's our dinner bell! See you later!"

John bounded off and Marian was left alone with her upset thoughts. "So that's the kind of girl I am!" she kept repeating to herself. "John left me in no doubt about it."

Mrs. Giles and Peggy had been invited to the West's to help enjoy the chicken and when they returned they found an almost untouched tray beside Marian, who was apparently asleep.

"Whatever can be the matter with Marian, Mother?" she heard Peggy whisper. "She's hardly eaten a bite!"

But Marian was as far from sleep as she had ever been in her life. She was remembering how horrid she had been lately and how lovely people had always been to her when she had indulged herself in the luxury of distributing flowers, fruit and other nice things. She had always prided herself on being a generous giver and had really never thought of the receiver before.

"That's a brand new idea to me," she concluded, with a smile on her face, "but I won't forget it in a hurry."

Sinking into a heavy sleep, she didn't awaken till late in the afternoon, when the doctor came to examine her foot.

"It's much less angry-looking," was his verdict. "You'll be using this again in a few days, young lady."

"Oh, Doctor," pleaded Peggy, "we do want Marian at a party tonight. Could she be carried very carefully over to the Wests?"

A party! Marian pricked up her ears and listened. It was her birthday, and she hadn't told a soul in camp. She hadn't even received letters from home, as a steady summer rain had made walking to the postoffice imposible, and no one had driven out that day.

"We'll see!' half promised the doctor, his eyes giving full assent.

"That settles it!" Peggy clapped her hands. "She's going! Father and John have a contraption all ready to carry her over in. It actually has a canopy to keen out the rain!"

Marian went, and was very much surprised to find it was a birthday party given for her.

"But how did you know?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, we guessed," laughed Dorothy.

"John brought home a parcel from the postoffice yesterday with 'Not to be opened till the 15th' written in one corner, and Peggy knew your birthday was sometime in July," explained Mrs. Giles.

"Here it is," said John, producing a square box with the name of a well-known jewelry firm on it.

Marian snipped and tore the wrappings off recklessly, scattering white tissue paper in every direction till she came to a blue velvet box.

"Oh, they're pearls!" she cried delightedly. "With best love from Father and Mother," she read aloud. "They're exactly what I wanted, but they shouldn't—"

The sentence was left unfinished as she caught John's eye. "Never again!" she declared to him on the side.

The evening was a great success. Everyone tried to do something for Marian, who was really a general favorite. Even the children kept offering her pillows and footstools and asking her if she were all right.

When Dorothy and Peggy brought in chicken sandwiches, ice cream and chocolate cake, Marian was a very happy girl. She didn't protest once and apparently enjoyed everything, and said so.

"I say, Marian, I'm sorry I blurted out what I did to you today," John apologized after the party was over. He was standing beside her chair near the grate fire waiting to help carry her back to the Giles' cottage.

"You needn't be!" Marian laughed. "What you said was quite true —but I hope it will never be again!"

A FLOOD OF LAWS

Within a very few months the majority of state legislatures will again be in session, and as a consequence there will come forth during the winter a flood of new laws, even though we are not in need of them. There are already so many laws that no lawyer, regardless of his standing in the profession, can tell off-hand what the law is on any given subject or issue.

Wonder how many taxpayers around here have paused to consider that in this country there is a congress passing laws for the nation, legislatures passing laws for all the states, city councils enacting laws to govern their residents, and below them townships villages and town boards enacting more and more local regulations. Yet it is a rule of law that "ignorance of law excuses nobody." How any individual can ever hope to find his way safely through the flood without ever violating some rule calling for action or inaction, nobody, including the lawyers and the courts, is in positon to say.

What the country needs is not more laws but more repeals of old and foolish laws. It needs many of the laws it now has re-written in plain and understandable English. Yet virtually every legislator will soon be jumping to his feet with a pet measure he wants enacted into law, thus adding to the confusion already created by an over-abundance of them. It isn't more laws we need as much as we need enforcement of the ones we already have. And no one recognizes that more forcibly than the taxpayer who has to pay for every new one created.—Reidsville Review.

HEALTH CONSCIOUSNESS

(Asheville Citizen)

People who complain about the high cost of sickness have themselves to blame in some measure as long as they take no pains to preserve their health. This is the gist of the warning given by Dr. Joseph Garland in "The Independent," describing the gigantic scale on which the National Committee on the Cost of Medical Care will operate in an attempt to discover how the expense of illness may be reduced.

"It is necessary," he says, "that the public be awakened to an appreciation of the positive benefits of preventive medicine. It must learn to realize the ways by which disease is bred and spread. It must develop health consciousness. We must learn to desire health for ourselves; not blindly and arrogantly as if it were ours by divine right, but intelligently, knowing how to avoid the factors which impair it."

The investigating committee plans to work for five years. For the first year a minimum of $60,000 is needed, and for the following four years it is expected that the annual budget will be at least $75,000. Such institutions as the Carnegie Corporation the Milbank Memorial Fund and the Russell Sage Foundation are helping to finance the project, to be managed by a committee of forty-two physicians and laymen with Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Leland Stanford University, as the chairman.

The findings will affect the 140,000 physicians in the United States, the contributors to, and investors in, the hospitals of the country representing a total investment of five billion dollars, and the 119,000,000 persons in the country who sooner or later have to go to a doctor. The inquiry will cover three general fields; the number and distribution of physicians and nurses, and the increasing need for them; what the public pays its doctors and hospitals; and how a greater efficiency may be developed for the business of giving medical service to organized or particular groups of the population.

Whether a scheme for reducing the cost of medical care to the individual will be devised, can not of course be foretold now. But as Dr. Garland emphasizes, the citizen can contribute largely to the cutting down of his own doctor's bills by taking every possible precaution against illness. The average man never appreciates the incomparable boon of sound health until he has lost it.

Our work may seem but a discord,
Though we do the best we can,
But others will hear the music
If we carry out God's plan.

—Exchange

INSTITUTION NOTES

A large detail of boys are now busily engaged in filling our two large silos.

The sowing of lettuce and cabbage seed has claimed the attention of our gardener lately.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys are busily engaged in getting their display ready for the fair.

Our tonsorial artists have been busy during the past week cutting hair. Mr. T. H. Talbert is supervising this work.

Covers for the mattresses used on the boys' beds have been ordered and should be here within the next few days.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lee Simpson, members of our staff, and their son, George Lee, Jr., are enjoying a vacation in Asheville.

Mr. Scarboro has been inspecting our stoves and making necessary repairs—just another sign that winter is just around the corner.

Captain Grier and a detail of boys have been unloading a carload of coal. A sample of this coal has been sent to the Budget Commission at Raleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Carriker and little daughter, Dorothy Jane, have returned from a three weeks' motor trip to Ohio, Niagra Falls and Washington, D. C.

A button-hole attachment has been recently put into use in our sewing room. This will enable the boys in this department to increase their output considerablby.

With a favorable season and proper care, we should have another wonderful crop of tulips next spring. A large bed more than 250 feet long, is now being prepared for the planting of several thousand bulbs.

We have in our store-room 600 pairs of boys' school shoes, and are daily expecting the arrival of a similar quanity of Sunday shoes. These shoes, along with new caps will be distributed before the opening of the Cabarrus District Fair.

Last Sunday our entire population of nearly 600, enjoyed another fried chicken dinner. Feasts like this occurred more frequently this season than ever before, and speaks well for the poultry industry as carried on at the Training School.

Arrangments are being made to repair the large pipe that leads up to our 50,000 gallon water tank. Several pumps have been repaired and are ready to pump water into this tank. Since we now get our water supply from Concord, the tank will be kept filled for emergency use.

The service in the auditorium last Sunday was in charge of T. M. Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. He brought with him, as the speaker for the afternoon, Rev. B. F. Yandel, of that city, who made an interesting talk to the

boys. Mr. Bell, also of Charlotte, rendered two vocal selections.

Our farm manager reports that in looking over our corn fields after the severe storm last week, considerable damage had been done. The high wind had whipped the leaves to shreds and a large percentage was blown down. This important crop will not be a total loss, but the value thereof will be greatly reduced.

This storm also damaged our fruit trees, especially the pear trees. After the shower, 25 bushels of pears were picked up, and in order to utilize this fruit, a number of boys under the supervision of Messrs Walker and Sappenfield, they were preserved for winter use.

FORGIVENESS

By H. O. Spelman

A little boy, of course not you,
  Did something that was wrong;
And all that day he couldn't smile,
  Whistle, or sing a song.

But when at night upstairs he said:
  "O God, forgive me, please!"
He felt a sudden happiness
  That filled his heart with ease.

Next day he sang and whistled so,
  Because his heart was light;
And everything he did and said
  Was just exactly right.—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCOR[illegible]ER 6, 1928 No. 37

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

A USEFUL POSSESSION

If a string is in a knot,
  Patience will untie it;
Patience can do many things—
  Did you ever try it?
If 'twas sold at any shop,
  I should like to buy it.
But you and I must find our own;
  No other can supply it.

—Anna M. Pratt.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ACTIVITIES OF MERCY

"This Christian love, were there the space to analyze it fully, is a very thorough thing. It sees men's whole needs, including the wrongs they suffer and their own deep wrongness; it puts a full cure at work; it has the strongest motive since it is done for Jesus' sake; and it would realize the highest ideal. It marks a life which is not brooding over its own miseries and does not evade care for the distresses of others, but willingly permits itself to become full of other men's troubles. All stress is necessary upon the fact that this mercy goes the full length in service in that it is ready personally to administer relief. It is not what has come commonly to be known as 'checkbook charity.' All distress possesses loneliness and bitterness. Only the personal touch will heal the loneliness. No help is really being offered and no relief is really being accomplished unless somehow the personal element enters in. 'Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.' "—The Lutheran

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

The 39th Annual Convention of the State Branch of The King's Daughters and Sons will convene in the First Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, on the 3rd and 4th of October. Mrs. Hortense F. Moye, Greenville, who is president of the North Carolina Branch, is a woman of strong personality and shows

great interest in the achievements of the Order, therefore, we bespeak for Mrs. Moye success in every phase of work considered at this convention.

The state work was definitely and unanimously decided upon at the last convention—enlarging the Jackson Training School Chapel, but on account of unavoidable circumstances the work was deferred till some later date. The King's Daughters have a great interest in the Training School so there will not be a question about the effective plans being made in Raleigh so that the many hundred boys will soon worship in the Chapel instead of the school auditorium. This is a very essential piece of work to be done by some one, or some other band of workers, but every one concedes that the enlargement of the Chapel is for the hands of the King's Daughters.

The choice of speakers this year, Dr. Edmund D. Soper, of Duke University, and Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines of Wake Forest College, will add much to the interest of the program, and we feel sure these distinguished speakers will give a thought that will animate as well as fit into the spirit of these faithful workers.

The King's Daughters, in the words of Old Hurrygraph, Durham, spell service. They make a mark of heavenly impress on human kind; their ministration gladdens the world; deals joy to saddened souls; binds up the broken heart; and heals despair. It is all done IN HIS NAME.

The Uplift extends greetings to the members of this convention, and hopes that this meeting will exceed all others in interest as well as attendance.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

ASHEVILLE IS ATTRACTING ATTENTION

Asheville's good fortune in being chosen, in a competition with fifty one other cities in the United States, as the place for the largest rayon mill in the world means that North Carolina will receive a big share of publicity as having unparalleled advantages to offer for manufacturing industries.

Asheville will not now be placed in the forefront of the North Carolina cities as a health and tourist resort alone but as the home of one of the largest industrial plants in the world. The Asheville citizens acclaim that no high "pressure salesmanship" landed the Enka Rayon Plant, but "merit and merit alone won it"—the splendid location with water supply sufficient,

sewerage, lights and transportation, the necessary things that all business seek when seeking a new location.

By many people being on the pay-roll that means that much money will be put in circulation, but one of the most valuable acquisitions for the state is the bringing of a high type of citizenship to North Carolina—the Hollanders—a splendid people.

The location of this plant in North Carolina is thought of as a major achievement in the industrial life of North Carolina, in fact the leading citizens think it is something the entire South should be proud of.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE FAIR

In talking with many people you hear the following remark, "I can not do THAT till after the Fair," so there is reason to beleive there is unusual interest in the Fair this year, and that people are conserving their energy and saving all extra money to spend Fair week.

The success of the Fair from its initial event was far beyond the expectations of the people, and since growing to a ten-county district affair the exposition will without doubt exceed any previous exposition both in exhibits and attendance.

President Joe F. Cannon, Secretary Spencer with faithful helpers associated have built up an institution in our midst that deserves the commendation as well as appreciation of the whole of Cabarrus County. We are assured that not an effort has been witheld to make it a creditable showing of the county's activities along all lines. Being a ten-county affair this year the exhibits will exceed those of any previous year.

Here is hoping fine weather will smile upon the Cabarrus County Fair, and every effort of the executives will be crowned with success.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

COMPETITION AGAIN FOR SOUTHERN RAILWAY CORN CLUB—1928

The following will tell the conditions of award, of the handsome silver cup given by the Southern Railway for the best ten ears of corn:

The handsome silver cup offered by the Southern Railway System to the grower of the best ten ears of corn produced in the Southern states.. served by it will be competed for again during the fall of 1928, the rules..

governing the contest being announced in the latest issue of the Southern Field.

The conditions of the award are that the corn entered for the cup must have been awarded a first prize at a State or District Fair. The prize winning exhibit at each Fair is sent by the Fair authorites to the General Agricultural Agent of Southern Railway System at Atlanta, Georgia, and when all of the exhibits have been received it is judged by a jury of three experts.

The cup was first awarded in 1925, when it was won by William Pratton Boland, a Corn Club boy of Pomaria, Newberry County, S. C. In 1926 it was won by James A. Patterson, a farmer, of China Grove, N. C. In 1927 it was won by Dan W. Bickley, a Corn Club boy of Lexington County, S. C.

The object of the Southern Railway System in awarding this cup is to encourage the growing of more and better corn throughout the territory, and it is hoped that an increasing number of farmers in every one of the States will enter exhibits in the Fairs which are designated in this issue of the Southern Field, and thus put themselves in line for competition for the cup.

The award of this cup, being made by selection from the best corn exhibition in each state is equivalent to a certification that the grower who wins it has grown the best corn in the South in that year.

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The Board of Trustees of the school met Thursday, Sept. 27th, instead of Thursday, October 4th, the date of the regular quarterly meeting. The date of meeting was changed so that the members of the Board who belong to the King's Daughters whose annual meeting will be held on October the 3rd and 4th, might attend both meetings. The Board went over carefully the budget estimate that is to be submitted to the next General Assembly as to the needs of the school for the biennium beginning July 1st, 1928. Other matters pertaining to the school's interest were discussed.

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This week's Uplift has a splendid contribution entitled, "The Teacher a Miracle Worker" from Miss F. H. Hill, of Concord, who has spent most of her life in some phase of school work. Miss Hill is a graduate of N. C. C. W.; was at one time a teacher and for the past eight years has served faithfully, and with great interest, as secretary in the office of the Superintendent of Public Schools of Cabarrus County. Again we acknowledge our appreciation to our interested friends for their interest in the Uplift.

LET ME WALK WITH THE MEN IN THE ROAD

Walter J. Gresham

'Tis only a half truth the poet has sung
  Of the "house by the side of the way";
Our Master had neither a house nor a home,
  But he walked with the crowd day by day.
And I think, when I read of the poet's desire,
  That a house by the road would be good;
But service is found in its tenderest form
  When we walk with the crowd in the road.

So I say, let me walk with the men in the road,
  Let me seek out the burdens that crush,
Let me speak a kind word of good cheer to the weak
  Who are falling behind in the rush.
There are wounds to be healed, there are breaks we must mend.
  There's a cup of cold water to give;
And the man in the road by the side of his friend
  Is the man who has learned to live.

Then tell me no more of the house by the road,
  There is only one place I can live—
It's there with the men who are toiling along,
  Who are needing the cheer I can give.
It is pleasant to live in the house by the way
  And be a friend, as the poet has said;
But the master is bidding us: "Bear ye their load,
  For your rest waiteth yonder ahead."

I could not remain in the house by the road
  And watch as the toilers go on,
Their faces beclouded with pain and with sin,
  So burdened, their strength nearly gone.
Ill go to their sides, I'll speak in good cheer,
  I'll help them to carry their load;
And I'll smile at the man in the house by the way,
  As I walk with the crowd in the road.

Out there in the road that goes by the house,
  Where the poet is singing his song,
I'll walk and I'll work midst the heat of the day,
  And I'll help falling brothers along—
Too busy to live in the house by the way,
  Too happy for such an abode.
And my heart sings its praise to the Master of all,
  Who is helping me serve in the road.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

The peacemakers are a great institution. They still abound in the land. Wish there were more of them. Human beings get so hot-headed some times that the peacemakers' services are needed to cool off the animosities engendered. The peaceful peacemaker is not likely to be out of a job, the way human nature boils over at times. As a class they have the assurance of blessings by the Almighty.

—o—

The scuppernong grape (a form of vitis vulpina) "is in our midst," and I am pretty sure it is in the midst of a great many others, from the way lovers of this delicious grape "suck seed" in devouring them. When the scuppernong comes along, and drops its hull, the banana peel is not by itself in producing a fall this time of the year, when it innocently lies where your feet tread. You may slip up on the scuppernongs, but will most assuredly slip down on the hulls. That's the touch of the hull matter.

October!

This is October, the russet maiden of the year's twelve daughters. Welcome, O brown October, like a pilgrim in russet. The life vibrations of October glow in every cheek.

"Along the hills wild asters bend to greet
The roadside's wealth of golden-rod;
And by the fence the bright sumachs meet
The morning light of God."

Glorious October! The soul shouts with gladness. The angel of toil and harvest sings sweet songs in our ears. Our souls vibrate with joy! We look Godward and Heavenward, and praise His great providence, and breathe new life and new hope, for we see in all seasons the presence of the great God. Omipresent One of tender love. Thou dost sweeten our life and lighten our toils, and profit our labors, and crown us with joy and gladness. October proves Thy omipresence and Thy tender loving care of us earth children.

"His is the presence that with gladness crowns
The long, long days of toil and care;
His bright smile shining when November frowns,
With snow rime in his hair."

From day to day the world of thought moves onward and upward, making for a higher and better civilization—greater and mightier men and women, and a more beautiful world.

—o—

A man's experience in business teaches him more and more, day by day, good will is necessary to success, and we know that good will must be earned. That confidence which makes and keeps customers is the natural outgrowth of years of satisfaction rendered. Trying to make customers out of friends is a natural plan; but making friends out of customers is a much wiser procedure.

—o—

This is merely an observation. There are about 110 millions of people who belong in this country, and

call themselves Americans. Then there are a whole lot who believe this country belongs to them individually.

—o—

Age of Noise

From time immemorial we have had ages—all sorts of ages, and rages. There was the flood age; the dark age; the golden age; and many others I cannot think of just now; but will have to put it down that this is the Noise age. The like has never before been known. With the incessant roar of automobiles and trucks, and motorcycles, there seems to be no rest for the weary ears. Between beats the heart rests, and between breaths the lungs and diaphragm have an instant's respite. All the nerves and muscles of the body have some time when they are relieved of duty, except those of the ear in the noisy city. Noises going on day and night keep the ear drum and the tiny bones around it in a constant state of vibration. Nocturnal periods of rest for the ears seem as remote for city dwellers as the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. Ear specilists say it is bringing on a lot of deafness; this almost bedlam of motor exhausts and horns, and roar of cars. If the human head had something like a radio set by which the nerves could be temporarily disconnected with the brain centers possibly there would be some relief for given periods. But it seems, the noises are with us to stay, until we leave them, as there is no prospect of their leaving us.

—o—

The rarities of today will become the commonplaces of tomorrow. A century from now many of the bitter prejudices and animosities that rack the country today will seem just as ridiculous as the actions regarding the first telephone, airplanes, radio and all new things we never heard or dreamed of before. It always pays to look at innovations with an open mind.

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A good deal has been said recently about the Maine vote, which, as was expected, largely Republican. The main vote will be on the 6th of November.

—o—

The Morning Glory

The Cincinnati Enquirer invites my attention to the Morning-Glory trumpets, by saying that just now they are pealing their reveilles to the dawn of autumn days. So they are. Helen Hunt, the poetess, said of them, "Wondrous interlacement! Holding fast to threads by green and silky rings, with the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings; generous in its bloom, and sheltering while it clings, Sturdy morning-glory." Their color tones are in harmony with the hues incorporated in the national flag. They salute us in whispers of red, white and blue. Their corollas are shaped like the stars in the flag's clear field of azure. They tell us of victory and pride, of the Nation's triumphs, of its hopes and dreams; they turn to the splendor of the sun and bend to the caresses of the winds of peace. This modest clinging flower kisses the breath of our colder climes and laughs with the warmth of the Southland's welcome. It clusters in vines which cling with the ardent closeness of a true lover's embrace. It is of the freshness of the morning and is comrade of the dew. It wills its reproduction without fear or

secrecy. It is a trumpet blown by Heaven's heralds. It is sweet with the soft passion of simplicity. It knows no dividing horizon. It holds within its heart greetings to the sunburst, farewell to the close of joyous days and promise for the unfolding future. The Morning-Glory is a glorious flower. Few city people see them in their glory.

—o—

A man's real competitor is not others in the same field of endeavor; it is the past record. Whether institutions or individuals, it is the past accomplishments in service that are the competitions to be outstripped. The trouble is that too many are watching the other fellow and letting their own past achievements lick them in competition.

—o—

A man will fret and fume, and almost work himself into a frenzy, if he has to wait for his wife two or three minutes, when going off together; yet he will stand in line for hours to get a ticket to some exciting event; and sit on a river bank for half a day, fishing, without saying a word, or moving about. I have put it down that men are queer animals.

—o—

American Philosophy

There is a very old axiom, not exclusively American by any means, although it has come to be a credo of American Philosophy, which says, "The Lord helps those who help themselves." Just how much of homely but undeniable truth that simple statement contains is something we may often fail completely to realize. Success is a matter of your own making. Nobody can make your success for you without you turning a hand just as nobody can teach you to swim unless you get in the water and try. Other people's brains work primarily for the other people. There may be a few philanthropists in this world who are actually going about unselfishly trying to make success for others without a thought of their own success, but about 999 times out of a thousand you will find that even the big-hearted souls who claim to be interested only in your success and not their own still manage to look after their own interest quite nicely, thank you. The one great success which ever so many of us never do learn is that personal achievement is purely and exclusively a matter of personal effort. we have to use our own brains, think our own thoughts, decide upon our own courses; in brief, depend upon ourselves, not somebody else. Naturally we cannot be entirely independent of others. But we can learn to exercise judgment in our borrowing of other people's thoughts, methods and systems. It is all right to eat some of our food out of cans. But there is no reason at all save pure laziness or downright mental incapacity for taking all our opinions, our ideas, our judgments, our decisions, our whole metal diet by which we determine our very acton from the canned offerng of others. The Lord helps those who help themselves. But that does not refer to those who help themselves indolently to the canned opinions, judgments and decisions of the other fellow, never once exhibiting industry enough to think boldly for themselves.

WINEFRED BLACK AND MILFORD W. HOWARD

THE STRANGE DEATH OF HOMER DAVENPORT.

By C. W. Hunt (Number 3)

(Editor's note—By a slip in the make-up in the issue of Sept. 22, the third installment of the stories under the head above got mixed up, and the heart of the story was omitted. The whole is being reproduced below.)

Following up the two former stories concerning Winefred Black and Milford W. Howard, in which was told their meeting in Alabama and his zeal to keep the four million pure Anglo Saxon mountain people pure and their discussion of the immortality of the soul, this story is about the strange death of Homer Davenport, the greatest cartoonist the world has ever known, and of Winefred Black at backwoods country church. It sounds like fiction, yet Winefred Black describes in detail the things that transpired, leading up to Davenport's being stricken in the vehicle and his subsequent death in a very few days. But why am I taking the time and space to copy the different stories of Winefred Black and Milford Howard, even to tell what seems to be uncanny in the strange death of Davenport; That is easy. Both are strangers to me, but I have not before come upon such stories of wonderful people, and it is that those who read after me may get the benefit of these that I am writing them over again; as well as to say that I have been very deeply touched by these human interests. So here is number three and the last of these:

"Homer Davenport, who earned fifty thousand dollars a year as a cartoonist, was a strange and unusual man. He was a rare genius and genius and insanity are often very near neighbors. Genius never follows the beaten track, and for that reason is always interesting, even if erratic. One of Homer Davenport's strange fancies was for Arabian horses. In pursuit of this fancy he went to the Arabian desert, where every one fell under his peculiar hypnotic powers and become his devotees. The chief adopted him as his blood brother by the transfusion of blood from his arm to the arm of Davenport, the cartoonist taking an oath to return to the desert at the expiration of three years. He purchased 16 beautiful Arabian thoroughbreds, but all offers were declined for a mare that Davenport wanted tremendously. He raised his bid from $12,000 to $30,000, but he Arab was adamant. Dissapointed, he prepared to depart. The last morning came and he went out to take charge of his 16 thoroughbreds, and there stood the coveted mare of matchless beauty, bridled.

"So you have decided to accept my offer of $30,000?" he cried rapturously. "No," said the chief, "you are my blood brother and it is a present to remind you of your promise to return to the desert in three years."

"Davenport's Arabian horses were the sensation of New York. He had iron holders set in the harness where he could place a tumbler full of water on their backs. Then for miles he would drive his train at a swift pace and never would a drop of water be lost from the tumblers, so smoothly did they glide.

"Three years passed and he had almost forgotten his promise to return to the desert. Then a message came in Arabic, which he had to get translated. 'Keep your promise and come to the desert or something dreadful will happen to you.' Business matters crowded in on him and he did not go. Came a second message of the same purport, but this, too, was ignored. Finally the third message came and this time said: 'If you do not start on your journey within three days of the receipt of this message, we will come for you.' I was riding with Homer Davenport on the third day after he received the last summons, behind a pair of his beautiful Arabian horses. We were traveling Riverside Drive, a great thoroughfare, thronged with people, when suddenly he cried: 'My God, I am blind! Take the reins! Take the reins!'

"I was terror-stricken, for I knew I could not manage the high-mettled horses, no one had ever driven them but him. I told him I could not do so, but again he urged me, saying he could not see. In desperation I grasped the reins, still terror-stricken, but almost instantly his eyesight returned and he drove home. Arrived there, total blindness fell upon him again. He went to bed and never regained his sight, and at the end of three days he died. The Arabs had come for him.

"The white hair that crowns Winefred's noble head was titian once upon a time, before the tragic death of a son, who was drowned while she looked on, powerless to render aid. He was promising, brilliant, and the pride of a fond mother's heart. The blackness of night, the pit of despair, for weeks and months, left the beautiful titian hair still more beautiful, and the great soul pierced like the body of our Master, but finer, mellower, sweeter than before, while for Wineford Black there gleams more brightly than ever the star of hope when her boy met his pilot face to face when he had 'crossed the bar.'

"Wineford Black has had her Gethsemane, yes, many of them, just as I have, but she has also dwelt in Paradise. I have a feeling that her Gethsemanes are all behind her, and that henceforth hers is to be a life of sweet enfoldment and spiritual illumination.

"Sunday morning she was all aglow over the thought of going to Sand Mountain to hear the Pea Ridge Singers, noted for their rendering of the old four-note music of our Anglo-Saxon grandfathers and grandmothers. She came to the breakfast table radiant. She was more beautiful than she had ever been before in her life. and she was noted for her beauty in other years. This morning she was divine. A glory lighted her face and shone 'round about her that seemed to embrace me. Her eyes were lighted with the fires of heaven. It was her soul speaking through them and I exclaimed involuntarily: 'How beautiful you are this morning!'

"She was surprised, confused, nonplused. She blushed like the most timid school girl. Words failed her,

but her heart said, 'Thank God for this oasis in life's desert, where the old falls away and all things are new.' To my wife she said in spoken words: 'It is like a cool sweet bath after a long day's journey in the desert, just to be here. Beauty is of the soul, and I am overwhelmed that my face reflects the joy I feel in my soul.'

"We heard them sing, and such singing: 'Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.' First the notes and then the 'poetry,' as they call the words. The high treble in the thing that plays on the heartstrings. Wineford Black noted everything, she was in a new world, the world of her forefathers. 'They are Devonshire type,' she exclaimed, 'every one of them. That is where my ancestors came from, Devonshire, in dear old England.'

"I observed her taking notes of the hymns, alert, eager, thrilled as she had not been for years. 'This music is like the old Gregorian chants,' she exclaimed. 'How it moves the soul!'

"In answer to my request they sang 'Greenfield.' First came the notes, fa, sol, la, me. Then they swung into the 'poetry,' the 'wailing' of the treble making your flesh creep.

'How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see.
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.'

'Oh, my grandmother used to sing it. How I wish my sisters were here. How wonderful! How marvelous! It moves my soul and opens up a new world.

"The heaving bosom, the moist, check, the reverent mein, spoke more eloquently than words, and I knew the greatness of the woman of the world whose heart can be touched by the simple songs of those Anglo Saxon mountaineers. At eleven o'clock the program called for a sermon——— it was dryer than dust. I sat and watched her———————I watched her as she walked softly down the aisle, her head bowed in soft humility. I did not know I should not see her again, but I am glad it was thus. The picture of the proud, world famous woman treading softly and reverently from the little backwoods church will live with me while memory lasts. I am glad there were no farewells, no good-bys."

(Conclusion)

Florida Seminoles, taking heed of the weather signs according to Indian weather lore, sensed the coming of the big winds and moved to safety two days before the hurricane struck—all of them except a dozen who probably thought they were wiser than the old timers and the dozen had a narrow escape from drowning. Suggestion that the weather-wise 100 per cent Americans be .employed to .supplement .the .weather .bureau.

R. R. Clark.

FAR-OFF CHRISTIANS.

(Thos. F. Opie)

There is a scripture which says, "Peter followed Jesus afar off." Had Peter been close up, he would probably not have denied the Savior! He was too far off to feel the pull of the Christ—too far off to sense His power too far off to feel the impulse of His great love.

Is not this what is wrong with the world today? Are we not following afar off? Christianity it is far behind Christ. We are far off from His peace, His power, His purity—far off from His love, His loveableness, His loveliness, His life and His light. We are far from His teachings, His example, His conduct and actions. We have substituted the "traditions" of men from for the real truth of Christ!

Men must keep close up to the church, to the pastor, to the Bible, to the Lord's table. Men must keep close up to their vows and sacred promises. Do not follow afar off! You are bound to lose the way, or to grow weary or indifferent. It is only by keeping "in touch" that men gain and retain zest and enthusiasm and courage. Far-off Christians are daily denying their Lord and bringing reproach upon their church.

Men let automobile, pleasure, comfort, business, self and what not come between themselves and Jesus—and the contact is broken—the "wires are grounded"—there is a "short circuit"—and the "lights go out"!

Christ is moving. Christ is progressive. Christ is climbing the heights. Despite the imputations of men, Christ is not two thousand years behind us—but more like two thousand years ahead of us! We must keep going if we would keep close to Christ. We must keep step with His life, His love, His good works, His leadership—if we would keep in His company, conscious of His presence and His power.

"He followed afar off," might be said of most failures in the Christian life. That is how NOT to follow Christ. That is how NOT to be a Christian. That is how NOT to be a good church member. That is how NOT to be a success in the drama of Christian life. Not until the world gets closer to Christ can we look for more love and less hate—for more peace and less war—for more constructive service and less destructive disservice—for more light and less darkness—for more heaven and less hell.

"O, Lamb of God, still keep me near to Thy wounded side; "tis only there in safety and peace I can abide."

If mercy is not clearly revealed in the lives of Christians they are not His creations," That means that unless a man is positively active in good works he is not a child of God. It makes discipleship in Christ more than a connection and more than a confession and more than contributions to the work of the Church.—Dr. Knubel.

CHATEAU-THIERREY AND BELLEAU WOOD

By A. W. P. in N. C. Christian Advovate

On a morning late in August a party of six—a lady from Orange, New Jersey, two Roman Catholics priests from Boston, Mass., who had been teaching in the Philippines, Mrs. Plyler, Helen, and myself—left Paris for a visit to Chateau-Thierry and Belleau wood, names familar to the American mind, as the place where our troops were first put into action against the German forces and where they won an effectionate victory.

A shower the night before had cleansed the atmosphere and the morning was like a September morning with us after the rain when the landscape and the sunshine are at their best. Our route lay up the valley of the Marne and out of Paris over the very road taken by the French taxicabs in 1914, when French troops were rushed to check the first German invasion. It was a glorious morning and the farmers were busy hauling the bountiful harvest of wheat and oats from the shocks and stacking it in the field or taking it direct to the threshing machines. A delightful countryside was the valley of the Marne on this particular morning when peace and plenty appeared to rule in perpetual dominion, and it seemed impossible that this very section a few years before should have been a place of carnage and death and a battle front of the greatest war of all time.

On the little more than fifty mile drive to Chateau-Thierry, of which quite a bit lay in close proximity to the Marne, a beautiful river, remarkably clear, and that flows gently through a lovely valley, we passed a number of villages occupied by French farmers, which gave us a chance to observe how they huddle dwelling and stable promiscuously together in close proximity, and, also, to test the odors of these villages which smell of the barnyard and even more. Dirt and germs may kill other people, but they can do a Frenchman no hurt.

At Chateau-Thierry we had luncheon, which was very acceptable after a Continental breakfast of coffee and roll and a drive over cobblestone and asphalt road, most of which was in bad repair. After luncheon and a brief survey of this town of 8,000, situated on both sides of the Marne, where new buildings have in most instances taken the place of those shot to pieces during the war—this observation is true of all the towns and villages we passed—we drove seven and one-half miles westward along the battle front to Belleau wood and there inspected a little more closely the marks of the terrific struggle ten years ago. At the point where we stopped in the edge of the woods, which was on the second line of battle of the Germans before the Americans drove them away, are several markers. One reads, "Paris 51 miles west," another "Chateau-Thierry seven and one-half miles east." It was this line from the Belleau Wood to Chateau-Thierry that formed the apex of the German battle front in 1918 and against which were hurled effectively the fresh American troops.

At the point where our party alighted the woods are honeycombed with machine gun nests. These trenches are yet many of them two feet deep, and shell holes are, after the erosions of ten years, four and five feet in depth. Only a few trees lived after being subjected to the storm of battle, and these bear literally scores of marks of bullets and other instruments of death. Nature is seeking to cover these scars. Many dead trees still remain standing, but they will in a little while tumble to earth to join the dust of our American sons who fell in that woods. A new undergrowth has come up within the last decade and the historic Belleau is now wooded with saplings and shrubs as the principal growth.

All American visitors of course visit the American cemetery, which is less than a mile from the point of which I have just written and where are the graves of 2,268 American soldier boys. We saw the white crosses that "stand row on row," and that afternoon an occasional belated poppy was waving in the gentle western breeze. But not a soul was in sight except a little company of men at work on the foundations of the monument that is to be erected at the foot of the hill.

Only a short distance from this place where sleep our soldiers dead far from kindred and native shore is the last resting place of dead Germans, where black wooden crosses mark their graves. And a few women who probably had made a pilgrimage from the Fatherland were putting flowers on several of the graves.

I saw it all and I said, "The unspeakable folly of war!" Just to think that peoples who boast the culture of long generations of civilizations should adopt the methods of naked savages and slaughter each other by the million. Civilization must be only a veneer.

With a tragedy! Under the Arch of Triumph in Paris rests the body of the unknown soldier who represents 1,500,000 French soldiers who died in that war. I saw people with tear-dimmed eyes standing about that flower laden but nameless grave. I saw the same thing in Westminster Abbey where the nameless boy represents 1,000,000 slain. On every village green and church in England and amid the monuments of other wars and in Scotland appear the long tabulated lists of names of those who were slaughtered from 1914 to 1918. The same long lists of names appear seemingly everywhere in France.

If every man who enlisted in our armies, if the 4,000,000 we enrolled had every one been slain on the field, we would then know something of the loss in life that came to France and Britain. Did the other nations of Europe escape a similar loss? Hardly. And wherein is the world one whit better in any respect?

At the very hour that our party tramped through Belleau Wood and stood with uncovered heads in the presence of our soldier dead, the representatives of the leading nations of the earth were in Paris signing the Kellog Pact to outlaw war, and I prayed that the nations of the world may keep faith with those who died to end war.

Contentment was a good word until an advertiser associated it with cows.

THE TEACHER A MIRACLE WORKER

By F. L. Hill

When Jesus was on earth he performed many marvelous and startling miracles. Of these none was more marvelous or wonderful than opening the eyes of the blind. The teacher who teaches a boy or girl to read not only opens the eyes of the blind, she also unstops the ears of the deaf. When I lose my glasses I am as blind as the man or woman, boy or girl, who can neither read nor write. A newspaper means nothing to me and a book is only something to look at. But when I find my glasses and open a book or look at a newspaper I can see around the world; I can see the soldiers fighting in China, the great earthquake in Japan, and the jungles of darkest Africa. I can see London, that great city, with its immense commerce and boats from all parts of the world; I can see Paris, the mecca of art students, with its magnificent cathedrals and fashion shops; I can see New York with its seething foreign population. Turning the pages of History I can see the beginning of time, the creation of the world, the first man and the first woman; I can see Daniel in the lion's den and the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace; I can see Columbus sailing the ocean blue; I can see Washington at Valley Forge, and later as President; I can see and hear Patrick Henry as he makes his famous speech "Give me liberty or give me death;" I can see Lee with his little band of tired but unconquerable soldiers fighting around Richmond; I can hear Lincoln when he says "We cannot consecrate, we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this sacred ground." All the great thoughts, all the great words of all the great men and women of all time are audible to those who have learned to read.

In the educational world the first commandment is "Teach them to read and to love good literature, and all things else will be opened unto them." Reading is the magic key, the "Open Sesame," which unlocks the world's greatest treasures—the thoughts of men. It is the magic carpet which transports us to worlds undreamed of, by paths untrodden by the foot of man. It is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all scholarship. Nothing is impossible to him who has learned to read.

IT'S UP TO YOU

No one is beat till he quits;
No one is through till he stops.
No matter how hard failure hits,
No matter how often he drops.
A fellow's not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

THE PASSING OF YAMACRAW

By Ethel M. Wheeler in the Lutheran—Part 2

General Oglethorpe with his staff, and Chief Tomo-chi-chi with his braves occupied the center of the public square, while around them were seated the colonists. The youths and maidens had been requisitioned to wait upon them, their own feast to follow.

Andrew was among those asked to wait upon Tomo-chi-chi's table, but Phoebe had been considered too young to carry such heavy dishes as roast beef vensions and turkey, and therefore was seated beside her mother. She could not keep admiring eyes from the table where the General sat—not entirely because of his distinguished presence—but because there fluttered her mother's, beautiful tablecloth, and upon it stood the silver tea pot, a-glistening in the sunlight.

Just as she was beginning on her second helping of vensions, she was startled by a tug at her long hair braid. Turning she discovered Andrew, fingers on lips, beckoning her to follow him. Why was he so mysterious?

Wide eyed with surprise she turned to her mother who was busily engaged in discussion with her neighbors, so not waiting nor wishing to interrupt, she slipped from her place unnoticed.

"Here!" hissed Andrew from behind a giant oak. "I hated to bother father, but that creditor is hiding behind the palisade!"

"Well, Uncle Andrew isn't here anyway," said Phoebe indifferently.

"He doesn't mean any good or he wouldn't hide," went on the boy musingly . "Think I'll go and ask him what he wants."

"Oh—no! Well, then I'm going, too—"

After about half an hour Andrew returned to the feast, alone. The creditor had retained Phoebe as hostage, until sundown! Should the boy make a scene in the meantime, well—perhaps he'd carry Phoebe off. At sunset Andrew was to return with the exact information regarding where his uncle was to be found, otherwise the girl would disappear.

With lagging footsteps did Andrew draw near the festival. His appetite was gone, entirely gone. What should he do? That creditor, in league with a number of Indians, stationed the other side of the palisade, would surely keep his word. He sat watching, watching.

The boys, laughing and talking, tried to press food upon Andrew, but at length they grew weary of his silence and left him. There he sat at the now empty table, thinking. Suddenly catching sight of a bit of parchment upon which the trustees had been writing, Andrew picked it up and began to scrawl a note; then leisurely he walked across to his mother and requested the silver pot!

"Why Andrew," began Mrs. Mann, "I cannot allow—"

"I want to show it 'specially to the General," exylained the boy. "He doesn't know 'tis the finest ever came over from England."

"Well, well," laughed the lady. "Do not bother the kind General, Andrew. Be careful of my trea-

sure."

The trustees were sitting with Chief Tomo-chi-chi outside the main tent. With trembling hands holding the kettle high Andrew made his way there. Could that watching creditor suspect anything?

"Would you like to see my mother's handsome keepsake, sir?"

"Certainly!" cried several men while the General nodded.

Andrew handed it over. "Please look inside, General Oglethorpe. But read under cover of your tent. Careful. The message is important." Without seeming intention Andrew stood directly in front of the great man while he examined the teapot with interest—and then lifted the lid. No one saw the bit of parchment tucked in his hand as he calmly passed the heirloom to the nearest trustee.

How Andrew's heart beat. He dared not look back in the direction of the palisade. He must stand there, unconcerned.

The silver kettle having been passed around the circle was returned to the boy with words of approval A very fine specimen they all agreed. There was no reason why he should remain longer, but he dreaded going back to his father's tent—to wait and wonder.

General Oglethorpe sat among his guest; he had that scrap of parchment tucked into his ruffled waistband. The trustees continued their discussion regarding streets, with the General joining in from time to time, while the Indians smoked their peace pipes and endeavored to understand what their white brother's were saying.

Andrew hesitated; would it not be wiser to boldly cry an alarm? Would they not overtake that creditor and his handful of savages? But would harm come to Phoebe in so doing? Slowly he walked over to where his mother rested before their own tent and handed back the tea kettle without a word. He had lost all interest in it. Mrs. Mann glanced at him and said:

"Why do you not run races Andrew? And by the way, I have not seen Phoebe in quite a while. Where can she be? Do try to find her."

"All right, mother," said Andrew hastily, fearing that he might be questioned. Straightway he mingled among the crowd of young folks.

That sun! It was certainly beginnig to lower. Why did the Governor sit before his tent so unconcerned? Would he not trouble to read the message? Did he think it unimportant?

What could Phoebe be doing now?

The creditor had assured him that she would be safe until sunset; there was a certain squaw with whom she should stay—until sunset.

Andrew was growing decidedly nervous. He walked about aimlessly. Some boys hailed him but could not induce him to enter upon the sports.

"Never saw you grump before! What's up, Andy?" cried one.

"Got a headache," said Andrew shortly.

"Huh, queer time for a headache," the boy remarked to the others.

Suddenly Andrew, among the crowd, felt a touch upon his shoulder. An Indian said in broken English: "Follow," and moved quickly away. With difficulty the boy did manage to keep near him. They came pres-

ently to the tent occupied by Mary Musgrove.

The boy entered alone and there sat the Indian woman weaving, while she chanted a strange melody. Still in a sing-song voice she spoke to Andrew: "Your big chief say tell you Tomo-chi-chi and his braves go to their camp. That very good; they not go direct. They go by way Beaufort; warn your kinsman. Nobody know. You, at sunset, go beyond palisade— tell men there where that kinsman live—bring back your sister!"

"But the creditor will go at once to Beaufort. He might reach there before Tomo-chi-chi!"

"No; he not. Tomo-chi-chi see to that. Have no fear."

After thanking the woman Andrew left with a lighter heart. But it now seemed a long while until sunset. If only he were sure Phoebe was all right. Back to his own tent he went, and at once was asked by his mother:

"Where is Phoebe? Did you find her?"

"I—why mother! Some boys came along and—. I'll just go now and hunt her up."

"She never remained away so long before."

But Andrew was gone. He couldn't stay there and tell falsehoods. He did wish he might tell somebody about his trouble. However, Mary Musgrove had said emphatically: "Nobody know." And he could understand the wisdom of that.

At last came sundown. Andrew was at the palisade well on time. He rounded the wall where the creditor had talked that morning.

There was no one to be seen. Long shadows stretched across the open space, while beyond the huge trees hung the Spanish moss gloomy and forbidding.

For a moment Andrew stood silent, peering into the on-coming dusk and breathing deeply. No motion anywhere; just a forest, lonesome and weird.

"Phobe! Phoebe!" shouted Andrew quit distracted. He understood now.

That man had intended to keep his sister as hostage, until he received the money uncle owed. Why had he been so credulous? Why had he not told his father at once? Why, oh why?

"And I did what I thought best," he groaned. "I must find the Governor!" Never did Andrew run so fast as then. Back to the village he sped, on to the General's tent.

Just as thes un had slipped down over the horizon a body of white men in company with a few of Yamacraws rode forth from the settlement. Among these was Mr. Mann, but Andrew although he begged to go was told to remain with his mother. The General ordered him to keep strict watch. Possibly Phoebe was not far away after all.

When night had fallen Andrew slipped from the tent. "I'm not going far—just to the paliade again." But one could distinguish nothing there. Such a black night, clouds rolling overhead, no stars visible.

Then Andrew heard a moan. He listened intently, then called softly. "Who is there?"

"Phoebe! Only Phoebe!" cried a voice weakly.

The boy ran, groped his way toward the voice. Yes, it was Phoebe! Very tired she was, having run or

crept, hiding, terror-stricken, for a long time. After Andrew had helped her home and mother had comforted and brought food, Phoebe told her story. The creditor and his Indians—a few Seminoles from Florida who were seldom on friendly terms with the Creeks—had trotted off with her almost at once that morning. After miles of travel they rested beside a stream, so long that unexpectedly Tomo-chi-chi and his braves came upon them. Then all was confusion! During the skirmish Phoebe had managed to slip out of sight. Running, creeping, listening, praying she had finally returned —almost to the palisade.

But Tomo-chi-chi is our friend,'' said Andrew. ''He would have protected you.''

''I was afraid. I was not sure that his side would win,'' answered the girl wearily. ''I—just—wanted—to —reach—home!''

The following morning the men returned in a body, with them came the creditor, also Tomo-chi-chi who proudly guarded Uncle Andrew.

''I shall make a good citizen of that creditor yet,'' said the General. ''And I am pleased to know that Mr. Andrew is coming to live with us in Savannah. His little family followed almost immediately.''

''How did that creditor reach America without our knowing?'' asked young Andrew of his father.

''A stowaway on our ship 'Ann.' But he promises better deeds, and the Governor has a way with him—everyone likes our General Oglethorpe!''

'All is well that ends well,'' said mother stroking Phoebe's hand lovingly. ''I am sure we will learn to look upon the village of Yamacraw now Savannah-town—as our precious home. Come—the Governor calls us to the Square for a service of thanksgiving.''

(Conclusion)

A Storehouse of Value

''Money is a storehouse of value—a medium into which we may convert value and lay it away for future use,'' said William H. Kniffin, chairman of the committee on education, New York State Banker's Association, in an address recently delivered at a savings bank conference held under the auspices of the American Bankers Association.

''We can get the idea, he continued, ''by a simple illustration. A workman receiving ten dollars a day for eight hours work finds he can support himself and family on five dollars a day. Consequently for four hours work from 8 until 12 he receives enough to satisfy his needs. Why does he work from 1 until 5? For the reason that he wants to convert the last four hours into some form which he can use at some future time. The only immediate form possibly is money. In other words, he translates four hours of human energy into five dollars which are representative of this stored up effort. What he does with this stored-up energy is vital to him, society, to business and to savings bankers.

THE PERSONALITY OF A CROW

By Edwin Tarrisse

The crow is very much of a rascal—that is, if any animal or bird may be called a rascal for following out natural and rascally inclinations. One observer first came to this conclusion one early morning several years ago as he watched an old crow diligently exploring a fringe of bushes that grew along the wall of a deserted pasture. He had eaten some thrush's eggs and carried off three young sparrows to his nest in a neighboring pine before the watcher really found out what he was about.

Since then the naturalist has surprised him often in the same depredations. A friend an old farmer whose farm adjoins an extensive pine wood, says he has caught the crow tormenting his sheep—alighting on their backs and pulling the wool out, to get fleece for lining his nest. This is more serious than pulling up corn, a habit which is not so common as many farmers suppose.

Wih all his rascality, the crow has many curious and interesting ways. Indeeds, it is averred that no other bird so well repays a season's study. Only one must be very patient and endure frequent disappointments if one would learn much of a crow's peculiarities by personnal observation.

How shy he is—how cunning and quick to learn wisdom! Yet he is very easily fooled, and some experiences that ought to teach him wisdom he seems to forget within an hour. Almost every time the observer mentioned goes shooting he gets one or two crows from a flock that ranges over his hunting ground by simply hiding among the pines and calling like a young crow. It is astonishing to hear the loud chorus of haw-haws and see its members come rushing over the same grove where a week before they were fooled in the same way.

Sometimes, indeed, they seem to remember, and when the pretended young crow begins his complaint at the bottom of some thick growth, they collect on a distant pine tree and haw-haw in vigorous protest. But curiosity gets the better of them and they generally compromise by sending over some swift, long-winged old flier.

Over he comes, fast as he can fly, and the crowd stop their clatter to watch results. Down the crow tumbles through the pine tops at the report of a gun, and away they go, screaming at the tops of their voices, and never stop till they are safe across the valley. Next week they will act in exactly the same way.

Crows, more than any other birds, are fond of excitement and great crowds. The slightest unusual object furnishes an occasion for an assembly to investigate.

A wounded bird will create as much excitement in a flock of crows as a railroad accident does in a village. All the crows seem to be talking at once, and advising the poor fellow what to do.

When some prowling old crow discovers an owl sleeping away the sun-

light in the top of a great hemlock, his delight and excitement know no bounds. There is a suppressed excitement in the very call that every crow in the neighborhood understands. "Come! come! everybody come!" he seems to be screaming, as he circles over the tree top, and within two minutes there are more crows gathered about that hemlock than one would believe existed within miles of the place.

One day the naturalist mentioned counted over seventy immediately about a tree in which one of them had found an owl and there must have been as many more flying rapidly about, making, if possible, more noise than the inner ring, and apparently urging speedy and vigorous measures against the culprit they had discovered. The owl, meanwhile sat hidden in the green top blinking and staring and puffing out his long feathers till he looked twice his usual size.

Every moment two or three crows left the ring to fly up close and peek in; then went screaming back again, Hopping about on their perches, cawing at every breath, nodding their heads and striking the branches, they seemed for all the world like excited stump speakers. The din grew louder and louder; fresh voices were coming in every minute; and the owl, wondering in some vague way if he were the cause of it all, flew off to some other tree where he could be quiet and go to sleep. Then with a great rush and clatter the crows followed, some swift old crow keeping close to the owl and cawing all the way to guide the whole noisy rabble.

When the owl stopped they gathered round again, and went through the same performance more excitedly than before. So it continued till the owl found some hollow tree and went in out of sight, leaving them to caw themselves tired; or else found some dense pine grove and doubled about here and there with that shadowy, noiseless flight of his, till he had thrown them off the track. Then he flew into the thickest tree he could find, generally outside the grove, where the crows never think of looking, and sitting close up against the trunk blinked his great yellow eyes, and listened to the mob that went sweeping through the grove, peering into every thick tree, and searching everywhere for their lost excitement.

The crows gave it up reluctantly. They circled for a few minutes over the grove, rising and falling and cawing and haw-hawing until their excitement called them elsewhere.

Just why they should grow so excited over an owl is a mystery. They have never been seen to molest him. They only stare at him occasionally and make a great noise about it. That they recognize him as a thief and cannibal the authority mentioned has no doubt. But he thieves by night when other birds are abed, and as they practise their own thievery by open daylight it may be that they are denouncing him as a great imposter.

Perhaps the owl in his nightly prowlings sometimes snatches a young crow off the roost—the great-horned owl would hardly hesitate to eat an old crow if he could catch him napping—and so the crows grow excited, as all birds do in the presence of their natural enemies. They make the same kind of a fuss over a

hawk, though he easily escapes the annoyance by flying swiftly away, or circling slowly upward till the crows grow dizzy and dare not follow.

Once the observer utilized this habit to get a near view of them. He carried out an old stuffed owl and set it up on a pole close against a great pine tree on the edge of a grove where a flock of crows often congregated. Then he lay down in a thick clump of bushes and cawed excitedly.

The first messenger from the flock flew straight over without making any discoveries; the second one found the owl and the man had no need of further calling. Haw-haw—he cried deep down in his throat—here he is! Here's the rascal! In a moment he had the whole flock there, and for ten minutes they kept coming from every direction.

A more excited lot the man had never seen. The cawing was tremendous, and the man hoped at last to settle the real cause of the excitement. But one crow flying close over his hiding place discovered the watcher peering out through the bushes. How he made himself heard or understood in the din is a mystery; but the crow is never too excited to heed a danger note. A moment later the whole flock was streaming away across the woods.

There is another but much more dignified way in which the crow's love of excitement is manifested Occasionally a flock may be surprised sitting about in the trees deeply absorbed in watching a performance by one of themselves.

A crow's chief note is the hoarse haw-haw with which we are all familiar. This, indeed, seems capable of expressing almost everything, from the soft, chattering gossip of going to bed in the pine tops to the loud derision with which he detects ordinary attempts to surprise him, but he is not always confined to it. Certain crows occasionally develop unusual vocal ability, and at times they seem to display it for the entertainment of the others. Yet it is suspected that this vocal gift is seldom used or even discovered till lack of excitement throws them upon their own resources. Certain it is that whenever a crow exercises his voice there are always several more about, apparently listening attentively.

One September afternoon, while the observer was walking quietly through the woods, his attention was attracted by an unusual sound coming from an oak grove nearby—a favorite haunt for gray squirrels. The crows were cawing in the same direction, but every few minutes would come a strange cracking sound—c-r-r-rack--a-rack-rack, as if someone had a giant nutcracker and was snapping it rapidly.

The man stole forward till he could see perhaps fifty crows perched about in the oaks, all very attentive to something going on below them that he could not see. Not till the investigator had crawled up to the brush fence on the edge of the grove and looked through did he discover what was the object of their interest. Out on the end of a long, delicate branch, a few feet above the ground, clung a small crow. He was swaying up and down like a bobolink on a cardinal-flower, balancing himself gracefully by spreading his wings, and every few minutes giv-

ing the strange cracking sound with a vigorous flirt of his wings and tail as the branch swayed upward. At every repetition the audience hawed. The man watched the unusual performance for fully fifteen minutes before the crows saw him and flew away.

Several times since, when hunting, the man has been attracted by unusual sounds mingled with the cawing of crows, evidently watching a performance. Once in the Maine woods, the call was so gruff and loud that he was completely deceived, and stole forward with heavy shells in his gun expecting some strange animal. The only musical sound he has ever heard from a crow is a whistling very much like the too-loo-loo of the blue jay, who belongs to the same family for all his bright colors, but deeper and louder, and without the middle roll or trill that always marks the blue jay's whistle.

The same love of excitement and variety leads the crows to investigate any unusual sight or sound in the woods. Sometimes they follow a fox which the hounds have started so that the hunter can trace his exact course, and reach the runaway in time for a shot. Often they go out of their way to warn other birds and animals of the approach of danger.

Once this authority saw a young crow—he knew he was young by his nasal voice—deliberately play a practical joke on the flock by hiding under a thick pine, and calling them over and over again till they discovered him and chased him away. In fact, whenever one hears a flock of crows cawing away in the pine woods he may be assured that some excitement is afoot that will well repay his time and patience to investigate.

All signs fail in dry weather, and some of them refuse to work in wet; but the Seminole Indians, who do not patronize the radio weather broadcasts, came out of the Florida everglades ahead of the "big wind" and are not numbered among the storm and flood casulties thereof.

These primitives believe in signs. Whether, like the sow, they see the wind, or rely on rheumatic twinges has not been placed in evidence; but they evidently knew something that their more enlightened neighbors did not.

Herded together in cities human beings are losing more than their faith in signs. They are being deprived of no small part of their feeling for nature. How could a man who lives on the tenth floor, reaches the first in an elevator and his office by automobile, trolley, elevated or subway foretell a climatic catalcysm? The answer is, he couldn't.

The race continues to increase its comfort, but at the expense of self-sufficiency.—Greensboro News.

COURAGEOUS WORK.

(Morganton News-Herald)

The Morganton Woman's Club weak in numbers but strong in courage, has just entered upon another year's work. Only a few people are very familiar with the service this small group of women renders the community. Especially in their social service work they are always active and do an incalculable amount of good work. This and the County Welfare Board, under Mr. Milliner's direction, are practically the only organized agencies in town, outside the churches to which charity cases can be referred and where none are turned away without at least an investigation of the merits of the case.

Through almost unceasing effort —serving suppers, benefit parties, solicitations here and there, and by numerous other methods—the club managers to keep money on hand to respond to every worthy appeal. Second hand clothing is collected and distributed, contributions are made to several of the mountain schools, where scholarships for needy children, are maintained—in fact the list of undertakings of the club would take long to recount. Even with limited means they manage somehow to do many things.

The call for charity in Morganton are increasing as the town grows. It is time that we inaugurate a movement to collect a general fund—call it a community chest or any thing you please—to take care of the many appeals. Such a fund, if turned over to the Woman's Club, would be in safe hands and the donors assured of its affective distribution.

LAW ENFORCEMENT NEEDED

We hear much discussion about this state and nation having too many laws. What is needed most, is stricter law enforcement. We have laws covering all forms of crime, etc., but many are not enforced. City ordinances, state and nation-wide laws are not enforced.

For example, the last General Assembly enacted a law requiring any vehicle operated on the public highways after dark to display a light on the left side. A penalty, not exceeding $50 was provided. The law has been in effect more than a year and we have not heard of one being prosecuted. We have seen a number of violations. These examples could be enumerated.

What is needed most is stricter law enforcement. When you see the law being violated, it is your duty to report it to an officer.

—Rutherfordton News.

MORE SCHOOL FIGURES

(The Mecklenburg Times)

State School Facts presents in its current issue some particularly interesting figures bearing on public-school expenditures in North Carolina and in the nation. Three times as much is being spent on the public schools of this State at the present time as was spent ten years ago. When Aycock waged his great campaign North Carolina was spending about a million and a quarter dollars a year for public schools. Last year its expenditures totaled $36,701,501.36 and of this amount $25,565,974.73 represented current expenses and $11,135,526.63 representing capital outlay. The enrollment last year was not quite double that of 1900-01. The total attendance was two and a half times greater. The total per-capita cost in 1900-01 was $2.87. Last year it was $44.53.

These figures reveal a story of wonderful growth—but there are still thirty-eight States which are spending daily per pupil very much more than North Carolina spends. The average for the United States as a whole on this basis was 48 cents in the last year for which figures are available, 1925-26, against an average for North Carolina of 30 cents. Wyoming spends $136.39 a year on each pupil, California $134.77 and New York $124.58. The only States in which the annual cost per pupil enrolled is less than North Carolina are Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, West Virginia and Missippi.

"THE LESS PAINT THE MORE PURPOSE"

When Prof. Heald said "The less paint the more purpose" we understood him to be on his eternal war-waging against that type of female that puts looks before intelligence. It is a well known fact that he dislikes the kind that are "beautiful but dumb."

But this is applaciable to both sexes here at Lenoir Rhyne. Some boys and girls, it seems, go to college to be shieks and shebas, and not to get into their noggin some of the culture and wisdom that a college is supposed to give. The adminstration is spending much to beautify the camus and to keep the buildings, but not at the loss of the educational advantages which it might offer to those seeking knowledge. It is all right to look your best, to match the college atmosphere, but useless to let powder rouge and vaseline come before the personality and intellectual beauty which is the best after all. Are we right, Mr. Heald?

—The Lenoir Rhymean.

HONOR ROLL

Room No. 1

—A—

Woodrow Bradley, Calvin Dowdy, Clyde Genes, Otis Patterson, William Smith.

—B—

William Ellington, Donald Etchier, Jess Mashburn, Edwin McBryde, Jackson Langley, Eugene Cox, Vernon Cooper, Woodrow Farmer, Edward Hendrick, Woodrow Mitchell, Sam Moore and Lawrence Valley.

Room No. 2

—A—

Hubert Crayton Malcolm Driver, Robert Hayes, Ivan McCombs, Jake Smith, Clyde Small, Hubert Correll, Robert Dean, Burton Emory, Kernie Smith.

—B—

Ralph Couch, Kermit Copeland, Ralph Foust, Millard Leonard, Elmer Mooney, James Stinson, Roane Turner, Marshall Weaver, Theodore Lovette, Winston Poteet, Courtney Russ, Dan Wilson, Simon Wade.

Room No. 3

—A—

Ben Chattin, John Callahan, David Hall, Isham Hanes, Bobby Hendrix, Carlton Allen, Willard Britton, Linwood Dorman, Ian French, John Garrett.

—B—

Raymond Bullard, Isaac Franklin, Woodrow Hines, Charlie McMillon, John Wallace, Lyn Jones, Johnnie Price, Garland Ruppe, Edward Wheeler, Edward Eggers, Phil Gibson, Arlie Maddox.

Room No. 4

—A—

John D. Wiles, Vance Thomason, James Rivenbark, Clinton Wall, Cilfford Patterson, Egbert Wall, Woodrow Griffith.

—B—

Lee McPherson, Lemuel Watson, Lawrence Grimes, Floyd Lerres, Mark Witty, Johnny Daughtery, James Talbert Howard Fralix.

Room No 5

—A—

William Dobey, Wallace Hardin, John Sports, Ed Pennell, Leroy Alldred, DeWitt Duncan, Robert Tru love, Clarence Warren, John Thompson, and Russell Moore.

—B—

Hope Earnhardt, Richard Wilder, Oliver Grimes, Alfred Denton, Dan McCausley, Shirley Earnheardt, Reid Jackson, Clyde Kivett and Carl Griffin.

Room No. 6

—A—

James Mason, James Hicky, Wade Philemon, Stephen Gibson, James Elliott, Pink Chester, Marvin Cook, Gerald Nixon, Joe Boone, Leroy Daniels, Alva Littleton, Bur Riley, Allen Wrenn, Clyde Shelton, Blanco Williams, Woodrow Johnston, Lester McDonald.

Most problems are settled for us by the stern law of necessity.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farm boys have been picking cotton for the past few days.

Rev. W. J. Boger and son, of Newton, recently visited the former's brother, Supt. Boger, at this place.

Ten new boys were admitted to our Receiving Cottage last Monday and Tuesday. After a stay of two weeks in this building they will be assigned to other cottages.

We wish every body could see the beautiful coleus bed near the Cannon Memorial Building. Joseph's coat in all its beauty could not boast of a greater variety of colors.

Our corn crop being very small, due to an unfavorable season, Sudan grass and pea vines are being chopped up and mixed with the corn that is being placed in our silos.

Judge Jones, of the Juvenile Court, and R. G. Andrews, Supt. of Public Welfare, both of Hendersonville; Mr. Baker, weltare officer, of Charlotte; an Mr. Ferrell, welfare officer, of Raleigh, visited the school last Tuesday.

On Wednesday last, Mr. J. W. Russell was called to the bedside of his mother, who was seriously ill. Mrs Russell was taken to a Charlotte Hospital, where she is reported getting along nicely, following an operation.

A good sized force has been busy repairing the damage to our peach orchard, caused by recent storms. High winds coming from every direction blew over a number of trees. These are being righted and staked to prevent further damage.

Dr. Lewis, Superintendent of Scotia Seminary, Concord, was the speaker at the service held in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk on the subject:."Jesus and the Samaritan Woman at Jacob's Well," was very interesting.

All the boys were glad to write home last week. Every boy at the school is required to write to home folks once each month. Two days are given over for this task, the letters being written in the school rooms, under the supervision of the teachers.

A group of boys under the leadership of Miss Vernie Goodman, entertained the members of the Harrisburg Community Club, at their regular meeting in the high school auditorium last Tuesday night. The boys taking part in this program were: Edgar Rochester, John Garrett and Bill Goss.

Our potato house is being thoroughly cleaned and disinfected; the crates washed and every possible effort is being made to get rid of the potato rot which destroyed a large percentage of our crop last year. This season the potatoes were also treated before being planted. However we still have trouble and wish some expert would furnish some light on

this matter.

Superintendent Boger, Miss Vernie Goodman and a group of boys left last Thursday to attend the annual convention of the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters and Sons, which was held in Raleigh. As has been the custom for several years, Mr Boger will address the convention, and the boys will render a special program.

All through the summer months the ice plant was kept running day and night in order to make enough ice for the school use. As the cold weather approaches you can see broad smiles on the faces of the boys employed at the ice plant, as their labor will be lightened, thus providing a little more "play time."

A number of boys in the higher grades are writing essays on, "The Cabarrus District Fair." This essay as to the history of the fair; the different amusements they expect to enjoy; the various exhibits; the races etc., is to consist of from 1,000 to 1,500 words. Some very interesting papers have already been turned in.

Our baseball team enjoyed a good season. Only thirteen games were played, as the bad weather throughout the summer made it necessary to postpone six games. These games were played only on Saturdays—there being no mid-week games as in former years. Of the thirteen games played the Training School won eight, for a percentage of .615. Following is the batting average of the school players, who took part in five or more games; Jordan .363; Godown .353; Ford .343; Bartley .308; Russell .296; Soloman .257; Lisk .243; Alexander .208; Odom .192; Holmes .147.

MORE THAN A PHILOSOPHY

Dr. Campbell Morgan tell of a poverty stricken fishwife who was found on Christmas Day eating a Christmas dinner which consisted of a piece of bread and a toasted herring. Her visitor said something to her of the poverty of her fare, and the old woman, with face aglow, replied: "Poor fare? Dear heart, don't you see that the Lord has laid tribute on sea and land to feed me this blessed Christmas Day?" A whole volume on the joy of Christmas living is contained in this one sentence of a humble servant who had eyes to see and a heart to understand.

N. C. Christian Advocate.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 13, 1928 No. 38

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE GIFT

Here Summer passed dropped a rose
Where weeds profusely grow—
A fragrant isle where season o'er
The wild bees come and go.
So in his heart, in passing by,
Love left with tenderness
A memory whose fragrance fills
The years with happiness!
—Christian Herald.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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"HE THAT IS NEAR ME IS NEAR THE FIRE"

(An Unwritten Saying of Jesus)

It is just the business of the Christian ministry and of the Christian church to light fires for the cold and weary sons of men. The world is full of thirsty people longing for a bit of sympathy and cheer; our business is to find out these people and give them what they need. A great city, with all its crowds, is simply packed full of those who are absolutely lonely and friendless. I've walked many a mile over mountain and moor without meeting a soul all day long, and yet not felt so lonely as I did in the streets of London when I was twenty. There are those all round about our churches who are just as lonely and needing someone to be friendly to them and to bring them to the Friend of friends.—Christian World, London.

FRIEND AND BROTHER TO EVERYONE

In manner Dr. A. A. McGeachy, of Second Presbyterian Chuch, Charlotte, was a prince—his service in activities of mercy extended far beyond the domains of his own flock, therefore, every body loved him. He recognized no lines of demarcation socially when it came to rendering a service for the sake of humanity.

The Training School feels that is has lost one of its very best friends—remembering the school and the boys in a manner that placed his stamp of approval upon the work accomplished. We will miss his friendly visits and words of commendation and comfort. We take great pleasure in quoting

below an editorial from the Asheville Citizen showing that Dr McGeachy was recognized as a man of a kindly spirit by all Creeds:

A striking incident of the funeral in Charlotte a few days ago of the Rev. A. A. McGeachy, D. D., was the feeling tribute which was paid to this beloved Presbyterian pastor by his long-time friend, the Reverend Father Jerome of St. Leo's Church, Winston Salem.

Dr. McGeachy was a Presbyterian of Presbyterians—one of the outstanding figures of his denomination in this part of the country. The Reverend Father Jerome is a Catholic. But Doctor McGeachy loved Father Jerome and Father Jerome loved Doctor McGeachy. They had labored together in the Master's vineyard and when Doctor McGeachy died Father Jerome came to Charlotte and took part in the funeral services of his friend in the Second Presbyterian Church, of which Doctor McGeachy was pastor for twenty years.

"I come as a friend and a brother to mourn a friend and a brother," he said, declaring that "every purpose and aim of Doctor McGeachy's life had been high and elevating and through his example of living he had answered for all time the question, 'What think ye of Christ?' "

The divine injunction to Christians is that they should love one another. Dr. McGeachy and the reverend Father Jerome did not see all things eye to eye—but they did love one another.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

AUTO SALES INCREASE

You hear the remark on all sides and in every business, "hard times," or "money is scarce" which is equivelent that business is dull.

Well, if the following report as taken from the University News Letter is true the question goes without debating that the automobile business men are doing a tremendous business on paper. But just keep in mind that some one has to pay the bills:

North Carolinians, hard times or no hard times, are continuing to buy automobiles this year, figures announced by the state department of revenue that more cars are being sold in this state in 1928 than were in 1927.

Report of sales of new automobiles in North Carolina for the first six months of the current year show that there were 26,828 passenger cars sold, as compared with 24,860 during the corresponding period of 1927. During the month of June there were 5,008 new cars sold in the state as compared with 3,376 in June, 1927.

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The week of October 7-14 are the dates designated as "Fire Prevention Week.' This month is the time of our first chilly days and the observance

of "Fire Prevention" at this season of the year is timely because to take the chill from the home a fire will be made without giving the least concern the condition of the chimneys, or flues.

The looking after chimneys, flues and removing all old trash piles should be one of the imperative duties of evey home owner. A small spark can start a fire that will carry with it a great loss of property and many times the loss of human lives. Protect yourself and at the same time you safeguard your neighbors.

This subject, Fire Prevention, should be discussed in the schools so that children will be informed as to the danger of carelessly handling matches, the making of fires out doors, the throwing of cigarette or cigar stumps—these precautions should be given along with other thoughts to inculcate carefulness into the every day life of children.

Fire Prevention week is an essential occasion—an event of importance—because within a few moments a small conflagration can wipe out all of your earthly possessions that you have spent a life in accumulating. Any time is a sensible time to practice fire prevention.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The tropical storm was very much more severe on the coast of Florida than at first reported. We who were high and dry from the danger of the torrential rains and strong winds can hardly conceive that 2,300 were killed in Florida, a much larger number injured and 12,000 made homeless. It is considered one of the most terrible disasters that has happened in our country barring the Mississippi Flood of the past year.

Again we are convinced of the value of the Red Cross, also that all other agencies of mercy engaged in helping suffering humanity at such times are necessary and in times of peace and prosperity these organizations of mercy should receive a generous support. When in the vigor of health and enjoying the comforts of life we are prone to forget and not prepare for the lean years, caused by the disasters that visit our country at periodical intervals.

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The retired heavy weight champion, Gene Tunney, was wedded to the heiress, "Dolly" Lauder in the Italian capital on Oct. 3rd. Two ceremonial rites were required to make them man and wife. One was civil and the other

according to the ritual of the Roman Catholic church of which the bridegroom has been a lifelong member.

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ONE OF CONCORD'S CHOICE SPIRITS

The many admiring friends of Miss Lottie Boyd were not shocked when hearing that she had peacefully passed to her Heavenly Home,—they knew her case was beyond hope—but, there was a hush of sadness as the sad message, "Miss Lottie is dead," was passed from one friend to another. She possessed a bright spirit; she had a warm sympathy that reached out to all "sorts and conditions of mankind;" hers was a joyous life that radiated hope to all she met in every walk of life—in fact, she loved people which is one of the highest tributes that can be paid to any man or woman.

Her last mission, before placing herself into the hands of skilled surgeons, was to visit the local hospital and take flowers to a little girl patient—this mission like all previous ones when in health was to render a service for the comfort and happiness of others. Her interest in life, people, the church, the King's Daughters, with her unfailing faith and enthuiasm for service endeared her to all who knew her—the memory of such a life is a priceless legacy. Our loss is her gain. We know that she "hath done all things well."

—Think—

"of stepping on shore, and finding it Heaven;
of taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand;
of breathing a new air and finding it celestial air;
of feeling invigorated and finding it immortality;
of passing from storm and tempest to unbroken calm;
of waking up—and finding it HOME."

"JESUS STANDS ON OGOWE'S BANKS"

The rare distinction which marked David Livingstone and which clings to the names of one or two other missionaries of the past century is already associated with the amazing personality of Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Those who know him as organist, as musical historian, as theologian, or as physician and missionary feel the spell of his spirit. Something of this feeling is reflected in the followng verses which appear unsigned in the May 3 issue of that excellent British journal, The Christian World:

He heard the magic music of Bach,
  And played it with master hand,
Until the fame of the organist
  Was wide from land to land.

He heard the call of the great Lord Christ,
  And wrote of his earthly days,
Until the scholars of all the world
  Were one in their chastened praise.

And then he heard, from the far-off lands,
  The cry of the black man's woe,
And answered the call of Christ his Lord,
  "To heal in thy name we go."

And now in the midst of the jungle stream
  The music is heard again;
And Jesus stands on Ogowe's banks
  Healing the hurts of men.

When Africa's call brings men of this caliber to her aid, the hope of better times burn brighter. Dr. Schweitzer was due to visit America this year, but on account of frail health could not do so.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Trouble is defined as mental agitation, distress, or worry. It is a constant companion of people who are easily discouraged or dejected. Trouble, as a general thing, goes where it is expected; more so than where the person has courage and hope. Then, again, most of the imaginary troubles never materialize. And people who are always hunting for trouble generally find it.

It is stated that there is in Fifth avenue, New York, a 12-story apartment building in which every door knob is plated with gold. In one flat every hinge, door handle and key is of gold. This is carrying the thing too far. But there is an old fable that everything Midas touched turned to gold. Guess these New Yorkers wanted everybody coming their way to touch gold. It would seem that nothing but gold-bugs could afford to live in such apartments.

—o—

Looking Back

One of the most popular pastimes of investors, and of all business men and women for that matter, is looking back to opportunities lost or false opportunities taken and regretting the action or lack of it. There is, of course, the famous axiom about the uselessness of crying over spilt milk, which nobody seems to employ except as a sort of sardonic comfort for the other fellow when he breaks the cream pitcher. The proper application of the idea is to look back, but only as a guide to looking forward. A surveyor, running a line, will take a backsight at a point he has passed so that he may establish his present position and insure himself of continuing on the right line in places ahead. And there, in a nutshell, is the true formula for looking backward. We should only look backward when we desire to go ahead. Vain, wasted regrets never got anyone anywhere. The successful man or woman is the one who lives and learns, profiting from mistake; moving ever forward and looking backward only to check or correct his current position. If you do not learn from your first failures, or spend all your time uselessly regretting that you failed, you will fail again. Success consists in looking back on one's failures only as guideposts pointing toward the goal.

In Durham we are getting information, and learning wisdom in regard to automobile regulations, from the ground the same as we raise vegetables. It is customary for lovers, on the beach to draw hearts, and write tender expressions in the sand, which is washed by the waves. Our Saviour himself, on one occasion, stooped down and wrote his mind on the ground. Here, in Durham, the street pavements are becoming signboards. All about you will see in white lettering "NO PARKING." As the city ordinances have it, that is that, for autoists.

—o—

It is told that the earth is growing cooler at the rate of one degree every 8,000,000 years. Wonder how the fellow who started this ever found it out, when the earth, accord-

ing to my own knowledge gets cooler in the fall and generally stays that way until along in the spring time. But you need not worry over that 8,000,000 years. You'll never live to see whether it is so or not.

—o—

"Inasmuch"

My mind this week has been dwelling upon that word, "Inasmuch." I can't get away from it. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." What an amazing situation that is! Shall we be able to understand Him if He says those words to you and to me. In the whole English language there is no more marvelous word than "inasmuch." The standard of our living here is the measure of our Heavenly life. Saint Paul must have had that in his mind when he said: "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Is it possible that we have not been taking Jesus and our religion seriously enough? That we have thought it enough to join the church, contribute to its support and then just drift along? But we do not go to Heaven by just dying. Only by living, with every step a step of love or sacrifice that may help to lift up a fellow soul. You doubtless remember the two chromos that used to hang on the wall of nearly every home, some years ago. The one of a raging ocean with a cross surmounting a rock which arose above the waves, and the arms of a shipwrecked sailor clasped around it, in safety; while the other showed only one arm around the cross, the other held out to help another struggling victim of the waves Love your neighbor as yourself. There is only one way to do it. Love as Jesus did. What a wonderful conception of life this gives us! Not what we gather up to keep of light, and power and love, but what we radiate of them; the degree in which through self-giving and self-expression, we really are dispensing not our life, our power, our love, but the very life, power and love of God Himself, through us. The idea ought to thrill, through and through, every believer and lover of the "Risen Lord."

—o—

Wonders never cease in this age and land of wonderful things. Just listen to this. The papers are publishing the fact that in Ohio a woman mayor has resigned because her public duties interferred with her housework. There's economic ardor and patriotic passion for you. There are a whole lot of folks throughout this land who, if they realized their first duty was to the home, it would revolutionize many of the evils of the present day, and mightily help America along the road to Utopia.

—o—

Talking about achievements, there is no telling what a human being can accomplish, when there is faith and determination of the right kind behind the motives inspiring the undertaking. There is Francis A. Burdette, 63 years old, of Wayne, N. J., blind for 15 years, has built himself an eight room house, two and half-stories high, and he did it as well as any man who could see with two eyes. That's what I call persevering pluck, by the grace of God. He worked in Wayne, but not in vain.

—o—

Recollections

The pictures in the magazines and newspapers of artistic modern living rooms, and the beautiful display of

the modern furniture in our furniture stores, are all inviting, pleasing, and no doubt, thrilling to the housewives of this generation. They all look good, and are good for our present mode of living.'' How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollection brings them to view.'' One living room I have in my mind's eye had a bed, the posts of which reached nearly to the ceiling. As a child I had to get on a chair to get into its warm embrace in winter time. I fell in a great billow of softness that almost covered me up, between sheets that looked like snow drifts, and was tucked in under heavy home-spun counterpanes, and was as snug in the ''home nest'' as ''a bug in a rug.'' It was the biggest room I ever saw; at least it seemed so to me, from my childhood horizon. The floor was covered with home-made rag carpet. On the mantel was a tall, square, clock, with a forest scene beneath its round face. It went tick-tock all day and night, and struck the hours after a series of whir-r-r-s to let you know it was going to strike. On one end of the mantel was a vase of roses; on the other a small vase of lamp-lighters, made of newspapers, to be lighted from the fire-place below. Comfortable chairs for every member of the family. Pictures on the walls of the different seasons; one particularly large one of a beautiful woman, in a storm at sea, clinging to a cross, in a flood of light across the picture, entitled, ''Simply to Thy Cross I Cling.'' A center table whereon was a large shaded lamp; a Bible and a Prayer Book, from which father read the scriptures, and held family prayers morning and evening. Another table held magazines and papers—Godey's Ladies Book, Harper's, and the Richmond dailies. Ten children in all gathered about that hearthstone. All are gone but three. Then, one day, in the sunset of life, father was called up higher. Scarcely a year after, mother was not. That living room was one of the most comfortable ones I ever was in. It is a dear memory of it I cherish, one in which there is no alloy. Its atmosphere was that of family affection, security, plenty and fine emotions.

YOU MUST PROVIDE THE PLUCK

Your friends can do a great deal for you, but the best of them cannot provide you with pluck. That you must furnish yourself. Sometimes the one who seemingly has everything that heart can wish, simply slumps when confronted by a difficulty or a sorrow...There are plenty of outstretched hands to help her along, but no answering pluck in her heart. Remember that no one is going to furnish that for you. You will have to do without it or provide it yourself.—Exchange.

BRONZE TABLET HONORS DR. ELISHA MITCHELL

(Asheville Citizen)

J. S. Holmes, state forester, yesterday afternoon read the unveiling paper at the ceremony before the bronze tablet, which has been erected on the summit of Mount Mitchell in honor of Dr. Elisha Mitchell, for whom the mountain is named. The tribute to Dr. Mitchell was written by Mrs. Hope S. Chamberlain, of Raleigh, granddaughter of the scientist and explorer.

Dr. Collier Cobb, of the Geological department of the University of North Carolina, represented the university at the ceremonies. Dr. Cobb spoke briefly on Dr. Mitchell's relations as minister and geologist at the University. Dr. Cobb has been connected with the university department of geology for aproximately 30 years.

The ceremonies opened at 2 o'clock and the tablet was unveiled by Miss Mary D. Summerel, great granddaughter of Dr. Mitchell, who lost his life in proving that the peak was the highest in Eastern America. A number of forestry officials and various state represetatives attended the short service.

Among those present were the following: Mr. Holmes; W. K. Beichler, district forester; John W. McNair, representing Pisgah National Forest; Dr. Cobb, J. Q. Gilkey, of Marion, representing the state department of conservation and development; George Craig, son of Governor Locke Craig, who made the recommendations to the legislature which resulted in the purchase of the state park lands on Mount Mitchell; Dr. Willis S. Wilson, pastor of the Montreat Presbyterian church; Miss Summerel and others.

Sketch of Life

The sketch of Dr. Mitchell, which was read by Mr. Holmes, is in part as follows: "Dr. Elisha Mitchell, scientist and minister, found no views so inspiring as those stupendous mountains panoramas of summit beyond summit in Western North Carolina.

"Dr. Mitchell's love of science was blessed with a virgin field of research, both in geology and botany. North Carolina was a wilderness of unclassified forms, a country of unexplored formations.

"The flora of our state has families and species named by Dr Mitchell. He made the first geological survey ever attempted. In the year 1835, he measured this mountain. It was, owing to a controversy as to which peak he had indeed measured as the highest point of the Black Range which lead to his death in 1857. Crossing the ridge in a deep fog, he was bewildered; and fell into the pool at the foot of Mitchell's Falls. He was lost on Saturday, June 27.

"During all the middle years of his life, no sooner did he leave the classroom at the University in early summer than he would mount his horse and ride away into the wonderland of unexplored Western North Carolina, then primitive and unspoiled. He knew the mountain people and they loved him. He loved the moun-

tain fastnesses. There is preserved a letter to his wife in which he speaks of his preferred setting for a happy death, falling asleep under some ledge of rock, carpeted with dry leaves, in the face of one of those stupendous mountain panoramas of summit beyond summit, which he loved so well to gaze upon.

"Like Goethe, he felt the serenity of the heights, and indeed he has his wish, the choice of a resting place.

"During the search of 11 days for his body the devotion of his friends of the mountain land was shown, and it was by the woodcraft and shrewdness of Big Tom Wilson, the veteran guide and hunter, as well as by the patience of the rest, that it was at last found.

"His remains were buried in Asheville at first, and rested there a year, and then was conveyed to this peak where they rest 'in hope of a blessed resurrection.' The first monument was placed by the bequest of his daughter, Mrs. E. N. Grant, and has been destroyed. This monument is a tribute from the state of North Carolina and certain citizens of it, while the bronze tablet bearing the inscription was prepared by his descendants scattered all over the United States. They have felt honored to share this piety among them. The inscription is the same as the older monument bore, and records the fact that Dr Mitchell was an ordained minister as well as one of the leaders among the early scientists of the United States.

"Upon this mountain, under the protection of his beloved state and in the presence of the grandeur of scenes he knew and loved, he sleeps well."

OLD "AUNT JANE" NOT ALONE

It was a bright October day, and a man was riding on horseback through a bit of timber land in one of the cotton states of the south, All at once he came across a bit of clearing in the trees, and in the clearing an old cabin almost fallen to pieces. In the doorway of the cabin an old negress was standing. Her back was bent nearly double with the years of hard work, her face dried up, and her hair white; but her eyes were as bright as two stars out of the dark blue. And the man called out cheerily, "Good morning, auntie! Living here all alone?" The old woman as she replied, "Yes, me'n Jesus, massa." But he said a hush came as she replied, "Yes, me'n Jesues massa." But he said a hush came over the whole place; there seemed to be a halo around the old cabin How poor and limited and mean her world had looked to him as he rode! But how quickly everything had changed as he saw it through her way of seeing it! Her world was changed and beautiful in the loneliness of the woods by means of her Master's presence.—Dr. S. D. Gordon.

ON READING.

(Thos. F. Opie, D. D.)

Few pastimes yield the large dividends that reading does. Pleasure entertainment, knowledge, information, mental stimulation and spiritual growth are some of the returns that one gets for his reading. Reading gives us "the best thoughts of the greatest sages." Reading puts us in touch with "the tongues of the silent dead."

There are some who are "deep versed in books, but shallow in themselves, "as Milton says, but they are few. Acquainted with the literature of the ages gives the careful, appreciative reader depth and breadth.

The thoughts of the great are ours if we will. Give heed to reading, urges Paul, in writing to Titus. One's conversation soon betrays him, if he be not a reader. He has little to talk about and is dull, insipid, shallow, trivial. While there are today more books, more magazines and more daily papers by the millions than ever before, there are also more people by the millions who are doing little or no constructive reading!

Comparatively few read the daily press, fewer the current periodicals, still fewer the stimulating narrative, biography, history, fiction and travel found in good books—and almost nobody reads systematically, thoughtfully, searchingly the Bible! Tests by the scores have revealed the fact that the average person is distressingly ignorant of the great periods of the ancient prophets, the poetic beauty of the Psalms, the wisdom of the counsel of the Proverbs, the sweet simplicity of the Gospels, the impelling ethics of the beatitudes, the excellent advice of the Epistles with their personal and doctrinal narrative, the mysterious, stirring dictation of St. John's Revelation—what grandeur here! What profit in the reading! What spiritual and mental exercise! Give heed to such reading.

One should read broadly and deeply—systematically, discrimanatingly, thoughtfully, absorbingly. As is your reading, so will be your thinking. As is your thinking, so will be your mind, your life, your srpiritual trend—so will be your destiny! Upon reading depend learning, thinking, progressing. Take heed how and read what you read! Follow Bacon's adivce, "Read not to contradict and confute nor to find talk and conversation (merely) —nor yet to believe and take for granted—but to weigh and consider."

Like love and friendship, these a comely pair,
What's done by one, the other has a share.
When heat is felt, we judge that fire is near,
Hope's twilight comes—faith's day will soon appear.
—Thomas Hogg.

STOPPING FOR SCHOOL BUSSES

(Mecklenburg Times)

Much is being said by the people in this county and by the newspapers about automobile drivers disregarding the law forbidding cars to pass busses that have stopped to take on or discharge school children. The law is all right and should be rigidly enforced.

The Monroe Enquirer thinks that the bus drivers should see that the children are made to alight on the side of the highways and not on the highways directly in front of the swift moving cars.

From the reports of one of the serious accidents in this county it appears that the bus was taken off the highway and into a yard where the children were leaving the bus. One of the children was running across the highway toward home and dashed in front of the car which was reported to have been going about 50 miles per hour. Because the bus had been driven off the highway to stop the driver claims that he did not see the bus, according to the reports.

It is the opinion of many that the bussess should pull over to the side of the highway to stop but should not leave the highway. They should stop in plain view of the drivers of automobiles.

The county commissioners and the school board did a wise thing this week when they decided to employ one boy on each of the school busses in this county, whose duty it shall be to stand in the highway while the bus is stopped and flag down the cars. He will carry a red flag on which is printed the word "Stop." He will also have authority to record the number of any car failing to stop and will report them to the police department.

There will be no excuse for any one to plead ignorance of the law and every violator should be punished.

If this plan is carried out there should be no more danger from this source.

PARENTS' DUTY TO CHILDREN

Dr. J. D. Jones, out of his wide experience as pastor of one of the largest churches in England, has this to say to parents: "If we were half as ious to offer our children to the Lord as we are to educate them well, to place them well, to marry them well, there would be a different story to tell about some of our homes than there is at present; and the world would be a far sweeter and better place than it is. First things first; and the first duty of a parent to his child is this—to offer him to the Lord."—Selected .

SUNDAY PLOWING.

(Greensboro News)

One W. T. Wilson of Iredell county having been arraigned on a charge of discretion of the Sabbath by plowing states that having on Saturday attended the services of his own church, Seventh Day Adventist, he felt that he was free to use Sunday for observing the first part of the fourth commandment and doing one-sixth part of his labor. And so he plowed.

The institution of the Sabbath—rather Jewish than Christian if the testimony of the Gospel is to be accepted at face value—has little to fear from those who plow with ox, with ass, son of jackass, horse or tractor. While it may annoy a strict sabbatarian faring forth to church in a limousine to pass by a son of toil engaged in laying by a crop, the desecration likely to result from Seventh Day Adventists in North Carolina—indeed the actual plowing—is as nothing compared to that furnished by those who with brassie, mashie and niblick pound the earth on Sunday afternoons.

The danger of a concerted campaign against Sunday golf is remote. More and more people are becoming convinced that Sunday is theirs to do what they please with just so long as they respect the rights of others. Then, too, many—perhaps the state's inveterate golfers are liberal supporters of the church and are seen at morning services almost as frequently as on the links later in the day.

It is a safe prediction that Iredell in the not distant future will have to do with Sunday golf, if it does not now. Being Iredell, it may and probably will meet this problem after its own fashion.

In the meantime, however, it does seem rather futile to drag a man into court who, however wrongly, has got it into his head that the week ends on Saturday and that Sunday is a brand-new work-day.

LIFE MAY PROVE A SERMON

An American teacher was employed in Japan with the understanding that during school hours he should not utter a word on the subject of Christianity. His word was kept, but so beautiful was his life, and so blameless his character, so Christ-like was his example, that forty of those students met secretly in a grove, unknown to him, and signed a covenant to abandon idolatry. Twenty-five of them are today preaching and teaching the gospel which their teacher unconsciously commended. A Christ-like life is the greatest confession of all, even if not a word is spoken.

—Record of Christian Work.

HER MOTHER'S HOME

By Cora Scanland Darnell

I'm so tired of the old brown thing! I hate the sight of it!''

Dorothy Denman leaned dejectedly against a post of an old summer house, her gaze resting unlovingly on the unpainted farm house that had sheltered her all her 17 years. It was a rambling affair of big rooms with small-paned windows and low ceiling. The roof sloped away to the northward as though ashamed of existence, the stoop had long since called vainly for repairs, while the kitchen windows sagged a little where the foundation had yielded to the stress of time. The row of slender posts on the front gallery bespoke the effect of the sun and rain of years and a missing brick from the chimney was a constant reminder of a severe wind from the Gulf.

''I—I—I'd run away from it if I dared—I would!''

The soft-eyed collie at the girl's feet moved uneasily at the vehement words. He rose slowly and gazed yearningly into her flushed face. About her in the dense vines a mother bird peeped from her nest in surprise.

'' Dear old Jerry! Your placid face always makes me ashamed of myself!'' cried the girl penitently. ''But you have no longings, Jerry, no ambition, no pride, no needs. Jerry, you are satisfied with a kennel and—'' again her dissatisfied gaze sought the old home, ''and I am not.''

A moment later she added crossly: ''Why should Father build a lovely home for brother Don and his wife and never one for us at home? What can there be in an old house that he loves so much? Oh, if Mother had only lived!''

Dorthy bent to pat the head of the collie before she crossed the lawn to the house upon which the setting sun was now casting softening, golden rays. It was time to begin preparation for the evening meal and Dorthy was the pink of method and duty. In her work and accomplishment there was evident the blue blood of the old Kentucky Denman who had meant much to the early struggle for supremaccy in Texas.

She slowly entered the roomy, spotless kitchen and went about her work in listless apathy. The house was the last word in tidiness even though it boasted no touch of love in the doing. Dorothy sliced the ham and laid the biscuits in the pan ready for the baking, after which she turned her attention to the supper table.

As she spread out the blue and white plaid table-cloth a sudden decision took possession of her:''I'll do it!'' she exclaimed, her face flushing vividly at her daring thought. ''I'll do it and maybe—I'll put every broken piece tonight and maybe Father'll take notice of them and consent to buy that new set of dishes at Hiteman's, oh-- h-h-h!''

From the far recesses of the homemade cupboard she brought forth several broken and badly chipped dishes. One was a fancy plate she had given her father when she was but ten, another a decorated bowl given her by her mother. Next came a large plat-

ter from whose side a handhold had dissappeared. Several cups and saucers followed to carry out her bright idea.

As she looked at the collection on the table she was tempted to put them all back in the cupboard. They jarred on her love for the beautiful. As she stood in indecision, her blue eyes thoughtful and wide, her red lips parted slightly, and pearly fairness of her face softened by a flush, Dorothy was indeed lovely. The broad, firm chin under her large mouth was tilted a bit forward in the aggressive, burdening thought of the moment.

Straightening suddenly, she shook her head: "There's no other way," she said aloud. "I've tried every one, and maybe this won't work."

Dorothy walked to the kitchen door. The sun had set. Across the wide stretch of horizon a soft flame had arranged itself in fantastic shapes of draperied hills and sharply defined valleys. She had often found delight in deciphering imaginary castles and armored knights among the drifting rolls of changing color, but tonight there was a cloud on her brow that allowed no imagery.

On the rolling green meadow to the right there were sleek cattle followed by playful calves while many young colts gave promise of beauty and usefulness. It was an attractive farm scene.

Just coming through the gap in the small pasture on her left were her Pekin ducks that waddled slowly and methodically one after the other as though to music. In their wake came the four soft-eyed, cream-colored Jerseys, ready for milking-time.

A loud "Whoa" attracted the girl's attention. At the big gate a young man in a wagon drawn by a fine team of bays, drew rein and sprang to the ground. His merry whistled tune bespoke happiness and content as he swung open the gate. "Clayton is so fortunate in always feeling happy. He's to be envied!" As she turned from the pretty rural scene she continued gloomily: "But he's contented with things. He even finds delight and satisfaction in this old house!"

Mr. Denman and his son soon entered the kitchen for the evening meal, the elder quite and rather sedate as was his wont, his tall figure a little bent under the weight of labor and years, and Clayton striding across the floor in all the vim and strength of his six feet of young manhood to twirl his cap to fall in accurate perfection on the antlers on the wall.

"You couldn't do that, Sis! Girls can't hit anything!"

He caught his sister and twirled her around the room. Dorothy was always helpless in the hands of this young giant brother and escaped just in time to rescue the biscuits from burning. They were scarcely seated at the able before Mr. Denman exclaimed:—

"Why, daughter, where did you find it? I'm so glad to see the plate again! I'm so glad to get to use it." Joel Denman drew the badly nicked plate closer to him and brushed away an imaginary fleck of dust.

"You surely don't mean you like broken dishes, Father?" murmured Dorothy, seeing her new set of dishes fade away in thin air.

"Oh, not just that, Daughter, not just that, but I like to make use of a thing as long as I can, you see."

Mr. Denman was placidly oblivious to everything but his interest in the broken plate. "Now this plate, for instance, can be used by tipping it a little, so." He quietly propped the decorated plate with the bowl of a spoon.

Dorothy slumped helplessly in her chair. She felt a fierce inclination to dash her own broken cup against the door so severely did her patience and obedience seem strained.

"I well remember the day you bought this plate for me, Daughter. You were alyays so fond of pretty things when you were little, an' when you saw this plate ot Breen's store you jus' couldn' rest 'thont buyin' it. You emptied all your savin's out o' your tin bank on the counter for it and your mother made me fill it up again that night. Yes, yes, Daughter, the ol' plate brings memories, memories."

It was late that evening before Dorothy put away the last dish, hung her immaculate tea towl on the rack and sought her own room. She had no need for a lamp. A pale moon was finding each piece of furniture and softening it in a white glow. She dropped into a low rocker by the window and crossed her arms on its narrow ledge, a favorite position of hers when she wanted to think.

Clayton came in from a run down to Don's after supper. She heard the low talk between him and her father, heard a soft slip of the old violin, her father's panacea for a weary day, into the rack where it had lain ever since she could remember, then their doors closed softly, leaving her alone with the moonlight and her troubling thoughts.

An hour passed before Dorothy left the wnidow and sought her pillow on her tall four-poster that had graced her mother's room as a young girl. It was for this reason that Dorothy would never allow herself to voice her desire for a pretty white iron bed like Mary had. Next morning she was awakened by the singing of the mockers and orioles in the many shade trees around the house. The sunlight was flooding the room and Dorothy sprang from her bed in guilty shame. Dressing quickly, she ran to the kitchen whence came the sound of dishes and the aroma of freshly made coffee.

Beat you to it, Sis!" Clayton's greeting was joyous as he flourished one of her snowy tea towls upon which was already a smudge of black. "Made some of the best coffee you ever tasted. Learned from a fellow who was in the army. Just had to hurry in here and try it out."

As the white figure in the doorway was unexpressive he changed the ramble: "But you're a good cook, Sis, you're a dandy every way. You'll put that little Chicago bird to shame with your accomplishments in housekeeping and—"

Dorothy was live enough now. "Clayton Denman, what in the world are you talking about?"

"Cooking," laconically.

"But what do you mean?" insisted Dorothy.

"Why the young girl down at Mary's. Roommate at school, came last night, saw her when I went to Don's after supper. Lit out of the skies on her way to California. Only goin' to stay a day or so. They're comin' to see you today, and—"

This was too much for Dorothy.

"Clayt Denman! Don't jumble

things. Who is she? What is she?''

''What is she?'' Clayton's laugh rang out.

''Why, she's a—a—oh, I tell you Dot, she's a dandy.'' He lowered his voice a little as he bent near his sister. ''She's a tiny mite of a girl and pretty as a dream from Dreamland. You'll like her.''

''How do you know I will?''

''Well, Don says she's rich as Croesus. Stopped off at Mary's a few days.''

''Do go on, Clayt. Talk fast. You were saying—you said.''

''Oh yes,'' said Clayton, straightening. ''Oh, yes, they're coming to see you—at three, and—''

''And what? Quick! What?''

''Well, I thought—'' ventured Clayton a bit uneasily. ''I thought maybe you'd want me to help some in the house.''

''You mean improve things? As if we could!'' Dorothy ejaculated. ''Its ugliness will just have to stare people in the face! Maybe they can stand it a few hours. Wish I were going to California!''

''Can't spare you, Sis.'' Clayton lifted the pot of steaming coffee and filled two cups . ''Come taste my coffee, Sis. It's fit for your Queenship.''

Dorothy was busy all morning. It was two before the last touch was given to the long, pleasant living room and she ran to primp up a little. She was more than nervous. Dorothy was thinking hard as she arrayed herself in her pink gingham with white colar and sash. ''I'll just take my medicine,'' she said to herself bitterly. ''I live in a shack and the city girl can recognize the fact at once. Every inch of the place is clean and I can't do any more. No power on earth could make it attractive.''

With Dorothy's first glance into the sweet face of Emily Raye she knew she would love her. Two hours later, Dorothy found herself undergoing a certain upheaval of ideas. They had walked through the garden and watched the baby chickens, had even wandered as far as the calf pen. Nothing escaped Emily's notice in her admiration of the old home.

''Anybody can have a new house,'' murmured Emily, nestling close to Dorothy on the rustic seat. ''An old home is so full of associations and memories one seems to feel their influence the moment one is in them.''

''Then you—you—really like an old house!'' gasped Dorothy.

''Like them? I love them—at least I love this one. It's dear, roomy, and cool. I wish I were not going to California. I—I—would rather spend the summer here with you.''

''Not—not—in preference?'' Dorothy almost whispered the surprised question. There must be a mistake.

''Are you surprised that I should? Oh, let me stay with you for the summer? Please.''

Dorothy listened to Emily's gentle voice as though in a dream. She ventured the question:—

''You—you—really don't mean you would give up your Western trip to spend the summer in a tumble-down house?''

Emily laughed a clear little silver bell-like laugh.

''But I look at it differently, very,'' she trilled gaily. ''Yes if you'll allow me to board with you. I'll write home and turn my friends green with envy.''

And Emily stayed.

As the long days went by, acquaintance deepened in warm friendship between the two girls. Emily was too thoroughly a lover of nature to miss the beauty and worth of a single thing.

They took long walks through the meadows and came home laden with feathery grasses, the beauty and utility of which had hitherto been a closed book to Dorothy. They sought wild flowers along the lane and in the deep dells in the woods. Then they turned their attention to the house. It was the big four-poster that came first.

Emily raved over it.

"It's worth a small fortune!" she exclaimed. "It has the earmarks of the rarest of them. You have everything that's worth while in this world—a good father, a loving brother, health, strength, a fine education, and such a dear, dear home!" Then with her blonde head tipped a little she decided: "Let's dress it."

"Dress it?" Dorothy's puzzle seemed to be never-ending.

"Yes, a valance around the top with curtains at the posts tied with your own color of pink."

They gathered ruffles, tied ribbon bows and afterwards stood in raptures over the effect on the mahogany heirloom.

"It's wonderful what a small change will make in things," whispered Dorothy. "Your magic has aroused something in me I thought dead.

"Is it love?" Emily was smiling the question.

"It is interest—my interest in the old home," answered Dorothy.

"Interest? Oh, then I'm glad. With that, all else is made lovable. It is the panacea for unhappiness." Dorothy kissed her tenderly but said nothing.

When Dorothy sought her room that night she sat as usual in her low rocker by the window. A low hum of voices came from the front gallery where Emily and Clayton sat in the swing, and a mother bird twittered restlessly in the deep shadow of her perch while a lonely bob white sent his call from across the wide meadow.

Half an hour passed. Dorothy rose.. Before climbing into the four-poster, she slipped downstairs to peep over its wide space. The newly placed bouquet of curving grasses in the snowy center of the dining table seemed a fountain of loveliness, the hospitable couch piled high with pillows invited her, the oldfashioned rocker awaited her call while moonlight covered everything with its softening rays.

"And I—I—didn't know. I didn't know," she breathed as she closed the door softly.

A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich; A sick man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong; Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE NATION'S DEBT TO MOTHERS.

By Everett Spring

The debt which the United States owes to the mothers of its citizens is one which is beyond the expression of either figures or language. It is a debt on which the republic can only pay the interest—interest that consists of the manifestations of an ever-increasing revenue for American motherhood; for, with all its magnificent resources, the nation is too poor to make even a feeble attempt to pay the principal.

In the lives of the presidents of the United States it is found that the nation owes much to American mothers.

George Washington was only eleven years old when his father died, leaving the widowed mother, Mary Washington, with five children to educate and direct. She used daily to gather her children around her and teach them the principles or religion and morality from a little manual in which she wrote all her maxims.

That manual was preserved by Washington as one of his most valued treasures, "and was consulted by me many times in after life." A French general, on retiring from the presence of Mary Washington, remarked, "It is not surprising that America should produce great men, since she can boast of such mothers."

A few days previous to the birth of Andrew Jackson his father died, and the widow and her two little sons rode to the churchyard in the wagon with the coffin. The support of the family fell then entirely upon the mother. She went to the home of her brother-in-law and there engaged herself as housekeeper.

Until her sons were old enough to take care of themselves she toiled for them, clothed them, and educated them as best she could.

Andrew Jackson's Rigid Honesty Obtained by Maternal Training

Many stories are told of Mrs. Jackson's benevolence, her thrift, her decision of character, and "a rigid honesty and pride of good name that went hand in hand with a quick and jealous self-respect which was not likely to be patient under any injustice."

When Andrew Jackson became president, he said of his mother:

"One of the last injunctions given me by her was never to institute a suit for assault and battery, or for defamation, never to wound the feeling of others, nor suffer my own to be outraged. These were her words of admonition to me. I remember them well and have never failed to respect them."

Thomas Jefferson's father died when the lad was fourteen, and then his mother became more than ever his companion and adviser. Thomas had, indeed, always lived more under the influence of his mother than of his busy father. She was a woman of unusual refinement of character having the culture of the best society. Thus equipped, she assumed the training of her son. Upon the death of her husband, she found herself her children's guardian, responsible for the vast estate that was to go to the eldest son, Thomas.

John Quincy Adams' father was devoted to his family; but, engros-

sed in political activities, he was frequently absent from home for long periods. From the hour in which the boy learned to talk, his mind received an uncommon stimulus from his mother.

"Being taught by my mother to love my country," wrote John Quincy Adams when he became president. "I did it literally by learning to love the actual hills and rocks and trees, and the very birds and animals." And he added elsewhere, "All that I am my mother made me."

It is an interesting coincidence that the three martyred Presidents should each have been peculiarly dominated by a mother's influence.

That expression of habitual melancholy in Lincoln's face, for example, was really a production of the features of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his mother. For, through long drudgery and privations, in cabin after cabin, Mrs. Lincoln had lost all her comeliness and become bent and careworn and sad-faced, while Abraham was still in impressionable youth.

How Lincoln reverenced that mother is told by all his biographers. She it was who, possessing the accomplishment of reading and writing, not common at that time among the poor people of Kentucky, taught Abraham his letters and gave him his first lesson in writing.

When Mrs. Lincoln died, her son spent months roving the woods vainly trying to recover from his grief. The mother was buried without any funeral service,, there being no minister in the vicinity. But Abraham Lincoln traversed the country for twenty miles in every direction, till he found an itinerant preacher, and induced him to come to his mother's grave and there preach a funeral sermon.

The Source of Lincoln's Life Purpose

"Now," he said, "I have henceforth but one purpose in life; to live as she would have me live."

And in after years Lincoln was visibly affected whenever he heard of any incident involving the love of mother and son.

What a contrast in this experience of Lincoln's to that in the case of General Grant, whose mother survived his presidental career, and to that of Garfield, whose mother lived to stand by his side when he read his inaugural address on the steps of the Capitol and then to weep at his tomb! And to that of McKinley, upon whose venerable mother the eyes of the nation was turned with tender interest on March 4, 1897, when she was the first person to whom McKinley spoke as President of the United States!

"Eliza," said the father of James A. Garfield to his wife, on his dying bed in a log cabin in the wilderness, bordering the Ohio River, "I have brought you four young saplings into these woods. Take care of them."

The future President was then only two years old. His mother was left to fight the battle of life alone. She managed by hard work to run the little farm, and even found time to give her sons daily lessons in Bible reading. Upon James in particular she impressed her personality, until her own high nature dominated him deeply.

When James was old enough he drove mules on the towpath of the Ohio Canal. One payday his wages fell short of the proper amount.

"I want every cent of it for my mother," he said to his employer, insisting upon the few extra pennies.

Mothers and Bibles

Finally he earned enough to enable him to enter the seminary at Chester, ten miles from his home. While there, he spent a certain holiday with his classmates on a mountain. As darkness gathered around them—they were to remain over night—Garfield took a Testament from his pocket, and said to his companions:

"Boys, I read a chapter every night simultaneously with my mother. If you please, I will read it now."

And on the day of his inauguration at Washnigton, he turned to his mother, saying:

"It's all because of you, mother."

At the outbreak of the rebellion a "war meeting" was held in Poland, Ohio, in the Sparrow Tavern. There was speaking and beating of drums, and finally an appeal for volunteers to defend the flag. The first to step forth was William McKinley, Jr.

"No, my son," said the senior McKinley, laying a restraining hand upon his son's arm, "you are too young."

"No, he is not too young—none are too young to carry a light in this dark hour."

The speaker was William's mother.

"And thus, strange to say," wrote William McKinley, years afterward, "the usual order of things was in my case reversed; my father would have held me back from the mighty struggle that was to ensue, on the ground that I was only eighteen years old; and my mother was the one to say "go." For she had, and still has, a strong and passionate patriotism. Next to her God, she loves her country. She believed in freedom, and was ready to offer up even a woman's most priceless jewel—her child—to save her country's flag. She had convictions, and the intellectual powers to impress those around her—impressing most of all her son."

McKinley's mother was still living at Canton, Ohio, at the age of eighty-seven, at the time of her son's first inauguration as President. That day a seemingly trifling incident endeared the new President in the hearts of the mothers of the country. For William McKinley, as soon as he had taken the oath of office, went to his mother and kissed her.

When Morton Agreed to Pay

Levi P. Morton once established a dry goods house in New York, and failed. But to his creditors he gave all he possessed, settling for fifty-cents on the dollar. Years after ward he made a great success as a banker, and then he again gave thought to those he had not paid in full as a merchant.

One day all his former creditors received invitations to a banquet. His guests took their seats at the table, and, as each opened his napkin, found a check for the full amount of his claim, with interest.

"Gentleman," said Mr. Morton, "the one who deserves the credit for the—shall we say favors of the evening?—is not your host, but the mother who, by her early influence, has guided him through life. My father's salary as the village parson was not sufficient for the whole household expenses; so I went to clerking in the village store for a few dollars a month . When I brought my wages to my mother, she said:

"Levi, do you owe any of this money to anybody? Yes? Then go

at once and pay it, if it takes every dollar. If you owe money, you are not a free boy."

"My emancipation tonight, gentlemen, is the direct result of that mother's early counsel."

"My mother," said John D. Rockefeller, "taught me to make everything count. When I became partner in a grocery, I got some barrels of beans cheap, because there were many black ones among them. I expected to sell them cheap, too. But my mother said:

"John, put in all your spare time, night and day, sorting those beans, and then they will be all extra quality and you can sell them at an extra price."

"For weeks I worked, picking over those beans by hand, throwing out all the black ones. It was a lesson I have never forgotten. Through me, my mother says to all young men:

"Throw the worthless out of your life; make everything count."

Henry H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, once said:

"Up to a very few years ago I went to my mother with all my joys and all my woes, just as I did when a boy.

Once a week in Fairhaven, the model Massachusetts town for which Mr Rogers has done so much he drove to the grave of that mother whom he loved.

In his mother's cottage while she lived (she would never consent to move into the great castle her son built) Mr. Rogers put a long-distance telephone. Then, every morning in his New York office, at eleven o'clock precisely, in the very midst of the battle for millions, he would call a truce for a few minutes "to telephone my mother."

Maternal Philosophy

Stephen V. White, "Deacon White," the most trusted man in Wall Street, had a long strip of canvas hanging on his office wall, on which was painted in large letters these lines:

I shall pass through this world but once;
Any good thing which in passing I can do,
Or any kindness that I can show any human being,
Let me do it now;
Let me not defer it
Nor neglect it,
For I shall not pass this way again.

"That's my philosophy of life," he said, "as my mother taught it to me. Every young man should copy those lines and put the copy in the finest frame he can afford. For those lines I owe my mother much; it was she who made me repeat them over and over."

Edwin Markham, "The Man With the Hoe," once said:

"It was the influence of my mother—my father having died—that dominated me. She was an extraordinary woman. She kept a general store in Oregon City and conducted the business with remarkable energy. She was known as the 'Woman Poet of Oregon."

"It was from her that I got my poetical bent. Her poems were full of feeling and of the earnestness of a strong religious spirit. They were published in newspapers—and today my scrapbook containing those poems written by my mother is my most precious possession."

"When you marry," once said John Wanamaker to a young men's Bible class, "remember that your

mother-in-law is your wife's mother. Never allow a so-called 'mother-in-law joke' to make you forget that you are reading a reflection on some one's mother. My own mother I reverenced. Her maxims taught me forbearance, tolerance, and the homely lessons of live and let live."

The mother of Henry O. Havemeyer, the "sugar king," urged her son to don overalls and go to work in his father's refinery—though the family was even then very rich.

"So my mother taught me," said Mr. Havemeyer, "to know the joy of work at a time when I might have slipped into a life of idleness."

Why Children Have Mothers

The Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst once said:

"My father was a farmer, and my mother, with four children on her hands and no servant, did all the work of a farmer's wife. Her days were long, for she also devoted herself to her children, to their character and education, declining to farm us out to the supervision of nurses or school teachers. My mother had the old-fashioned notion that children were born of mothers in order that they might have mothers to bring them up."

David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, was asked what great man or woman most influenced him as a boy.

He replied in writing:

"I was far more influenced by my mother than by any other person I ever knew or heard of."

Robert Fulton was only three years old when his father died. "So that," he said, "I grew up under the care of my blessed mother. She developed my early talent for drawing and encouraged me in my visits to the machine shops of the town."

Robert was a dull pupil at school, however, and the teacher complained to his mother. Whereupon Mrs. Fulton replied proudly: "My boy's head, sir, is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber in which to store the contents of your musty books."

"I was only ten years old at that time," said Fulton, "and my mother seemed to be the only human being who understood my natural bent for mechanics."

The fact that Fulton's mother let the boy have his own way in his "original notions" had its direct result later in the building of the first steamboat.

Benjamin Franklin many times in his own story of his life mentions the powerful influence which his mother had over him, referring to her always with affection.

"My son," said that mother, "is endowed with more than ordinary talent, and he shall enter one of the professions, perhaps the ministry

The family was then very poor, the elder Franklin having no ambition beyond that of making a bare competence as a ship chandler. Encouraged by his mother, however, young Benjamin "took to books" with such ardor that before he was ten years old his mother spoke of him as "our little professor," and added:

"He shall serve humanity or his country; the one as a minister of the Gospel, the other as a diplomat."

The first John Jacob Astor said: "Whatever I have accomplished through thrift is due to the teachings of my mohter. She trained me to the habit of early rising; she made me devote the first waking hours to

reading the Bible. Those habits have continued through my life, and have been to me a source of unfailing comfort. Her death was the greatest grief of my existance.''

O, WHY SHOULD A MAN BE PROUD

I strolled out today in the wildwood,
  And walked slowly and alone;
I went past where the gnarled oak stood,
  From whose body the limbs were torn.

By the lightning's terrific stroke
  And the windstorm's powerful gale;
And I gazed at this giant old oak
  That had withstood the snow and the hail.

I then mused of its life and its past,
  Of its power and of its strength;
How its roots in the earth held fast
  And contemplated its towering length.

But now it has spent its great day,
  Its lordship of the forest is done,
And only left to rot and decay,
  For its power and strength are gone.

Then I said, ''Of such is man,
  Who attains to the height of his power
And lords it over the weaker one,
  Then passes as a withered flower.''

Then why should a man be proud
  And others wish to hold sway?
For soon he is wrapped in his shroud
  And laid in his grave to decay.

The vain pomp and glory of the world
  Shall pass as last night's dream;
Then before his soul in eternity is hurled
  Let God and his love be his theme.

—Walter R. Johnston.

"FRIENDS AND BROTHERS."

(Lexington Dispatch)

"I come as a friend and brother to pay a last tribute to a freind and brother," said one man speaking at the bier of another in Charlotte last week. It was a Catholic priest of Winston-Salem sorrowing over the death of a Presbyterian minister of Charlotte.

Perhaps the incident might be repeated in many other American communities, but this one stands out because it occured in a city in North Carolina where the feeling of sectarianism happens at the time to be whipped into a white heart. Surely all who are interested in the advancement of the cause of Jesus Christ on earth toward the coming of the day when all men everywhere will regard each other as brothers may be able to see in this incident a thought worth while.

Father Jerome did not leave his home in Winston-Salem and go to Charlotte to pay a tribute of love to the life of a man he considered a heretic. Nor did the family of the great Presbyterian minister believe that Father Jerome looked upon Dr. McGeachey as aught but a fellow worker in Christ or else they would not have invited him.

Catholics are not without fault, Protestants are not blameless. Then what a fine thing it would appear to be if those on both sides should vie with each other in remaking their attitudes more and more in comformity with the spirit of Him who disregarded the agonies of a Roman crucifixion to plead: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

Surely America in this hour needs more Catholics like Father Jerome and more Protestants like Dr. McGeachey.

TO HUSBAND AND WIFE

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own home, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

With mutal help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friends to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vow. It will do you good; and thereby your minds will grow together contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will be truly one. Anonymous.

KEEP YOUR INDIVIDUALITY.

(Selected)

There is nobody else in the wolrd-exactly like you, and there never will be anybody else just like you. This is a thought worth pondering. Human beings are alike in many respects, indeed, in most respect, but there is about you, and every body else, a spark of individuality that distinguishes one from another.

Discover your spark of individuality and cultivate it. You do not have to be bumptious about it. You do not need to parade the fact that you are a little different from others, but don't let any one laugh you out of your individuality.

If God gave you a certain gift, you have a right to cultivate it whether the other fellows have that gift or not. If certain wholesome lines of development give you pleasure or strength, you have a right to follow them whether your companions care to or not.

You may like to sing, and you may possess a voice and an ear for music.

Because the rest of the boys in the class, or among your companions do not sing, do not let them laugh you out of singing. Take every opportunity that offers to develop your gift. You may really enjoy beautiful pictures. Don't pay any attention to the crowd if they call you "sissy" because of that liking.

Cultivate it, and learn all you can about pictures and painters. Or your bent may be mechanical or mathematical. If you like to study those things do so, even if somebody does call you a bookworm.

Keep your individuality. It may be worth a fortune to you. It may mean a difference between a life of usefulness and a life of selfish failure.

I BELIEVE IN THE CHILD.

"I believe in the child. I have faith in the up-reaching goodness and beauty of his nature and so I will seek at all times to bring this human plant to the perfect flowering and to place no obstacle in the way of its growth. If I ask a child to obey, I must be sure that my way is right, and not the expression of my own fantastic whim or will. If I expect cheerfulness and self-control and true kindness from him, I must let him learn to admire these qualities first in me. If I wish to see the fruitage of strength and goodness in him, I must continually suggest these qualities to him, expect them from him, show him that I am at all times eager to help and approve him when I see growth, no matter how slight it may be. And whatever I do, I must remember that love is the key to the child heart and the only secrets of success with him—not the love that indulges and spoils, but the love that is strong and firm, that alters not, nor errs."

—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A number of repairs and new matrices have been ordered for our Linotype machines.

A couple of traveling tank workers have been repairing our water tank for the past few days, and it will soon be ready for use.

Walter Massey, one of our old boys now living in Charlotte, came up last Tuesday and attended the fair with the boys.

Mrs. Boshart and R. Eugene Brown, of the State Board of Public Welfare, of Raleigh, visited the institution last Thursday.

Our Holstein cattle won a number of both first and second prizes at the Cabarrus Fair. This was the only entry made by the institution in the competition for prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sappenfield, officer and matron in charge of the fourteenth cottage, and son, Robert Jr., are enjoying a three week's vacation.

Rev. R. A. Arrowood, pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk was interesting and was enjoyed by all.

Edward Cleaver who was a member of our printing office force about six years ago, visited the school last Wednesday. He now has a position with the Charlotte Observer and reports that he is getting along nicely.

We have heard a lot of favorable comment on the Training School booth in the exhibit hall at the fair. Almost everyone agrees that it is the most attractive one we have ever had there.

A delegation of ladies from Ohio, returning from the D. A. R. convention, held recently at Atlanta, Ga., stopped at the school last Monday morning. After visiting the various departments they expressed great appreciation of the work being carried on here.

Despite the heavy wind storms that destroyed so many of our flowers during the summer and early fall, we have grown some beautiful dahlias. While not as large as in former years, some lovely blooms could be seen in our several beds. Miss Lattimer, matron of third cottage raised some beauties and in the beds near the shop building and in the rear of the Cannon Memorial Building, some very pretty blooms were found.

Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, has for some time past, donated prizes to the boys who were most proficient in the various departments of our school. These prizes are distributed quarterly and the winner for the last quarter are as follows:

Room No. 1—Calvin Dowdy, highest average in English. Room No. 2—James Ivey, most progress in arithmetic. Room No. 3—Clyde Evans,

highest general average. Room No. 4—Willard Britton, highest average. Room No. 5—Egbert Wall, highest average, including school work, deportment and personal appearance. Room No. 6—Hope Earnhardt, greatest improvement in writing. Room No. 7—Blanco Williams, highest general average.

As has been the custom for several years, the Training School boys were the guests of the management of the Cabarrus District Fair last Tuesday. About nine o'clock in the morning the boys and officers set out on the two and one-half mile hike to the Fair Grounds. The morning was spent going through the various places of amusement, exhibit halls, etc. At 12:30 we assembled in a grove on the outer edge of the grounds where dinner was served, consisting of sandwiches, cakes, fruit and ice-cold milk. After dinner we gathered on the field inside the race track to watch the races and the free attractions being put on in front of the grand stand. Following the conclusion of the races and entertainment the boys were again assembled in the grove and the homeward march started. All arrived safely back at the school at 5:30, a tried but happy bunch of youngsters.

The Jackson Training School delegation returning from the King's Daughters' convention, at Raleigh, last week reports that the boys who took part in the program acquitted themselves creditably. Col. Fred Olds, State Historian, showed the boys a good time, acting as personal guide through the many interesting historical places in and near Raleigh.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler used to tell the following story that has a far wider application than ever imagined by the poor colored man who was interviewed. Dr. Cuyler said:

"We asked a colored preacher how his church was getting on, and his answer was: 'Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder' We ventured to ask the trouble and he replied: 'De 'sieties, de 'sieties. Dey is just drawin' de fatness and marrow outen de body and bone of the Lord's Body. We can't do nuffin without de 'siety. There is Lincum 'Siety, wid Sister Jones and Brudder Brown to run it. Sister Williams mus' march right in front of de Daughters of Rebekah, den dar is de Dorcases, de Marthas, de Daughters of Ham, and Liberian Ladies.' 'Well you have your brothers to help in the church,' we suggested. 'No, sah, dar are de Masons, de Odd Fellows, de Sons of Ham, and de Oklahoma Promised Land Pilgrims. Why, brudder, by de time de brudders and sisters pay all dues, an' tend all de meetings dere is nufin left for Mount Pisgah Church but jist de cob! De co'n has all been shelled off and frowed to de speckled chickens.' "

—The Free Methodist.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 20, 1928 No. 39

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WORTH WHILE THINGS

"What is most worth while? Health is, for one thing. I do not mean simply the abounding vigor of youth, with abundance of fresh air and exercise and with its reserves which seem to mock the warnings of elders. I mean, rather, the sustained and protected strength which is based on the conservation of physical resources and gives promise of a long life well lived.

"In our onward journey the ranks are rapidly thinned by the passing out of those who had their brief day and were soon done. When their notes matured they were unable to meet them. Nothing is sadder than these physical bankruptcies, which deprive men and women of opportunities when with the capital of experience well invested they should have the most ample returns."

—Charles E. Hughes

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER

An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know the catechism word by word."

"But do they understand it? That is the question," said the clergyman. ..The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and examination began.

A little boy repeated the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so the little fellow, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper, .."Yesterday, sir, I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw them bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she."

The clergyman then looked very much pleased, and the old schoolmaster only quietly remarked, "God give us his grace and his blessing."—Selected.

TO THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

The work of the Junior King's Daughters in the state perhaps has not been all that we expected. But, why become discouraged? You realize that there are times when the junior members of our very own families present a rather discouraging outlook, but, you seldom hear of a mother and father deserting their children. If so, they are exceptional cases. No, instead of despairing the head of the homes push vigorously on, hoping and praying, that the junior members of the many homes will develop into fine, christian citizenship. Sometimes when we feel impatient with the results of our work with juniors let us stop and take a review of ourselves when

we were filled with the vigor of youth. There is not a question of doubt after taking a retrospective look of ourselves there will be more charity and more patience with the vagaries of the young people. I wager to say the children of to-day are not far different from those of some remote date. We are living in the midst of changed social conditions and to become conformed to these changes is hard upon us all—the young and old alike. The success of the Junior King's Daughters depends entirely upon the leadership of some senior member. Ask yourself, my dear sisters, this question, —are you willing to give of your valuable time for the sake of developing some child to do acts of mercy I. H. N? Have you ever heard of a child going to school, Sunday School, and doing other necessary things to develop life, for the first time alone without the fond care and direction of parents? Children have to be guided. It is conclusive then if there is a junior circle in your town, and that circle is going to function effectively, it is imperative that some Senior member will have to lead. There is another idea that should be kept in mind, and that is a Junior Circle should be an auxialary to the Senior Circle. We, Seniors, should foster the Juniors, and if they are confronted with any tasks that make them falter, or halt in their work, we should render both material and financial aid till they can work alone. That is the loving and helpful spirit exercised between parent and child in the home. Nothing hurts like failure and nothing succeeds like success. You can not afford for a moment to permit a child's interest to flag. Youth is spirited, and if you keep the ideals of the King's Daughters before the child, and at the same time present a constructive program showing the activities of mercy, there will be forthcoming a great work accomplished by little minds and hands. The whole responsibility is in the hands of the senior leadership. Again, to make the argument more effective the Seniors have a duty confronting them—and that is to take the supervision of some Junior Circle. The children of to-day will soon be our great leaders.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

TRUE LEADERSHIP

An outstanding educator of the Old North State in an address before an assembly of teachers stated that the greatest need in America to-day is leadership. Since having this pronouncement so forcibly impressed the writer has with a critical eye reviewed the life and activities of many who have been and continue to hold foremost place as leaders in the state and community.

One does not have to necessarily occupy a public position to demonstrate the power of leadership, because it is essential in the school-room; it is necessary in the rural church; it is imperative in the community life or city life-in short every phase of work requires a strong arm and just mind to guide or direct.

One of the finest examples of good leadership was demonstrated when a rural church made up of the plainest people, had been without services for many years, was organized by the combined efforts of two interested people and there is today a fine nucles for a splendid congregation. Kipling states that true leadership is found in the person who realizes "joy from service" without publicity or the desire to magnify self.

We had the privilege of hearing a Bible teacher of international reputation; he was a profound scholar; it seemed impossible that one mind could master so much. Yet though one can give information clearly, and can repeat the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, what does it avail if it all does not make impressive the teachings of Christ: "I am the way, the truth, and the life?" We know that such preaching availeth nothing.

A true leader is one who forgets self; works without reward or the hope of reward; magnifies the cause; endeavors to be the channel to transmit light and inspiration whether engaged either in club work or individual work—if club work, the leader organizes so effectively till all co-workers are doing team work unconsciously, therefore, the goal of the Order is reached satisfactorily. It is a fallacy to use an opportunity to glorify self. Our truest and highest example of leadership is Christ; He organized the disciples into a perfect system of team work, and at the same time taught by precept and example "he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE STANDARD MAN

Dr. William Louis Poteet, president emeritus of Wake Forest College, was the speaker on 36th anniversary of the founding of N. C. C. W. before 2,000 collegians and visitors. His subject was "The Standard Man." He made impressive in his usual manner this one thought, "that everything was standardized from colleges to motor cars;" also emphasized in the course of his remarks the need of race improvement by eliminating unfit matches in the rearing of families and making of homes—accentuating that the standard man "be well born, well conditioned, well trained, but also born from

above." His address as reported by the press met with the pronounced approval of the large and appreciative audience. The Uplift thinks the ideal fine, and something to dwell upon, even if the goal is never reached.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

TRY AGAIN

If you wish to read a story that will give an impetuus to correct living we suggest to our readers, and especially to the Jackson Training School boys, to read "Tente Encore," the French for "Try Again." The story was selected by one, like Tente Encore, who had a boy's heart; who understood the problems of boyhood and felt that all boys should be given the opportunity to try again. Let us accept as a slogan for the Jackson Training School "Tente Encore."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

ONE THIING SURE OF

My, but, Governor Al Smith made a good impression as he made his tour through the state, also Mrs. Smith with her attractive family detracted not the least from the event—really to the delight of many Mrs. Smith handled herself with great poise and dignity. Not so long from this present date all anxiety about the political question nationally will be settled—we all have a choice and a right to—but necessarily in all such questions there is great dissapointment in store for one side. But we agree with the Shelby people that there is one thing we are sure of, and that is after the election in November we can say the-"top-of-the-morning to you, Governor Max Gardner."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

MISS IRENE LONG HONORED

Miss Irene Long, a senior of the Concord High School, was elected by the members of the senior class as Editor-In-Chief of 1928-29 Year Book of the C. H. S. This is quite an honor conferred upon Miss Long by her fellow students—the honor carrying with it a great responsibility, but we feel sure this ambitious young lady will arise to every emergency and make the Year Book, the first in the history of the school, a credit to the student body as well as the faculty of the school.

Miss Irene Long, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reese I. Long, possesses that "stick-to-it-ive" quality that gives every assurance of this new venture in the life of the school being a success.

PEARLS AND SMILES.

There was a scowl on May's face, a scowl so deep you had to look twice to see that her eyes were blue and her face really pretty. "I don't want to wear this woolen dress," she complained; "it's too scratchy. And these old stockings scratch too."

Aunt Lila looked up from her sewing and smiled.

"I guess if you were an oyster we'd have plenty of pearls to wear in our rings and pins, wouldn't we?" she asked.

May looked at her aunt in surprise.

"What do you mean?" she questioned climbing into the sewing-chair and cuddled close to her aunt. "Are you going to tell me a story? And about oysters?"

"Yes, it is about oysters," answered Aunt Lila, "and the oyster is like a little girl I know; he doesn't like anything to scratch his tender skin, and that is why we have pearls."

May's eyes were growing wider all the while.

"It's this way," Aunt Lila went on. "Inside the oyster's outer shell he has a very tender skin that doesn't like to be scratched or irritated any more than your skin likes it. But sometimes a tiny grain of sand works its way inside the oyster, and this tiny grain scratches and makes the oyster feel as uncomfortable as your woolen makes you feel. But the oyster doesn't scowl or fret. He goes to work forming a liquid which surrounds the grain of sand so it can't scratch any more. By and by this liquid hardens, and after a few years, sometimes many years, a perfect pearl is formed. And so we have pearls because the oyster doesn't like to have his tender skin scratched or irritated."

"But, Aunt Lila," interrupted May, "I can't make pearls just because my woolens scratch. What can I do?"

"That's just it," answered Aunt Lila. "Of course, you can't make pearls, but you can smile, can't you? Just smile at the scratchy woolens—smile so hard that you forget they scratch. Smiles, you know, are precious as pearls."

May clapped her hands for joy, and the scowl was all gone.

"Anyhow, I'm going to try," she answered. "If the oyster can forget his scratches by making pearls, then I'll forget mine by making smiles."—Child's Gem.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

I am told that the name of the new president of Mexico, Emilio Portes Gils, is pronounced "heel." It is hoped Gils ("heel") have a successful and peaceable administration.

—o—

It is going the rounds of the press that the government gave the hurricane sufferers all the contraband liquor seized in Florida. It would be just like some human beings to try their hand at bringing about wind storms after this announcement.

—o—

Glorious Fall Days

You remember when you were a boy, and had a day off, in these glorious fall days, and the golden haze that held them in rapt beauty. How you gazed with enthusiastic admiration, on the flaming maples, the yellow of the goldenrods spread over the fields; the sunlight glistening on the jaundiced hickory leaves; the eager breezes that swept through the woods; how you liked the hedge-bound bitter-sweet; how you delighted to linger under the sun-dyed tapestry of the chestnut and hickory-nut trees; how the gypsy-dressed zinnias, spinsters in masquerade, swung their wild greetings to you as you passed along over stone-sprinkled meadows, or in roadways, lined with sumac bushes, clothes in carmine, and nodded to you in mocking gestures, as you hurried on to the wildwoods on a nutting expedition, with a gunny sack over your shoulders, and joy and delight in your heart. You saw squirrels, and birds of various kinds, that fussed at your approach. You ran and you shouted. You climbed stumps and walked the length of broken trees; you climbed saplings and bent them over for the ride you'd get. You returned at dusk with a few nuts and a monumental appetite—red faced and wind blown; tired and infinitely happy. You had been out with nature. Now you are grown and it is different, but the memory of such fall days remain with you, and will remain with you, as long as the heart beats. Treasure such days, because at the end of a long life, you will realize that they were all that really mattered; will realize how pitifully few were the occasions on which you really had fun.

—o—

The present presidental campaign reminds me very much of an airplane. In the first place there are quite a number of bolts about it, as well as nuts. It is making many flights, and when it hoves in sight the people flock around to get a view of every thing going on, and hear everything that is said.

—o—

There are some stories that appear in the papers that beat all the fiction crowded in books and other literature. For instance: Leaving out names a man and his wife were driving in their sedan as agreeable as ever a man and wife ever rode together. A wasp stung the husband on the ankle. He lost control of the car. It rolled down a forty foot embankment just in time to be struck by a train in the cut below. The sedan was smashed and train, holding

up traffic on that particular line seven hours. A miracle. Nobody was hurt. Wasn't that a fine day's work for one wasp? The wasp, by the way, escaped and is probably bragging about the affair it this moment.

—o—

Success is Founded on Truth

The achievement of success means being happy. Cowards are always pessimists—pessimists are always cowards. Each are unhappy, hence they constitute the "Gold Dust Twins" of failure. Continual brooding over past reversals and direful anticipation of future events means certain failure. Moral courage and optimism are the hand-maidens of success. Optimism is merely faith. The doctrines of Christianity is founded upon faith. A true Christian is an optimist. The good things of life are never achieved until the forces of indecision and superstition have been conquered. Many men never exercise their God given faculty of reasoning to form their opinions but accept the opinions of others; yet the opinion any man holds is a clear index of his personal character. The man who thinks evil, is evil. He who thinks every man is a crook, is crooked. Generalized thoughts means vacillating character. History reveals in every age that those whose sole thought was selfish personal safety, have been the ones to be trapled under foot and enslaved by the more audacious and courageous.

—o—

We have a variety of advice these days on marriage, by versitile writers, yet people go on marrying just as they have done since the world began, and I suspect will continue until it ends, advice or no advice. Now one of the marriage advice-givers says, "The girl who marries must be able to take a joke." From my observation, of a good many year's standing, that is precisely what a good many girls do take.

—o—

"If necessary," says a campaign orator, "we will revise our entire scheme of government so that the poor man, the man who daily struggles against tremendous odds for a pittance may have a better chance." Oh, sir, I wouldn't have you go to all that trouble just for us newspeper guys.

—o—

The Indwelling Christ

The "unfinished symphony" os Schubert is not only a very beautiful musical composition but it also suggests a wonderful truth about our human life as a whole; that it is also an unfinished symphony. Motifs, phrases, movements from andante to scherzo move along, sometimes blending into each other, sometimes an abrupt pause that introduces a complete change as from sunshine to darkness, but life goes on unbroken, endless, unfinished. When the great Apostle Paul said, "I have finished my course," he did not mean that he had come to an end of his life, for in the same breath he added, "there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness." His symphony of faith and discipleship was not finished, nor ever could be. He expected death was to be only a pause between the earth motif and the heavenly. His life symphony had a great theme, rendered in every shade of expression. However much expression might be changed, the theme remained always the same. The theme was

the indwelling of Christ. Christ revealed in men. Christ the hope of glory. Religion is not a fancy, a theory; but is a vital, inner experience of a reality. It is living the life of Christ. Imbued with His spirit; following in His footsteps. What an inspiration, what a joy, that in our grand life symphony we make in our souls the joyousness of youth, the earnestness of maturity and the serenity and mellow richness of age, all the range of expression that reveals changes and chances of this mortal life. So to live is heaven to make undying music in the world.

—o—

Who knows but what our familiar wild flower, the hay-fevered goldenrod, may yet become a magic golden wand, waving wealth to this nation. Thomas A. Edison, the wizard of the world, has been experimenting with hundreds of plants in an attempt to discover some from which rubber may be manufactured, says that "goldenrod, plain goldenrod that grows wild and abundantly in nearly every state, is one of the best sources of rubber I have found among native wild plants."

—o—

The Sante Fe railroad is starting a campaign against loan sharks. "There are instances of loans," it is stated, "in which the borrower has paid as high as $17 against a $10 loan and still owes the principle." The most effective remedy for this kind of thing is to let the loan shark a-lone.

TREES

The maple is for tables, spread
With golden-crusted, kindly bread;
It sends the sirup that can bring
The resurrection of the spring.

The oak—that's for men's yokes and carts,
Faith and harrows and their heart.

The fir tree is the roving tree,
And wears great sails across the sea.

The apple is the heaven's gate;
The rains of life on poplars wait.

But houses where we love and dine,
Are grown and sanctified in pine;
And over all our joys is hung
The music that its boughs have sung.

—The Christian Register

DOES MAN REALLY OWN ANYTHING?

(Thos. F. Opie, D. D.)

No man, really, finally and in last analysis, "owns" anything out-and-out. He does not really own an acre of land—not a foot of ground. Did he "buy" it? From whom? Where did the seller get it? Did he inherit it? From whom? Where did the deceased get it? That was here before man existed! Before man bought, sold "squatted," confiscated, or inherited—land was here unowned and unlisted.

Did God call the earth into being in a moment of time? Did God through cycles of ages gradually bring into existence. Did the earth come into being through millions of years, through process of Nature? But what is Nature, aside from God, the Creator? "The earth is the Lord's." Not a foot of ground—not a city lot—not a country acre is any man's—except as a steward or a tenant.

Are you making a livelihood in timber, in cotton, in tobacco? Whence came the raw materials? Is it all yours, to do with as you please? Or is there an unseen Partner? Are you making a livelihood out of manufacturing? Whence came the materials? Whence, indeed, comes the very power that runs your machinery? Is it water-power? No man ever created a river! Is it gasoline? No man ever created a gallon of crude oil, which is the basis of your gas. Is it electricity? Who created it? Surely man did not! Man did not create even the copper, the iron, the steel in the dynamo. Man did not create the material in the building which houses his factory. Man cannot even create a match—unles the material be furnished by Nature.

The whole earth is the Lord's—land for building-lots; rock for building material; sand for glass, cement and all other building projects; clay for brick and tile.

Copper for the making of pennies; nickle for the making of coin; silver for the dime, quarter half-dollar and dollar; gold paper—the very ink on the certifiicates came out of the ground, the latter in the form of coal tar, which is the basis for printer's ink. The very steel or gold in the pen with which you sign your name to drafts and checks, came out of God's bank—the repository of Nature.

Are we rogues and confiscators—misappropriating and embezzling? Or are we honest stewards, loyal tenants, faithful co-partners—true fellow-laborers with the Almighty? "All things come of Thee, O Lord—and of Thine own have we given Thee."

There is no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

—Ruskin.

ARE MODERN YOUNG PEOPLE GOING TO THE BAD?

(The Silver Cross)

It has been called to our attention that the seniors have continually published their ideas of our young people. It seemed fair that we should hear what the young people think about youth and its problems.

So here it is, written by one of our own fine Christian girls, full of life, but true to high ideals. Our members will be impressed by the frankness of this article and through it, we hope they will realize that our problem is to think through with youth to a better understanding of today's problems.

Some of them are going the pace—but isn't that true of every rule?—but I'm speaking of young people as a whole, the class that make up the country. Truly, they're fine people, there's just any amount of good in nearly all of them. They are sane and level headed, they are pals and true friends—well—they are just normal, life-loving young people, that's all.

Don't you admire their frankness? Frankness about things you, when you were their ages, wouldn't have admitted talking about. But its better to play the game of "Frank and Earnest" than "Blind Man's Buff" about vital questions and answers, isn't it? It isn't a sign of lack of modesty—it's merely the trend of the age. We're just going in the path partly cleared for us by the generation before. I like something Dorothy Canfield says, "Youth has only the embryo of personality and no experience worth mentioning." We're just having our experiences now, we haven't enough years on us to be developed as yet, and we can hardly escape accepting the prevailing fashion! And who started the prevailing fashion? Why, the preceding generation! May sound rash, but I believe it's true. Youth may play the tune a bit jazzier, but it's the same tune, developed with youth's originality.

Speaking of fashions,—once it was fashionable to go buggy-riding, wasn't it? You went, and I bet you went as far as the horses would take you. Since fashion has given us that eater of space, the automobile, are we to be blamed for using it? Of course not! It beats the buggy, you know—saves time, and that is necessary in this fast age. And we didn't invent it—it was given to us.

You know, this generation is really no wilder than your generation, and I believe down deep in your hearts you know it. It has always been true, that older people see faults in youngsters, because they're looking for them. We're young and expected to make mistakes—but when we do! That's another story. Our frankness, that I've spoken of before, causes our elders a lot of worry. You see, we discuss things boldly while a lot of older folks whisper and work under cover. We just can't pretend to virtues and to hide our sins—we just aren't made that way—we're "Twentieth Century Kids" and that pretense isn't being done any more. We are expressing ourselves in our

own way as all the magazines, newspapers, preachers and parents say. But really we aren't doing a lot of harm by expressing our selves. Lots of us are doing little things by revolting and rebelling against traditions and conditions. We're doing things that really are worthy of commendation, by "expressing ourselves." Never in the history of our educational institutions have there been so many young men and women working their way through college or universities. That's the only one way of our "expression," but it is a noble one isn't it?

Did I hear some one mention drinking? Oh, my! Maybe that is being done, but by the best of folk. Ask any one's pet bootlegger who gives him the most money—and see if he don't say the "old folks." It isn't youth's money alone that supports him wholly. You don't often hear of boys and girls operating stills, do you? And are we the ones who make and sell every device and concoction for brewing, distilling, mixing, bottling and carrying the stuff? Not likely! You know, maybe we do things we oughtn't do, but did it ever occur to you that our elders are setting the example. Think it over.

If some parents I've heard of would quit talking about our being "rebellious and young and giddy" and try to discover our good points, instead of crying over our bad ones, there would be less migration of boys and girls from home. I like to think that there are more mothers and fathers who are pals to their children than the sort that throw up their hands in despair and say "I give it up, I simply don't know what is to become of our young people." I can't respect the person who talks like that. Why can't they try to understand us, instead of acting like martyrs to a cause? And you know there's something reassuring about this "rebellious" generation of ours—and that is, that the majority of us don't approve of the extremes to which our go-the-limit members are now going. There are some of us who do a lot of wild talking perhaps, but we take it out in talking, we really don't do a thing. We admit to some of us being failures, so far in life, but no factory ever turned out a thousand finished products without a certain percentage of failures, did it? And perhaps a little boost now and then would help these "failures" to get started again. Try using a policy of co-operation instead of opposition with us and see how that works. If we don't come to you with our problems, maybe it's because we aren't willing to trust our confidence to you—and why? Perhaps you haven't seemed vitally interested in us, whether we climbed up or down, perhaps you've condemmed instead of finding something about us to commend. You know there are ways and ways of reaching into our hearts. Try finding one or two of them. Don't spend so much time misunderstanding us. We're really not hard to understand, and we like to be fair. That's the way we play the game—fairly and squarely. Some one has said, "Youth hasn't changed any more than the age has changed," and how true it is. We aren't entirely different from you, a generation before, and for that reason it shouldn't be so hard for you to understand us. There's really no use trying to coerce this generation. A suggestion as to

a method of helping the situation—give us a standard of right and wrong, and then help us choose the right.

We're a pretty good sort, even though a few of us have caused the the rest of us to be blamed with drinking, petting, jazz, and all sort of crime. We're just simple Youth in search of life.

THIS I HAVE DONE TODAY

I found a soul that was lonely and sad;
This I have done to-day.
I spoke the word that has made him glad;
This I have done to-day.
I heard him lift his voice in praise;
It gave him hope for the better days,
And helped him walk in the holy ways,
This I have done to-day.

I found a soul that was stained with sin,
This I have done to-day.
And I brought him to Christ, who took him in,
This I have done to-day.
I knew my Lord; and what it had cost,
To save a soul like him who was lost,
So I guided his barque, that was temptest-tossed,
This I have done to-day.

I lifted his burden, when the day was long;
This I have done to-day.
It helped him carry his cross, with a song,
This I have done to-day.
Up where the mists have cleared away,
Out on the glory, shining way,
I will join his song in eternal day,
This I will do some day.

—The Telescope.

STANDING STRAIGHT

(Progressive Farmer)

At the Minnesota State Fair this week, I was standing with a friend watching the crowds of people pass.

This friend is a crank on posture and grace of bearing. He said, "Have you ever noticed how few people seem to take pride in being alive? See how they slouch along with shoulders stooped. Someone ought to teach people how to carry their shoulders."

I counted the next one hundred people that passed, and only 20 carried their chests and shoulders anyways near correctly.

When I was but a lad, a cousin, older than I was, took me to task for being round shouldered. She gave me candy, now and then, to jog my mind about my shouulders. As a result, I have had almost perfect health thus far in life. One brother and two sisters have passed away with some sort of lung trouble, and I doubtless would have also, had it not been for the interest this cousin took in me.

Let everyone who reads this straigten up his shoulders and breathe deeply. There's health, and increased vitality, and gladness in it.

Mental straightness is sometimes more difficult to attain than correct bodily posture.

There are no perfect minds. The tests that are now being given for mental alertness, while not absolute in their findings, point to a truth. We cannot determine the quickness of our minds, but we can determine the quality of our thoughts.

Since our thoughts write themselves upon our faces, it is easy to see that bad, weak, and fearful thoughts make our faces "slouchy" like the shoulders of a lazy boy or girl.

Yesterday I talked with a 15-year-old boy. His eye is clear, his countenance open, his manner frank. He is literally trying to live up to the teachings of his Christian parents.

His thoughts stand up straight!

Spiritual straightness assists the mind to hold itself ercet.

It is a pity that so many religions in the world do not contain the uplifting ideals of self and God that make people stand straight inside.

The Power that is back of all life is a Spirit like the Father Jesus taught us to worship. Only His truth will keep us straight in our souls.

A young man came to see me who was in trouble. I noted that his breath carried the odor of liquor. In deep shame he admitted it, and said, "I know that I need just one thing, and that is the power of God in me to make me stand up straight inside."

The prophet Isaiah was aflame with a vision of truth when he said, "The crooked shall be made straight."

If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his trouble.

—Franklin.

"TENTE ENCORE"

By Hjout Valdemir

Tente Encore demurred, but his nephew reminded him that he owed him a start in life on account of blood ties, so the uncle yielded. He drew his savings out of the bank and the nephew took charge of their investment. Soon the shop glittered with bright-colored paint and gilding, and the old-fashioned show cases were replaced by expensive ones. The humble household commodities that our mothers had bought so regular from Tente Encore's dependable stores, were banished and flashy jewelry substituted. A brilliant array of tobacco boxes and cigarette cases crowded the space formerly given over to harmless penny sweets, and the gaudily-attired nephew took his uncle's place, as a matter of course. Tente Encore did the chore work chiefly, and kept the books, which he insisted upon doing to be sure that no one was being overcharged.

Within six months people learned that nothing in the new stock of goods was as the swaggering nephew represented it, so trade fell off more and more. At the end of a year the inevitable crash came, and the men of whom the nephew had bought his flashy jewelry and cheap tobacco demanded payment. The nephew had bought his goods "on time," unknown to his uncle, who had been shown bogus receipts, and had used the money partly for advertising and partly to pay a pressing debt of his own.

"We'll simply go into bankruptcy and let the creditors take the stock, of which most has been sold," he said to his dejected uncle. "They can't touch what money we have because I've sworn that we haven't any cash—that the business didn't pay."

But that wasn't Tente Encore's way of donig business. He gave the creditors every cent in his possession, as well as the cheap, gaudy stock of goods, dismissed his sneering nephew and went away to seek the only kind of employment he knew much about—shop keeping. To his regretful friends he said that he was going to "try again" when he had earned a bit of money for a fresh start.

For a while we forgot Tente Encore, which is the way of many people busy with their own affairs. Then Robert came home to build a factory for a new business firm. When he inquired about his old friend, Tente Encore, one of the old school crowd remembered having run across the old Frenchman in a little general merchandise store in a railway town, where he was only a low-paid clerk.

"He's too old to start business for himself, even if he had the money, which of course, he hasn't," the young man remarked to Robert.

"He's isn't too old to take back his own little trade right here in our home town, where he made such a good reputation for honesty," said Robert. "Say, boys; how many of you were helped by Tente Encore? How many times did you try again just because he urged you to? I wish you'd try to get all the boys of our school-days together in the town hall on Saturday night. I'm too busy busy to hunt them up just now, but

I'll be on hand at the hall Saturday night with an idea to propose."

We met in the hall, twelve of us out of the scores that had gone to school together, for the rest were out of touch with the home town. Robert wanted to know how many of us cared to cheer up the old man who had kept us up to the high mark of cheerful endeavor by his affectionate zeal in our behalf. He felt that he owed his business success almost entirely to Tente Encore, who had prevented him from taking the wild step of running away from home.

As a result of that meeting we rented the familiar little store below the school building, which happened to be vacant, and, after painting the soiled blue and gilt walls the original neat fawn color, put in a few old-fashioned fixtures, which we stocked with just such wares as Tente Encore had so successfully dealt in our school days. The mothers of Tente Encore's little customers, that had now grown to manhood and left them to battle with the world, contributed heartily to the stocking of the little store which they declared the town still needed.

"Yes, and above all, the town needs such good, inspiring people as the old Frenchman, who taught us all to stick by our guns at any cost," said Robert fervently.

So Tente Encore came back to the little drab shop near the town school, and the children flocked in as of old; and, as of old, made friends with the cheery old man who had lately become cheerier than ever. He said it made a young man of him again—even a boy—to be so richly blessed by the good God who had given him so many good friends in his old age.

He is still there, a brave, sunny, gallant old figure, doing his best to encouraged young laggards with his spirited advice, "tente encore!"

The little elderly Frenchman, who kept an old-fashioned stationery store near our town school, spoke broken English, for he had not been long in this country when he settled in our community. He soon won our regard by his square dealings on all occasions, for, small as his trade was, he was as particular about tiny matters as if they had been vast transactions involving great profit. If a hurried school-boy rushed into the little shop to replace a slate he had broken on his way, and had only time to grab the uppermost slate of the neat little pile on the counter, and found it marred in any way, the shopkeeper insisted upon giving him a new slate. If a good looking eraser proved unsatisfactory when tried at school, the shopkeeper had but to be told of the fact and the mistake would be corrected, sometimes by the presentation of a much larger and better rubber.

We boys fell into the habit of confiding our difficulties to the always attentive little Frenchman, who was young at heart that he seemed like a boy who had mysteriously grown gray without the ordinary aging process; who understood so well the needs of boyhood that he was never impatient with our faults and boisterousness. If we failed in our examinations or were disgraced by bad conduct marks we grumbled out our troubles to the shopkeeper. But he would have no talk of failure in his presence

"Tente encore!" he would admonish with fervor, for he did not know the English words for his favorite advice (try again). Then he would he

would give us a spirited little lecture, interpersed with French words, but English enough to be understood by us.

"There is no such thing as failure to the boy that perseveres," he declared over and over. "You may not get just what you want, but you can't fail of getting something, if you work hard enough. Endeavor is what brings success in the end; lack of it brings failure. Then none of you must stop trying for what you should have, for there are no shirks among you, I think."

But there were shirks among us—several of them, though the cheery little Frenchman would not acknowledge it. Always he kept encouraging them with his ardent "Tente Encore," until the phrase somehow replaced his foreign-sounding name, and everybody took to calling him Tente Encore. Small as his business was he prospered because of his rigid honesty. All his wares were exactly as he represented them to be. One could depend upon his word in any case.

There came a day when my chum, Robert, stayed away from school because he had twice failed in his examinations besides getting low marks in mathematics for many weeks running. His father, who had business plans all laid out for Robert, insisted upon his continued study of arithmetic which the boy hated above all other studies, and Robert had revolted and had made up his mind to run away and find some pleasant employment that would furnish him with enough money to live on. I came upon him during the noon recess, when most of us went home for lunch. He was waiting to bid me bood-bye in Tente Encore's little shop, which I had to pass on my way home.

Just as Robert was going out the door the Frenchman laid a detaining hand on his shoulder. "I know something is wrong," he said, "because I have a boy's heart myself and can feel things even when they are not told to me. Don't do what is in your mind. Take a fresh grip of the things that bother you. Just one more 'tente encore.' "

Robert yielded finally, though he vowed he would make only one more trial and only to please his friend, at that.

"Well, then, make it with all your strength, my boy," Tente Encore begged. "Remember it will be your own fault if you fail."

And Robert did put all his young energy into that last endeavor to master the difficult, and, to him, odious study in which he had so often failed. He not only passed well in the fall examinations, but by that time he was more than interested in mathematics.

There were plenty of other boys besides Robert who stuck to their appointed tasks through the inspiring admonitions of Tente Encore, and these boys scattered to various parts of the country when their school life ended and they started out on business careers. Robert fulfilled his father's wishes by taking hold of the rather intricate manufacturing business, for which he was especially trained in mathematics, and for a time he stayed away from his home town. The school remained, of course, and our places were filled by younger boys, all of whom patronized the little stationery shop in the adjoining block, which had by that time been slightly enlarged and stocked with

odds and ends of household articles, all of which were the best of their humble kind. Tente Encore's busi- had increased and he was laying aside an old age fund against the time when the duties of shop keeping would be too much for his declining strength.

Then came a sudden change to the shop. A flashy, showy young nephew appeared from New York, where he had lived for seven years without so much as writing his uncle a card, because things had gone well enough with him. But now that he needed his uncle's help, he had condescended to visit him. He looked the shop over and laughed contempously at the old-fashioned stock in trade.

"There's no money in this stuff," he declared. "You must get in line with up-to-date business methods. Advertise. Get in attractive-looking goods and gild up your fixtures. I'll take charge for you, and you'll see things hum, for I know something about money-making methods."

THE "SKEETER AIN'T NO COUSIN O' MINE

There are things that makes us happy
  In these lovely autumn days,
And there are things that cause displeasure
  In so many, many ways.
That there insect called a skeeter
  With his note so very fine,
Comes around a-singing, "Cousin"—
  Well, he ain't no kin o' mine.

He is found in many places—
  When a fellow's seeking rest,
This little energetic skeeter
  Always try to do his best.
He will buzz around his victim
  With his note so very fine,
Singing, "Cousin, cousin, cousin"—
  Well, he ain't no kin o' mine.

So the world is fighting skeeters
  With the spray and mowing blades,
Warring on his hiding places
  In the swamps and everglades.
But he keeps a-singing "Cousin"
  In his notes so very fine.
He may be kin to you, my brudder,
  But he ain't no kin o' mine.—Marvin Hunt.

COLUMBUS

(Mecklenburg Times)

The most heroic story of history—the story of the voyage of Christopher Columbus and the discovery of America—was celebrated October 12. On that day in 1492 when Columbus discovered a new continent, who could have guessed what important part of the globe that continent would become, containing, as it does, several of the greatest nations in the world.

The story of Columbus in itself is inspiring and magnificent—the story of a brave pioneer who feared no disaster, spared no effort, to prove to his own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of Europe that the world was indeed round. Little honor was paid to Columbus during life-time; he was jeered and thought crazy; his path was beset with difficulties and dismay, his accomplishment disbelieved, his theories discounted. Yet today his name is held in reverence the world over.

Since the days of Columbus the Eastern and Western worlds are close neighbors; Lindberg, by spanning the Atlantic in an airplane, showed us how close they really are. In the days of Columbus the way from Europe to America was beset with perils, both real and imaginary, and sailors on comparatively short trips always feared, tremblingly, that they would come to the "edge of the world" and fall off.

Now we do not fear the "edge of the world;" science and improved methods of transportation have destroyed the bugabooes of the past; now a man may talk in one continent, and by radio, be heard across the seas; distance has been demolished—travel has become a pleasure instead of a hazardous undertaking. Yet we still cannot even glimpse the mystery of life, the Divine Purpose of it all—and probably never shall. We know more and more about ourselves—but have no knowledge than in the past of the workings of Providence. But just as Columbus praised God for his accomplishment, so must we too praise God for the things that have come to pass since the days of Columbus.

Think of brave Columbus! Whitman sung of him, "old' poor and paralyzed," nevetheless thanking God for His Divine help. We who have not to face the martyrdom of a Columbus, nor encounter the difficulties that he encountered, should surely not be swayed from the spiritual by the mechanical and scientific discoveries of this age. The Soul of Man is more important than man's accomplishments, important though they be.

I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world, yet when Christ calls me home I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school. Death will never take me by surprise—do not be afraid of that. I feel so strong in Christ.—Dr. Judson.

A COLLEGE STUDENT'S KNOWLEDGE ABOUT HEALTH

At a meeting of the American Public Health Association in May, 1926, Dr. Livingston Farrand, president of Cornell University, presented a summary of what in his opinion the college student should know about health. This summary presented by Doctor Farrand was published in the New York Times. It is such a concise presentation of the question, and. therefore, should be of interest to the several thousands of college students matriculating in the various colleges of North Carolina this fall, that we herewith present the summary exactly as stated by Doctor Farrand.

"1. He should have a knowledge of the physiological basis for sound health habits, such as regular and sufficient hours of sleep, right posture, suitable exercise and proper elimination.

"2. He should know the types, amounts, and proportion of the various food elements essential to the proper nurture. of his body.

"3. He should have an acquintance with the principles of normal mental action and the conditions underlying the more common variations from normal state of mind.

"4. He should have a general understanding of the sex instinct—its stages of development, its normal expression, and the values and penalties attaching to it.

"5. He should have a knowledge of the factors determining infection and resistance and the principles of artificial immunization in the case of certain of the common infectious diseases.

"6. He should have enough knowledge of the causes and prevention of the degenerative diseases to offer a prospect of passing through middle life without a breakdown.

"7. He should know, and, therefore, be armed against, health hazards lurking in the environment, such as polluted water and milk supply, congestion in housing, poisonous dusts of certain industries, infected soil, etc.

"8. He should appreciate the necessity for frequent medical and dental examination.

"9. He should have an intelligent basis for choosing wisely his medical and dental advisers, and for realizing that the modern practice of medicine is grounded on science and not on mystery, fancy and tradition.

"10. He should have a knowledge of the important health problems facing the community, of the methods of attacking those problems, and of the results to be expected from intelligent community action in the public health field."

A man's conscience is liken unto a black-board; he can erase it, but still the dust of the misdeed remains.—Brewster Davis.

WAITED THIRTY DAYS FOR FIRST STUDENT

(Asheville Citizen)

That the faculty of the University of North Carolina, consisting of the president and one teacher, waited 30 days at the institution's opening in 1795 before the first student enrolled, was one of the many interesting facts recalled by Prof. R. D. W. Connor, Kenan professor of history and government, in a chapel address before University students recently.

Hinton James was the first student. He walked all the way from Wilmington and for some weeks was the whole student body. Students then began coming in and at the close of the first year there were some 45 and the institution was firmly established.

History of School

Professor Connor's address was the first of a series of lectures he is to deliver on the history of the University.

The series was arranged primarily for new students of the University. As Professor Connor explained: "'You will be citizens of this University campus for the next four years, and for you to be good citizens you must know something about the University's history and traditions.''

Prior to 1776, Professor Connor explained in sketching the background of the University, there were nine institutions of higher learning in the United States, every one of them under the control of some religious denomination.

Need for Leaders

''In 1776 when the American people declared their independence and set out to win that independence and to set up a government depending on the intelligence and ability of the masses those men realized the need that there should be trained leaders in every field.''

"And so when North Carolina people came to adopt a constitution in 1776, though in the midst of a great war, they stopped long enough to create a public school system and to place at the head of that system one or more state universities.''

''It should mean a great deal to you,'' Professor Connor told the students, ''when you come to realize that North Carolina took the lead in founding state universities which have been the characteristic institutions of learning in the United States ever since and that this is the oldest state university in the country.''

So said Mrs. Thomas O'Berry, President of Federated Clubs, N. C. ''I believe that every woman in North Carolina, if she realizes the discrimination against the child in the rural districts and that the children in the rural districts where there is a six months term lose one year out of three will want the eight months term.''

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE"

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Robert B. Babblington, of Gastonia, founder of the North Carolina Orthopaedic Hospital, is probably the greatest benefactor the State has ever produced within the last half century or perhaps in her entire history. It was due to his untiring efforts, energy and sacrifice that hundreds and perhaps thousands of little children, deformed and crippled from disease or birth, have been restored to normalacy and have been given a place in the general run of affairs to do for themselves; otherwise would have been handicapped all through their lives. Did you ever talk to a girl or boy who were patients at this institution? Never has one gone there for treatment that has wanted to leave, and to see the glorified expression when telling of the wonderful results attained is sufficient to give Mr. Babblington first place in the hearts of the people of our great commonwealth. This great man and his efficient corps of assistants have rebuilt a large number of human bodies in a mould that otherwise would have been misfits in the general scheme of life. The hospital has recently finished a new dormitory for the accomodation of 135 additional patients, and provisions have been made for taking care of the colored as well as the white children of the State. North Carolina contributes to this institution in a generous way and the State is being repaid by the sunshine and happiness it dispenses in the reshaping of the bodies and limbs that were mishappen in the outest. We join with the big chorus of little folks throughout the State in singing the praises of Mr. Babbington and his highly developed plans of reconstruction of human bodies.

The Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior recently issued a bulletin entitled, "Is Your Child Ready for School?" It calls attention to the fact that many a child, who failed last year in making his grade, did so because of some physical defect which could have been remedied. It urges special concern for the health of the child of pre-school age Nutritious food and enough of it are emphasized. The bulletin observes that in a land which is literally flowing with milk and honey, several million of our children are suffering from malnutrition... The dependence of health upon play and exercise is also presented. Among other things stressed is that of correct posture. As over against a parental attitude toward the child of "nagging and distrust," the bureau feels that those stimulants of "appreciation and confidence" exert a more wholesome influence. It is timely just now for the home to ask the question, "Is our child ready for school?"

—Exchange—

FEW PRESIDENTS ENTERED WHITE HOUSE WEALTHY.

(Washington D. C.)

Only three presidents have had private fortunes large enough to compare with that of Herbert Hoover—George Washington, Theodore Roosevelt and Warren G. Harding.

Washington, although reputed to be one of the richest men of his day, was oot a millionaire. His father left 5,000 acres and 22 slaves, but little money, and only a small part of the estate went to George as a younger son. The larger part of his wealth came through his marriage with Martha Dandridge Curtis, a widow who owned much land as well as stock in the Bank of England. When he died his estate was appraised at $530,000 exclusive of the value of Mt. Vernon and apart from Mrs. Washington's private estate. John Adams, most of whose life was spent in public office, did not accumulate any substantial wealth.

Jefferson Poor

Thomas Jefferson, like Washington, was a great land owner, his marriage with the widow Skelton having brought him 40,000 acres to add to his own considerable estate. Nevertheless, his income was never large enough to do much more than cover his expenditures, in spite of his attempts to augment it by such industrial enterprises as his nail mill. At 65 he retired from the presidency $20,000 in debt. Even his treasured library was sold in an effort to liquidate.

From Jefferson to Rutherford B. Hayes, a few of our American Presidents were more than well-to-do and some were actually very poor. James Madison was dependent on his father until he was fity, when the latter died and left an estate and 100 slaves. He was, however, like so many Virginia gentleman, "land poor" and the threat of poverty hung over his last years. James Monroe under pressure of his indebtedness sold his farm in Virginia and lived with his son-in-law in New York. John Quincy Adams, likewise, after a life spent in public service, was obliged to mortgage his home and finding his income still too slender to support his family, accepted re-election to congress during his declining years as a means of earning a living. Jackson and Van Buren were well-to-do but by no means wealthy, even when judged by the standards of their day.

Most of the presidents of the early years rose from poverty to a position of some comfort before they reached the White House, but William Henry Harrison, of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" fame, appears to have reversed the process. Born in a manor house in Virginia and with a brilliant military record, he failed as a farmer. He then tried for a while to make an income by running a whiskey distillery on his place.

Was Also A Clerk

Giving this up as a bad job he became clerk of the Hamilton (Ohio) county court. With this picturesque background he became the idol of the American people in the "log cabin

and hard cider'' campaign.

When Harrison died after a few months in office, the Vice-President, John Tyler, who happened to be at his home in Williamsburg, Va., when the summons to the White House reached him, had to make the trip to Washington. Tyler, Fillmore and Pierce were likewise men of small means and plain living when they were called to the Presidency. James Buchanan, the only President to die a bachelor, was somewhat more prosperous. Before he entered politics he had built up a law practice in Pennsylvania which brought in $12,000 a year, a huge sum in those days. After he entered public life, however, he had little besides his official salary and could by no means be counted a wealthy man.

Then came Abraham Lincoln. His humble origin and his indifference to money are too well known to be repeated. But even he was in comfortable circumstances compared with those Andrew Johnson, endured during the greater part of his life. Continuing at his tailor's trade for many years after he entered politics. Johnson was the only real working man who had entered the White House.

Grant, who had failed to make a living on his little Missouri farm which he had appropriately named ''Hard Scrabble,'' was making a new start in the hide business when the Civil War came. A fighting general, who scorned to enrich himself by deals with army contractors, he accumulated little during the war. After eight years in the White House he made a bold but futile attempt to grow rich by becoming a partner in a New York banking house. Betrayed by his associates, the firm failed and the Civil War hero spent his last years writing his ''Personal Memoirs'' so that his debts mights be paid and his family provided for.

From Hayes to McKinley, we encounter a somewhat different type in the White House—men, most of whom were born in poverty but had acquired a substantial income principally as lawyers before they were elected to the presidency. Hayes, it is true, inherited a small fortune and Arthur the Republican boss of New York, had a handsome income if we may judge by his somewhat ostentatious style of living. But the type—the comfortable, well-to-do leader of the communities—is that which the American people preferred during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

A new era opened with Theodore Roosevelt, the only president who was really born with a silver spoon in his mouth. But even he could probably never have reached the White House if he had kept this silver spoon in full view of the American people. Instead he presented himself to their view as the ranchman, the ''rough rider,'' as one of themselves, rather than as New York aristocrat. At his death however, he left an estate appraised at $881,082, a large part of which he had inherited.

William Howard Taft, although never poor, and the brother of a millionaire, spent his life in the public service without accumulating anything that might reasonably be called a fortune. After he retired from the White House his income was supplemented by the proceeds of his voluminous writing and frequent lectures.

Woodrow Wilson had nothing except his salary until after the death of his first wife when he, like Wash-

ington and Jefferson, married a widow who was blessed with a fair share of this world's goods.

Warren G. Harding at his death left an estate valued at approximately $750,000, but a large part of this was unquestionably due to the increment of the value of his newspaper, the The Marion Star, after he became President.

Calvin Coolidge entered the White House with little except the modest earnings which he had been able to put aside from his relatively small official salaries which he had received He will, however, retire with a small fortune, it is believed, partly as a result of his savings—and no man in the White House has ever saved a larger percentage of his salary—but also as a result of the very judicious investments which he is reputed to have made in such sound securities as U. S. Steel during the so-called "Coolidge boom."

THE WORLD IS LOOKING FOR MEN

—who can act.
—who never give up.
—who can do things.
—who have character.
—who are never idle.
—who can not be bought.
—who can show results.
—who can see opportunities.
—who have original ideas.
—who never get in a rut.
—who carry out an agreement.
—who are not afraid to work.
—who do something every day.
—who never recognize defeat.
—who advocate a square deal.
—who can act without orders.
—who can see their duty and do it.
—who accomplish what they begin.
—who are not afraid to be leaders.
—who merit the confidence of others.
—who can originate as well as follow.
—who profit by the mistakes of others.
—who have ability, honor and intergrity.
—who are not frightened by competition.
—who do things that could wait until tomorrow.

—Selected.

THE RED CROSS

(Charity and Children)

For several years the Red Cross has been a blessed agency of help and healing to thousands of people in this country overtaken by distress and disaster. Without its ministration of mercy it is hard to conceive what we would do. There are times when misfortune is so wide spread that only an agency world wide in its scope would meet the situation and the emergent demands. The South has been especially stricken by disaster of late years. Not yet over the floods of the Mississippi valley, the dreadful storm of Florida and Porto Rico shocked the world, brought suffering and death to thousands of people and left many more thousands homeless and destitute. The Red Cross has been on the spot from the first and is doing wonderful work of relief to those in abject distress. The great organization in every community in the United States, as well as in other parts of the world, makes it the one agency of relief to which all eyes are turned in time of calamity. The death list in Florida has been appaling. The bruised and mangled make their mute appeal to the world untouched by the storm, untold millions of property have been swept away, and disease threatens many of those who are helpless as the result of the wind and the water. In the midst of all this misery the Red Cross, like an angel of mercy, is busy day and night in its work of relieving distress, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. He is a cold hearted man who in health and strength turns a deaf ear to the Red Cross call.

JUST FOR TODAY

"Lord for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me from any stain or sin just for today;
Let me both diligently work and duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed, just for today,
Let me be slow to do my will, prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself, just for today,
Let me no wrong or idle word unthinking say,
Set Thou Thy seal upon my lips just for today.
So for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, just for today."

—Paul Ambrose.

BIBLES FOR BRYD EXPEDITION

The New York Bible Society has presented to Richard E. Byrd for the Antarctic expedition, eleven Bibles and sixty copies of the New Testament. The Bibles are in good type and it is designed that a copy will be in each place in the Antarctic where a number of men may be located. The sixty New Testaments, one for each man of the Expedition, are small vest pocket edition, India paper, and in clear large type. All the books were lettered in gold on the outside "Byrd Antarctic Expedition."

When the men are in the far South, far from all civilazation, the only reading matter available will be that which has been taken from New York, and it is most appropriate that the New York Bible Society should have furnished copies of the Scriptures for the men who will be so long a time in isolation.

A letter from Mr. Byrd addressed to the New York Bible Society at the Bible House at No. 5 East 48th Street, is as follows:

"I am deeply grateful to the Managers of the New York Bible Society for their offer to present our Antarctic Expedition with a number of Bibles.

The suggestion that a number of small individual ones, furnished by the New York Bible Society, be taken along is most agreeable, and I want to thank you for the kind sentiment that prompted you to think of presenting them to us."

"There are more different kinds of trees and plants to be found in North Carolina than in any other state in the Union," said H. M. Curran, forester for the State Department of Agriculture, who has spent seven years in the Philippines, three years as forester for the Argentine government, and several years in Brazil and the Central American re public as a forestry expert.

"In our mountains we find the typical timbers of Canada, including the spruce, the balsam, the beach, the birch and the maple, while in the southern section of the state we find tropical trees, such as the palmetto and others. We also lead in the production of plants and shrubs, there being found here nearly all the plants common to the entire temperate zone, as well as trees. The trailing arbutus, for example, is in reality the famous New England mayflower, except that it blooms in April, while in New England it blooms a month later and thus derives the name it bears in that section of the United States.

"The cranberry is also found in the mountains of North Carolina. This is a northern plant, as is the winter-green."

—The Agricultural Review.

FOR BOOK-LOVERS.

By Percy B. Prior

Hans Anderson, the man who never grew up! What boy or girl has not read and loved the wonderful fairy tales of Hans Anderson? If there are any young folks who have not, they are unfortunate; they do not know what a rare rich treat they have missed, for his enchanting stories are unlike any other fairy tales.

And Hans Anderson's life was just like one of his tales. He was born a peasant, and he died a king.

At Odense, in Denmark, this man, who was to delight the world, first saw the light on April 2, 1805. His father was a poor cobbler, and could not afford to send him to school, but the childhood of Hans was a joyous dream; he lived in a world of his own. At eighteen he went to school, but learned little, and eventually spent his life wandering and writing. Before long he became recognized as a man of great talent, and was loved by all for his tales. Kings, princes and celebrities of the world delighted to do him honor.

At the age of seventy he passed away. He was buried like a king, and all Denmark mourned at his graveside.

The secret of his gift was that he never grew up; he looked at life through the eyes of a child who sees only the wonder and magic of the world.

You can read all his tales in the book entitled, "Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales."

There is apparently no comparison between the private fortunes of Smith and Hoover. Except for the short period when he was enjoying $50,000 a year as head of a big trucking corporation, the New York governor has never had anything except his official salary to care a large and active family.

Hoover on the other hand, returned to the United States from his engineering and business activities in all quarters of the globe with a substantial fortune, which sound investment should have more than doubled the past year.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Vernie Goodman, secretary to the superintendent, is visiting her parents in Mooresville.

Quite a number of our boys enjoyed visits from friends and relatives last Wednesday.

Mr. W. W. Johnson, principal of our school department, is enjoying a vacation, and Mr. G. Lee Simpson is teaching in Room No. 1 during his absence.

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at the second cottage is spending her vacation with friends and relatives in Shelby and Spartanburg, S. C.

With the continuance of real summer weather the work of cotton picking and filling the silos is showing great progress.

Several members of our staff went to Charlotte last Thursday night to greet Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, Democratic candidate for President.

The large riser pipe, about 60 feet in length, leading up to our water tank, has been repaired. A frost proof casing consisting of a double thickness of wood, with an air space in between, should prevent any further trouble from freezing weather.

The radio fans here at the school were glad to learn that station WBT at Charlotte will not be compelled to divide its time with station WPTF of Raleigh. With the installation of high power equipment in November, the Charlotte station will be granted full-time operation according to the latest ruling by the Federal Radio Commission.

The service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon was very interesting. Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, made a few remarks to the boys, after which he introduced Rev. L. C. Bumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. Rev. Bumgarner is a newcomer to this community and we are glad to welcome him to the institution. His talk was both helpful and interesting and was enjoyed by all present.

Last Thursday evening we assembled in the auditorium where we enjoyed a program provided by several friends from Concord. Supt. Boger first introduced Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, who in her usual entertaining manner described her recent trip to Europe, especially emphasizing the time she spent in the Arctic countries. Then Mrs. Lowe rendered several vocal selections in a very creditable manner. Her rendetion of the popular song, "Ramona," was the one most favorably received by the boys. Mrs. Leslie Correll, a well-known Concord musician furnished the piano accompaniment. We feel greatly indebted to these good people, who so generously contributed to our entertainment and hope they will visit us again.

POPULAR PRICE EXCURSION

TO

Washington, D. C.

VIA

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Friday, October 19, 1928
Round trip fare from Concord $11.50
Tickets on sale Friday, Oct. 19, for all trains (Except Cresent Limited.)
Final limit good returning on all regular trains (Except Cresent Limited) so as to reach original starting point prior to midnight Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1928.

Fine opportunity to visit the Nation's Capital.

For further information and sleeping car reservations call on any Southern Railway agent.

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent,
Charlotte, N. C.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 27, 1928. No. 40

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

Lord Grey, the most famous of British diplomats, says in a notable essay—

"Books are the greatest and most satisfactory of recreations. I mean the use of books for pleasure. Without books, without having acquired the power of reading for pleasure, none of us can be independent; but if we can read we have a sure defence against boredom in solitude. If we have not that defense, we are dependent upon the charity of family, friends, or even strangers, to save us from boredom; but if we can find delight in reading, even a long railway journey alone ceases to be tedious, and long winter evenings to ourselves are inexhaustable opportunities for pleasure."

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A PRAYER

To grow a little wiser day by day,
To school my mind and body to obey,
To keep my inner life both clean and strong,
To free my life from guile, my hand from wrong
To shut the door on hate and scorn and pride,
To open them and leave the windows wide,
To meet with cheerful heart what comes to me,
To turn life's discords into harmony,
To share some weary worker's heavy load,
To point some straying comrade to the road,
To know that what I have is not my own,
To feel that I am never quite alone;
This would I pray from day ot day,
For then I know my life would flow
In peace, until it be God's will I go.—Anon.

WIDER HIGHWAYS ARE COMING SLOWLY, BUT COMING.

When the first hardsurfaced highways were built, we were all proud to have a road nine feet wide. Then it was horses and horse drawn vehicles, and if one had to take a part of the ditch in passing it was easy, and no harm was done. But the State Highway Commission built its first road standard, eighteen to twenty feet wide roads, with plenty of room for two to pass at any

speed; but even these wide roads demonstrated early in the game that they would be much more comfortable if wider. It is true, very true, that if each driver traveled at the same gait, these standard roads would still be wide enough, but there are those who are almost as much out of place, so far as keeping up is concerned, in fast traffic as a horse drawn vehicle. If all went the same pace there would never be any passing of a party going the same direction; but since there are so many paces at which automobiles and trucks travel, those who want to go fast cannot make any time when there is a road full of vehicles coming in the opposite direction. As proud as is the average citizen of our system of State Highways, it has been demonstrated that there is comfort in driving over a wider road than our standard roads, and this fact is the more fully demonstrated on days when there are thousands of cars on the roads. On these days the fast and the slow drivers mix very poorely, for the want of room to pass. The Wilkinson Highway, from Charlotte to Gastonia was built approximately thirty feet wide; wide enough for three to drive abreast, and wide enough to pass the other fellow, provided the man coming in the opposite direction was on his side of the road; but seems it proves that it might as well have built the standard; for it has been made forty feet within two years after it was built new. When the new highway from Greensboro to High Point was made forty feet to start with; or a four track road, and any one driving over that road after coming off a narrower road feels the difference in the tension, as compared with a narrow road. Seeing how well that wide road worked, the road from High Point to Thomasville, which had carried up to 7,000 vehicles per day, was widened on both sides to make it the width of the Greensboro-High Point boulevard. These wide roads are the forerunners of more of such; in the building of which the State Highway Commission will be guided by the denseness of the traffic between given points. These will come gradually, of course, but will come; and it is to be expected, too that sections like those named, and other densely populated centers will get these wide roads first.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A DUTY

It is evident by the activities of the women in politics all over the country during this presidential campaign that it is the golden age in the liberation of womanhood. The door of opportunity is open to them and they are availing themselves of every privilege accorded—entering into politics as never

before, side by side, with the masculine voters who some years back looked upon their sisters with secondary consideration.

It is a far cry back when women were by virtue of traditions forced to conform their lives to the antiquated, provincial ideas that woman's highest service, and chief service, was home making—remaining, so to speak, circumscribed by the four walls of her home.

In this age of marvelous progress there has been a shifting of scenes, and with this change many of the fossilized ideas have crumbled, and instead there has become a broader and unquestioned field of activity opened up for women.

Colleges and Universities are now offering equal opportunities and she is making her brother student hustle as she masters the many subjects; she has armed herself with the doctor's equipments and with assurance moves through the country bringing the sick back to health and at the same time giving relief; she has also the nerve to meet her brother lawyer of the same profession with a poise and assurance that puts him up to his wits to keep from being outstripped; she has always held an outstanding place as teacher,—her inborn qualities making her peculiarly fitted for the work; her activities in the church go unchallanged; in the welfare program of child life she has rendered valuable service; she, in short, has proved herself the equal of the stronger sex in all avenues of service—and to-day the door of opportunities are thrown wide open to her. Her manner of procedure about office work and her power as an executive have in the majority of instances not been excelled, but, with all of these her number of attainments has been increased. The ballot has been given her and there is not a doubt that she is informing herself as to all question of state and nation, civic and moral, and will handle the situation as wisely and safely as the majority of men voters.

The women at this time are moving about with a personal interest, they know the conditions, and in this coming election are sure to exercise their rights as citizens—by VOTING.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

IT IS COMING

The people of the entire country during the past few months have had no time, or disposition, to discuss any issues but questions pertinent to the presidential campaign, therefore, every other kind of news, so to speak, has been eliminated from the columns of the press making it difficult to get news that is con-

sidered news. But, the successful flight of the German dirigible, Graf Zeppelin, did attract the people at large despite the fact that the political cauldron continues to boil. Nothing in the way of news stands out more significant than this 111 hour flight of the Graf Zeppelin carrying 60 people including crew and passengers, because of the fact it is considered the safest flight across the Atlantic of all previous attempts of the air-minded.

This airship brought passengers who paid their passage in the same manner as if traveling on a steamer,so this event marks an epoch in history wherein there is an advance towards faster travel. Time is not far distant when people will be crossing the ocean at a rapid rate—eliminating distance —and linking nations by means of air travel.

Since the Wrights gave the impetus for air conquest it is evident that man is determined to make flying a part of our civilization just as motoring has become a necessity in the business and social life in the past decade.

Possibly this successful flight will lead up to the establishment of a regular passenger schedule by air from America to Europe—if so it will not be an unusual thing to hear of parties going abroad in some big aiship and we feel sure Concord will furnish its share of tourist for the initial trip.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

MR. ROBERT PHIFER

An absence of several years from friends often times obliterates from memory the outstanding characteristics of a life, but, not so in the case of Mr. Robert Phifer, a son of Cabarrus, because his quiet dignity and genial spirit, though a man of fortune, have left an indellible imprint upon the minds of all who knew him. He walked quietly but his influence for good was felt. This tribute from the Charlotte Observer is expressive of the high esteem in which Mr. Phifer was held by his many friends in Concord.

> Old days in Concord and old memories of the town and its departed citizenship are recalled with information of the death of Mr. Robert F. Phifer, which occured Tuesday, at Battle Creek, where he had been a sanitarium patient for about a year. Mr. Phifer was a representative of the original stock of Concord citizenship, being a son of Caleb Phifer, who was contemporary with the pioneer families of Allison, Ford, Gibson, in their day the commercial kings of Concord and the agricultural leaders of Cabarrus, all associated citizens in the integrity of the community and the royalty of the pioneer days. Mr. Phifer was a man of genial traits of character. He was one of the best types of "old timers," and he has gone on to join a company of the finest people the State ever knew.

"EVERY MAN FOR HIS TASK"

The writer was on an Atlantic liner not long since. The ship encountered a gale and the rough sea occasioned by the hurricane that in Porto Rico and Florida had carried death and disaster in its wake. The winds caused the ship to list and the swells of the ocean made it to obey their will, but the great engines kept her on schedule time. Then after the storm came the fog that seamen fear more than storm. The captain on the bridge who according to the rules of the sea, would not leave his post till the fog lifted, ordered that all port holes be closed so that in case of collison they would be prepared for the worst. But this same ship, master of fog and storm, when approaching New York harbor shut off the engines and came to a dead stop. "What are we stopping for?" ran the question among the passengers. "To take on the pilot," was the reply. Then I learned afresh that every man for his task. On the high seas the captain is king and in the great hours of danger he stays by his ship with wakeful eye, but when he enters port the pilot becomes the guide.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out the bourne of time and
place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

No one man, or set of men, or combination of many men, have a corner on Hope. This is one thing in the world that is cheap enough for everybody, and everybody can have some.

—o—

Did you ever stop a moment to think about Thought? The power of it. The magic of the mind. Carlyle says "Thought is the parent of Deed." How true. Things are Thoughts before they become things. George Eliot said, "Growing thought makes growing revelation." Great and noble thoughts are born for immortality. They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

—o—

Getting Up Speed.

The world is living pretty fast as it is, but there are adventurous souls who want to go through the world still faster. Fritz von Opel, from somewhere, seems to be compelled by daring desire to just simply speed his life away. He talks of a rocket car, in fact he is experimenting with it, by which he hope to reach a speed of 1,000 miles an hour. The idea must have come Max Valier's dream of rocketing from star to star. Some ten years ago Prof. Goddard, at Clark university, tried an experiment with rockets intended to hit the moon. The best he could do was to attain a nozzle velocity of 8,000 feet a second, with available combustibles. But he never hit the moon. Opel has an idea of going some, and I have no desire to go with him in a rocket ship at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour. That is tearing through the air too rapid for me. I prefer to remain upon terra firma. But if Fritz does succed in making in being shot on such a trip what a tale he will have to tell, if he ever gets back, alive, of the upper atmosphere. A tale of stars, sun and moon, blazing in an inky sky; of auroras, waving like diaphanus; shimmering curtains of strange electrical manifestations; of a cold that approaches absolute zero. It is part of the theory of rocket transportation that flights will be at an altitude of fifty miles. Great and wonderful things are yet to be in the future.

—o—

Sometimes, in our desire to get things done quickly, we are inclined to take short cuts without stopping to consider the final result and its effect. The man who gets things done is always in demand, and long as he keeps out of hot water and watches his steps he is valuable to his employer. Sometimes a fellow gets too brief. Brevity is all right if you make yourselves clear, and are brief. If you don't it isn't brevity and you do not save time. You waste it.

—o—

I would like to call your attention to the fact that a tree will make about a million matches. The wood is there to make them all with ease. A careless man can light one of those matches, and destroy about a million trees. Bewrae of carelessness with matches.

—o—

Constant Betterment Needed

It is well for a people to dream dreams, and see visions. But just dreaming of things will do no good.

We must see them in our mind. Once we get our minds trained to looking out for good things there is no telling where our limits will be. If we can but do this obstacles will become but challenges; hardships will but stir our determination; opposition will but quicken our desire. One may pass from vision to vision. The first vision achieved is not the end. Others will come and spur to further accomplishments. Vision is a progressive thing, leading from glory to glory. Think straight. It is free. You may have it. All that is necessary is the willingness to think soberly and sanely about your capacities and about what you want. See those things as possible and then set out with a vim and determination to get them.. It is nothing new. It is as old as time, and thousands of rugged people have passed that way before you. Yet to each new traveler the way is new and from its unfolding delights comes the rarest joy a human being may know. It is a joy because one knows his life is beginning to count. He means something. He is worth while. All this may be yours.

—o—

The Liverpool Post recently contained an editorial on the United States in which it was said that "Americans are a people disposed to think in large terms." And why not? We have a big country. We have big men. We have big crops. We have big cities. We have a big government. We have a big heart. We have big sympathy and generosity. Why shouldn't we think largely, and largely think?

—o—

When a fellow begins to feel the first symptoms of the swell-head, the best remedy to cure that feeling is to think how many men he could name that could fill his place. If he is honest with himself he'll find that his place, after he has passed out, will be like sticking your finger in a bowl of water and taking it out—there will be no indication that your finger had been in the water.

—o—

The First Earnings

I do not suppose that any boy ever forgets the first money he ever earned. There is a peculiarly strange and pleasing experience about it that comes from nothing else. I shall never forget the first money I ever earned, to be called all my own, to spend as I please. I felt as rich then as Henry Ford does now. It started me in the newspaper business. It was during the War between the States, at Orange, Va. Walking along the railroad one day, I found two bundles of papers, dailies—the Richmond Examiner and The Whig, a paper published at that time in Richmond. They had fallen from a passing train. Going back to town with the bundles under my arm, the people began to buy them, giving me, what they called then, "shinplasters," which were twenty-five cent Confederate paper notes. I sold out in a jiffy; the people were so anxious to get hold of the war news. I had such success that I ordered so many Examiners each day, and started in regularly to selling papers. My business succeeded. It gave me an appetite for newspaper work; and my first lessons, and then I graduated into a "printer's devil" in the local paper of my town. Then I went through the mill—every branch of the

newspaper work, until my burning desire to own a paper of my own accomplished. I shall never forget the long journey. I have owned four uapers in my career and a daily for 23 years. But the saddest experience I encountered was soon after my journalistic career started. I had sold papers for several weeks,, and had accumulated the princely sum of $20 in Confederate money, and thought I was rich enough to be a banker, when the surrender of Lee at Appamattox occured, and wiped out all Confederate money values, and my $20 wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. It liked to have broken my heart. I was a ten-year old Confederate boy bankrupt. But that failure fired my determination. I haven't been broke since.

—o—

Owen Meredith said, "Do not think that years leave us and find us the same again!" Life is arched with changing skies. A man is continually undergoing changes physically and intellectually. When a person of 50 looks at his photograph made when he was 20 he sees another person; and if it was taken when he was a baby, it is a curiosity to him. It is hard for an elderly man to recall himself when he was a boy. He is another person so far as his thoughts and mentality are concerned. But he can remember many things about his youth, and with many, perhaps, there are some things they would like to forget. It is the changes that lead up to higher things. As the Apostle Paul saw it and wrote, "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory."

—o—

To let a man knwo that you believe in him is one of the best helps in the experience of human nature. It often awakens in his conscience a decent instinct, even though he may have slipped so far down the social ladder as to regard truth and honor as mere figures of speech.

UNNECESSARY RED TAPE

A North Carolina official in advocating that North Carolina follow several other states and require couples who plan to get married to post a notice of their intentions several days in advance of the license purchase.

Such a move, in our opinion, would be absolutely useless. Just a lot of red tape, so to speak.

Do not the back-fencer sister spread the news now far better than would a notice on the court house door? With trimmings, too.

—Cleveland Star.

BACK TO THE HOME

By Thos. F. Opie, D. D.

Fathers! Mothers!! Children!!! If the world is ever to be made better, sweeter purer—stronger, firmer, holier, it is to be made so by this great corporation. If crime is to be lessened; if jails are to be kept empty; if hell itself is to be cheated, these will do it—these must do it. Courts and laws and statutes will never turn the trick! This whole matter of a world out of joint goes back to the HOME—where all social, ethical, religious matter go!

Dishonesty, trickery, theft, meaness and murder and muck are rampant in the land today as perhaps never before in the world's history. Fathers! Mothers! Children! What part have you in this program? In every crime, in every murder case, divorce scandal—in every low, mean, vicious act— there is a father, a mother or a child! And every kindly deed, in every loving act, in every goodly service—there is a father, a mother, a child! Thank God for noble fathers, for pure and true mothers and for sweet and innocent, loving and helpful children!

In an age of crime, who is at fault? When son or daughter goes wrong, who is at fault? When the prison closes on another young life, who is at fault? It all goes back to the home life! What of your daily conduct in the home? How does father treat mother? How does father treat children? How does mother deal with father? How with child? How do the children act toward father, and mother and sister and brother? Give me your answer to these questions and I will tell you what is to be the future of business, of progress—the Home, the State, the Church.

Is Father firm, noble, honest? Is Mother gentle, firm, patient? Is Child polite, obedient, helpful? No! Hence the religious life, the political life, the business life, the whole social relation is in danger today. There is no Family Altar. No Group Religion. No Daily Reading and Bible Study. No Family Worship.

Mr. Father, did your boy ever see you on your knees at home or hear your voice in prayer? Mrs. Mother, did your girls ever see or hear you in prayer. Have you taught your child how to pray, by example? If not, why wonder that Mary is a Flapper and that Johnnie is a wayward, worthless wastrel? How in the name of all that is good and holy could it be otherwise?

Why wonder that Mother's heart is broken? Why that Father's honor is wounded? Every boy that ever went to prison—every girl that went to a scarlet hell—every child that did wrong—came out of SOMEBODY'S HOME! What kind of a home have YOU?

There are three great training places where noble Manhood and pure Womanhood are made—and these are made out of Childhood. They are the Church, the School, the Home—and the greatest of these is the HOME! Fathers! Mothers! Are you training your children in Obedience, in Respect, in Cleanliness—in Honesty, Helpfulness, Thoughtfulness—in Love, Politeness, Cheerfulness— in PRAYER?

"Children are the keys of paradise; prayer." Blessed are the fathers they alone are good and wise, because and the mothers who have such child-their thoughts—their very lives are ren.

WORD PLAY

A man was spending his vacation at a camp. One day he asked a farmer who resided nearby what he did with such an enormous peach crop. The farmer replied: Well, we eat what we can and what we can't eat we can.

"We do the same thing, brother," said the questioner. "We sell what we can sell, and what we can't sell we cancel."—News Bulletin.

MANHOOD IN FLOWER.

(Christian Advocate)

How and when can we come to our best selves? What are the elements and whence are the forces that move us to our highest and noblest attainments? The centuries and the continents seem to join in the efforts.

Many elements are at work foreshadowing the better recognition of the universal order in which the individual comes to full flower. Men have crossed the continents and sailed beyond the horizons of every land until the nations are coming close together. The Ganges and the Mississippi are not for apart. The inhabitants on the banks of each are found to be much alike when once men go below the skin. They are all just folks of like passions and aspirations. The one with philosophies centuries old yield to the same gospel as does the other with no philosophy. More than that: the Hindoo has much to learn from the Anglo-Saxon, and the boastful American can get something from the introspective Indian. Then, too, the reflex good coming to those laboring for the less fortunate is always of surpassing worth. No man can live to himself in this world that we now live in; neither can he reach his best by himself in any world. The recluse is an abnormal man carrying most of all that he has into his isolation with him, unable to achieve much in his solitude. He owes more to the society left behind than he ever can give in return, just as every man in North Carolina todays owes more to the State and the church than he can ever hope to pay back notwithstanding the oft-heard outcry about high taxes and the many demands of the church. We forget that we are members one of another in a most real and vital way and that by our contracts we reach the full flour of life.

MISCHIEF AND MYSTERY.

By Frank Dorrance Hopley

Hallowe'en! The one night of the year when modern youth forgets, for a few hours, to be modern, and harks back to the customs and superstitioons of bygone days. A night when the radio and the airplane, the auto and electric lights are banished, for the time being, from the thought as if they never were, and by the flickering flame of the now much despised candle, apples are bobbed for, games played, and songs sung that bring again a glimmer of the almost forgotten past.

Away back in the dim ages, the arrival of the evening of the thirty-first of October—All Hallows Eve, as it was called—brought with it a flood of weird superstitions and quaint customs. On this eve efore All Saints Day, witches were believed to perform strange ceremonies and incantations. Phantoms and spectres were said to play fantastic games, and ghosts and goblins indulge in queer and erratic dances. Woe to the man or woman, girl or boy, who was found near a graveyard at the hour of midnight. They would be chased by the whole ghostly horde, who would try to frighten the life out of them so that they might join in the spirit dances of disembodied souls.

Among the simple and credulous folk, there was a well-established belief, that the spirits of the departed came back on Hallowe'en, and meted out punishment to such as deserved it, and gave grace and happiness to those who merited a more joyous existence.

There was also a weird superstition, which many really believed in the hearts, even though they would not admit it publicly, that a strange power was given to some of the living, so that their spirits might leave their bodies for a time, and join in the revels of the phantom throng, on mischief or mystery bent.

Hallowe'en is, undoubtedly, of pagan origin, and in the eariler days had a deep significance to the Druids and Romans.

Walsh, in his book on "Popular Customs," refers to it as a curious recrudescence of classical mythology, Druidic beliefs, and Christian superstitions.

"On November first," he says, "the Romans held a feast to Pomona, the goddess of fruits and seeds, and it was then that the stores laid by in the summer for use in the winter were opened. November first, or thereabouts, was also the great autumn festival to the sun, which the Druids celebrated in thanksgiving for their harvest.

"The Druids believed in transmigration and taught that on the eve of this festival, Saman, the lord of death, called together the wicked souls that within the last twelve months had been condemned to occupy the bodies of animals. Saman might be propitiated through the priests, by means of gifts and incatations to mitigate his sentence.

"November first was also one of the quartan periods when the Druids lighted bonfires in honor of Baal. This custom was kept up in many portions of Great Britain, until a comparatively recent period. Wales was especially tenacious, and the observance which

marked the November fires undoubtedly descended directly from the Druids."

Lovers played an important part in these festival celebrations. The young people were eager to find out who were to be their future mates, and to know if he or she would always be true.

Seated before an open fire, a girl would toss two nuts into the hot coals. To each of them she had secretly given a name of a young man who wanted to woo her. With bated breath she watched until the nut caught fire. If it burned with a steady glow, that particular young man, should she accept him, would always be true. If, however, one of the nuts should break open, that lover would be sure to prove unfaithful.

Charles Graydon, in 1801, published a poem which he called "On Nuts Burning On All Hallows Eve," which expresses a fanciful sentiment.

"These glowing nuts are emblems true
On what in human life we view.
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,
And thus in strife themselves consume:
Or from each other mildly start,
And with a noise forever part.
But see the happy, happy pair
Of genuine love and truth sincere,
With natural fondness, while they burn
Still to each other kindly turn,
And as the vital sparks decay,
Together gently sink away
'Til life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last."

Desire to know what the future has in store, especially in regard to love affairs, seemed to have prompted many of the quaint customs observed on Hallowe'en. To peer into the unknown and learn who was to be their future husband or wife, was the sole thought of the young people, it still is today.

In Ireland, one method was for a girl to take a ball of yarn and toss it as far as she could, olding on to one end. Then she would slowly rewind the yarn, keeping close watch of the ball, when there would appear thereon, so the legend goes, the face of the man who was to be her husband.

In England, the most common custom to find out who your future mate would be, was to pare an apple, and throw the skin over the head. The paring, when it fell to the ground, would form itself into the initial of the true lover. During this ceremony the girl or boy who wated to divine the future, must be sure to chant very softly:

"I pare this pippin round and round again.
"My sweetheart's name to flourish on the plain.
"I fling the unbroken paring o'er my head;
"My sweetheart's letter on the ground is read."

In England, Scotland and Wales on Hallowe'en, it was an ancient custom to build huge fires, which would burn for hours, and must not be extinguished, but allowed to burn out. In this ceremony, also, the desire to know what was in store for each member of the household, especially in regard to death, was paramount.

A fire was built by each family separately, who would sit or stand around it and watch it burn. When it was dying out, each would throw a white stone into the coals, which was so marked that it might easily be identified. When this was done, the father and mother and the children would say their prayers and go to bed. The

first thing in the morning the ashes were raked over and the stones were sought after. If any of them were missing. it was a sure sign, so they firmly believed, that the one whom it represented would die before a year had passed.

Another custom, in some localities, was to bind combustible material on the top of long poles. These were set on fire and carried about the village amid singing and much hilarity. As soon as one torch had burned itself out another was lighted, until the supply exhausted.

The baking of cakes of sweet bread on Hallowe'en, especially in Yorkshire, England, and in Scotland, gave t the name of "Cake Night." Th mother would bake a cake for each member of the family, which was to signify that during the coming year there would be an abundance for all to eat. Seedcakes were also baked, to indicate that the time of sowing seed was ended.

Indeed, the baking and eating of these cakes on Hallowe'en, took on something of a religious observance. On a table in each house was a high pile of what were called "soulcakes," and every person who entered the house on that night, was expected to eat one of the cakes before going away. The children, from time to time, would chant an old couplet:

"A Soule-cake, a Soule-cake;
Have mercy on all Chrisian souls for a Soule-cake."

With the passing of the years, the observance of Hallowe'en, except in the country towns and villages of Great Britain, has much fallen into disuse. There, however, many of the old customs are still observed on the night of All Hallows, and in every hamlet groups of little children may be heard singing:

"This is the night o' Hallowe'en,
When a' the witce' micht be seen;
Some o' them black, some o' them green,
Some o' them like a turkey bean."

THE MINISTRY OF MUSIC.

The ministry of music is very real, definite, and permanent. The service of song alone cannot be measured, so far-reaching is its influence. Great has been the preaching ministry of Spurgeon, Brooks, Jowett, and many other noble souls, but we sometimes wonder if the song-ministry of Wesly, Watts, Crosby, and others has not reached more people, young and old, with the Christian truth. I stood at the grave of Isaac Watts and thought eternity alone will tell the story of his world-service through song, and a like thought came to me when, looking into the sightless eyes and clasping the puny hand of the fragile, little old song-sain, Fanny Crosby, whose more than seven thousand hymns have sung themselves into the hearts of humanity where-er the sun doth his successive journeys run. Where the Christian missionary goes, there go the great hymns of the church, immortal messenger of God's everlasting truth — Extract from Church School Leadership, by W. Edward Raffety.

BYRD'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(Asheville Citizen)

The departure of Commander Byrd on his expedition to the South Polar regions is one of the sensations of the hour. He himself calls this an attempt to answer "the last great challenge to explorers." It is the most perfectly equipped scientific exploring enterprise of history and it will seek to secure information about the least known region of the world's surface. About one million dollars have been expended on the enterprise. There are four ships in service and four carefully tested airplanes, 83 men have been selected from 5,000 applicants. The ships are loaded with supplies for two years and are now on their way to Dunedin, New Zealand. Radios from the ships, planes, and bases will send back daily news of the work during this antarctic summer, (beginning with December). The best modern news agencies will give the public a full account of every step. Thus we can go with Commander Byrd "on radio's wings of the morning."

At Dunedin, New Zealand, the expedition will transfer to the big whaler, Larsen, and a little ice breaker, The City of New York, for the final sea trip to the Bay of Whales. Then the smaller vessel may have to take the Larsen's cargo through the pack ice to the landing on Ross Ice Barrier. 75 sledge dogs have been gathered in Labrador and twenty more have been trained in Maine for a year. Tractors will draw portable houses, scientific instruments, planes and supplies from the ship to the main base. And the dogs will establish

Next the scientific work will begin. Airplane cameras wil film strips 8 miles wide at 90 miles an hour and will thus seek to fill in blank spaces on the map of a vast continent believed to be larger than the United States. The new sonic depth finder will permit glaciologist to learn if the antarctic ice cap covers land or sea and to measure its thickness. It is supposed to contain enough ice to cover hte whole globe under a 120 foot layer. Byrd himself will study the sun with a recently perfected sextant kodak from a plane, and will thus secure exact data as to his location by a new method. And the world will hear of all this work while it is being done.

Commander Byrd's enterprise is thus the last thing in science. Whether or not he will unlock the "ice age" secrets of Antarctic remains to be seen. Some students fancy that there was a day when it was teeming with life and served as a connecting link between the New World and the Old. If so, or if it contains vast mineral deposits, the penetration of the ice sheet may reveal some startling facts. Again there is the Pole itself to be reached. This expedition is a remarkable one and coming at a remarkable time. The world will await with eager interest Byrd's entry into the mist-shrouded, icy fastnesses of the Far South.

HISTORIC SHRINES.

(News Letter)

The Warren County Record reports the organization of a county historical society to stimulate interest in local history. Not only has Warren county contributed its full quota of distinguished personages and been the scene of several events of historical significance, but there are within its borders no less than three graves that ought to be dedicated and preserved as historic shrines. Nathaniel Macon of Revolutionary fame was a citizen of Warren county and is buried there. What is reported to be the grave of Governor Turner is located within the county. A third grave that deserves to be preserved and venerated is that of the little daughter of General Robert E. Lee, who died and was buried in Warren county during the dark days of the Civil War.

Every county has such spots as these which ought to be marked, beautified and preserved as historic shrines. To visit such places prompts one to refresh himself in historical knowledge. It makes history more vivid and the teaching of it more dramatic. It helps to inspire young people with an appreciation of the past and what they owe to those who have lived and labored before them. Not only do these retreats have historic value but they offer people in these crowded, hurried times a place where they may go and think. Such hallowed spots provoke reverie, meditation, worship. They lift us for a moment to higher planes of thought. In these days when all of us are racing madly up and down the earth, often with no particular destination in mind, it would be well if we could occasionally direct ourselves to one of these serene and lovely spots and breathe deeply of its pure and hallowed atmosphere. On Sunday afternoons let parents turn their cars off the traveled roads, follow a shady lane to some such shrine, and there relate to their children the stories of our hoored dead.

Each county ought to have an historical association to discover and preserve old records, to locate and mark obscure graves, to record and dramatize local history, and, in a word, to awaken in the minds of youth a fuller knowledge and a richer appreciation of our own eventful past.

THE CHILD'S BILL OF RIGHTS

"The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions: that does not live in hygienic surroundings; that ever suffered from malnutrition; that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection; and that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health."—Theodore Roosevelt.

THE PRICE OF WEALTH.

(Christian Advocate)

Do not pay too dear for wealth. It may not be worth the price. When a man sacrifices the association of those who love him for material gain the price is too much. When he puts physical health into the exchange and receives therefore material wealth, that man is a very unwise trader.

For there are so few things of supreme value that money can buy. It cannot buy love, it cannot buy happiness, it cannot buy wisdom, it cannot buy character. Money frequently breeds envy and hate and engenders strife even in families. It sometimes handicaps the rich man's sons and prevents their reaching those high places of personal attainment that poor boys set as a goal and come to enjoy.

The things that do appear, the gold that glitters, impress us so vividly with their apparent value that we are prone to overestimate the true worth wealth, while the true riches are discounted. Be wise enough to put spiritual riches above all others.

OCTOBER

October, month of Autumn leaves,
Of searching winds and fading flowers
Proclaiming that all nature grieves
To part with summer's sunny hours.
Low moans the wind in tree-tops bare
Bereft of all their foliage green,
While bright-eyed squirrels here and there
With nut-stuffed jaws are hurrying seen.
Deep they go burrowing in the ground
To stow away far out of sight
The sweet fresh nuts that each has found,
As happy as the day is bright.
And though fall days to us unfold
That winter comes with ice and snow,
Though sunless days and bitter cold,
Are coming when the sharp winds blow,
Yet God is with us—God is near—
We'll forward look with cheerful heart,
He sends with winter's pleasant cheer,
When we from summertime do part.

Mrs. Gurnett.

HALLOWE'EN.

Hallowe'en originated in an old festival which the Romans held about November 1st in honor of Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees. The Druids in Britain celebrated a festival in the same way in honor of the Sun Gods and gradually these two festivals merged.

Later the church fathers commemorated the occasion by a festival in memory of departed souls, then it was when October 31st was called "All Hallow Even." It was believed that on that night spirits revisited their old homes. Before the living could go to rest, chairs were set out, hearths swept and food prepared for the visitors. Early settlers brought many of these superstitions to this country. As years have passed we have lost some and added others. Today we celebrate the night for its mystery and romance and have gay times with games, tricks and fortune telling—

Suggested Invitations

"Hail, my good friend!
How would you,
Like to taste the witches' brew
And learn the wonders goblins tell
When invoked by peoples' spell?

Come to my house at stroke of nine
When by starlight or moon shine
On the night of Hallowe'en
Ghosts and witches will be seen."

"Price of admission: A pumpkin lantern. Come masked and dressed in paper costume."

EIGHT-MONTHS SCHOOL.

Governor McLean, in an article in the October issue of The North Carolina Teacher entitled A Six-Million Equalization Fund, says that the constructive work of the Educational Commission has paved the way for the uniform eight-months school term, "which is just around the corner." Quoting him, he says, "I hope and believe that the corner may be turned and the longer term made an accomplished fact by the next General Assembly. It should not be done unless provision is made at the same time to distribute the financial burden fairly and equitably, in all the counties of the state, by increasing the equalizing fund to such an amount as will accomplish this result.

"State Superintendent Allen has estimated that an equalization fund of six million dollars for the first year of the next biennium and six and one-half millions for the second year, used for the support of the six-months term, would be sufficient to distribute the financial burden of an eight-months term fairly and equitably in all the counties of the state."

THE MAHOGANY DESK.

By Mildred Augustine

Unquestionably, Sally Howard was the best society editor who had ever "scrambled" copy for The Daily Press. In spite of her youth, she had held her position against all aspirants, and during the year she had been connected with the newspaper, the quality of her work had steadily improved. Even the editor had declared that Sally "had a way" of making society women her friends.

Sally's salary was the highest The Press had ever given to a society editor. She worked in a private, glass-enclosed office, and her mahogany desk was the envy of her fellow employees. She had systematized her work, so that it required no special thought or effort. At this point of her career, for no reason apparent to her fellow workers, Sally became dissatisfied with her position.

"I'll never get any farther if I keep on being a society editor," Sally explained one day to James Evans, the special feature writer. "Unless I shift to another department of the paper, I'll just go on, day after day, year after year, grinding out parties and weddings. I'd like to get into feature writing."

James Evans had smiled tolerantly. As a feature writer, he considered Sally impossible. She was too quiet and shy, he thought; he doubted if she would have the courage to face some of the disagreeable person he was daily required to interview. Sally knew how to deal with society women, but unfortunately, she did not realize her limitations.

"I'd forget it if I were you," he advised kindly. "Stick to your mahogany desk."

"Oh, that desk!" Sally returned with spirit. "It never was meant for real use. It's intended to impress society women as being artistic and elegant. I've always been afraid I'll scratch it, or spill some paste on it, or something. If you had it for a few weeks, you wouldn't be so crazy over it."

When Sally had first taken the position as society editor, the big mahogany desk had seemed the most desirable of possessions, but with the passing of the months, she had come to regard it as a symbol of the difference which existed between her work and that of the reporters. Their work as vital; hers merely added tone to the paper. The best reporters on the staff labored at battered desks which bore the scars of service under fire.

However, not until after she had spoken to the editor about changing to another department of the paper, did Sally really dislike the mahogany desk.

"I'm sorry, but I don't see how we can change you now," the editor had told her regretfully, but firmly. "Your work has been very satisfactory at the society desk. It's much more difficult to get interview stories than it is society news, you know."

Sally did not miss the implication. She knew that the editor considered her incapable of accomplishing the more vital work of the news paper.

"I've never been given an opportunity to show what I can do," Sally

told herself. "Everybody seems to think society work is so easy. I just wish I could change places with the interview reporters for one day. I'd like see him worm stories out of some of the fussy women I have to handle so tactfully."

Sally had systematized her work, but although it appeared easy, only she suspected how much diplomacy it required. As she sat down at her desk one morning, several weeks after she had applied for a transfer to another department, she sighed as she glanced over her memorandum book. Her wrist watch warned her that it was only a few minutes after eight o'clock. She must work on time copy for at least an hour, for if she began telephoning society women so early in the morning, she certainly would not be rewarded for her pains.

Presently, after she had sent a generous supply of time copy through the tube to the composing room, she began the daily battle for society news. Some of the women were very friendly and nice, but a few of them were —well, difficult.

'I know Mrs, Graham won't want to tell me about her party last night," Sally told herself grimly. "She never does."

Sally was right. Mrs. Graham was very polite, but determined that no account of the party should be printed in the social colum. Sally could not explain to her that her friend the florist, from whom Mrs. Graham had ordered flowers, had told her of the party. She knew that the society editor of the opposing paper had received the same news "tip" and undoubtedly would use the item in her society page. If Sally did not secure the item, she would be "scooped," for Mrs. Graham was socially prominent, and to fail to record her parties would be sure to call forth a reprimand from the editor.

"Yes, I did give a party last night, though I don't see how you learned of it," Mrs Graham admitted. However, I insist that no mention of it be made in your column."

"Of course I won't print the item without your consent," Sally promised, "but won't your guests look for it in the paper? As a courtesy to them—"

"I hadn't thought of that," Mrs. Graham said slowly. "Well, I suppose you may mention the party if you wish."

The morning dragged on. Society items were phoned in, women came in person to tell Sally of their parties, and to consume her time with idle conversation. Sally treated them all with the same polite tact. She listened respectfully while Mrs. Jones requested her to give her party the "lead" for the day, but explained that it was quite impossible. Sally's explanation seldom offended. As the editor had served, she "had a way" with her.

Fortunately, Sally had dealings with many pleasant, kindly society ladies, and she always looked forward to meeting them. By eleven o'clock, Sally had sent all her copy to the composing room, and already the make-up man was locking up the form for the society page. The society and the editorial pages were always assembled before twelve o'clock, though the paper did not go to press until two-thirty in the afternoon.

From noon until three o'clock, Sally worked on time copy, or collected news for the next day's society page.

She had grown to dread the afternoon session, and to wish that she could try her hand at some of the news stories.

"I'll never be entirely satisfied until I make the first page," Sally told herself gloomily. "How I'd love to interview Bennett Grantly, the famous newspaper owner, who is in town today. I just know I could do it, even if he does own about twenty newspapers!"

Sally got up from her desk and left the office to speak to James Evans in the reporter's room. She saw at a glance that he was nervous.

"I'm trying to get an appointment for an interview with Grantly," he explained. "Can't get by his secretary, but I haven't given up yet!"

"How I envy you," Sally sighed. "Imagine interviewing a man who knows as much about journalism as Grantly does!"

"Just imagine it! That's what I've been doing all morning, Sally. I'm afraid afraid I'll never get a chance to interview Grantly. And if I do get the interview, it will be an unpleasant half-hour for me. You won't dare flash a note book on him, and if you make a mistake—"

"I don't see what's wrong with using a note book," Sally protested. "It's silly to expect a person to have a memory that will retain every thing."

"Most folks won't talk if they think you are taking down every word they say," James Evans explained patiently. "And an editor especially would feel insulted if a reporter used a notebook."

At twelve o'clock when Sally left the building to go to luncheon, she noticed that Evans was still at the desk. At one when she ruturned, she was surprised to find him still in the office. She would have paused his desk to inquire as to his success in securing the interview, but knew better than to interrupt. However, as she entered her room, she could not help but hear snatches of conversation.

"There must be some way to get that interview, Evans," she heard the editor say to the reporter.

"It can't be done. I've telephoned several times but the secretary won't let me get to Mr. Grantly. I went over to the hotel too, but it's the same story. You can't get past that secretary."

"Well, if you can't get it, no one can the editor replied. "I suppose there's no use to try again."

"I've wasted so much time on this interview, I'm behind with my work. I have two other stories I must get out before press time."

Impulsively Sally turned and walked over to the editor. She marveled at her own courage.

"My work is over for the day," she said quitely to the editor. "I couldn't help overhearing what you said about the interview. Can't I try to get it?"

The editor smiled, though he tried not to show his amusement. He admired Sally's ambition. Perhaps if she had a taste of reporting, she would be satisfied with society work.

"All right you can try if you like," he agreed. "It won't do any harm."

Trying to hide her excitement and elavation, Sally started to walk away, when another bold thought occured to her. She hesitated, and faced the editor again.

"And if I should be fortunate

enough to get a good interview—will you let me change from the society desk to reporting?''

''Yes,'' the editor agreed without a moment's hesitation. ''If you get the interview.''

Sally left the newspaper office and headed for the Plaza hotel where Mr. Grantly and his wife had registered during their brief visit in the city. How she was going to get the interview, Sally did not know. For once in her life, she was without an idea.

At the hotel desk, Sally looked at the register and obtained the number of the suite which Mr. and Mrs. Grantly occupied. The girl who was at the desk, regarded Sally curiously, for she recognized her as one of the employers of The Daily Press.

''If you are here to see Mr. Grantly, you're wasting your time,'' she advised. ''Reporters have been here all morning, but Mr. Grantly's secretray won't let them near him.''

Sally nodded thoughtfully. She had a mental picture of the secretary.

''What is Mr. Grantly like?'' she asked curiously.

''He was down in the lobby early this morning. He doesn't seem a bit important—just as friendly as any of the people that stop here. His secretary is the limit though. To watch him strut around one would think he was carrying the world on his shoulders.''

''If I could see Mr. Grantly. I'm sure he would give me the interview,'' Sally mused, half to herself. As a rule, the greater a person is, the fewer airs he puts on, and the more willing he is to help someone. The question is how can I get to him?''

''You can't, I guess,'' the hotel girl smiled. ''That just reminds me, the waitress hasn't brought down their luncheon things yet. Mr. and Mrs. Grantly take all their meals in their suite. Pardon me until I tell the girl to go after the dishes.''

''Just a minute,'' Sally smiled her most winning smile. ''Why can't I go after the dishes myself?''

The desk girl looked startled at the suggestion, but gradually the lines of her face relaxed. There was something about Sally that made her want to help.

You don't look like a waitress,'' she said. ''Perhaps I could get you an apron—''

Five minutes later Sally tapped lightly upon the door of suite number 643. Her heart beat a little faster as she faced a young man who obviously was Mr. Grantly's secretary. She was not called upon to offer an explanation, for her apron and cap carried the desired impression.

The secretary stepped aside and permitted her to pass. Once inside, Sally with as much dignity as she could command, marched to the little dinner table at the far end of the room, and began to stack the empty dishes on her tray. Mr. and Mrs. Grantly were seated at the table, and as Sally stole a glance at them, she was relieved to note that they did not appear as aloof and unapproachable as the secretary. The time had arrived when she must announce her mission. She must not show that she was afraid.

''I beg your pardon,'' she began quitely. ''I am Miss Howard from The Press.''

She could have heard a pin drop, had there been one to drop. Sally did not glance at the secretary, but she could sense his hostile attitude.

It was Mrs. Grantly who gave her encouragement.

"I declare." she smiled at her husband. "Reporters will find a way, won't they?"

The secretary stepped forward, coldly.

"I am sorry for this intrusion, sir," he began. "Miss, will you kindly—"

"Have a chair, Miss Howard," Mr. Grantly finished significantly. "I always enjoy talking with a reporter who is clever enough to get by my secretary. Usually, he is a very able guard."

"I'm not particularly clever," Sally told him. It was silly to pretend that she was an experienced interviewer, she decided. Mr. Grantly would find out soon enough that she did not compare with some of the seasoned interviewers, and he would hold it against her. "In fact, until today I was just a society editor. But an interview from you means that my editor will give me a chance to do this sort of thing."

"I see," Mr. Grantly suddenly smiled. "We'll give that editor of yours something good."

Mr. Grantly began to talk then. Few men were capable of giving such an interview for not only were his remarks brilliant but he understood the requirements of a good newspaper story. He furnished an eye-opening "lead" and he followed it with human interest material. After Mr. Grant was well launched on his story, Sally deliberately whipped a note book and pencil from her pocket. Mr. Grantly was a master of English; she knew that she could never hope to quote him exactly unless she took careful notes.

"Glad to see that you aren't above using a notebook," Mr. Grantly commented. "Too many reporters don't take notes when I give them an interview. The next morning when I read the paper, I scarcely recognized my own story. I don't care how a reporter gets his story, if it is accurate."

For fifteen minutes the famous newspaper man talked, and for fifteen minutes Sally wrote steadily. When Mr. Grantly showed signs of relapsing into silence, a skillfully worded question from Sally prolonged the interview.

It was two o'clock when Sally thanked Mr. and Mrs. Grantly for for the interview. She hurridely picked up the tray of dishes and left the suite. The story was good, she knew, but whether she could write it in time to make the afternoon paper was another matter.

Sally could not suppress her excitement as she rushed into the newspaper office. She dropped into the chair behind the mahogany desk, rolled a sheet of copy paper into the typewriter, and began the story. The news that Sally had secured the interview spread over the office. The editor read the lead of the story over her shoulder as she wrote, and glanced at his watch.

"Better switch to Evan's typewriter in the reporters' room," he advised. "It's a faster machine."

The editor hurried to the composing room to reserve space on the front page for Sally's story.

"Only ten more minutes," James Evans warned Sally as she finished the fourth page.

The headline writer was busy writing a caption even before Sally had ended the story. The first page was set up in type before the second one come from Sally's machine. As she

ripped the last page from the typewriter, and dispatched it to the composing room, she glanced at her watch for the first time. Thanks to the cooperation of copyreaders, the headline writer, the editor, the men in the composing room, and the others, her story had "made" the paper.

Quiet again settled over the office as the newsboys on the streets began their campaigns. The reporters gathered about Sally to congratulate her and to learn the details of the interview.

"I wonder if the editor will forget his promise?" Sally asked Evans.

"Don't worry, you're through with society news forever," he told her without a touch of resentment. "We've needed another reporter for some time, and there's no question now who will get the place. Too bad you'll have to say goodbye to your mahogany desk, but I guess it stays in the society room."

"I think I can survive the loss," Sally commented dryly.

The architects dream, they are dreamers of dreams,
And the builders make dreams come true,
And from steel and stone and from clay and sand they
make the world anew;
But whether they work with marble or sod,
The builders are hand and hand with God.

They go to the forest for palm and pine,
The stuff for the humbler homes,
And the mountains give up their granite gifts for the
statlier spires and domes;
But whether they work in marble or sod,
The builders are hand in hand with God.

They rear huge piles that pierce the sky,
And the ships that master the sea,
They bridge the rivers with spans of steel
In a service for you and me;
But whether they work in marble or sod,
The builders are hand in hand with God.

The dreamers dream and the builders build,
And the work of the world goes on,
And the work of the dreamer and builder stays
When the dreamer and builder are gone;
But whether they work in marble or sod,
The builders are hand in hand with God.—Selected.

MARKERS TO GENERAL LEE.

By Myrtle Ellen Labarr

On the very day that Mrs. James Madison Gudger, Jr., of Asheville, was reporting to the state U. D. C. convention here what has been done by the Dixie highway marker committee, one of the markers was unveiled in the state of Ohio. This event took place last Thursday and many prominent men and women attended the dedication exercises.

The committee has unveiled five of the markers along the Dixie highway in western North Carolina, one in Florida, and has others to be unveiled in the near future. The Ohio marker marks the first time that a tablet bearing the likeness of Robert E. Lee has ever been unveiled on a highway north of the Mason and Dixon line. This information elicited enthusiastic applause from the U. D. C. convention.

Mrs. Gudger explained that the marker had not been unveiled in the northern states without opposition. As a matter of fact, there were those up there who rose in consternation at the idea of having a memorial tablet in honor of the southern general on their highways. But Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, president of the Ohio division of the U. D. C., finally won out in the controversy. So the marker is there on the Dixie highway between Cincinnati and Dayton, near Franklin.

The markers are made of solid and enduring bronze. They measure 28 inches by 32 inches. On them is a raised likeness of Robert E. Lee on his favorite horse, Traveler. Beneath appears the following inscription:

"Erected and dedicated by the
United Daughters of the Confederacy
and friends
in loving memory of
ROBERT E. LEE
and to mark the route of the
DIXIE HIGHWAY
The shaft memorial and highway
straight attest his worth—he cometh
to his own. —Littlefield.
Erected 1928"

It was in the southern environment of the 1922 convention, which met at the Robert E Lee hotel in Winston-Salem, where a large portrait of the general hung on the wall of the convention hall, that Mrs. Gudger originated the plan. It was to mark the route of the Dixie highway, where it crossed state lines, with bronze tablets in honor of Lee. When it was proposed to the enovention, the idea was endorsed enthusiastically. Many persons gave subscriptions in memory of their ancestors for the purchase of the original die.

It was when the convention met in the ball room of the O. Henry hotel in Greensboro in 1923 that the North Carolina division sponsored and took over the plan as one of its special projects. Mrs. Gudger was appointed chairman of a committee to collect funds throughout the state with which to buy the die. Other states were allowed to secure tablets from North Carolina, through Mrs. Gudger.

So far, five markers have been dedicated in North Carolina. On some day in May, 1928, one was unveiled at Park square, Asheville, and another

at Calvary Episcopal church at Fletcher. The third was placed on the courthouse square at Henderson. The fourth is on the highway at Hot Springs, while the fifth is on the courthouse square at Marshall. During the fall, one will be dedicated where the Dixie highway crosses from Tennessee into North Carolina and another where the highway crosses into South Carolina. These will be dedicated as soon as the work on the highway at these places is completed.

The Florida division of the U. D. C., of which Mrs. Franklin Ezell is president, placed one of the markers in Tallahassee last year. Another was placed at Jacksonville the past Tuesday. A third is to be unveiled at Ocala, Florida, at an early date.

During the convention here, Mrs. Gudger proposed to the division that the words "and to mark the route of the Dixie highway" have put in their place a brass plate which may be inscribed with the name of the donor and the name of the person in whose honor it is given. This would be used in other states than those through which the Dixie highway passes. The convention liked the idea and also changed the name of Mrs. Gudger's committee from the Dixie highway memorial committee to the Lee marker committee.

As a result of a Lee marker luncheon given in Asheville by Mrs. Gudger late in September, widespread interest was aroused in the idea of dedicating the markers. Guests at that luncheon included the president and the first vice president of the Arkansas division of the U. D. C., who were in North Carolina for the unveiling of the tablet to Albert Pike at Fletcher. He was originally from Arkansas and was known as the "poet of the Confederacy." They plan to unveil some of the markers in their state. Another is to be unveiled in Kentucky on the Dixie highway.

But by all odds the most interesting achievement of the marker committee is the placing of the marker in the northen state of Ohio. That is impressive indication that the old era of sectional hatred has given place to one when "naught but friendship rides from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico."

Be strong!
We are not here to play—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.
Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce.—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

BIRD HIKES.

By John W. Lewis.

In our last letter we called your attention to the birds that come to Virginia from farther north, to spend the winter with us. Many of them will have arrived before you can read this letter, and I wish to tell you just enough about some of them so that you will know their names, and will learn a lot more by watching them yourself.

We will begin with the little Junco, or Snowbird, which all country folks know. Most of them build their nests away up in Canada, so they have a long journey to make between their summer and winter homes They are slate colored with white stomachs and white outer tail feathers, that show plainly when they fly. They may not have arrived when you get this letter as they are quite irregular about their time of coming.

Another fine winter visitor is the White-Throated Sparrow. He is larger than the Junco and is streaked brown on the back; the under parts are ashen gray; there is a light stripe above each eye, and one on top of the head. The throat is pure white, which gives the name. He is very regular in his time of arrival. In sixteen years he has always come to my home near Lawrenceville between October 8th and 12th. Like the Juncos, the White-Throats always go in flocks, and like to stay in weedy fields and thickety places. They spend more of their time in thickets and woods than the Juncos do, as they love to scratch in the dry leaves for insects and seeds. When a flock of them are scratching in the dry leaves they make a rustling sound that may be heard for quite a distance. They are hard to see among the brown leaves, as their backs are the same shade of brown, but it will pay you to spend some time watchnig them, to learn just how they scratch. If you watch closely enough you will see something that seems impossible.

There is a tiny woods bird that comes to our State to spend the winter who is a very interesting little chap. He is the Golden-Crowned Kinglet. He is smaller than the House Wren, only four inches long; olive brown on the back and dull white below. He has a patch of bright orange yellow on the top of his head that you may get to see when he hangs on a twig with his back down, picking and insect out of a bud, or a crack in the bark. He is not noisy while with us, about all you will hear from him is a soft "chee-chee." They usually go in small flocks, and spend much of the time in the tree tops. See if you can find them this winter in the woods.

There are many more interesting birds that come to us in the winter, and still others who pass through our State in the autumn on their way farther south. See how many of them you can get acquainted with before they leave in the spring.

If any reader of these bird letters would like to ask questions about birds or other wild things that they see, I will be glad to do my best to answer them. Address the author, in care The Southern Planter.

A QUESTION OF EDUCATION

(Younng Folk)

We are leaning heavily on our educational system. Some persons think too heavily. We have wonderful schools, grammar schools, high schools, colleges and universities. They are better and more thorough than ever before. Scientifically they are sounder. Their Standards are higher. They are less partial in the enforcement of school law, regardless of who the student is.

But we have discovered that a course in an institution of learning does not determine everything. It may show who the brightest pupil is. It may make it possible to decide promptly to whom the valedictory should go. But there is something beyond the question of honors.

Take Charles Darwin as an example. He, himself, tells us that when he left school he was "a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect." His father was clearly dissappointed in him, and told him he would be a disgrace to the family. He attended both Edinburg and Cambridge universities. Of his experience there he reports, "During the three years I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburg." He carried off no honors. He was an average pupil. Still he had a wonderful mind. In intellectual force he had few superiors.

When we run our yees over the college careers of students we have known we are forced to admit many surprises. Some of those we looked upon us the duller students surprised us by their ability, industry and acumen when they got out while some of the brighter students keenly disappointed us. No one would lay the blame for this discrepancy to our educational institution. It simply means the powers they reach and the capacity they develop are not all there is to the pupils under their care. Some learn faster in a school of knowledge, others in a school of experience.

WHAT ARE THE HIDDEN MYSTERIES OF NATURE?

The Hidden Mysteries of Nature are ourselves individually, not our bodies, but our innermost thoughts. Every action of our daily lives is brought about by the working of our mind; and the purer our thoughts the better will be our actions. The Grand Geometrician having left us to our own free action will most assuredly hold us responsible for our own thoughts. Therefore, he who thinks evil lives evil; and it is one of the objects of the Second Degree to teach us by introspection or the searching of our innermost thoughts to as far as possible eliminate the evil that is in all of us and encourage all that is good.—New South Wales Freemason.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The farm boys are busy with the Fall seeding.

All the boys enjoyed the fish dinner served last Sunday.

Woodrow Bowman and John Callahan are the latest additions to the carpenter shop force.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby spent the week end with the latters' parents up in Western North Carolina.

The boys on our outside forces are busily engaged in picking peas. Our crop this year is a very good one.

The members of the printing office force are now busily engaged in working on our Tenth Biennial Report.

Capt. Tom Grier, a member of our staff, together with some of the boys had a very successful "possum" hunt one night last week. They captured eight of these animals.

Miss Eva Greenlee, one of our teachers, is spending a thirty days' vacation at her home in Marion. The boys in her school room have been working both morning and afternoon for several days past.

We are glad to note that the space in front of the shop building is no longer used as a "parking place" for all sorts of farm and garden implements. A space in the rear of cottages one and two has been selected for the storage of these tools when not in use.

Marvin Barnes and Malcom Driver, members of the sixth and fifteenth cottages, respectively, left for their homes in Dunn, N. C., last Tuesday morning. These boys have been granted a few days' leave of absence on account of the death of their grandmother.

Rev. T. F. Higgins, pastor of the Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. This was his farewell address, as he is scheduled to move to another charge soon. Rev. Higgins has been making monthly visits to the school for the past four years, and was a great favorite with the boys. In addition to his regular appearances here, he has been called on a number of special occasions and was always ready to respond unhesitingly. It is with regret that we learn of his departure from this community and the best wishes of both the officials and our 500 student body go with him.

In the making of happiness what you share with others counts more than what you lay by for yourself. That is divine law and no man can change it. It is imperative to think of others.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., November 3, 1928. No. 41

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

"Why should we not be willing,
In God's great symphony,
To play the 'second fiddle'
In perfect harmony?

"We cannot all play solos;
We cannot all be first;
Why do we grow discordant
For glory all a-thirst?"

—Kathleen Norris.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE TINY RED LINE

When Canova, the sculptor, was about to begin work upon his statue of Napoleon, it is said that his keen eye saw a tiny red line running through the upper part of the block of marble out of which the statue was to be carved. The stone had been bought at great expense from Paros for this express purpose. Common eyes saw no flaw in it, but the sculptor saw it and would not use the marble.

How often our hidden faults interfere with God's plans for our lives! Sometimes people wonder why they do not get ahead, why God does not lead them into places of trust and authority and corresponding influence. May not the explanation be found in some hidden weakness or sin some tiny red line of marring color? God desires truth, says the psalmist, "in the inward parts." The life that pleases him must be pure and white throughout. The great difference between us and marble, however, is that the marring lines may be removed.—Forward.

THE TERMINUS AD QUEM OF MODERN SCHOOLS

Throughout the country children are beginning again the task of a new school term. Some are entering school for the first time in their lives, which

is always a stupendous adventure; some are returning to familiar haunts of former school days; while still others are finding themselves in new and larger schools, which we hope will be better able to meet the changing needs of the new era. All about us there is that which suggests the sweeping changes both in school methods and in school equipment. Many progressive communities, having become awakened to modern school trends, have become dissatisfied with old A. B. C. ox-cart methods practiced in the schools of a generation ago, are determined that changes must be made. Therefore it is both natural and wise to ask ourselves which way are we heading?

It will be remembered that in former days pupils attended school under a sort of autocratic regime where good order in school meant enfored restraint upon pupils. Lessons were assigned by the teacher with little consideration of pupils interests or special needs. Lessons were learned in a sort of "by heart" way and recited verbatim for the purpose of enabling the teacher to determine whether the pupils had accurately memorized and fully retained the facts in the lesson so far as the recitations were concerned. Under this regime the teacher was an autocrat and the pupils a mere subject whose duty is was to be respectful and to sit quietly without asking questions or expressing ideas of his own.

Now it is obvious to all that respect in any school is an essential. But no longer are teachers endeavoring to secure the respect by an austere manner. One may now go into class rooms in all sections of the country and observe the teacher among her pupils as one of the group, a friend to the pupils, a wise guide and resourceful leader. Fear has been abolished. Children are taking the initiative and we are moving straight ahead toward the goal of spontaniety and freedom in education. Very young pupils are learning the art of self-government through the adoption of rules and regulations based upon their understanding of what is necessary in order that the group may get on well together.

Pupils are not as some would have us believe frittering away their time in school with a multitude of soft and flabby subjects. It is hoped and believed that schools of today are offering to the pupils opportunities and situations which will develop in them greater resourcefulness, self reliance and dynamic ability than was possible under the static, autocratic regime. Growing out of the new type of education there promises to be developed more stable social beings, accustomed to regard the good of the group rather than the rules of an autocrat.

There is dawning a new day in addition. In the larger, better equipped buildings with the better trained teachers and longer terms there is being offered opportunities to develop and maintain what is termed "school spirit.". .Although it is impossible to define this school spirit, yet its presence or absence can be felt as one crosses the threshold of any school. It is not confined within the school walls, but permeates the entire community. Good spirit is possible in the larger type of schools.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

METHODIST CONFERENCE

Charlotte last week had the honor of entertaining the ministers and delegates of the Methodist churches of the Western North Carolina conference.

The first Methodist Church of Charlotte is one of the handsomest, and largest church buildings in the South, and we feel sure that this church with all of its modern equipments will prove an inspiration to many ministers upon returning home to do greater things in the name of the Master.

This conference necessitated the finding of 600 homes for ministers, delegates and visitors who in some way were officialy connected with the conference–but, there is no doubt that the Charlotte people noted for their hospitality managed the situation with ease and grace, therefore, making every one from Bishop to laymen of the most remote districts feel perfectly at home.

The assembling of such a large body of Christian gentlemen in any city, even for so short a time, is bound to prove an inspiration to all for a greater and finer endeavor for the work of the year ahead.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

EVOLUTION OF TRAVEL

We clip the following, from the Mecklenburg Times, showing the evolution of travel from an era in history in which Columbus first set foot upon the soil of the Western Hemisphere, because each event, nine in all, furnishes fine thought for study in the home also gives a subject that teachers can expatiate upon in making the school children conversant with current history as recorded:

> Now that the Graf Zeppelin has arrived another major step has been made in man's fight to span the Atlantic Ocean. Despite rough weather and injuries to the Zeppelin, it "came through" nobly. Again the world

is advanced a thousand years within less than the space of a week.

This is the ninth successful skirmish in man's battle with the Atlantic.

On October 12, 1492, Columbus made the first voyage from Europe to America.

In 1858 the first submarine cable between the new and old worlds was laid by the Atlantic Telegraph Co., headed by Cyrus Curtis.

In 1901 the first wireless message was sent across the Atlantic.

The first Trans Atlantic telephone message service was completed January 7, 1927, between London and New York.

The first picture was wirelessed from New York to London in 1924.

Three United States Navy boats flew from Newfoundland to Lisbon via. the Azores, starting May 8, 1919.

The first airship crossing the Atlantic was the British dirigible R-34, in 1919, from East Fortune, Scotland, to Mineola, New York.

The first steamship to make the trip was Britannia, built by Samuel Cunard, which sailed in 14 days from Bristol to New York in 1840.

Now comes the Graf Zeppelin, the first passenger dirigible to cross the Atlantic.

Thus the world progresses.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

PROGRESS IN CABARRUS

The directors of an Electric Light and Power Company, that furnishes lights for many suburbam homes, met last week for the specific purpose of discussing ways and means to give a more effective service to its patrons. This meeting was a satisfactory one, from the view point of the joy of rendering a service to the rural people, as well as seeing that a venture on the part of those who were willing to risk had proven a profitable investment.

After discussing how best to meet the demands, because many nearby homes are asking for lights, one World War veteran, and successful farmer, with a degree of satisfaction remarked—"well, if you once have electricity in your home there is no conceivable way of doing without what I term a neccesity." This is proof that our rural brother has the same taste, desire and appreciation of the comforts of progressive civilization as our city friends.

We who are overly zealous about the developments and progress of our towns and cities often become blind or indifferent as to conditions in rural life, but, in order to have an outstanding, strong community interest it is necessary to have an enlightened background in rural districts.

This World War veteran, and farmer, unconsciously was paying a high

tribute to Thomas A. Edison who a few days ago received a Congressional Medal of Honor for his achievement "in illuminating the path of progress through the development and application of inventions that have revolutionized civilization in the last century." We are enjoying all of the modern conveniences of to-day both in the city and country because of Edison's inventions. It is nothing unusual to see homes in Cabarrus County far removed from the highways brilliantly illuminated by electricity.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The steady growth in population of the various cities of North Carolina makes it conclusive that the Old North State is attracting the attention of people from all parts of the country. The census bureau, Washington, D. C. has settled all doubt as to the largest city in the state by giving Charlotte first place with 82,100 then Winston-Salem a close follower with 80,000, Greensboro 51,900, Durham 47,600, Wilmington 39,100; but in the language of the Radio announcer, "please stand by" and watch Asheville grow since landing the largest Rayon plant in the world. The interest in Asheville's good fortune hardly subsided before the Stanley County papers announced that the building of a new million dollar Knitting Mill in Albermarle had passed beyond the veil of rumor and is now an assured fact. This announcement had enthused the public spirited citizens of Albemarle and they have resolved to continue boosting and put Albermarle across within the next four or five years with a population of 15,000. The Albermarle citizens have lots of pep and spirit and we believe they will reach the goal—they usually do.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

It is said that 17 diseases are possible from undue construction of the feet. That is possible. It is the opinion of quite a few that wearing a tight-fitting shoe for a while will make you think you had all of these diseases and a great many more.

—o—

It is reported that in one Illinois town patients must pay physicians in advance. It is presumed that folks in that town will keep well as long as they can before they send for a doctor. From the name of the State—Illinois—and the regulations in that town, people there will be quite ill before they make a noise about it.

—o—

The Vitaphone

A new and marvelous thriller has shot across the human vision like a flaming meteor, but it lingers to astonish, entertain and amuse. Since the infancy of the human race, ever before the days when blind Homer tuned his lyre, and sang of love and war, of heroic deeds and tender encounters, the world has dearly loved a story. Unexpected denouements, deferred revelations, the building of incident upon incident, offers possibilities of thrills that insatiable humanity is ever avid to experience. The Vitaphone is with us. It is the speaking screen. The movie actors on the silver screen not only act, but they speak and sing, and their voices are the voices of those taking the parts. I cannot just now tell you how it is done; but it is being done, and electricity is the handmaid that is bringing actors and their voices to you on the screen. It is another one of the marvels of this progressive and marvelous age. There are concatenations of events, to catch and fix your attention; to make you hold your breath in eager expectancy of what is yet to come, and keep you entertained. The Vitaphone is a vital reality in motion pictures and a revolution in their exhibition. The old saying that "Wonders never cease" is certainly trne in this instance.

—o—

While the prolific use of automobiles is a source of pleasure to those who have and operate them, and an engine of destruction to the careless, there is one thing they are doing for the general public. They are teaching people patience. If you are in a rush, and an "awful big hurry," and reach a corner when a line of autos are passing, you have to exercise patience until the way is clear to cross. This experience comes at intervals; but it teaches the lesson of calmly waiting, and curbing your rushing propensities.

—o—

People who are always putting off till toworrow generally do not accomplish the best results. Then it does not pay a good dividend to be anticipating your happiness on the morrow, or feel the mighty weight of disappointment or of any misery before it actually arrives. The Bible gives this advice, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Enjoy your happiniess today, and let tomorrow take care of itself.

Keeping the Heart Warm and Sweet

It is autumn! Summer has had its fling—sunshine has glistened the wide world over—youth has held the center of the stage. The yellow and bronze leaves of the trees whisper now of winter's silence—the birds have left us and gone to warmer climes—the poets begin to sing in a minor strain of melancholy days. It is all very sober and drab. We grow thoughtful. Especially those who have passed the summer of life—or who are approaching the winter of our days, and are in the twilight zone of life. If we are sentimental, we sympathize with ourselves and begin to repine for those yesterdays, "when we were young." Some take searching glimpse of themselves in their mirrors trying to decide if they look their age, or if they are stealing a march on Time. One always feels thoughtful about youth and age—sunshine and snow—jow and sorrow when it is autumn. But keeping the heart sweet and pulsating with the joy of life and open to the sunshine of love and happiness, we will find what a gloriously sunny, nitoxicating, colorful affair life's autumn is if we only make it so. Give repining no place in your heart, close the door on it..

—o—

The people who are not given to "hear-say" are those who believe but half they see and nothing they hear. How many of these kind of people do you suppose you can find if you started out to hunt for them?

—o—

There is an old saying that "It takes all kind of people to make a world." Since this presidential election started and has gotten as far as it has, I am thoroughly convinced that the old saying is the unadulterated truth.

—o—

Facts and Feeling

Who cares what anybody knows about fatherhood or motherhood, Beethoven's sonatas, prohibition, divorce, rose culture, travel, sickness, the 23rd Psalm, the pyramid of Cheops, color photograph, the screen Vitaphone, the principles of government, or life itself, unless that knowledge is the vehicle in which he brings to share with you his deepest, richest feelings about these things? What was the Renaissance, and the Reformation, but the arousing in the mind and heart of Europe, dulled into a deathlike formalism, feelings which had been lost for a thousand years—the love of liberty, and beauty, truth and life. Yet feeling must be schooled, desciplined by fact or it becomes frothy, vapid, insane. Shallow feeling attempting the Gothic in architecture produces the flamboyant; striving for the classic in poetry or painting, the grotesque. Is is possible shallow feeling is the parent of jazz, both in music and all other forms. There is no secret reason why here in America we have created no great architecture, music, drama, statecraft; while we DO have rag-time, graft and worldliness. It must be our feelings, or the lack of refined feeling, that fills our divorce courts, countenances the bootlegger and the double standard of morality. Who knows? Who can tell us?

—o—

A Kentucky newspaper has this advertisement: "For sale—Two porch shades, four feet wide, good as new; also porch swing in good condition."

This looks mighty like the engagement has been broken off.

—o—

The Los Angeles (Cal.,) Examiner carries this advertisement: "Wanted —Inexperienced girl for easy folding." Just like 'em. After a certain age they just won't shut up.

—o—

"Knocking Wood" for Luck

I have been asked why does a person "knock wood" whenever he does not want his luck to desert him? It is believed to have originated from an old Danish myth. According to the legend an old Danish sea captain, just before starting on a voyage, would always tap on the side of his ship, and then stand in silence and listen for a few minutes. His belief was that as there were so many millions of their kind in the timbers of the ship, the elves of the wood would come out and bless the ship and insure its safe return. Other Danish skippers followed this practice, and strangely enough, at least so I have been told, the vessels so submitted to this quaint ritual, seemed to acquire immunity from the perils of the sea. As a result the superstition became a custom which has lived to the present day. Now "knock wood," but mind you do not hit anyone on the head.

—o—

Confidence is one of the main pillars of the whole superstructure of affairs in this life. It is like a person's appetite, which grows with what it feeds on.

—o—

It is the little things in this world which make up the big ones. A small service, well done, is not to be dispised. The smallest cog in a big machine is just as important in a way as the power that drives it.

NOT PROMOTED BECAUSE—

He grumbled.
He knew too much.
He watched the clock.
He didn't believe in himself.
He was always behind in his work.
He was always ready with an excuse.
He never learned from his mistakes.
He never relied on his own judgment.
He wasn't prepared for the next step.
He didn't have his heart in his work.
He was contented to be a second-rate man.

—Sante Fe Magazine.

WELFARE WORKERS MEET IN CONCORD

The Welfare Workers of the Third District had a profitable as well as delightful meeting in Concord last Thursday with one hundred welfare wrokers in attendance. The subject uppermost in the mind of all welfare workers is the unfortunate child, and there were some thoughts given out at this meeting that are worthy of note.

The following as taken from the Concord Tribune was the principal address of the occasion on The Problem Child. Dr. Crane of the University of North Carolina in discussing his topic declared:

"A problem child is one whose habitual form of behavior in any of the life situations met by it is detrimential to its final welfare and to the welfare of the several groups to which it belongs."

Dr. Crane took as an example the child who cries when he does not get what he wants, declaring, "a child with the crying type of behavior should be just as definitely recognized as a problem type of child as should the one who lies, who steals, or who is truant from school."

Dr. Crane said there are three reasons why a child behaves in a way that is detrimental to himself or society.

"First, some human beings come into the world with a neural organization so defective that they practically in spite of the best of training, are impossible of being developed into emotionally stable individuals. Second, some human beings come into the world with a neural system so defective that, again practically in spite of the best training, they are never able to meet successfully situations of a great complexity as it is necessary to the average school child or normal adult to meet in every-day life. I am here referring to individuals defective in general intelligence. In the third place, we have as the basis of problem conduct in children and in adults, defective training."

The third cause is the most important and the most noticeable, Dr. Crane said. And as a remedy he urged that training of children start at the moment of birth; that, in fact, probably the most important period of life of the individual from the educational standpoint is the first two or three years of life. "How a person meets special difficulties during the early months," he said, "and then also during the pre-school and school years, is really much more important for the effectiveness of the individual's later behavior than the specific content of the subjects acquired from the school's curriculum. It is much more important that difficult situations should be met in a way which adequately dispose of them rather than by temporarily disposing of them indaequately through crying, tantrums or evasion."

THE DIVIDING LINE.

By R. R. Clark in The Daily News.

Bishop Anderson, discussing "The Church and the State" at the Protestant Episcopal convention in Washington, declared that while religion is an intensely personal thing it is also an intensely social thing. Because of this followers of Christ have undertaken to bringing it to pass "that the sovereignity of Jesus Christ will be universally recognized—that governments will recognize that they are under His sway, that industry will be operated in accordance with the moral law and that commerce shall be conducted in accordance with the Golden Rule." But, continues the bishop—

"You will not construe this as a plea for the intrusion of politics in the pulpits and on the platforms of the church. The church has something more important to do. It is one thing to bring party politics and economic theories into the range of church activities.

"It is a vastly different thing to bring the force of religious conviction and experience into our social and political life. Party politics pollute religion, but religion purifies politics.

"Whenever the church undertakes to fight the world's political and social battles by usings the world's weapons, or identifies itself with the world in the hope of producing a glorified human society by external pressure, the rusult will inevitably be a loss of morals.

"Ecclesiastical politics are no better than any other kind of politics. It is beginning at the wrong end. It is patching up the machinery of society that may work today and break down tomorrow."

The distinctions seems to be reasonably clear, but many of the bishops and lesser clergy seem unable to draw it in the application. They try to fight the world's political and social battles with the world's weapons, applying ecclesiastical pressure in the belief that a glorified human society will emerge.

Wouldst thou be happy?
Take an easy way:
Think of those around thee—live for them each day;
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief their care;
All that they have to do, or feel or bear;
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those around thee—it will not be in vain.—Anon.

THOSE TERRIBLE YOUNG PEOPLE.

By Grace A. J. Wright, Sorel, P. O., Canada.

The story entitled, "Are Modern Young People Going to the Bad?" in the last issue of The Uplift, was read by an admirer of young people way up in Canada—and she sends the following as a tribute to the Young People. We take pleasure in giving it a place in The Uplift.

Those Terrible Young People. Yes, they are terrible in every way. They are terribly lovely, they are terribly true and brave and loyal and generous and gay; and in the midst of their gaiety they can sober down to seriousness, if need be. They love and are loved by the world at large and God watches over every one of them—those Terrible Young People, for they are to Him "more than fine gold or rubies," and they are bought with the Precious Blood of Christ.

Those terrible young people,
They are so very gay,
This world would be quite sober,
Were it not for such as they.

Those terrible young people,
You sometimes think they are bold,
But, do, please remember,
Their hearts are pure gold.

Those terrible young pepole,
You will find them very nice,
They can act like frisky kittens,
Or be quiet as little mice.

What would you really do,
If you were as young as they?
Sit round, mope and be blue,
Or laugh, dance and be gay?

Those terrible young people,
You know you love them too,
How dreadful this old world would be,
Without their smiles so true.

Those terrible young people,
They're loyal, brave and true,
And sweet as sweetest honey,
Gathered from flowers blue.

Those terrible young people,
They do so little wrong,
You'll find them up in Heaven,
Among the Angel throng.

THE IDEAL OF FRIENDSHIP

Our friends may not be perfect, but our ideal of friendship may be perfect, and that is what counts. The ideal friendship means self-sacrifice; it means sympathy; it means helpfulness. Friends see each other's faults, and try to remove them with loving tact. Friends can do ever so much because of their friedship. Friendship is one of the world's greatest ideas, and certainly it prompts men and women to the greatest actions.

—Selected.

FUNDS NEEDED TO BUILD A MEMORIAL CHAPEL

An extensive campaign is being made to raise funds for a Memorial Chapel at Fort Bragg. The church people of the state are beginning to realize the need of a place of worship for more than ten thousand of Uncle Sam's soldiers who annually gather at the largest artillery post of the country.

There is a growing conviction that North Carolina has sadly neglected the religious needs of the soldier boys, and at last the conviction has crystalized to the extent that there will be concerted action by the Church leaders to this end.

Plans are being rapidly matured for an extension drive to put across the campaign for necessary funds with which to make possible the building of a Memorial Chapel at Fort Bragg. This chapel will provide a place of worship for more than ten thousand of Uncel Sam's soldiers who gather at the nation's largest artillery post.

Church people of the state are coming to realize the seriousness of the situation where this number of people are brought together without any place in which to hold religious worship. As a result, there is a growing conviction that North Carolnia has been extremely negligent in caring for the religious needs of her soldier boys and this conviction is ripening into action on the part of the church leaders in the state.

Friday, October 19th, representatives from every county in North Carolina will gather at Fort Bragg under the auspices of the Memorial Committee for the purpose of laying plans for raising the necessary funds with which to build the proposed place of worship. Interested citizens from every section of the state have signified their intention of being present. The proposed campaign will be directed by Dr. A. E. Cory, noted Christian minister of Kinston, who will be present to discuss plans and confer with representatives from the counties of the state.

It is generally understood that the idea now in mind is to make Armistice Sunday something of a Victory Armistice celebration in North Carolina, at which the drive will reach its climax through the Sunday Schools, the Churches and the American Legion Posts of the state. Plans for the campaign leading up to this special day will be made public immediately following the meeting to be held Friday.

Representatives from the various counties of the state are expected to arrive at Fort Bragg during the morning of the 19th where they will be met by Chaplain Walter B. Zimmerman. The business plans for the campaign will be discussed at a luncheon to be tendered the visitors about one o'clock.

The way to fare well is to do well.—Anon.

THE LAND CALLED "LITTLE VENICE"

By Nevin O. Winter

Traveling along the Spanish Main is certain to bring up stories of the buccaneers and freebooters who sailed along here in search of galleons laden with treasure-trove from the new possessions of Spain. The term is applied to the South American coast from Panama eastward to Orinoco. The favorite hiding-place was in the Gulf of Maracaibo. And here it was that the first Spaniards landed. Seeing some native huts elevated upon piles, they thought they saw a resemblance to Venice. Hence they applied the name Venezuela, which means "Little Venice." This illy applied name remains in spite of the fact that most of the land is mountainous or elevated plateau.

As the steamer approached La Guayra the mountains rose up in a forbidding way as if to dispute the advance of the stranger. No inviting pass was visible. There were successive waves of undulations one after another. "See the Andes," some one cried out. It is the beginning of that remarkable system which follows the western line of the continent until it drops into the sea at the Straights of Magellan and then reappears in Tierra del Fuego.

Even though Venezuela does not figured largely in the world, it covers considerable area. It exceeds France, Spain and Portugal combined. The climate ranges from an Amazonian tropical temperature to peaks crowned with perpetual snow. La Guayra, chief seaport, lies at the edge of a chain of mist-crowned mountains which come down to wet their feet in the ocean. Carracas, the capital, is stowed away in a secluded valley four thousand feet higher up. It is necessary to go up two thousand feet higher and then down. It could only be bombarded by shells that would rise like rockets and drop on the other side.

From the sea La Guayra looks like a collection of scattered houses which cling to the side of the overhanging mountain. The highest ones are several hundred feet above the sandy shore, and it must require considerable exertion to climb up and down every day. Only one or two long streets, which follow the windings of the shore, are wholly on the level. The dominant smells around the docks are of coffee and chocolate. Your coffee may come from Brazil, but some of the chocolate that you purchase was once wheeled along these stony streets.

Over the mountains to the capital are a mule trail, an ancient wagon road and a modern railway. A splendid automobile highway will soon be completed, and then the Tour De Luxe can be made in the puffing modern steed which strives best on gasoline. For centuries the steep trail was the only connecting link. It is a very remarkable railroad; its tracks cling to the perpendicular surface of the mountain like the tiny tendrils of a vine on a stone wall. The trains crawl along the edge of its precipices, twisting themselves into the shape of a horse-shoe magnet on the curves. The route by rail is three times as long as a crow's flight, for it is only seven miles in a bee line.

The view of La Guayra and the Caribbean Sea for below, while the engines snorts and puffs on its way to the capital, is a wonderful combination of sea and plain, of bottomless chasm and noble mountains. There are higher mountains and more beautiful, perhaps, but in few places in the world can one find such magnificent mountains dropping so adruptly into the blue sea. It seems strange to see the engine back instead of going forward. The heat from its fire-bok sweeps back into the coaches like the hot waves from a blast furnace. One wonders how the grades are made without assistance from cogs. One almost fears that the train will slide down instead of move upward. Half a dozen or more loops may be counted from some vantage points. When we thought we had left La Guayra behind, it would reappear far below with our steamer riding at anchor just beyond. There are hundreds of royal palms. Nestling among them are the red-roofed yellow huts, and beyond is the white line of breakers disappearing and reappearing against the background of blue. The great ocean stretched as far as eyes could see, touching the sky so like it in color that the two were joined in a azure curtain.

We passed through clouds on our way up, where the trees and rocks along the track were damp and shining as after a heavy dew. In some places we could peer through them down a straight fall of four thousand feet. In several places we saw women washing the family clothers in the little stream which tumble down the mountain sides. When we had reached the summit, we could see below the restful valley in which lies the city of Caracas, cut up evenly by well-kept streets and diversified by the towers of churches, public buildings and open plazas. On the outskirts of the capital there are many adobe houses, which are little more than walls of mud covered over. Children are plentiful about every open door.

Caracas was founded by the Spaniards on the site of an Indian village in 1567. Thus Spaniards, clothed in suits of mail and wearing helmets, stalked these streets with stately stride half a century before English Cavaliers began their settlement at Jamestown. It did not need any label to prove that Caracas is essentially Spanish. The people may call themselves Venezuelans or South Americans, but down in their hearts they are Spaniards before anything else in temperment and outlook. The climate is that of perputual spring. The extremes of cold and heat are alike unknown. In the last century, since independence was gained, this city has been the scene of countless uprisings and revolutions. One may well imagaine himself at the bottom of an immense soup-tureen. A round and narrow cordon of blue mountains completely surrounds Caracas. Peaks fully seven thousand feet above sea level tower over its streets and up to clouds which form the cover of the tureen.

Caracas is laid out in regular squares of uniform size, filling the bottom of the Chacao Valley. It extends from the loudly chattering little river Guira to the heights of several hundred feet up the slopes. The houses are of one or two stories, painted in blues and pinks and greens, with overhanging red-tiled roofs, projecting iron balconies and open iron-barred win-

dows, through which one gains glimpes of cool interiors and beautiful courts. The streets are well paved but narrow; in fact, only on the Plaza Bolivar are the sidewalks wide enough to make it possible for two persons to walk abreast. So family parties saunter along in single file. If two families meet on the same narrow sidewalk, one may witness an entirely different scene. The men will slip to the gutter and stand hat in hand, each assuring his viz-a-viz, with Spanish-American politeness, that the sidewalk is "at his disposition." Everything seems "at your disposition" in Caracas—the house of your host, as he will tell you, his pictures, or the family jewelry that you admire on account of its age.

One of the conspicious buildings of Caracas is the Casa Amarilla, the "Yellow House." You wonder what it is. It is the "White House' of Venezuela. Why do they call it yellow? Because it is painted a brilliant yellow. Perhaps they wonder why we call the home of our Executive the "White House," and keep it painted that color. Many times the "Yellow House" has been converted into a veritable arsenal, with great quanities of muskets, cartridges and rapid firing guns ready for use. And oftentimes the head of the man who happened to be dictator rested as uneasy as that of any crowned ruler.

About noon the noisy rattle of the heavy blinds being drawn is heard over the business section. No northern city is more soundly asleep than Caracas for the two succeeding hours. The green laticids are closed. Awnings are dropped before shop doors. The market empty. The little donkeys seem to join in the somnolent atmosphere, for their heads nod and they appear indifferent to any movement near them. Of course, tourists remain awake and it is possible to woo a taxi driver from his coveted siesta upon payment of a satisfactory price.

It was in 1811 that Zenezuela declared her independence from the mother country. Her great men put this declaration in writing and signed it. The room is still kept sacred, as is the place where our Declaration was signed in Independence Hall But the two men who were to make these declarations worth something more than the parchment upon which they were written were not among the signers. Where Washington suffered in the snows of Valley Forge, or pushed his way through the floating ice of the Delaware, young Bolivar marched under the fierce tropical sun, cut his paths through jungles and penetrated the fastness of the Andes. Their difficulties and their aims were the same, but the character of the two men was wholly different. Bolivar was reckless, impatient of advice, foolhardy. What Washington was we know.

Unless you have seen the country through Bolivar led his men, and have measured the mountains he climed with his followers, it is quite impossible to understand the immensity of his accomplishments. Although a native Venezuelan, he was not satisfied with bringing freedom to his own country. He determined to drive the Spaniards wholly out of South America. He first freed Colombia and was elected President of combined Venezuela and Colombia. He then started for Peru in response to the cry for help. The journey was filled with hardships. He lived partly up-

on roots and berries, sleeping on the ground wrapped in a blanket, riding on mule-back or climbing the steep trails on foot. He freed Equador, Bolivia, and finally Peru, the home of the Incas.

In the very heart of Caracas is a Plaza Bolivar (pronounced Bo-lee-var). It is paved with mosaic tiles and illuminated with festoons of electric lights. Every American who loves a hero and who loves a lover—and Bolivar was very much of both—should read the life of this man. After risking his life upon many battle fields and escaping several attempts at assassination, he died deserted by all except a few friends, with a heart broken by the ingratitude of the people he had led out of captivity. His last words were: "I have sown in the sea. Already his work had in a measure been undone. Since becoming a "republic" Venezuela has experienced more than her full share of trouble. No President has ever actually come into power through an unmanipulated election, no President has ever retired from office voluntarily. A dozen years ago the disturber was Cipriano Castro, who involved his country in many disputes with other nations, including the United States. He died in exile a year or two ago. On several occasions serious disputes have arisen with foreign governments.

In newer Caracas there is a Plaza Washington with a statue of our first President, who was a friend of the early Venezuelan patriots. This Plaza has a fresh prettiness and restfulness all its own. The branches of the trees touch and interlace, forming a green roof over all except the center where stands, open to the blue sky, the statue of the "Father of his Country." The sun of the tropics beats down upon the shoulders, while the palms rustle pleasantly above his head. One will also see many pictures of Washington throughout the Venezuelan capital. Even the street urchins know the history of our first President. How many school boys in the United States can tell anything of Simon Bolivar?

Venezuela is a country whose development is still in its infancy. Over its vast territory only a few hundred miles of iron rails have been strung. It is a picturesque sight on the country roads to see long lines of patient burros, laden with bags of coffee, chocolate, hides and other products. As many as twenty of these little beasts are strung together in single file; their owner decked in the popular brown plush hat, astride the leader. Coffee, cocoa (chocolate beans) and rubber are the principle products of the country. But great herds of cattle graze on the plains called llanos. Upon these rather arid plains a coarse thin grass grows upon which cattle thrive. But it requires more acres for each animal than in regions where rainfall is more abundant. The tropical forest furnish products similar to those of the Amazon basin. The Orinoco threads the country which has the fanciful El Dorado that lured so many men to their doom. Spanish, Portugese, Dutch, French and British, all sought for the golden city here in the long-ago days. It is still an El Dorado, but the wealth is in the soil. Zenezuela will undoubtedly become a great prosperous nation, with a well-organized and stable government some day, and I earnestly hope that day may soon come.

LADY ASTOR SUGGESTS A CLEAN-UP.

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

Motoring from Lynchburg to Richmond and Williamsburg, Lady Astor was struck by the need for a clean-up campaign in the small towns and villages. Untidy yards, unlovely highways, broken-down fences and tumble-down houses moved the former Nanny Langhorne to remonstrance. Virginia could be made much lovelier than it is, she said, and suggested that the League of Women Voters or some other organization of women undertake the task of beautification. The suggestion commends itself to approval. The unattractiveness of the American village has been remarked by many travelers through the rural regions of this country. Much might be done to improve appearances on village streets and in the back yards of village homes. But while recognizing the need for improvement, it is nevertheless pertinent to point out that Lady Astor may be partly moved to her disapproval of the American countryside by her long familiarity with the more orderly British scene. Any comparison of the two countries on the score of orderliness must be in our own disfavor, as Lady Astor seems to understand. But in point of fact, the British village is what it is because it had order forced upon it. The scarcity of space in the British Isles made it necessary to compress villages within small compass. The use of attached houses became general, and back yards were reduced to minimum. Morevoer, the lack of timber led to much brick and stone construction with the result that the appearances of order was still further enhanced. America having abundant land and plenty of timber could spread its villages out over wide areas with broad, straggling streets and big, cumbersome frame houses, which though often beautiful at the beginning, tend to lose their beauty in default of proper maintenance. America's villages can be made to look better, as Lady Astor suggests, but it is hardly to be expected that in this country of abundant space, they can be transformed into orderly counterparts of the English villages to which the former Virginia women has been accustomed.

HOW COULD HE DO IT?

Rudyard Kipling, the English writer, began writing stories when he was in his teens, and he has been writing steadily for forty years. If you will go into a library and look at the row of books that Kipling has written, you are likely to exclaim, "How could one man write all that in a lifetime?"

He began when he was a boy, and he has stuck to it. That is the secret. He did not waste fifteen or twenty years in getting started. You can do a fine piece of work, too, if you will go at it now in a business-like way, and stay on the job.—The Way.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

(Asheville Citizen)

In an address last week in Boston before the American College of Surgeons, Dr. William T. Mayo, the recognized leading surgeon of America, declared that a great problem of the medical profession and practice is that physicians are badly distributed. There is a great and growing scarcity of them in rural districts. Also the cost of medical service is rising everywhere. This increases the opportunity for quacks and dishonest doctors.

In the United States today medical attention is better than ever before and it is superior to that of every other Modern Nation. But does this mean that we are as well served by physicians as we should be? Dr. Mayo does not think so, and statistics bear out his contention.

The old fashioned country doctor is dying out. He was a kindly beloved figure and helped and cheered his patients in every way. Modern specialists are taking over his practise. Also the automobile highways and excellent city hospitals are providing better for the sick in rural districts and placing metropolitian service at their disposal. Again young physicians are less and less willing to practice in the country. They prefer the cities with their better facilities, municipal attractions, and opportunities for specialization.

But Dr. Mayo contends that there is still a great need for country doctors and that the city specialists cannot take over all their work. Doubtless he is right. Young physicians should be encouraged to settle in rural districts. Attractions should be offered them to make it worth while. Yet it is easier to perceive the evil in their case than to suggest an adequate remedy. It is one of the problems before us.

THE SATURATION POINT

The "saturation point" is an expression often used by wise speakers and writers. Most folks understand what they are driving at, yet not many folks can fully define what they mean to say when they use this expression.

One writer asks the question. "What will be the saturation point of the automobile?" In this case he possibly means to ask when will we get enough cars to "bust" everbody, or it may be that he means to say that when all the people who need cars are supplied we will have reached the saturation point. Or, perchance, they mean when all the people who are able to own cars get them, we will be up to the saturation point.

—(Mt. Olive Tribune.

FANNY CROSBY AND HER HYMNS.

By H. H. Smith

Comparing Beecher and Spurgeon as preachers, a critic once said that Beecher was a preacher of great sermons, while Spurgeon was a great preacher of sermons. Comparing hymn-writers, we might say that Wesley and Watts were writers of great hymns, while Fanny Crosby was a great writer of hymns. By this we mean that, if Fanny Crosby did not write any great hymns, many of the six thousand that she wrote have become universally popular and have accomplished untold good.

Concerning this subject of hymns, it may be truly said that "there is no disputing about tastes." For instance, Dr. Ninde, author of "The Story of the American Hymn," quotes two diverse criticisms of Fanny Crosby's hymns by prominent hymonologists. Dr Julian, the editor of the "Dictionary of Hymnology," says: "There are, with few exceptions, very weak and poor." And yet, on the other hand, Dr. Duffield, author of the popular hymn, "Stand Up for Jesus," said: "I rather think her talent will stand beside that of Watts and Wesly, especially when we take into consideration the number of hymns she has written."

Whatever may be Fanny Crosby's rank as a hymn writer, of one thing we are assured: her hymns struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the masses. "Her productions in her own and in the various languages into which they were translated, are probably sung by more voices than those of any other writer save Isaac Watts and Charles Wesly. At least seventy are in common use in England, a far greater number than by any other American," says Dr. Ninde. And the Methodist Hymnal Annotated pays a like tribute: "Few women that have ever lived can claim a higher honor than belongs to Fanny Crosby in being permitted to witness the world-wide popularity of so many of her hymns."

One day the musician, Mr. W. H. Doane, said to her: "Fanny, I have written a tune and I want you to write words for it." "Let me hear how the tune goes," she replied After hearing Mr. Doane play it over on a small organ, she at once exclaimed: "Why, that tune says 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and I will see what I can do about it." She retired to an adjoining room to be alone, and a half hour later returned with the words of this popular hymn. Dr. John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York, said that this hymn has given more peace and satisfaction to mothers who have lost their children than any other hymn he had ever known.

While Fanny Crosby's hymns have been especially popular in the Sunday school and the revival service where gospel songs are desired, at least five of them have found their way into our Methodist hymnal, and are popular numbers: "Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine"; "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour"; "Rescue the perishing"; "Saviour, more than life to me," and "Thou, my everlasting portion."

Referring to the hymn, "Pass me

not, O gentle Saviour," Sankey said: "No hymn in our collection was more popular than this in our meetings in London, in 1874. It was sung almost every day in Her Majesty's Theater, in Pall Mall, and has been translated into sevreal languages."

Dr. Nutter, writing about this hymn, quotes Dr. Adam Clarke: "A sermon that does good is a good sermon," and says, "I dare to say the same of a hymn; and judged by that standard, this is one of the best hymns ever written."

A young man, attributing his conversion to this hymn, said: "It was all through that hymn we have just sung. I was working on the canal at G—, and there was a meeting being held at the Mainer's Chapel nearby. The words floated out over the water, and from the tug where I was working I could hear them plainly enough. When they were just going to sing those lines—

'While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!'

a great fear came over me, and I thought, 'Of if the Lord were to pass me by, how terrible it would be!' Then and there, on the tug, I cried out, 'O Lord, do not pass me by.' and" —with a bright smile—"He didn't pass me by. I am saved."

This hymn, like many others by Fanny Crosby, is a prayer-hymn. We are not surprised that many of her hymns are prayer-hymns when we read in her "Memories of Eighty Years": "It may seem a little old-fashioned always to begin one's work with prayer, but never undertake a hymn without first asking the good Lord to be my inspiration in the work that I am about to do."

Fanny Crosby, as many know, was blind, having lost her eyesight when six weeks old, through improper treatment of her eyes. When only eight years old she wrote the following lines, and carried with her through life the spirit of gratitude and good cheer which they express:

"O what a happy soul I am!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

How many blessings I enjoy,
That other people don't,
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot and I won't."

She was a member of the old John Street Methodist church, New York. For several years she taught in the Institution for the Blind in New York, and was married to Mr. Alexander Van Alstyne, a blind teacher in the same school. In her hymn-writing she used her maiden name. At the advanced age of 95 years she passed to her reward, a bright and happy Christian to the day of her death.

When some one spoke of Fanny Crosby's blindness to Frances Ridley Havergal, the gifted hymn-writer of England, and chanced to say, "But her heart can see," Miss Havergal was led to write the following lines:

"How can she sing in the dark like this?
What in her fountain of light and bliss?
With never the light of a loving face,
Must not the world be a desolate place?

O, her heart can see, her heart can see!
And its sight is strong and swift and free.

Never the ken of the mortal eye
Could pierce so deep and far and high
As the eagle vision of hearts that dwell
In the lofty, sunlit citadel.

For the King Himself, in His tender grace,
Has shown her the brightness of His face;
She can read His law as a shining chart,
For His finger hath written it on her heart:

And she reads His love, for on all her way
His hand is writing it every day.
O, this is why she sings so free:
Her heart can see, her heart can see."

To this Dr. Tillett adds: "God seems to have more than compensated Fanny Crosby for the loss of her eyesight by giving her heart-sight and by revealing to her visions of spiritual light and moral beauty that are rarely ever given to mortals whose eyes are occupied with beholding the sights of the material world."

LATE OCTOBER

The pumpkins all are ripening in the sunshine
Of the life-filled October always brings;
And underneath the vine where they are hanging,
The cherry little cricket chirps and sings.

A haze upon the hills and in the valley,
A glory o'er the landscape far and near.
The beauty of creations seems to rally
In loveliest robes to greet the dying year.

A tang of frost salutes us in the morning;
White-vested, where the dewdrops used to cling.
The valley grasses takes on its fall adorning,
Low bending for its winter burying.

In zigzag lines across the trackless ocean
The birds have sought a nesting-place afar
From north wind's bluster and from storms commotion,
Where mildly beams the summer star.

Our dreams are now of fireside brightly glowing—
Of cheer and comfort that around it clings,
Until the warm breeze from the Southland blowing
Shall bring to us once more the rush of wings.

—Selected.

THE LIGHT OF A SHINING STAR.

By Margaret E. Sangster

I like to think that the light of a shining star lies as beautifully across our paths today as it did across the desert paths that the wise men followed. Although we are not wise—although we are neither rich nor great, as they were—I like to think that the lights speaks to us. And that we will follow its radiant calling, as they did, until we have come, at last, to the stable place where a Blessed Child is lying. With a smile upon his face, and outflung welcoming hands. The smile has lived across the centuries—just as the welcome in those hands, that grew out of babyhood to know the fierce imprint of thorns, has lived.

Not only at the Christmas season does this light shine for us. Not only on a lovely holiday does it make glorious the eastern sky. The light of the stars is a light that shines through every darkness—be it the darkness of May or the darkness of December. That shines upon soul darkness as well as physical darkness. It makes the way that we should follow a splendid road. That leds finally to peace, if not always to worldly gain and achievement. That leads at last to rest, even though it does not always answer the keen desire of ambition.

All through life lie paths that make a network across the very face of the world. That make a labyrinth for some of us. Sometimes these roads are marked with sign-posts, that tell the direction in a detailed manner. Sometimes these roads are made plain with a pointed arrow that indictates the trail. Sometimes these roads are laid out so carefully that one longs to follow their clever markings. But some roads are unmarked—and often they, too, by their sense of pleasant mystery, seem very worth following. The pioneer spirit lives in the least daring of us—that fact can not be denied!

And yet, after all, wasn't it a sort of pioneer spirit that led the wise men on the quest that ended (if it has ever really ended!) in a stable Wasn't it a holy kind of pilgrimage upon which they went. Weren't they pioneers in the truest sense of the word—for, at that time, there were oceans of doubt and mountains of disbelief to be conquered!

And, still, there are oceans of doubt, and mountains of disbelief. Even though—for nearly two thousand years—the Christ Child has been a reality in our hearts, even though His Message of love has grown, with the ages, into the fabric of our souls. There are still times when we hesitate over the road that we should travel, the way that we should take. Often choosing, through sheer sense of adventure, the one that is unmarked.

Oh, friend of mine, the star road is always marked plainly. Always marked in such a way that the seeker after truth may follow it. Always marked with a light that leads and inspires. And, even though it is plainly marked, the pioneer spirit may follow it—and, in following, may find the greatest of the world's adventure. The greatest of the world's magic.

Look down the long and valiant

list of the ones who have followed the road that the wise men followed. The great Christian names that have blazed across the years that lie between the night of Bethlehem and the present day. You will find them names that stand for progressiveness —not the names of people who would follow a light because it made the way clear—and for no other reason.

For the light of a shining star leads always on, and always up. And the path that it marks will always come to an end at the real beginning.

WHAT IS A BOY.

(Meadville, Penna., Kiwanian)

"He is the person who is going to carry on what you have started.

"He is to sit right where you are sitting, and when you are gone, attend to those things which you think are so important.

"You may adopt all the policies you pleasd, but how they will be carried out depends on him.

"Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.

"He is going to sit at your desk in the Senate and occupy your place on the Supreme Bench.

"He will assume control of your cities, states and nations.

"He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, schools, universities and corporations.

"All your books are going to be judged, praised and condemned by him.

"All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and humanity is in his hands.

"So it might be well to pay him some attention."

The buliding and loan associations of North Carolina and the nation stand as a bulwark against unsound practices in home financing, is the opinion of Leon Cash, of Winston-Salem, president of the North Carolina League of Building and Loan Associations. The associations, according to Mr. Cash, are a power for good in American home life and are steadily growing in favor and in helpfulness. The building and loan associations, explains Mr. Cash, came into being for the purpose of financing home construction and home buying at the lowest possible cost to the home owner. They have and are still serving the purpose for which they were creted, and are still safeguards against the exploitation of the home buyer by those who would enter the field for personal gain. The building and loan plan has been imitated by more than one company, organized for financing home building and buying, but exacting a full interest return, and costing in the end more than the building and loan way. Building and loan associations are organized and conducted for mutual benefit, not for individual or corporated profits.—Asheboro Courier.

CHARACTER THE END OF EDUCATION.

(The Christian Statesman)

Character is the quality of a man, the texture of his mind, the color of his soul. It is not what we have, not what we can reach, not what we feel, but what we are. It is that substance of soul which determines in advance what a man will do under given circumstances. Character is to a man what ripeness is to vegetation, what proportion is to architecture, what exactness is to mathematics—it is his perfection.

The whole confidence of the world, on which trade and empires and homes and heart-happiness are built, is confidence in character. Moral worth is the core of the world's worth. About it the whole grand casting is settling into forms of infinite beauty and goodness. Take character out and there is naught but a confused mass of boiling metal, an ultimate explosion and hissing fragments.

The formative influences which operate on character are vastly important. Among these influences none are more important than education—that received in our colleges and universities and especially in our great free public school system. And these two important things derive greater importance from their association, just as two concave mirrors placed in right relations will make fire at the focus, or as two watch crystals joined edge to edge and filled with water will bring fire from the sun.

Education is the development of the faculties of one's nature. True education therefore is the symmetrical development of one's faculties. It thinks of the man instead of any attribute of him. It will not linger in the outer courts but has a message to "the king." It holds it to be self-evident that the culture of the living power is valueless (in the best sense of a man's value) and even dangerous, if it is robbed of that which must go before it and with it and some after it—the culture that gives the trained mind to the care and control of an educated and wide-awake, but well controled will. This is not only education, i. e., bringing out life, but modelling and fixing into permanent forms the life evoked. This is character-making, which is a fit and final result for thinking—better than money-machine-making, better than cramming, better than arming a man's intellect against his nobler nature. Education, in the narrow etymological sense, is striking a flint upon steel and bringing out the spark; this character-making is catching the spark upon the tinder and kindling a permanent fire.

Character is not only the student's first need for himself, but is also indispensable to the welfare of the State, And this is the great reason why it should be the end of all common school education, since our free public school system is maintained and conducted primarily if not indeed exclusivly in the interests of the state. Patriotism may be found in the student's closet as well as at the cannon's mouth. "A despotism," says Montesquieu, "is supported by fear; a republic by virture"

A BLIND HISTORIAN.

(Young Folks)

The name of Prescott is familiar It will always be associated with works of history. In cyclopedias his name stands as "William H. Prescott, Historian." During the war of 1812 he was a student at Harvard. While a student there he lost the sight of one eye, he being struck with a piece of bread playfully thrown by a fellow-student. He continued his studies, but ere long the other eye become affected.

He traveled extensively abroad in the hope of recovering his health and of saving the sight of one eye. When he returned to this country he seemed improved, and abandoned law, which he early intended to pursue, he chose literature and threw himself into the study of the literature of Spain, especially on its historical side. That burden was too much for the remaining eye, and he lost sight of it also. But he would not give up. He secured the assistance of a reader and thus he was able to continue his work. After ten years of labor of the most exacting kind, and under the most serious difficulties, he completed his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" in three large volumes, and gave it to the public. Its success was immediate and his fame was made.

During the next six years he wrote his "History of the Conquest of Mexico" three volumes also, and four years later there appeared the "Conquest of Peru," by the same author. He wrote other volumes and was the author of a number of papers. Of these we shall not speak. His name deserves to stand among the world's most famous historians. It is said of him that he was a fine scholar, "a man of cheerful humor and affectionate character," and that "he walked five miles regularly every day, composing as he walked."

His name is known to every student of history, but it is not generally known that the amount and standard character of the work he did has been equalled by only few men with two good eyes, but he accomplished it in a state of blindness.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Pilgrim's Progress, the famous allegory by John Bunyan, has been translated into more than one hundred languages and dialects. No book excepting the Bible has exceeded that record.—Young People's Friend.

SUPPRESSING JEALOUSY.

(Young Folks)

There is a bit of jealousy in most of us. It is hard to be free from it even if we acknowledge its danger and try to throw it aside. When those near us get ahead of us we feel it keenly. When it looks as though we were going to lose out we get peeved at the winner. We are apt to forget that our jealousy betrays our weakness and shows that we recognize it. When we are confident of winning we will not be jealous. But there are sure to come times when it is not a matter of greater or less ability, more or less skill, but solely a result of popularity, or the lack of it.

Popularity is an uncertain thing. We cannot tell just what takes place when one becomes more popular than another. We often are amazed that unpopular becomes popular and the popular goes down into ignored unpopularity. Such is the sudden turn of opinions, as is often seen in national elections. One candidate may seem certain of election; but the whole trend of opinion changes in a day. It takes more than ordinary self-control and exceptional magnanimity for the candidate thus losing popularity to suppress the emotion of extreme jealousy. That it is possible to do so is illustrated by the following well-authenticated story of Abraham Lincoln.

One day a man ran into Mr. Lincoln's office and said, "President Lincoln, do you know where Chase is?" "Yes." "Do you know that he has gone to that Republican convention in Ohio?" "Yes." "Don't you know that he is going to make a speech there?" "Yes." Don't you know that he wants to be President and that you ought to keep him at home?" "Oh, don't worry about Chase. He has just as good a right to want to be President as any man in America. If the people want him to be President, then I want him to be President."

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

HONOR ROLL

Room No. 1

—A—

Manning Spell, Woodrow Bradley, lvin Dowdy, Glen Enloe, Everett lington, Clyde Genes, Edward Wilms and Ralph Stepp.

—B—

William Allen, Louson Beasley, witt Collier, Donald Etchier, Jack- Langley, Edwin McBryde, Mallory e, Walter Bates, Owen Henderson, is Patterson and Lawrence Valley.

Room No. 2

—A—

Everette Cavanaugh.

—B—

Millard Leonard, Roane Turner, Carl rr, Courtney Russ and Dan Wil- n.

Room No. 4

—A—

Arthur Suggs, Garland Ruppe, rlton Allen, Malon Allen, Willard ittian, Raymond Bullard, Linwood rmon, Ian French, George Foust, ac Franklin and John Garret.

—B—

Thomas Tedder, Carl Styles, Ray Segroves, Charlie McMillon, Clayton Swanner, Walter Maddox, Bennie Moore, Harrell Howie, David Hall and Isham Haney.

Room No. 5

—A—

Walter Ricks and Floyd Terres.

—B—

Johnnie Daugthery, Vance Thompson, John D. Wiles, Lawrence Grimes, Hayes Crary, Earl Calloway, James Mills, Arnold McCrary, Mark Witty, Carl Shropshire and Egbert Wall.

Room No. 6

—A—

John Sports, John Williamson, Leroy Alldred, DeWitt Duncan, Alfred Denton, Clarence Warren, Colon Patterson and Clyde Kivett.

—B—

Ed Pennell, Woodrow Marshburn, Richard Wilder, Walter Brown, Talley McCray, Ralph McQuay and Oscar Byrd.

STARTLING FIGURES

We read in an interesting publication called "Thrift Magazine" that statistics gathered over a long period of years show that 57 percent of American citizens haven't as much as $2,000 in money or property, or both, when they reach the age of 65 years. In other words, more than half of our population is dependent on somebody else for a living, or on charity, when it reaches 65. That is a startling revelation, and one certainly worth studying over. It ought to be a powerful sermon to boys who are starting out to earn their way in the world, or to the man in business who has still some years to go before reaching 65. In a land of good wages and banks paying liberal interest there isn't much occasion for such a deplorably condition. Yet it exists and probably will exist until more people wake up to the fact that the most valuable habit anyone can acquire in their younger years is saving against the day when they won't be able to earn.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Durward Musselwhite, a member of the second cottage group has been given a position in the bakery.

Five large hogs were killed last week and we all enjoyed good sausage and spare-ribs for a couple of days.

A part of our outside force has been digging Irish potatoes for several days past. Our crop this year is very good.

Mrs. John S. Efird and Mrs. M. A. Boger of Albermarle, visited friends at the institution last Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys recently repaired the roof on the garage in the rear of the Cannon Memorial Building.

Mr. Lisk at Cottage No. 10, and Mr. House, at Cottage No. 12, have been added to our list of radio fans, the former installing a Crossley set and the latter a Radiola.

Although the weather has been quite cold during the past week, baseball is still quite popular with the boys when on the play ground. A few footballs are to be seen, however, and we expect the basket ball team to start practice soon.

A cotton gin belonging to Mr. A. H. White, located a few hundred yards north of our school grounds was entirely destroyed by fire last Monday night. This fire lighted up our campus and caused considerable excitement among our boys. We were then thrown in darkness for the greater part of the night as the wires on the Southern Power Company's main line were burned in two.

Mr. T. M. Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary of the Chalotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After making a few brief remarks Mr. Shelton introduced Rev. W. L. Griggs, pastor of the Ninth Avenue Baptist Church, Charlotte. He made a very interesting talk on the subject, "The Forming of Good and Bad Habits in Young Lives," which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

"The greatest oqject in the universe," said a certain philosopher, "is a good man struggling with adversity," yet there is still a greater, which is the good man who comes to relieve it.—The Cross.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To	New York	9:21 P. M
No.	30	To	Washington	2:12 A. M
No.	136	To	Washington	5:05 A. M
No.	36	To	New York	10:23 A. M
No.	34	To	New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:09 P. M
No.	32	To	New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To	New Orleans	9:56 P. M
No.	29	To	Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:15 A. M
No.	11	To	Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To	Atlanta	9:45 A. M
N.	37	To	New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 10, 1928. No. 42

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE IDEAL OF FRIENDSHIP

Our friends may not be perfect, but our ideal of friendship may be perfect, and that is what counts. The ideal friendship means self-sacrifice; it means smypathy; it means helpfulness. Friends see each others faults, and try to remove them with loving tact. Friends can do ever so much more because of their friendship. Friendship is one of the world's greatest ideas, and certainly it prompts men and women to the greatest actions.—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ARMISTICE DAY — November 11, 1918!

Armistice! A cessation from hostilities. A joy to the world akin to the glory of the morn of the resurrection of the Lord and Saviour of the world, who came and died that we might have peace—temporal and spiritual.

With each lapping of the waves along the shores of time we are receding from the memorable date given above. On this 11th day of November, 1928, the world pauses to turn back the pages of time, for ten years agone, when the armistice was signed, and a war-rocked world was transplanted from bloody travail to the pursuit of peace. A great nightmare of carnage had passed, and a new era had dawned.

Lest we forget! The world events of ten years ago will be remembered so long as human minds find enlightment in the pages of history. It was one of the most stupendous experiences in the lives of peoples. Words fail to characterize the endurance, the heroism, the sacrifices, the loyalty of the millions of the flower of young manhood in America, and other nations, who offered their lives, and all life held dear to them that victory might be won, and mankind forever freed from the curse of militarism and war. Such patriotism and heroism in such magnitude is unparalleled in history.

Mothers and fathers sacrificed their own flesh and blood, and millions now, like Rachel, are weeping for their children because they are not. Wives, sisters and brothers of America were equally as patriotic, and suffered as

much, as husbands, brothers, and beloved kindred, who went forth to make the supreme sacrifice, which thousands of them did, never to return. Hearts in America bled; and some are bleeding still.

Armistice Day is a sacred day throughout the world. It is a day when we think of and cherish the memory of heroes. Noble sacrifices by the hero dead. The most brilliant record in America of the greatest patriotic duty superbly performed. The spirit of their patriotism and bravery are emblazoned upon the pages of history in vivid colorings. America performed her service gloriously. 'Tis well for us on each recurring 11th of November to consecrate and commemorate those who so freely gave their last measure of devotion that the world might be safe for humanity, and that Democracy might live.

While we pay sacred homage to our beloved dead, who are forever enshrined in our hearts, the annual recurrence of November 11th should ever remind us of the cause for which the Allies fought, and weld into a stronger chain the bond of eternal peace, which will forever banish from the world the horrors of War, and even the mention of it.

It is well to stop for a little while every year and let our minds contemplate the sacrifices made in behalf of a better and peaceful world, by the men who laid down their lives, and the sorrow that came to the womanhood of the world, during that period, and follows the wake of that terrible conflict, and which was and is endured in the earnest hope that wars would forever cease.

Each returning Armistice Day anniversary is a potent reminder of the supreme need of justice in the relations of men and nations, and the duty that still belongs to America—not less than it belongs to all other nations—to give our best thought and effort to the establishment and maintenance of peace upon true foundations.

At the same time let us not forget those who are still maimed and broken, and unfit to wage life's battles in the face of odds laid upon them by war's demands. The scars of war are still visible upon many a brave patriot. They need our love and sympathy and a nation's aid.

Let us, on this tenth Armistice Day anniversary, as time lessens the anguish of a decade passed, cherish the undying deeds of our noble dead, and ever keep before us the glorious achievements of the bloody-bought victory, when the peace secured as a result of that victory shall "provide fit arms against war," in the hope that never again shall there come a time "when

dogged war doth bristle his angry crest in the gentle eyes of peace.'' Never again!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF INNER-MISSION WORK

''Poor Mr. Sutton is dead,'' said an elderly lady with much pathos. This remark seemed to stir the very soul of this sweet faced creature as she gently folded a letter just received from her home town that brought the sad tidings. ''But, pray, who is Mr. Sutton,'' asked one sitting near by who realized that her elderly sister was deeply touched by the death of Mr. Sutton?

''He,'' continued the sweet faced, gray haired lady in a reminiscent manner, ''was one who had seen better days, but one misfortune after another robbed him of all his worldly goods, and then, too, his advanced years and ill health incapacitated him for work.'' She added, ''he had a sister, and one of the gentlest creatures I ever met, and she was forced to seek work in some large city of the North with a hope of some day returning South, to her native state, and again live with some degree of comfort and ease among friends and relatives.''

''Did he live alone,'' asked the friend who had grown interested in the sad story? ''Yes, but he had close neighbors, and during his illness the King's Daughters sent a nurse to look after him, and the Men's Bible Class of the Main Street Methodist Church in————ministered to his many needs in every other instance. ''In this,'' holding up the letter just received,''my sister tells me it was the saddest funeral that had ever passed through the streets. The body was followed to the cemetery only by the nurse, the minister and the pall-bearers who were some of the members of the Bible class. The flowers that covered the casket were also the gift of the Bible Class members.''

''And the sister, did she not get to the funeral,'' asked the friend who was touched by the picture the whole story presented. ''No, I am sure she did not have money to spare, but she telegraphed to a friend to collect his insurance that she had been keeping up and pay all expenses.''

This was the end of a life that once had a hope for a bright and successful career—but then every cloud has its silvery lining—the last days of ''poor Mr. Sutton'' were made bright by the combined efforts of the members of a christian church and an organization that does all things In-His-Name-''The King's Daughters.'' Without the love of Christ in our hearts this indeed

would be a cold world—it stimulates us to be kind and merciful and to do good unto all men.

Every community has its Mr. Sutton and there is but one thing essential and that is to take a prospective view of conditions in our midst and let charity begins at home. We could at least observe the Golden Rule and feel better by so doing. There is an inner-Mission work right at home for all of us.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE RED CROSS CALL

From Armistice Day, commemorating the end of a merciless war, to Thanksgiving Day, celebrating God's mercies to us, the Red Cross calls its roll, in the name of Mercy for all that suffer.

Through the Red Cross's carefully thought-out organization we can take effective part in the continuing mercy, by our personal work and by the money which The King has entrusted to us as his servants and stewards.

The League of Red Cross Societies has as its object the "promotion of health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering." It is a volunteer organization, which, like the Good Samaritan, holds itself always and instantly ready to help the afflicted without distinction of race or nationality. By its "continuity program" it bridges all gaps made by misfortune, and gives immediate succor in sudden calamity.

We cannot, even if we would, we cannot forget its aid to disabled soldiers; its corps of Red Cross nurses enrolled for emergency calls; its contribution to public health nursing so as to improve living conditions and root out disease; the great relief work accomplished during the Florida hurricane, the Mississippi flood, and the late disaster in the West Indies. And remembering these things, every man, woman and child should do something towards increasing its total membership to the mark set; 5,000,000 members for 1928. The increasing calls for its service should be answered—must be answered—by an increased membership.

As long as there are little ones with wan faces and crippled bodies; young mothers with anxious hearts who know not how to safeguard their children; the incurably ill facing eternity in a hovel of despair; remote homes that need the tender care of a nurse—just so long as we have these people in our midst, and those recurring disasters of flood and fire and storm—just so long will the Red Cross be needed. To be a part, through membership, in this

great work of mercy for the sake of humanity is a privilege. It is voluntary evidence that our oft-repeated petition "Thy Kingdom Come" is not a vain form of word. It is indeed, "lend a hand, In His Name."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE KNOCKER AND BOOSTER

Every community is infested with some of the like of these as given in editorial from Reidsville Review. The history of no community would be complete without a knocker and booster. Read:

The citizen who stands on the street corner, with his hands stuffed down in his pockets, his shoulders stooped and a sneer on his face, is of no value to any community.

He is the fellow who says the fire department doesn't know how to fight a fire, and tells how it ought to be done. But he never lends a hand.

He is the fellow who complains about the ruts in the street, but hasn't paid any taxes for years and, of course, doesn't help keep them in condition.

He is the fellow who finds fault with the public schools and the teachers, but never did anything in his life to improve the schools.

He is the fellow who condemns everything and sees no good in anything.

You all know him and his type. The sooner they leave us the sooner we will be able to move forward.

Contrast him with the citizen who is a booster and may be counted upon to help every worthy cause .

This type of citizen pays his debts and his taxes, stands for everything that is for the betterment of the place where he lives and never allows his enthusiasm for his home town to lag.

He is an asset to any community. It is men of his class who are responsible for all the improvements that are made. We owe it to him that we have as good streets as we do, that our school system is as modern as it is and that we live in a place that we can boast of to our friends.

Classify yourself and see which class you belong to, which type you can match. If you belong to the former, it's time for rejuvenation. If you belong to the latter, more power to you.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

It has been a fundamental principle for ages past that "all men are born free and equal." Our forefathers told us that. But the trouble is, some outgrow the others so much faster.

—o—

The papers are giving an account of a man who talked cantinously for 129 hours. They must have been looking over the Congressional Record and taking tab on some of our congressmen in the last sesion, when they were talking a measure to death.

—o—

Preaching by Radio

Radio, like the automobile, is to get no rest on Sundays. I see it stated in the papers that "three of America's foremost preachers" are to conduct religious services by radio. It is also stated that one of them is to receive $25,000 a year for the service. What the other two are to be compensated is not mentioned. Their names are not given. So many preachers are now preaching over the radio, guess they thought it would be showing partiality to name the three, and they would leave it to the radio audience to guess who they were and thus save the feelings of the lesser lights. This radio preaching on Sunday is going to furnish a lot of people excuses for staying away from church on Sunday, and is going to make it hard on the country preachers, and there is likely to be a decline in church attendence in the towns, which is not overdone to any great extent, so far as I have been able to observe for some years past. Church people are warned against "forsaking the essembling of themselves together" for worship. The radio sermons may be interesting, inspiring, instructive, and all right to hear after you have been to church at least once on Sunday, but they are somewhat against church ethics—no collection can be taken up from the radio audience. That is an integral part of church worship.

—o—

England announces that she is going to settle Ireland's difficulties. It is this attitude on the part of England that has given rise to them. If England will give her full attention to watching the Prince of Wales ride horses for a year or two Ireland will solve her own problems. It is funny when you know so much about everything, you are not more frequently called upon for advice.

—o—

"Seek the happy medium," is the instruction on a post card that found its way to my desk. Well, once in my younger days, I sought her and paid her one dollar, to learn that I would have financial troubles galore —which never came to pass—and would be pursued by a tall, dark man —who never pursued. I go to mediums no more. Better the old-fashioned oui ja board, which you could force to predict pleasant things.

—o—

Two Views

Every human being is encompassed about with two views—the near view and the far view. The far view is perspective. It helps us to see things

in their right proportions. Any child knows he can shut out the sight of the sun if he holds a penny close to his eye; he is not foolish enough to think, however, that the penny is really larger than the sun. But that is exactly what many of we older ones are doing continually. We are so accustomed to holding little things near our eyes, that we do not realize that we are doing it, and we doubt, in many instances, the reality of larger things beyond. Our souls are so often cast down within us, because some little thing has hidden from our sight our hope in God. We are helpless and as silly in many ways as sheep. Their need and ours, of the shepherd's care, is the very cause of our forgetting Him so completely. Why have we so little faith? Very largely because we keep our eyes so fixed on the things that are near; trifles often in comparison with the great values of our lives. We lose sight of the hills and the heavens from whence cometh our help. It is so easy to let the near things shut out everything else. One can so easily become absorbed in earning money that he misses completely every possible good that the money gained could give. One may so keep his eyes upon the ground that he never sees the stars, and beauties of the skies. The far view saves us from many failures.

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God writes the words for the songs in our lives. We set them in music as our hearts dictate. The song may run glad, sweet or sad, as we see fit to fashion the measure to the words. If sad we can change the melody to gladness. The music must be of our own making; the words are His and if they are sweet—as they always are—we can make the music sweeter. Keep the cheerful melody in your hearts. As the Psalmist said: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

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The way a man acts on Sunday is not a good criterion to go by in judging his character. Is is possible they may not last through the whole week as they apear on the Lord's day. The best religious character is during the week days.

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When Curtains Drop

When Nature's curtain drops you begin to see more. Already the myriad leaves with which she concealed her manufacturing operations during summer are falling away so imperceptible that you do not notice a change is taking place. Only after a time you are surprised sometimes to find that the change has come and is great. A few weeks ago you could not see through the mass of leaves on the trees around your home, and the sky had become a stranger to you. But now you sit on the porch and turn your eyes outward and upward, and behold! What wonderful sunrise and sunset tints there are. You wonder if this great show has been going on all the time and you not seeing it. In the east the sky is dun and purple and at times flaming. The purple is not such as painters put on their canvas, but smooth and indescribable blending of colors that are elusive. Toward the west, preceeding twilight, there are yellow in great, smooth fields, almost luminous, yet so delicate that one puzzles to define them. Old gold, you might say, the yellow of the lady

slipper. This fades into most delicate tints, that shine without glittering. The many colors that you study in one part of the Heaven you find on looking back that a chance has come; yet when your eyes linger in any one place you may not see change taking place. There must be clouds to be tinted, morning and evening, to make the scenes perfect in beauty. Typical of life. The clouds in the morning of youth are all rose-touched with beauty. In the evening of a well-spent life, all the cares and worries, are beautified in the glory of Heaven draped about the couch of dying day. Most sunsets are painted gorgeous in their coloring. These are not the most beautiful. Those that are delivate, and seen through irregular openings in the leaves which have half fallen away are the most charming, for the swift glimpse beats the sight. Nature is awakening you gradually to the sky wonder with which she means to charm you when leaves and flowers and fruits are gone. You see the beauty through small openings in the leaves. And it seems so fresh and new—just as if you had never beheld it before in all the years. The Psalmist is right. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN

Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown,
For I have lost the way!
I wandered out of the path one day,
When my heart was broken, my hair turned gray,
And I can't remember how to play;
I've quite forgotten how to be gay,
It's all through sighing and weeping, they say.
Oh show me the road to laughtertown,
For I've lost the way.
Would ye learn the way to Laughtertown,
Oh, ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have a young heart though your hair be gray?
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay
And follow his dancing feet as they stray;
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
Oh, ye who have lost the way!

—British Weekly.

PLANT SOME SHRUBBERY

By Olivia K. Duckett

Someone has aptly said: "Home is where the heart is." I will paraphrase that by saying—Home is where the shrubbery is.

There is a mistaken idea that any old plant is good enough, but in planning the home keep an eye single to beautifying the grounds. More especially immediately about inclosed spaces near the door and driveways. Our homes reflect us. They portray and represent our every personality.

Your house is but a blur on the landscape until you have planted in carefully planned nooks and angles such shrubs as are to remain indefinitely. Such plants as are of a hardy nature and indigenous to the soil. Do not over-look the fact that nature grown shrubs are far excellent at all times and will thrive unusually well without much extra care of expense.

A modern house with the proper setting of evergreens about its angles and driveways becomes, in quite a short time, an ideal home.

Evergreens may be planted any [illegible] after and including the month of [illegible]gust, when they are in their re[illegible] or dormant stage.

These shurbs or trees do better however planted before the freezes set in, in order that their root system may become adjusted to new surroundings. Wonderful in their natural adeptation are the odorous cedar with its dark blue berries, the rhododendron's bursting bud, and flaming warmth of the azalea, also the dogwood and redbud grow in rank profusion at your very door.

In easy access, for prompt transplanting, will be found the hemlock spruce, and the white pine with its smooth green bark. These trees lend wonderful charm in their natural spread where dignity and towering beauty are desired.

Most shrubs are almost human in their responsiveness to kind treatment.

Would suggest, when possible to do so, in transplanting try to supply the plant with soil as near as practicable like that in which it has grown. Also give sufficient moisture until the plant has become adjusted to new surroundings.

Do not forget to arrange a hedge somewhere at the back of your home with the beautiful abelia. Its star--like flowers lend a cheerfulness to the entire background. The Abelia is easily rooted and is of quick growth. Now is the time to beg your neighbors for an armful of cuttings.

I wonder if many of you know that that the holly tree is becoming a favorite and finding its way into many home grounds being with the stately spruce magnolia and crepe myrtle. In transplanting the holly a somewhat peculiar treatment is required. Every leaf must be stripped from its limbs before placing it into its new locality. Then next spring watch the tiny satiny buds uncurl with the warm sunshine.

Many of the hardy trees have already at this season formed buds preparatory to next year's growth.

A further plant to which I wish to call your attention and is now ac-

cessible to the modest purse is the nandina. This plant makes a place for itself in every shrubbery lover's home grounds.

The lovely foliage of the nandina all the year round makes it a very desirable ornamental shrub, then during the fall and winter it regales itself in full holiday garb with great clusters of bright scarlet-red berries. I have said nothing about the many hardy roses. These of course are arranged in a neat little garden or on trellises in the rear.

If you will note when a flower or shrub is in blossom we rarely notice its disposition to be snarly or unattractive, sometimes downright ugly, until that season is over, then we realize the mistake we've made in our selection.

Therefore I would urge you in planting to give space and preference to those plants which maintain their beauty and attraction throughout all seasons.

ONLY THE MASTER SHALL PRAISE

"When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

"And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as they are!"

—Kipling.

DOCTOR IS HAILED AS BENEFACTCOR.

(Exchange)

Dr. William T. Griggs of Currituck county, North Carolina is hailed as the benefactor of a large coast area of his home state by The American Magazine which, in its November issue, relates how he is almost constantly on the road, watching for white rags tied to gate posts, a signal that there is illness in the house beyond.

Dr. Griggs, one of the few surviving types of family doctors who in the old days were indispensible benefactors of their communities, is 60 years old and has practiced for more than 30 years in his community. He left a thriving city practice to go back to the community which he believed needed him. After leaving the University of Virginia and setting up a practice in Charlottesville, Virginia, he returned to Poplar Branch, near his old home and since that time has been working day and night in the interest of his old neighbors.

"Is it a fact that you only get four hours sleep a night?" the interviewer asked him.

He studied for a moment and then said: "I'll average about that, I reckon, I remember a period of five weeks, during an epidemic of measles, in which I never removed my clothes. Then the only sleep I got was nodding while riding in my buggy from house to house."

Before automobiles came into use, Dr. Griggs kept eight driving horses and two drivers. "I kept my drivers so busy I had to keep raising their pay to hold them. Now I use an automobile, it isn't so hard on me.

"It's quite different now from what it was when I first started practicing. Then, the roads were nothing more than trails. We had no automobiles and no telephones in this section. I had hard going to reach my patients. I remember, soon after I began practicing here, I was called to visit a lady 70 years old who was suffering from peritonitis. There was no way to get her to a hospital and I was up against it."

An old doctor who had retired was living near me, so I sent for him. He came and looked my patient over. Then he said, "William, if she isn't carried to a hospital she's going to die; but there's no way to get her to one. If you operate she's going to die anyway. With his help I preformed the operation and my patient got well and lived to be 85. That was one of my first cases and one that I am proudest of."

The doctor has a 30-mile strip of beach in his territory. On this beach live members of the Coast Guard with their families, gun-club guides, and fishermen. The only way to reach this region is by boat, across a treacherous body of water from three to six miles wide.

"A few years ago, one of the guides at the gun club on the beach had his arm shot to pieces. The sound was frozen over, and we were having a terrible snowstorm. In some places the ice would hold a person up, and in some places it wouldn't. It took three men and a boat to get me over there. We shoved the boat through the ice until it was cut through and started leaking; then when we got it on the

ice and managed to get across. I amputated the arm and saved my patient; but I didn't get home until the following day. When I did arrive, I was wearing two storm coats and a lady's neck piece. You see, my patients take care of me."

Doctor Griggs gives more than his services to the poor. It is said of him that on many occassions when he visited homes and found the occupants in destitute circumstances he not only refused to make a charge for his services but had groceries sent at his own expense, until the head of the family was able to get back to work again.

When questions concerning the rags on the gate posts along the highways Doctor Griggs smiled.

"That's a system of grapevine telegraph," he said, "that my patients picked up from their mountain kinfolks. You see, a great many of them do not have telephones; but they know I travel that road both day and night, every day in the year. So if there is anyone sick in any of these homes which do not have telephones, they hang a white rag on the gate post in the day and a lantern at night. I always look for them, and I haven't missed one yet."

William T. Griggs is more than a physician. He is a friend and a neighbor whose pleasure in life is helping those who cannot help themselves. For more than 30 years he has been too busy helping others, in fact, to give a thought to his own comfort.

JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL APPRECIATES REV. T. F. HIGGINS

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins preached his last sermon to the boys of the Jackson Training School at 3 o'clock Sunday, October 21. The boys enjoyed the message brought by Mr. Higgins, as they always do. He talks to them as he would talk to others and brings messages to them that he would bring to others. He has been preaching for the boys every third Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock since assuming the pastorate of the Forest Hill Methodist church at Concord, except on a few Sundays when this appointment conflicted with some duty in his regular pastorate, or when sickness prevented.

Mr. Higgings has during his stay in Concord preached the regular Easter sermon at 9 o'clock on each Easter morning.

We wish to say for the boys, as well as the teachers and helpers in the work of the school, that they are grateful to him for the genuine interest manifested in these services and the many fine lessons brought to them.

We will miss his services, but expect to reap results form the services already had.

The best wishes of our 500 boys and all the teachers and helpers go with him.

Stonewall Jackson Training School.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

GRAVE CHARGES

(Stanly News Herald)

The appeal which The News-Herald made on behalf of the tame squirrels of Albemarle recently, raised some question as to the private character of that gay little animal, and he seems to be getting into disrepute as a result.

The first to speak out against his vandalic character was Mrs. Alice Starr. That lady comes along with the charge that he is a big old robber, that he steals pecans, even while they are green, and that he is an undesirable citizen, and adds that she will not weep if all the tame squirrels in the city are "banished from the realm."

The second charge comes from away out in Springfield, Mo. A subscriber with the Turner Furnishing Goods Copany, of that western city writes: "Mr. Huneycutt:

"You might ask the squirrel-lovers if they realize that the dear innocent, playful things rob the nests of song birds.

'One song bird does more good than any number of squirrels.

"I have heard squirrels called, appropriately I think, 'Tree Rats'."

Frankly, these charges are all new to us. We had never heard a word against the private character of the tame squirrel before, but it begins to look like his character is going to be put on a par with the Blue Jay, and that's what we call getting in bad, to say the least.

Is the squirrel a robber and a villian? Of course, he eats green corn and nuts and gets them where he can, but does he wilfully and feloniously rob and plunder the nests of song birds and such like things so characteristic of the Blue Jay.

SCHOOL SAVINGS

A few years ago when School Savings Systems were inaugurated in Several of the North Carolina cities they were regarded with misgiving by many of our wisest bankers who regarded them as fads that would soon pass out of style. But, instead, school savings seem to be gaining in momentum year by year, and already the deposits of school children constitute an amount to be reckoned with, this not to mention the habits of thrift being taught the school children. Today there are 13,000 schools in the school savings systems of this country with 4,000,000 pupils, 3,000,000 of whom are actually participating in the savings system. On the 30th of last June there were $26,000,000 of school savings deposits, representing a net gain of $9,500,000 during the year. School savings has won its place in our banking system and deserves the support of our bankers both for the money it will bring to the banks and put into circulation and for the habits of thrift and economy it will inculcate in the rising generation.—The Wachovia.

A TOWN MARCHES ON

By Mabel McKee

I want you to know about Jerry Houston and Joe Tait and the parade in which they marched together a few years ago. Perhaps I should say about Jerry and all Lindendale, for the parade, as you will see, really belonged to the entire town, just as Armistice Day does to the whole nation.

Joe and Jerry first met back in 1916, when all the world talked about one subject, talked with grim faces and lips set in straight lines. Then Jerry was a sophomore in the White Polytechnic Institute at Lindendale and Joe was one of the Boy Scouts in the city's most troublesome troop. The scout master of that troop was never present at its meetings, so the committee went after a new one.

"I'd like to have Jerry Houston for our scout master," one of the boys volunteered to the committee as it "sat in" with the troop and discussed leaders whom the boys liked. "He's going to be a bridge builder some day and is the best athlete the Polytechnic has. He could help us all win a million merit badges and get some place."

Joe sat up very straight then. Jerry Houston sounded interesting to him—an athlete and a man who was going to build bridges some day. He decided quiet suddenly that he would stay in the troop, though he had told the committee that he was going to quit Scout work. Jerry would be a regular fellow to take on trips to his father's farm, He'd know how to cook in the open, swim, and ride the wildest horses. So Joe Tait, son of Big Tom Tait, one of Lindendale's wealthiest men, a retired farmer who owned more than one thousand acres of rich farm land in the county, stayed on in the troop. And he and Jerry Houston and the other Scouts for more than a year made such a success of the "worst troop" that it was the envy of all Scouts of neighboring towns as well as of Lindendale itself.

And then Jerry marched away to the war.

That was in 1917. Jerry came back to Lindendale seven years later, but hardly any one knew it, for the war had been long past and the world had grown used to stoop, old-looking young men, limping home from hospitals where their wounds had been healed, and their hands trained to do the work that would keep their troubled minds from growing still more troubled and their maimed bodies alive.

Jerry, who had planned to be a builder of bridges, was now a mender of shoes. His little shop on L street, one of the least conspicuous of all in Lindendale, was a favorite loafing place for little boys who liked to hear stories about the woods and have help in making wooden kites and whistles and other toys. Few grown people ever came there except to bring or to get shoes that were beautifully mended; and none of these dreamed that the very lame, very thin and sickly looking cobbler, who was silent and at times morose, had once been the Polytecnic's star athlete and a hero

of the World War. That was until November, 1925.

Jerry first heard there was to be no Armistice Day parade that year from little Bob Lister. Little Bob didn't even know that Jerry had been a soldier in the Great War. But his cousin Dick had been, and it was of Dick and his bravery that little Bob often boasted to the boys in Jerry's shop.

This day he said, "Dick's company ain't going to march in the Armistice Day parade. He says the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Legion won't march either when they find out how stingy the big bugs are here. The Chamber of Commerce voted down their request for money for floats and other expenses. They won't even hire bands for it. And that stiff-necked high-hat Joe Tait said that everybody needed their own money this year for their business. So Dick says the boys say they're gonig to stay at home and just let the parade fizzle."

The Parade Fizzle

Jerry almost dropped the little ivory pump he was giving a new strap, almost dropped it in a can of black polish, so overcome with this news was he. The pump belonged to dainty Nancy Trevor, Lindendale's most popular girl, whom Joe Tait wanted to marry. Though Joe didn't know a thing about Jerry's shop, Nancy did, for she not only brought her shoes for repair, but stayed to chat with Jerry, and after a time to tell him about Joe. Every girl can tell you that no one listens to their confidences as well as some one who serves them.

Jerry learned from her that now all of big Tom Tait's farms belonged to Joe; also of the wholesale meat house and the string of groceries he had started with the vast sums of money his father had made during the Great War. Tom Tait had lived just long enough after his boy was grown to teach him to be as shrewd in business as he himself had been.

Carelessly, so carelessly that not even a grown-up person could have told it was not full of interest, Jerry managed questions about Joe. Now he managed the same careless attitude as he asked little Bob and the other boys why Joe, the boy to whom he had taught the Scout oath and law, and whom he had loved like a little brother, should receive all the blame when he was the youngest member on the board of the Chamber of Commerce.

All the venom of a man was in the words little Bob spat out. The ex-service men always had a big barbecue and cootie chase all day on Armistice Day, starting for the evening parade from their picnic ground. Their employers gave them the day off. That was an unwritten rule. But this year Joe Tait had told all the em- It was going to be hard to tell them what he was doing now. At the thought Jerry wanted to retreat, but another look at Constance's picture sent him marching on.

He would promise them prize money for the best float and the best group of marching men in the parade. His little worn tan bank book could spare enough money to do that. Of course he hated to draw from his savings which he might need when his limb gave out again. Trouble, too, might come his way, and old age surely would in time. He trembled at the thought of meeting either without more money. Suddenly he laughed. The boys, who eight years before had marched away

in long lines, had not been afraid when their camps were bombed and sickness and death followed. Instead they had gone on to greater victory. Now he should do the same. Very carefully he pinned the medal onto a strap on the blouse, tucked his discharge papers in his pocket and left the little home which was all his own. He knew he was so changed that he might need them to prove his identity.

Big Heinie Kickler was speaking when Jerry entered the room where the World War Veterans held forth with their committee for the day. He was speaking furiously, urging the soldiers not only to refuse to march on Armistice Day, but on all other occasions when ex-soldiers were needed to give color to a parade.

His audience was shifting in their seats not convinced, all of them, and troubled over the decision they were to make. Big Heinie saw the necessity of more eloquence. And then he saw little Jerry limping up towards the platform his tattered uniform fluttering grotesquely, his left foot dragging along, his right one twisting and his body swaying. Heinie leaned over to take his arm. "Here's one of us," he shouted, "come to tell us how he has walked from town to town in search of shelter, work and a friendly hand."

Jerry swung himself onto the platform. He straightened his houlders as well as he could, and there was a lot of the old Jerry Houston about him—the athlete who had planned to build bridges; the khaki dressed lad marching through streets of cheering people; the grim faced soldier going over the top.

"I've marched right from my own place of business here," he said. "I'm the shoemaker at the corner of Ninth and L streets and I have some modern shop. You fellows didn't know I was a soldier. I'd dropped our of parade because of my leg, and I was too busy to hunt you up and tell you I am Jerry Houston, who enlisted on the very same day some of you did. I just happened to be sent over before you were, so I got lost and forgotten."

He couldn't look at any of their faces. It was not in his heart to stand pity. His eyes were blazing with earnestness now. His speech was of Armsitice Day and the great event it celebrated, of the men back in poppy fields who must be honored, and the country they had helped to save. He did not need to show his discharge papers as proof that he was Jerry Houston. All the old fire of the leader came back. Even big Heinie Kickler was ready to follow him anywhere and at any time.

When he made another speech a little later Heinie said, "Of course I'll march and help pay for the band. It's your big day and we must give it a celebration"

* * * *

Jerry didn't expect Joe Tait to recognize him in the parade though "his boys" had been hunting for him ever since that night he had led the veterans through the slough of Bolshevism and other threatening disaster. He had not been amazed when they told him Joe had sent all the beef and mutton to the barbecue grounds and told his ex-service men to report there for work the day before the big day. "I know Joe," he said solemnly. He's my Scout."

When he felt a hand slip into his arm as he marched from L street in-

to Main and turning, saw it was Joe who was supporting him, two big tears threatened to escape his eyes. "Lean on me, chief," Joe said in his old-time, boyish way. "You'll help me do my good turn today."

George Curry, the president of the Rotary Club, saw Joe drop into line with Jerry. His own son had marched away to France, but had not marched back. Armistice Day parades always brought grief and a bit of bitterness to his heart. Now, at the sight of the limping battle-scarred, older man and the rich young one marching together, grinning into each other's faces, some of that bitterness left. Here was a man carrying on for his boy. He would help him. So he, too, joined the line of marching men. One Rotarian after another stepped into that line, and after them one business man and then another. Lucile Needham, who presided at the general delivery window of the post office and handed out compensation checks to some of the marching men, was the first girl to join the line, her red plaid coat, flashing along, giving, however, more than color.

Miss Alice Soules, who was principal of the junior high school and who had taught close to forty years, joined the marchers next. She dropped in between two men who had been her most trying pupils. The two lost step a minute and as they regained it, caught her arms in theirs, swung her into step, too, and marched on.

Soon— well, soon all Lindendale was marching down its own streets. Mothers with babies in their arms marched. Pretty Nancy Trevor jumped from her father's big limousine and marched as close to Joe Tait as she could get. That was how the pretty woman with her happneed to step right in beside Jerry. She started when she looked at him. One minute her face went white, then the color came back. ployees at his wholesale meat market, his chain of stores and even on his farm that all who took the entire day off would lose their salary. "Slacker," Bob ended contemptously.

A shadow suddenly fell across the the doorway of Jerry's shop. When he looked up Nancy Trevor and a girl friend were getting out of Nancy's trim little roadster. They were coming for the ivory pumps. Jerry shooed the boys out of the shop. Nancy mustn't hear one word about Joe, and he knew little boys couldn't be trusted to keep quiet. When they entered the shop Jerry was polishing the ivory pumps.

While the two girls waited for Jerry to finish his polishing they chatted about a trip they were soon to make to visit Nancy's sister, Constance. They talked of Joe Tait, too, for it seemed that he was to come to the city later and bring them home.

"Constance has never seen Joe," Nancy almost mourned her sister's loss to her friend. "We didn't move here until she had gone to France. Ever since the war was over she has spent her time at government hospitals, caring for the disabled veterans. When she does make us stingy little visits she just won't let us have company. You'll love her, though she does look like a million other nurses in their uniform. When she gets into real clothes she is beautiful."

Jerry's fingers, fastening the last tiny buckle, trembled. His eyes dropped lower and lower, but his ears strained and strained themselves. He just had to hear every word they said.

Now they were talking about Joe. Nancy was telling how tender he had been with her mother when she was ill, how he had carried a wounded dog miles to her home and helped her care for it. "He's just perfect," she enthused. "He hasn't a flaw in him'.'

A flaw! The boys had said he was miserly and lacking in patriotism. Lacking in patriotism. In Jerry's eyes that would make a man all flaws. Surely the little boy to whom he had taught the Scout oath so many years ago had not grown to be a man who put money above his duty to his country and the men who served her. Jerry was sure Joe wouldn't do that if the test came.

After they had gone Jerry looked into a mirror, studying his stooped, lame body. He seldom went to that mirror. Jerry wanted to think of himself as the soul of the stalwart, dashing youth who had marched away to war, and not the "disabled veteran" the government hospitals had labelled the man who had come home.

Disabled veteran! How he hated that name! That was the reason he had locked away in his trunk the faded khaki suit the beautiful medal and his discharge papers, and never talked about the war. That was the reason he did not belong to the Legion of Veterans' Post and lived practically the life of a recluse except for the visitors to his shop. who thought of him as "Lame Jerry, the Shoe Repair Man."

Disabled veteran! Once, in another city, he had marched in the first annual Armistice Day parade. How his fingers had caressed the khaki suit as he had donned it that day. He had limped bravely, trying to hide the limp and held as straight as he could his sagging shoulders. But one girl with eyes as gray as those of Nancy Trevor had said, "Oh, look at the poor, disabled veteran. Don't you thing they should send him to a hospital where people wouldn't be tortured with the sight of his poor body?"

She had meant to be kind, but she was beautiful and strangely like Constance had been. And Constance was the reason Jerry had gone away into oblivion as far as the parades and observances of national holidays were concerned. But still his heart ached because the other ex-war vetreans of Lindendale were not going to have a parade.

Jerry locked the door before he took the large photograph from his trunk. Not for months had he even unlocked the secret drawer. Until this afternoon he had not known that Constance Trevor was unmarried, was working in the hospital with disabled men.

The photograph looked very much like Nancy, except that the girl in it wore the styles of 1917. She had given Jerry the picture when he had gone to the front. During the weeks his company had been in a camp near the big hospital where Constance Trevor served, the two of them had become friends and had drifted from that field into one infinitely more tender. After his wounds Jerry had written Constance and said it was all a mistake. He would not burden any girl with a broken down man as he was now. "The least I can do for Nancy and Joe is to see them having the happiness we missed," he told himself. "I took a few flaws from the little boy, Joe. I wonder if I can from the man."

Cautiously, after he had made sure that all the blinds were down to the window sills, Jerry slipped off his work clothes and donned the khaki uniform. It was strange how it made his shoulders straighten. Disabled veterans gave way to memories of young men in suits like this, marching on and on between cheering lines of men and women, sleeping in hammocks on the deck of ocean liners, and being awarded medals for bravery. Jerry's medal was in the trunk. He took it out and pinned it on his coat. He didn't want to boast of his bravery, but it seemed a necessary part of the wild plan he was now making.

Bob said the Legion and Veterans were to have a joint meeting at the armory that evening to vote down the Armistic Day parade. There were among them some men who, though they had never known lame Jerry, the shoemaker, did remember Jerry Houston, star athlete and the greatest leader his school had ever known. "Jerry, Jerry Houston, you've marched back to me," she said.

Jerry turned his head. He wanted to cry out, "'Constance,'' but couldn't. Every sound stopped in his throat and wouldn't come back. But a twisted yet radiant smile chased away the grim look on his face.

Jerry's little shop on L street is still there, one of the most conspicuous places, for it has been made into a rest station for the boys of '17 and the Boy Scouts of Lindendale. Mothers and sisters, too, are given the glad hand there. Magazines are on the tables; comforable chairs are everywhere, so tired people can lounge around comfortably.

Jerry—oh, he comes there often. Planning bridges and houses is strenuous work and architects rank quite as high as the men who build them. Joe Tait has a habit or dropping in when he knows Jerry will be there. He knows Boy Scouts will be thickest then. Sometimes Constance comes with Jerry to tell the boys in her quiet, sweet way that no youth has a right to hide away because he bears scars of a well-fought battle. And the older Scouts like to tell the younger ones about the first Armistice Day parade in which everybody marched with the soldiers. For now it seems almost impossible on that day to have a parade without the whole town marching on with the veterans of the great war.

Nothing contributes more to the successful administration of the public school system than closer co-operation between parents and teachers. Frequently children who are not doing well in school are the victims of misunderstanding on the part of teachers or parents, or both. Sympathetic discussion of these cases invariably clears up the situation much to the benefit of the child's school work. Parents who do not know their children's teachers are not playing fair with the children or with the teachers. Know the teachers. You'll be surjrised at the increased interest it will give you and your children in the schools.

—Lenoir News Topic.

A WINTERS TALE

By Eleanor Wood Moose

The November wind had a stinging keenness as it whipped savagely around the corners of the big white house, bearing threats of the coming winter. The bare trees rattled and shook and the moonlight outside was cold, eerie. But within were warmth and cosiness. The fire leaped up the chimney, bidding defiance to frost and night. It filled the cosy sitting room with warmth and comfort. Dad, sitting behind his evening paper, basked in its glow and rattled the sheets appreciatively as he turned them. The flames played magical tricks with the gold in Mother's hair bent so low over the interminable darning. But Dad and Mother were busy and Donald alone watched the flames with absorbed interest. He saw how they drew fantastic patterns on the rugs, making brilliant once again their shabby coloring. Those dancing flames spelled warmth and life and color. The somewhat dog-eared history book opened on the table before him was cold, dead. So he watched the flames and the history lay there neglected. Soon with a long sigh he closed it. What was the use?

At the sound of the closing book and the echo of the sigh both Mother and Dad looked up.

"Sleepy, Son?" asked Mother, "Are the lessons done?"

But Donald shook his head mournfully in answer. "Nom'n, it's just that old history again. More names doing things. Oh, why do I have to learn what names did a hundred years ago? Why can't I read the papers like Dad about what real people are doing now? I just can't get it, Mother. I bet you there's not one single interesting thing in history. It's just names—names and dates. That's all."

Mother looked puzzled and her blue eyes sought Dad's appealingly. Dad's own merry brown ones twinkled reassurance.

"Son, if you will hand me that large green book there on the shelf, Collin's 'History of Kentucky,' perhaps I can make history something more than dates and names. For History is not dry as dust stuff, it's romance, the romance of the past. The real lives of those who have lived before us, just as truly as we are living now. We don't get very far with the present without some knowledge of the past. Here, let's see—"

Donald watched wonderingly as his father fingered the book. Why he acted as if he loved it. He, Donald, certainly didn't handle his history that way, but there, Dad had found the place. He started reading a very brief account of a little boy named John Ward being carried off by the Indians. Shucks! More names doing something. But Dad had stopped his reading, was looking musingly into the flames—

"Things have to have a beginning somewhere, Son, so our story starts with a date. In the year 1758 the American Colonists formed just a thin line of outposts beyond the settlements on the Atlantic seaboard. Each pioneer lived in his little log cabin hewn from the surrounding wilderness by his own hands. In one of

these rough wilderness homes lived your great-great-great-grandfather, Captain James Ward of Augusta County, Virginia. But Captain Ward was a soldier as well as a settler and too frequently he was called away from his family to fight the fierce and treacherous foe who lurked in the darkness of the forest. At such times the mother stood guard, musket at hand, over her little brood. But not far away rose the stockade of a wilderness fort and to this refuge at the first sign of danger they must fly for their lives. This is all a mere detail behind a name, Donald boy.

"So in the year 1758 the Virginia militia had been called out to fight the Indians and with them had gone Captain Ward, leaving his wife to guard children and home. Small wonder that her eyes strained watchfully toward the wilderness as she went about her daily tasks. But all seemed very peaceful in the golden October sunshine. Days went by. Glorious news came from the front where the militia had fought and defeated their wily foes So little by little the settlers' families were lulled into a feeling of security.

"But down from the North stealing on swift moccasined feet between the absent frontiersmen and their unprotected homes, came the savage Shawnees to drown Augusta County in the blood of its own settlers.

"Night was closing around the lonely cabin when the alert mother saw a figure dragging itself toward her door. Seizing her musket she ran to meet it. A wounded white man lay before her—so badly wounded that he could only gasp—

" 'Indians—run,' and even as he spoke the air became alive with the blood-curdling war whoops of the savages and the screams of the trapped settlers. The reek of burning homes drifted to her nostrils.

"Swiftly the mother rounded up her six children and started them running at full speed to the fort. More slowly, carrying her baby, her musket, and half dragging, half carrying the wounded man, she made her own way there.

"The war whoops were close at hand when the stockade doors closed behind her. Instantly she took her place at one of the loopholes and began to aim straight and true into the hideous mass without. Shoulder to shoulder they stood, the few men who were left and the wilderness wives and mothers, beating back from their young the savages who charged the sturdy stockades again and again. On they came though, leaping, dancing, their bodies hideous with paint —but before the steady fire of the defenders they broke, fled, only to come back in another demon-like rush. But directly there came a lull and in the lull that pioneers mother was to see from her loophole a sight that turned the black of her hair to white.

"Beaten back, the Indians were plundering and burning the pioneer homes. As the flames leaped high, painting the wilderness with lurid colors, they threw into relief a little figure sitting calmly astride a wooden fence. Almost as the mother saw her boy, her four-year-old John, the Indians noticed him. They were going to him. The frenzied mother dashed madly at the stockade gate. She must go to her child. But the others held her back. She could do nothing but insure her own death and there were the five others. Frantically she strug-

gled. She saw the gleaming tomahawk raised aloft to descend into the golden baby curls. But it was not for nothing that John Ward had been born of this stern pioneer stuff, that he had stopped unafraid to watch while the others took refuge in the fort. So now he straightened his little body on the fence and with all his baby strength he slapped his would-be assailant soundly in the face. The tomahawk descended—but harmlessly by the brave's side. A grim smile illumined the painted face. Seizing the struggling child, the warrior stalked off into the gloom of the forests.

"The rising sun of the following morning shone on the ashes of the pioneer homes, shone, too, on far more frightful sights, but the Indians had vanished. Their swfit, dreadful blow at the whites having been delivered, they were retreating before the long rifles of the militiamen could be brought to bear on them in vengeance.

"As soon as the sun showed the undoubted departure of their enemies the defenders of the fort rushed out from their posts to search among the ashes of their homes for a little body with gleaming baby curls. There were bodies and even golden baby curls, but John had vanished—gone into the trackless forests with his grim captor who had smiled at him in the night.

"Even before the return of the militia small groups of frontiersmen took up the pursuit, but the Indians were gone where none dared to follow. Captain Ward returned to find his home in ashes, his wife stricken with grief and John, his baby son, a captive among the cruel Shawnees. So he took up the search that ended only with his death.

"Many rumors of a white child held captive among the Indians sent Captain Ward off with high hopes—but always there was disappointment. Again and again the search, ending always in failure. Until finally a last pursuit and conflict ended all for him, for he fell at the Battle of Point Pleasant where he lies sleeping on the battle field.

"But with his father's death William Ward, the eldest son, took up his father's burden as provider and defender and later grown to manhood, urged on by the heart-break in his mother's eyes, he, too, took up the all but hopeless search.

"And now Simon Kenton, the greatest of all trail blazers came back from the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky, telling of a white boy, brave and fleet footed who lived as the son of a chief of the Shawnees. So os soon as might be the Wards sold out their lands in Virginia and followed the Shawnees into Kentucky. But the tribe had been driven farther west and were now in the unbroken forests of the Northwest. So led on by faint rumors once again the Wards took up the search and followed them into Ohio, then Illinois. But they left the weary sad-eyed mother asleep on a green slope, by the wayside in Kentucky. Perhaps she was happier for the end of the trail was at hand, a tragic end.

"A council was held at Urbana, in Illinois, and from the elderly Shawnee braves who met William Ward, now a middle-aged man, there he learned the story of his brother.

"He learned of his capture that night by the young chief. Of his adoption as that chief's son, who had admired the baby's gallant spirit. He learned of his young manhood as a

brave of the tribe, of his early wooing and winning of an Indian maid, of his wilderness home, and finally of his tragic death. For John Ward had fallen, leading his warriors against his own people at the battle of Fallen Timbers. Killed by white men commanded by Colonel William Ward himself. He had died as he had lived, a Shawnee. He had fallen in a conflict of brother against brother.

"But Colonel William Ward now learned for the first time of the existence of John Ward's children. Once again he took up the search, this time for them. In the end it was rewarded. After years of effort the three children, now grown men and women, were found, but they refused to leave their people. They were true to their Indian blood. Still one, Sutahney, in memory of her white father later gave each of her two sons his name—John and Jack Ward. Their descendants still live with the tribe of the Shawnees."

Donald opened his history wonderingly. "Why, Dad, its just wonderful—why all these names were real people, just like us. They had dads and mothers and sisters and brothers and homes just like folks do nowadays." Slowly, very slowly, he turned the leaves of the history book as if seeingy them for the first time. "And dad, do you know, but of course you do, each one of these men and women are the great-great-grandfathers or grandmothers of some boy or girl who lives today. Why dad, it was out grandfathers who made history—"

There was seriousness behind the twinkle in Dad's eyes—"Yes, Son, our grandfathers made the history of the past and made it bravely and well. It is up to you and others like you to make the history of the future."

There was quiet within. Dad had gone back to his paper. Mother was darning, and Donald was looking wonderingly through the history. There sounded only the crackling of the logs, the snap of the flames and, without, the howl of the winter wind.

THE INN BY THE ROAD

Ne'er was the sky so deep a hue
But that the sun came breaking through,
There never was a night so dark
But wakened to the singing lark:
Nor was there ever a lane so long
It had no turn for the weary throng;
Nor heart so sad that sometime after
There came no sound of lilting laughter:
And Death's not the end—'neath the cold black sod—
'Tis the Inn by the Road on our way to God.

C. E. Warner, in Western Recorder

TIME NOW TO REPLANT FLOWERING BULBS

(By Glenn O. Randall, Dept. of Horticulture.)

Harvesting is an important step in the handling of spring flowering bulbs in the fall of the year. The bulbs should be harvested or lifted practically every season. This is true for most of the tulips and some of the other bulbs such as hyacinths. Narcissi should be lifted every second or third year and the clumps divided if the size of the flower is to be maintained.

When the leaves turn yellow and begin to shrivel or dry up, it is time to harvest. If the bulbs are taken up while the tops still cling to them, they may be much more readily gathered and will have developed fully.

The manner in which the bulbs are handled after lifting is of vital importance. Chemical changes take place during the curing period within the bulb and in many varieties the flower for the following season is developed in miniature form in the bulb at that time. A very good rule to follow is to keep the bulbs dry and cool. A well ventilated and perfectly dry cellar is perhaps the best place in which the amateur can keep bulbs. The bulbs may be stored in shallow wooden flats or trays and these separated one on top of the other by small blocks, or by placing them on shelves.

Now comes the time for replanting which in this part of the country should be during October and November. There are two methods of getting the bulbs into the ground. Several inches of soil may be removed entirely and the bulbs placed in position and then the soil replaced. This method of course would be practical only for a small area but is adventageous in that the bulbs can be placed exactly as wanted, set firmly in the soil and covered to an exact depth. The other method involves planting the bulbs in individual holes. In following this procedure careful attention should be given to getting them in to the proper depth and to have the hole broad enough at the bottom so that the bottom will sit firmly on the soil and not be left suspended over an air pocket. Then the soil should be pressed down firmly around all parts of the bulb.

NEWSPAPER OF 1863 RECALLS DIXIE WOES

Food profiters of the world war were "pikers" compared with merchants in Vicksburg, Miss., during the seige of that city in the Civil War.

Charles Kline of Mercer dug up a copy of the Vicksburg Daily Citizen printed in July, 1863, for use in Mercer's 125th anniversary celebration, and found these food quotations:

Flour, $5 a pound; molasses, $10 a gallon; corn, $10 a bushel.

HOME MISSION FACTS

(Presbyterian Standard)

The usual idea of Home Mission work is that it is carried on by the "down and outs" in the ministry, and that when a man can get no other work, you must send him to the Home Mission field.

That may have been the idea long ago, but is is not so now, or at least there are few "down and outs" in the home fields.

On the contrary, some of the finest constructive work in the Church has been done by the Home Mission workers.

There ought to be no essential difference between the home workers and those in foreign fields. They are both working under the same commission, to make disciples of all nations.

There is more glamor in the life of the one in foreign lands, and he enjoys a certain reputation when he returns home, which, in a measure compensates him for what discomforts he has to endure. With the man in the home field it is different, though it must be confessed that he escapes some of the trials of his foreign brother. He has the consciousness of building up the waste places of his own land, and by means of the Gospel, welding the various groups living apart from each other into one whole.

The home missionary is animated by love of country. He rejoices in the fact that he is building up the waste places and lighting up the dark places of his own land; and as such he is a public benefactor.

There are two phases of his work. He helps the needy fields next to his own field, gradually reaching out to more remote fields, and he also ministers to the "down and out."

The Negroes, Jews, Indians, and mountaineers are all objects of his care.

He quietly bears the burdens laid on him, unsustained by the sympathy of the many, but always sustained by the consciousness that he is faithful in that which is much and will eventually enter into the joys of his Lord.

The needs of this branch of our work are many, and yet there has been a falling off in the receipts recently.

When there is such a falling off in receipts, the first to feel the pruning knife is the poor, ill-paid worker in the field. The scaling down of salaries begin on the far edge, and there it often stops.

Let our churches determine that the workers in the field shall not suffer. Let them increase their gifts this year, and thus carry on the work.

The wiser and stronger we grow, the more we feel how indispensable and helpful is solitude.—J. L. Spalding.

A COMMUNITY ASSET

(Greensboro Daily Record)

The importance of health as an element of primary importance in a community's prosperity is emphasized in a bulletin issued by the insurance department of the chamber of commerce of the United States.

An annual saving of at least $1,200,000,000, the Department points out, has been effected by the reduction of the tuberculosis death rate since 1900.

General Grogas' sanitary program, a part of the project for the construction of the Panama Canal, saved the United States Government. it is said $80,000,000.

The advantages of proper sanitary conditions is of no less importance, from an economic viewpoint, to every community.

"The ability of a man to work," the bulletin continues, "depends in large measure upon his health. Whatever reduces his earning capacity in any way reduces the assets of the community. Any decrease in earning power is naturally reflected in reduced purchasing power with the result that every case of illness or premature death involving a loss of wages has an effect upon the community. This may not be noticeable in individual cases, but the total sum is tremendous. According to an eminent statistician, the average workman loses seven days a year due to sickness, a loss of about two per cent of his earning capacity. This amounts in the aggregate to at least $2,000,000,000 for the entire country. Premature death accounts for an even larger loss, conservatively estimated by the same authority to be $6,000,000,000 annually.

Time was when the passing of a literary light would receive only a brief paragraph in the most of the daily papers. This week the passing of George Barr McCutcheon, author of the well known Graustark novels, was accorded a front page in North Carolina Dailies. McCutcheon has written a number of novels most of which have had a popular appeal. One of the very first serial stories ever published in the Herald was "Graustark" and its romance had such an appeal that from time to time since then, a serial story has been part of the reading matter of this publication.

McCutcheon died suddenly in New York Tuesday after lunching with a group of friends. His literary career began in 1901 with the publication of "Graustark," since which time an average of a book a year come from his facile pen. His latest book, "Blades," is listed among the best sellers for the fall season.—Smithfield Herald.

THE NEED FOR NORMAL INDIGNATION

(United Presbyterian.)

Moral indignation is as essential an element of character as patience or love. The soul is not noble from which it is absent. Holiness is enmity to unholiness. The holier the person, the more outspoken will be his antagonism to sin. How would you regard one who seeing a ruffian abusing a helpless child would sweetly say, "He is doing wrong, but I love all men and therefore cannot punish him." Such a one would be unworthy to be ranked in the role of manhood. Love and hate are not contradictory. By as much as one is devoted to truth, he is the enemy of falsehood. The test of a patriot's love of country is his hatred of tyranny. You cannot have perfect love without a tremendous capacity for anger. Love and hate can live side by side in the same person. The more one loves music, the more he hates discord. The more he loves art, the more abhorrent to him are the crude colors which swear at each other. The Scriptures tell us that God is love, and they also tell us that he hates the bloody and deceitful man.

I AM TODAY

I came to you this morning.
I came fresh from the hand of God.
I am called Today.
I am clean and white.
If you touch me with soiled fingers my beauty will be marred.
A noble thought will glorify me.
A kind word will halo me with brightest light.
A deed of love will connect me with eternity.
A cheerful smile will gild me with the colors of dawn.
Soon I will be Yesterday.
If you use me well and wisely, I shall become a beautiful, green spot in your life, where memory will fondly linger.
Misuse me and I become a hideous, deformed thing which men name Regret.
I am your opportunity.
Your Master and mine say: "Son, go work today in my vineyard."
I am here—use me.
Eternity will be made richer or poorer because of you—and me.
I am Today!—E. C. Baird, in The Christian Standard.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The farm boys have been hauling coal from the railroad siding for use at the several buildings here.

Mr. W. W. Johnson, principal of our school department, has returned from a three weeks' vacation.

Quite a number of our boys enjoyed visits from friends and relatives last Wednesday.

It is estimated that the outside forces will finish picking cotton within the next few days.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, matron of seventh cottage, is spending a few days with her father in Rockingham county.

Mr. Hobby and the members of the dairy force have been repairing the fence around the dairy barn recently.

A group of boys, under the supervision of Mr. Walker, having been getting the flower beds in readiness for the planting of flowering bulbs.

As the regular letter writing day rolled around again, all the boys were glad of the opportunity to write to the home folks.

The basket ball court is being made ready for the coming season. The goal posts have been erected in front of the grandstand, and we hope to enjoy some good games soon.

Regular furnace boys have been appointed to care for the fires in the school building and the Cannon Memorial Building, during the fall and winter months.

The Linotype work on our Biennial Report is finished and we expect to have the job completed in a few days. This report must be in the hands of the Governor by the 20th of November.

It is literally true that this world is everything to us, if only we choose to make it so, if only we live in the present because it is eternity.

—R. L. Nettleship.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 17, 1928. No. 43

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

IT IS A SURE SIGN—

"Of culture when we treat all men with consideration.
Of greatness when a big man treats a little man with respect.
Of good behavior when a boy whistles at his play.
Of a clear conscience when a man sings at his work.
Of trouble when a man begins to fool himself.
Of loyalty when a man will put his country's needs above his private profits.
Of a failure when an industry has to pay less than a living wage."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"If only I had capital, "we heard a young man say, as he puffed away at a ten cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a drug store, where he had paid ten cents for a drink. "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street corner. Young man with a cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the drug store are drinking yours, and injuring your health at the same time, and you upon the street-corner are wasting yours in idleness and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Do not wait for a fortune to begin with. If you had ten thousand dollars a year, and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark, if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you do not need, and cease squandernig your time in idleness."

A FINE IDEAL

This truly is an era of Clubs, but lately we were informed and interested, as to an organization known as "The Junta Club" founded by Benjamin Franklin which antedates all civic and social gatherings, of various and sundry names we are familiar with to-day. The Junta Club at every

meeting asked this question: "Do you know of a fellow citizen who has lately done a worthy action deserving praise and imitation?" By-the-way this thought is good enough to pass along to our club friends, because this question will stimulate high ideals; save us from being lost in the whirl of personal interest and make us form habits and perform deeds that will prove worthy of emulation.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

DR. CHAS BANKS McNAIRY

When the death of Dr. McNairy was announced through the press the many admiring friends of this distinguished citizen recalled the splendid service he rendered the state when superintendent of the Caswell Training School; he was well known because of his humanitarian activities and was recognized beyond the borders of his native state as authority on the mentally defective.

The following from the Catawba News gives briefly a splendid appreciation of the service as rendered by one of North Carolina's most distinguished citizens:

> Friends and relatives here and over the State were shocked Monday to hear of the death of Dr. Chas. Banks McNairy, of Lenoir. Dr. McNairy was one of the leaders of the medical profession, he was one of the State's most valuable citizens and his great work in the Caswell Training School with the little unfortunate children brought to him national recognition as an authority on mental disease. He was honored many times by the medical profession. Dr. McNairy's life was one of very great service to his fellowman and his influence will live long in the years to come. His activities were not confined to any community but were state and nationwide in their scope. In his death the state and nation has lost a superlative citizen.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK

Every citizen throughout the length and bredth of our land should know the schools of his community better and should take a more vital and active interest in them because of the specific attention given them during the past

week which is known as American Education Week. This week should have given every citizen a clearer idea of the part that education has played, is playing and must play in this great democracy of ours. Our slogan should be "Know your schools and serve them."

The idea expressed in American Education Week was first inaugurated in the year 1921 and has since then spread all over America; in fact, it has spread to other countries and is rapidly becoming a world movement. It is always observed in November during the week which includes Armistice day—November 11.

The purpose of the week is to make the public better acquainted with the schools, their ideals, their achievements, and their needs.

The programs are built around the fundamental principles of education. Every possible emphasis is placed upon the fact that the schools aim to benefit the entire life of the child and society by working toward the great ideals of education: health, the spirit of learning, good citizenship, vocational and economic effectiveness, wise use of leisure, and ethical character.

The child is the medium through which the race moves forward. That nation is blessed that puts its childhood first in its thinking. A nation, a state, that has the highest regard for its childhood will lead all others in health, intelligence and happiness.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

MISSION OR OMISSION

There is nothing more pathetic than to watch a perfectly healthy specimen of humanity aimlessly drifting about with no real purpose in life. Such a person is to be pitied, and finally this drifting element, or class without a vision, becomes a liability instead of an asset to any community. "Where there is no vision the people perish," said Solomon, but dreams alone never materialize—there has to be some real purpose—backed by great effort before the vision becomes a reality. The following editorial from Young Folks makes it impressive that a person without a mission in life is charged with a tremendous omission:

> We see few sights that are sadder than that of a person who seems to have no mission in life. He goes staggering from pillar to post. He does not look beyond the day in which existence for him is just then carrying on. If the day dawns with some promise of a sip of fortune he is satisfied, not caring what the following days have in store. He

has no plan, no purpose, no sustaining and compelling motive. He rises little above the maxim of the ancients who said, "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

To have a misssion in life does not mean we must choose one of the more conspicous and lucrative professions. There are obscure and lowly walks in which a real living purpose may be present. This thing must be considered apart from money and fame. Neither pretty clothes and palatial residence on the one hand, no the absence of them on the other has much to do with one's real interest and motive in living.

Really, life is of sufficient importance to require us to ask ourselves now and then what we are living for. We will agree that life without a mission is life with a tremendous omission. If we plant a tree, or grow a cabbage, or paint our house, or turn to the right hand instead of the left, we have a reason for doing it. We are talking much these days about the motivation of life, and we can hardly overemphasize it. We are in this world for something. God never intended we should merely be rattling around getting nothing done. If there is something for each of us to do, the first step is to find out what it is, and the second is to work hard at it. The person who sets a goal before him that is worth achieving is sure to discover a zest in living and working that he did not have before. I know of nothing that so depletes a man's strength and robs him of his destiny as to adopt the mode of living that always waits for the accidental thing to turn up. As we study ourselves do we find a mission, or the omission of a mission?

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THE AIM OF MODERN MEDICINE

At the Twenty-second Annual Meeting of the Southern Medical Association, that convened in Asheville this past week, there were something between 1,500 and 2,000 physicians, surgeons and specialists, representing seventeen different states present. The president of the Association, Dr. Bathurst, of Little Rock, Ark., in his address on "The Promotion of the Common Welfare: The Aim of Modern Medicine," incorporated the following thought:

"The poor," he said, "are no less deserving than are the rich of the most scientific and skilled treatment and any rule or custom of practice which favors the latter, at the expense of the former, is nothing less than criminal social injustice."

But the class which is "too rich to be eligible to the skilled medical and

social service provided to the poor by the state and voluntary welfare agencies, and too poor to obtain the advantages of the favored rich,'' these, said the speaker, constitute the major problem of the medical profession today.

A word ofwarning was issued by Dr. Bathurst about permitting scientific discoveries to be banded about ''by overzealous untrained, and halfbaked agencies essaying to conquer disease by presuming to perform the duties of the health officer and experts in preventive medicine."

''With ampoules and hypodermic syringes,'' he said these halfbaked agencies, ''do not hesitate to invade homes and with a ruthless indiscrimination boldly proceed to 'shoot' whole families into a state of delectable and unusual immunization.''

''Medical knight-errantry ought to end,'' he warned, ''where science begins.. This situation is what inevitably results when the discoveries of science are not controlled and administered by those who best understand their application for the common good.''

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Clarence Terhune was the first air-hobo who successfully smuggled himself aboard the Graf Zeppelin on its return flight to Germany. After being discovered he was put to work in the cook's galley washing dishes. This young fellow, nineteen years of age, by his nervy adventure gained for himself some publicity which no doubt will be an incentive for some other daring young men to attempt a similar stunt.

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Without a mishap the Graf Zeppelin made the eastward flight across the Atlantic in sixty-nine hours. This is the first round trip in the commercial air travel across the Atlantic. This air navigation marks an epoch in the commercial life of the world. The builder of the Graf Zeppelin has done much to bridge the chasm between nations and make us, so to speak, neighbors.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

It is stated that the sale of hand mirrors have declined. Manufacturers say it is because the modern young women is less vain than her sister of former years. That may be true, but I have a sneaking opinion that it is because every girl carries her own individual compact; and then the dry good stores are putting in so many large mirrors, and their front plate-glass windows are so inviting in which to see one's figure. What does a girl want with a hand mirror when she is thus supplied?

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Art runs along all through the affairs of this life. We meet it in music, pictures, sculpture, literary productions, and in common things made beautiful by some artistic hand. Then there is the art of presenting a friendly countenance, of courtesy, of turning away wrath by soft words, of winning good opinions by good behavior, and many other things in our daily lives that add joy and pleasure to life. There is a fine art in winning friendships, of associates and business organizations. And there is a fine art in steering clear of false pretenses, insincerity and deceit, and no dodging of duty. You will find art in everything.

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"Isn't it fine to be independent?" Standing in the doorway of an attractive cottage setting back from a well known residence street in a certain city, a woman past sixty, gray hair, fair complexion and health showing contentment and happiness in certain safety, gave expression to the above phrase. She had raised a family. Her husband had died. Her children had married and were interested in their own homes. The mother was left alone. But she was independent of her children. A life insurance contract maintained for years by her husband gave this woman all the joy and comfort which came to her. She bought the home, and had a comfortable competency at a good rate of interest. Years ago some life insurance representative was the guardian angel of her life and made possible that security and independence. Yet there are some people who abuse agents for coming around and bothering them about life insurance, and treat the matter in a most careless manner, and never think of the blessing of providing for their loved ones, when they are called away, and leave them helpless at the mercy of a cold world, when financial help is needed to keep body and soul together.

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There is a never-ending wailing and moaning going up from the hosts who labor under the dragging weight of humdrum. It is not surprising and it is justified. Nothing was ever brought from the cavern of monotony. No great thing was ever born of a stagnating mind buried in the rut of routine. It is no more possible than would be the painting of a masterpiece in a dismal dungeon. Light is necessary to the artist and light in another form is necessary to the thinker and the doer. It is because of visions that we are where we are today. Having the vision and working it out

and putting it into practice is the secret of our achievements. Keeping busy is essential, hard work is necessary, but neither of these would avail us much unless we had something to work on. Remember the words of the wise man: "Where there is no vision the people perish!" Behind those mighty words may lie the failure of ancient civilization now being dug out of their dusty graves by American explorers and others. And that thought gives rise directly to another. Any civilization requires vision so those ancient people must one time have had it. But they perished. The natural conclusion is, therefore, that they lost what they had. Let us take a lesson from this and not lose ours.

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An inquisitive little Miss who had just heard that she had a new little brother, and had watched the weighing, inquired of the nurse: "Nurse, how much do people pay for a pound of babies?" "Babies are not sold by the pound, my dear," replied the nurse. "Then why do they weigh they when they are born?" came the next question from the little Miss. The nurse hasn't answered that last question yet.

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To the man in the street science generally appears like the magic lamp which, on being rubbed, brings forth our modern inventions. Many really remarkable things that our forefathers never dreamed of have become so commonplace by their daily use that we think we have only to express the wish and science will furnish the means to accomplish it. But let science step on some of our pet superstitions and we voice our opinion that it has no business to interfere with things which we think are not mundane. We are wedded, although we may disclaim it, to our superstitions. Some touch wood, others shun the number 13, or refuse to walk under a ladder, and others carry a charm or lucky piece, or a rabbit's foot, or do some irrational act, and many other things in the belief that there is virtue in those things for good. Many men of many minds in this world, and some of their minds are past finding out.

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The night was dark, and the hour was late, when the visitor to his favorite bootlegger, advanced unsteadily into the underpass of the Chapel Hill street crossing. Gingerly touching one of the concrete pillars of the underpass, he rested for a few moments, and then began again his alcoholic path, he felt about the post, and round and round the post he walked, never taking his hand off the pillar. Amazement gave way to despair, and at last, sinking down on the pavement beside the pillar, he gasped: "Great heavens! I'm walled in."

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A Negro was harnessing his mule at the Bull tobacco warehouse when a by-stander asked him: "Sam, does that mule ever kick you?" "No, suh," he replied. "But he sometimes kicks where I's jes' been."

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"Yes," said the old man, "I've had some terrible disappointments, but none stand out over the years like the one that came to me when I was a boy." "some terrible shock fixed itself indelibly in your memory, I suppose," remarked a friend. "Exactly," said the old man. "When I was a boy I crawled under a tent to see the circus, and I discovered that it was

a revival meeting."

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Saint Matthew (25-25) tells us that the fellow with one talent, which his master had given him to do business on, hid it and did not use it as was intended, and when giving in his account said, "I was afraid." There is no more interesting study than that of persons, and there is nothing sadder than human failure. Afraid of the man who had trusted him? So many now are like this man. Perhaps he was afraid of the responsibility, as so many are. They do not realize that they will be held just as responsible for doing nothing as for doing the wrong thing. He might have been afraid of settling his account. But here again, the honest soul wants nothing which he has not deserved. Boiled down he was afraid of himself —the only thing in all the world he need be afraid of—of being less than his best self. What this man really lacked was not money but character —symetrical, clean, whole, approaching that revealed in Jesus Christ. A man's life does not consist of the little or much that he has to use, but in the use he makes of what he has, and that is determined by what he IS. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of things that he has, but knowing God more perfectly and walking with Him. It is not a question of money, but of fidelity, with what ability I have, to what opportunity God, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to give.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move.
The dark earth follows—wheeled in his ellipse;
The sun flies forward to his brother suns;
And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the press;
Fly happy with the mission of the cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing heavenward
With silks and fruits and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

But we grow old—Ah! when shall men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land
And like a lane of heaven across the sea
Through all the circle of the golden year!

Alfred Tennyson

THE BERRY SCHOOLS.

(Asheville Citizen)

Arthur T. Vance, editor of The Pictorial Review, announces that the annual achievement award of $5,000 of that magazine has been given to Miss Martha Berry of the Berry Schools, Georgia. This award is given each year to an American woman who has made the most distinctive contribution to letters, arts, science or social sciences.

Gifted teachers and ably conducted schools constitute a great uplifting force in the life of a nation. The famous Waddell School of upper South Carolina of some 140 years ago was such an institution in its day. John C. Calhoun and other gifted leaders were trained there. The Webb School of Bell Buckle, Tennessee, is a remarkable institution of the present. The Berry Schools in Georgia are of the same type. Their beginning was 27 years ago when Miss Martha Berry rode into the Blue Ridge Mountains and was impressed by the fine types of boys and girls who were growing up there largely illiterate and with few opportunities.

Miss Berry brought two children to the studio playroom of her home near Rome, Ga. She put up a dormitory and small school building and the number of pupils grew to ten. She rode through the mountains and picked up others in Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. Each one was of as much interest to her as a specially tagged plant to a gardner. From this small beginning Miss Berry's Schools have grown, until they now accomodate 1,000 pupils and have a waiting list of 3,000 more. The dormitories stand on a wooded area of 1,000 acres. Children of all classes seek admission, but only those of poor parents are admitted. The gentle manners and fine training of the graduates has given the institution a wide reputation.

The Berry Schools stand for simplicity and quiet dignity. The boys and girls are taught the nobility of work. They do the cooking, laundrying, and gardening. There are 100 teachers. The girls sing at their work and become accomplished cooks, although their favorite course is hursing. More than 7,000 boys and girls have gone out from the Berry Schools. Many have been successful and distinguished. One for instance is a prominent member of the faculty and another was a distinguished American army surgeon during the war. Miss Berry herself is a typical old fashioned Southern gentlewoman. She raises about $150,000 a year by voluntary contributions for the support of the schools. $50,000 more comes from investments. These are a grammar and a high school and two years of college work. Forestry, agriculture, horticulture, and cattle and sheep raising are taught, as well as regular academic subjects.

A model school of this type is a benefit to its community and nation. There is no nobler task than that of a teacher. Those who worthily fill that profession are a power for good even if little known themselves. Like others the Berry Schools uphold traditions and seek to influence and elevate the youth of the land.

DR. CRANE AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

(Greensboro News)

Dr. Frank Crane served his sugar-coated capsules of cheerful philosophy with amazing success. He wrote a daily 600-word sermon for a score of years, and received therefor an honorarium which compares favorably with that of a successful comic strip artist. At the end he had some 45 volumes to his credit, and on a guess that was only a small part of what he could have supplied if all his writings had been bound.

It is a career which grows out of his times. The Crane philosophy has been described as seeking "to reconcile ethical aspirations with a high standard of living and to justify the ways of God to the successful." So far as that effort to define the man's objectives is correct, it fits like a glove the amazing urge of a vast body of Americans to get along. Abundant evidence is available to indicate how deeply that passion predominates: Tuesday's election, for instance, if it were needed, which it is not. Dr. Crane's emphasis on the spiritual significance which attaches to worldly success found a ready welcome in a nation seeking worldly success with a singular definiteness of aim and perhaps slightly surprised but undoubtedly delighted to understand that at the same time it was strengthening its soul.

If there were here much shallowness and little of originality, there were at least the simplicity and directness and earnestness and certain vigor of expression which made the man readable to the masses. The syndicates were made for such a writer. He could reach a far larger congregation than he could find in any church, and he did it with thoroughly American success.

WARNING

All little boys and girls should write,—
It is a very pleasant sight
To see them learn by swift degrees
To dot their I's and cross their T's,—
So that in after years they'll know
All that their teacher now may show;
But please, when steamed by mist and rain
Don't write across the window pain.

Thomas J. Murray in The Child's Gem.

GOVERNOR GARDNER

This tribute of highest esteem that was paid O. Max Gardner by the Shelby, and Cleveland County people expresses the sentiment of the entire state:

It was a fitting tribute Shelby and Cleveland county paid to their first governor, O. Max Gardner, on election eve. That Mr. Gardner enjoys the respect and admiration and holds the love of his home people was clearly demonstrated. What that cheering send-off from roaring hundreds mean to him no doubt will never be expressed in words, but it was written in the eyes of the Governor, and of his wife, as they rode, at the head of the parade, through the lanes formed by home folks out to tell him what they thought of him. Again that look came to his eyes when he walked on the platform to see the big square packed with people waiting for a look at him. It was an expression of both joy and sadness—such is the way of things, tears will creep to the eyes at moments of unequalled happiness.

"Governor Max," as his home folks know him—and little more could be said for the respect for him at home than that the home folks know him by his first name—had a big night and so did the people who honored him. The honored first son will no doubt remember the event as long as memory remains with him and as he goes away to Raleigh the eyes of the home folks, with pride in every glance, will be upon him.

Cleveland Star.

GOD AND THE HARVEST.

By Ira M. Wallace, Ph.D.

One of the most joyous services provided for us in our liturgy is the harvest service. It is the more appropriate because of our ever-present prophets of calamity. who flourish almost as widely as God's good gifts.

Since we are branches of the living vine of divine grace and generosity, our harvest gratitude may be supported by Jesus' words, Matt. 6:26, concerning the birds: "Your heavenly Father feedeth them"; and that other one in v. 32, "Your heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of them."

One phase of the ever-recurring food problem is likely to be overlooked; namely, that since God appointed the vegetable kingdom as the food supply source, in the beginning of His assignment of created things, and since. He has assured us that seed time and harvest shall not fail while the earth remains—we have many centuries of evidence that God is caring for His people and His other creatures. But His care reaches from the seed sown in the soil to the full corn in the ear.

There is more neglect on the part of man, even in famine times, than on the part of God. When a portion of the people in China were starving, other portions of the people were shipping grain out of the country; and our country was shipping food to the starving people.

When Joseph was languishing in the Egyptian prison, and the Pharaoh had dreams he did not understand, God was making provisions for the famine in His mysterious way. Joseph was willing to be guided by God in the matter, and was ready at hand for God to use him. Here was a demonstration of God's goodness in that He gave a warning of the coming famine more than seven years before; and promised seven over-abundant years to meet the scarcity of the seven thin ones. Joseph established the twenty per cent crop rental in order to conserve the surplus grain. The result was that his foresight sufficed to carry over the population in their time of need and also to supply Canaanite people as well.

Divine Favor Must Be Recognized

One stalk of corn, over eleven feet high, produced two ears in which were about eleven hundred grains each. 2,200 grains from one grain of corn. If we cut an apple midway between the blossom and the stem, we find a five-cornered box, with five or more seeds in it, all pointing toward the stem. But we notice all around the outside of the seeds' container a large layer of pulp, which becomes and is used by man and beast for food, food that is rich in the substances we need for our bodies. The divine wisdom has provided for the future apple tree in the seeds, and has also provided rich and healthful food for those who use it. Besides, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." The potato plant has been improved somewhat these days, but it bears a blossom and a seed body on the stalk above ground, and in addition it grows the potato tuber on the underground part of the stalk. The potato is supplied with "eyes" which may be planted for the succeeding crop, and still leave a

quanity for food uses of man or beast.

The tomato plant, similar in blossom to the potato, with a seed vessel probably not very different originally from the potato seed container, has been enlarged by cultivation until occasionally tomatoes grow to the weight of two pounds. The gardner takes the seed and spreads his future crop on paper and the pulp remains for food.

The cherry tree, peach tree, all the fruit trees, serve in much the same way to contniue the plant's future existence, while furnishing in the pulp surface a portion for food. One might ask, how many cherries grow on a tree during one season? How many apples, how many peaches? For all which God has begun to make provision even now for the coming year's crop.

Beets, carrots, parsnips, parsley, show a different divine plan. We plant the beet seed, and may get one or more plants from one seed container. During the first year there is a body built which we use for food; but if it is not eaten the first year, it may be planted and go to seed the second year. God has arranged that the first year's growth lays up food for the seed which comes the second year. Some of our flowers do not bloom from the seed during the first year, but come to blooming time and seeding during the second and later years.

The cotton seed bears its boll the first year and besides bearing the seed for other generations it has oils in the seed and a fibrous substance which serves for clothing. There are other fibrous plants and trees which have served for clothing. Adam is said to have gotten his first suit of clothes from the leaves of a tree, and Eve had a honeymoon suit of leaves.

God Knows our Needs

Considering then that man has had little to do except plant and cultivate his food supply, and considering that God has so adjusted His handiwork in nature that it draws on the air for a large part of its growth, and on the rain, and on the heat and light of the sun, to say nothing of the chemicals in the soil, what is man that he is so unmindful of all this preceeding goodness of God? Jesus says that we should not be two or split-minded about God's goodness, for "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." After all these thousands of fruitful years we annually discover that God still knows our needs. still supplies the germs of life for many foods, and produces them in such a variety that man has a sufficient supply for himself, if he sees to it that the supply is distributed to those who have need. "God is not slack concerning His promises."

A Kansas millionaire is reported from London to have been asked how be become a millionaire. He is reported to have replied, in substance, to get food, drink, clothing, and a place to sleep are the great problems of life. Then he gave certain advice on the millionaire subject. One item was to wear the same weight of underwear, if employed indoors, during the year; another was to drink plenty of water, which next to air is our cheapest necessity; and then to believe in oneself, to learn what everybody knows, not to depreciate oneself, and to be determined to be prosperous. In this well-tried advice the Kansan laid the stress on four mental processes, on drink, and on clothing. But he left

God out of the advice—God, who is responsible for all that goes into the substance of the millionaire, and all the other "aires" on earth. God makes wool like snow, as well as snow like wool. "Be not anxious for the morrow....for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. 6:32-33.

OGLESBY FEARS MORAL LAXITY.

Addressing an Iredell county jury recently, Judge John M. Oglesby of Concord called attention to the alarming lack of respect for constituted authority in the home, in the school and often in the church."

The jurist asserted that there are more boys 17 years of age in the state penitentary in Raleigh than prisoners of any other age. "I have never heard this fact commented on by any newspaper or periodical except "The Prison News," he said.

Speaking of North Carolina's boasted road-building achievements, in which all take just pride, her marvelous industrial development within the past 20 years, and her wonderful progress in every way, Judge Oglesby asked is the state has anything to boast of in the way of law enforcement.

"In the last 20 years, has morality, spirituality and respect for law increased in North Carolina? The time has come for a revival of patriotism as manifested by a proper respect for the law," he declared.

"We have lost our capacity for moral indignation—things go unheeded. Do violations of the law shock your conscience? You know whether there are violations in your community.—Exchange.

YOURSELF

What do you think of yourself, my boy?
Do you treat yourself well, and bring yourself joy?
Do you feel you've a right to your self-respect?
Can you look in the glass with head erect,
And say you can trust yourself?
Are you true to your trust when no one's near?
Have you lived so clean that you need not fear
What others may say or think or do,
Because you have done the best you knew?
Have you done your best by yourself?
Have you taught yourself to lift, or to lean?
Are your winged words kind, or cruel or mean?
Are your purposes clear, or is life just a blur?
Are you paying the price of true character?
Do you really believe in yourself?—H. O. Spellman.

"HANDLE IT ACCORDINGLY!"

By Anne Spottswood Young

Faith Burnett looked up from her desk with a smile as the office door opened. She did not feel like smiling this morning, but that was one of the lessons her brief business career had already taught her—to keep personal worries to herself. There were answering smiles and greetings from the three alert young men who had entered, and from the one absorbed older man. Often these and others came here for important conferences.

"Mr. Copley not down yet?" asked the older man, with a glance at his watch.

"Yes, Mr. Burke," answered Faith. "He's in one of the other offices. It's still three minutes to nine, and there are four others to come. Here they are now" she added, as the office door opened again, and Mr. Copley entered with a group of men. Grief greetings over, they gathered about a long table where maps and blueprints, paper, pens and pencils were in readiness.

"All prepared for the fray, aren't you, Miss Faith?" approved Mr. Copley. Faith smiled again, a real smile this time. She liked Mr. Copley. He rarely complimented her work except in this fashion, but she knew without being told in so many words that she had been of help to him for the past six months.

So far as faith knew no one dreamed that she did not entirely like the work, did not care for a business life, and that all her plans for violin music were daily crushed down, overwhelmed by the necessity for a regular income. From the start she had worked as if she did like it, and she had lost no opportunity to improve, but there were days when this was hard, and today seemed one of the hardest. Only a year ago she had been busy with her music, discussing plans with her indulgent uncle for future study abroad, talking over the enlargement of the house and gardens, selecting pretty new costumes, and gaily suggesting that it was about time she gave another party for her young friends. How happy she had been from morning to night with music and fun and work.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, all this had changed. There had been a partner who was like a brother to her Uncle Jim. He had proved unworthy of trust and friendship, and had quietly slipped away one night, never to return, never to be traced, taking with him all the cash and negotiable bonds of the firm. It was like her uncle then, and it was like him now, after time for deliberate thought, to feel the loss of his friend more than he did the financial disaster, though Faith herself had never reached that height. Bravely they had faced facts, cut down expenses, and started again with that cheer and hope they could manage. Then came another blow, as sometimes happens, for her uncle was struck and injured in an automobile accident, and was only now slowly but surely recovering. Thus the breadwinner was laid low, and Faith, young as she was, had to put her shoulder to the wheel. To her surprise this was harder for her uncle than it was for her, but he did not

make it difficult for Faith. A little business training would do her no harm, he finally decided, and soon he would be well again and could give her back all she had lost. There was fun and laughter still in the home, and the two were greater chums than ever, but Faith's heart ached for his suffering, both mental and physical. She was his all-in-all, and she in turn adored him and made his bachelor home blossom as a rose. Left an orphan when she was a tiny girl, she had known only his loving care, and anything that hurt Uncle Jim hurt Faith, too. However, she had to put her whole attention into her office work, and there was much about it that she did like in spite of the daily grind. Her determination had paid, and her salary had been raised once. The little extra was a help, but they needed much more now. Any long illness is expensive, and what her uncle had managed to save from the wreck had dwindled fast. With Uncle Jim well again, he knew and she knew that affairs would take an upward turn at once, but worry was undoubtedly taking its toll, and try as he did, he had looked far from cheerful when she had left him after making him comfortable for the day. He still held fast to several lots in town which he owned, but he had remarked this morning that he would sell them "for a song" now if he had the chance. He always had faith in that particular section of town, and still had, but business had taken an unexpected twist in direction, and no one wanted that land at present. Faith glanced at the busy men around the table and sighed. All of them bore that indefnible look of prosperity which once her Uncle Jim had possessed. Quickly and deftly she went to and fro, bringing to them needed letters and notes from the files, ready to carry out any order.

Mr. Burke, a well-known railroad man, was absorbed in a map spread out before him, while one of the younger engineers pointed out to him the lay of the land for a contemplated new branch road. Readjusting his glasses, Mr. Burke looked around the table, his keen eyes resting on Faith for a moment.

"Of course, it goes without saying," he stated, "that this meeting is nece-s sarity sub rosa for the time being. We must buy this land, but we do not want the price to soar too high. However, this section—" and he pointed to the map—"is the hub of the whee.l Who owns it, did you say, Copley?"

"That's what we call the Lower Valley Section," replied Mr. Copley. "I have looked into the matter, and I am sure we can get those lots at a fair price. The owner is a Mr. James Palmley. He has held on to them for a long time, probably with something like this in view, but they have been practically worthless until now Palmley, I understand, was very successful in real estate some time ago, but he has had serious reverses, was injured in an accident, and is still a semi-invalid. I imagine he'll be glad to sell."

For a moment the room swam before Faith's eyes. An icy hand seemed to grip her heart. James Palmley was her Uncle Jim! Those much-to-be-desired lots, to be purchased at any price as the "hub of the wheel" of this project, were his lots! And, only that morning he had said to her that he would sell them "for a song" if he had the chance. In the course of a few hours they had soared in value.

If only he knew in time that he could get a big price for them! He must know! She must get word to him so that he could make his own bargain! By the supreme effort she regained her self-control and calmness. No one could have noted her sudden Mr. Copley now spoke to her.

"That's all for the present, Miss Faith, but we may need you later, so do not go too far away."

Faith went back to her desk, and pretended to busy herself with matters there, but her fingers trembled as she picked up her pencil. This was the great chance for which her uncle had been waiting! This was what he had seen ahead when he bought that land! He had always felt that a railroad must eventually be run through this section, even when others refused to believe in his judgment. From poverty they would again leap back to prosperity—if he only had a hint in time! Bills could be settled at once, Uncle Jim would have ready money to put him back on his feet, he would get well fast with this encouragement, and all their old happiness would return. As for her—it meant MUSIC again, and study pallor. Mr. Copley now spoke to her. with her violin—that violin now up for sale, seeming to gaze at her like an old friend reproachfully every time she passed the store where lay the mute—so strangely still, waiting for a purchaser—her most cherished posession. Uncle Jim! dear Uncle Jim! Just a word from her, and all would be well. Silence on her part, and the land would go for the proverbial "song"
the proveribial "song"

Assailed by all these thoughts, tormented by worry for the future desirous to lift a great burden from the shoulders of the one she loved best, Faith thought fast. She could telephone! In the next room, a small den which Mr. Copley used when he wished to be undisturbed, there was an enclosed telephone booth. No one would notice her, they were all absorbed, and Mr. Copley was accustomed to her frequent trips there for material files, but she must be quick. Mr. Burke, still bending over the map, was speaking to one of the young engineers.

"We could 'phone this Palmley, but I'd rather not. Masters, suppose you hop into my machine and run over there and have an interview and settle the price. We must have that land—offer him—" his voice lowered and Faith lost the rest.

"I think a personal interview is best myself," Mr. Copley added. "We want to get this settled promptly without running the risk of any one else hearing about it for the present."

Faith rose leisurely from her desk, a sheaf of papers in her hands, and went into the "den" Mr. Masters had already reached for his hat to go on the errand, but she had time to communicate with Uncle Jim before he could possibly reach the house. She stepped inside the booth and closed the door, and watched out for the receiver, then hesitated. Was she doing right? Of course she was! She argued frantically, for time was precious. Business was business! Why allow her uncle to sell that land for practically nothing when she could save him? And yet—why did doubt assail her now? If only she could ask Uncle Jim's advice! He had never failed to put her straight when she went to him with a problem, and now for the first time she could

remember she was facing something about which she could not ask his advice. She must stand on her own feet, make her own decision. Right and wrong seemed so strangely twisted. Mr. Masters must be on his way by this time, and if she meant to do anything she must hurry. She and her uncle could not go on like this much longer. Her salary was not enough for her brain clamored arguments in favor, one part against what she had planned to do. She closed her eyse and leaned back in the booth to think it out This was a private meeting—Mr. Burke had said so. She was Mr. Copley's trusted employee. Not one of them had suggested that she leave the council room, trusting her evidently because Mr. Copley did. How fair he had always been! She had been associated long enough with this firm to learn that while business was business not once had anything been done that was underhanded . Was this underhanded—was it? Or was it fair enough in the game of business? Her heart beat fast in the close booth. She must decide, but what was the right decision? Then suddenly she started it seemed that she heard he runcle's voice, though what she heard was the voice of memory.

That young bank clerk in whose troubles she and her uncle had been so concerned months ago—what made her thing of him now? Tempted by illness in his family, domestic diffirowed'' from the bank funds intendto pay it back promptly, as he insisted at the trial. Every one been sorry for him, for he had been in dire plight, but punishment had been swift and sure. In talking it over with her uncle—they had both known him and liked him, and he had served them at the bank many times—Faith recalled now saying:

''But Uncle Jim, h ewas facing a terrifically hard problem, and he was so desperately in need of ready money! I know how wrong it all was—but—''

Uncle Jim had interrupted her, smiling quizzically.

''Poor fellow! We are all sorry for him and for his family, but get this, Faith, my dear, he was facing a temptation, not a problem, when he helped hmiself to those funds. His problem was to find some honest way to help those he loved, a desperately hard one at the time, I admit, but their condition had nothing whatever to do with the right and the wrong of his temptation, except to make it harder for him. Many people make mistake temptations for problems, Faith, deceived by the needs of some one for whom they care deeply. Ask yourself when you are up against it —for most of us have to face this struggle sooner or later—'Is it a problem, or is it a temptation?' Then —handle it accordingly!''

''Handle it accordingly!'' She was answered! How could she have been in doubt? Her uncle's illness, their need of money, their anxiety and worry—all these were problems, to be handled as best they could. The other —giving Uncle Jim a hint—was a temptation! It was too bad, too bad that he could not know, but she had no right to tell him under the circumstances. He would be the first to uphold her in her decision. She knew that now. Her heart pounded anew, but this time with relief that made her almost faint. Mr. Copley trusted her, the others trusted her because he did. Suppose she had failed him! But, she hadn't! She left the booth,

the telephone untouched, and returned to her desk, passing Mr. Copley at the table. He looked up at her, and she smiled so brightly, and looked at him so steadily that his face lighted up as he smiled back. How pretty she was! She looked luminous when she smiled like that.

"Telephoning, Miss Faith?" he asked kindly. "Anything I can do? I have a few moments now."

"No, Mr. Copley—I was not telephoning—there is nothing, thank you."

"Good!" said he enigmatically. She did not look up from her work when Mr. Masters returned within the hour. All the other business had been attended to, and his associates were only waiting for him and for his report of his call. Whatever had happened was over now, reflected Faith, and soon it would be the hour for closing the office, and she could hurry home to give—and to receive—comfort.

"Well, Masters?" asked Mr. Burke. "Palmley ready to sell?"

"Yes, we came to terms very quickly. He knew what was in the air, guessed it, in fact, and asked me point-blank. I found him intensely interested in that part of the town. His interest has made him land poor for the time being, and he has other land near which will soar in value. You can trust him not to say a word—mighty fine fellow. I warned him that if the K. P. & W. R. R. got the wind of it they'd do their best to beat us to it." He stooped over Mr. Burke and said a few words privately, at which his chief nodded. Then he added for all to hear, "I told Palmley we'd write him tomorrow and settle everything according to our verbal agreement."

"Good!" barked Mr. Burke. "Sure you can trust him?" Mr. Masters smiled.

"Yes, I am sure," he replied quietly. Mr. Burke gave a grunt that might have meant anything, but the rest smiled too. They knew from experience when Mr. Burke was pleased. They were all on their feet now, ready to leave, saying goodbye to Faith, and chatting together. Mr. Copley went with them out into the hallway and to the elevator. Left alone, Faith stared in front of her. She did not know what price they had offered, but evidently they—and Uncle Jim, too—were satisfied. Uncle Jim! She had not taken into consideration at all that he was a keen business man himself, accustomed for years to dealing with men just like this before he was injured. There was nothing wrong with Uncle Jim's brain! Trust him! How she longed to tell them how completely they could trust him! Absorbed, she started when Mr. Copley spoke to her. He had returned and now stood at her desk, looking down at her with eyes that twinkled a little.

"'How about it, Miss Faith? Can we trust this Mr. James Palmley not to let one secret out for a time? We do not want the K. P. & W. to steal our thunder."

The question came so suddenly that Faith was unprepared.

"Yes! You can trust him! Any one will tell you that—any one who knows him!" Then, dismayed, she looked down at her desk, and the bright color rose to her cheeks. The hint of a twinkle in Mr. Copley's eyes now became a very decided one.

"Pretty stiff test for a trusted employee, today, was it not?"

"Test! Then you knew who I was?" faltered Faith.

"Not 'till today, and not purposely a test either, but I happened to learn much while looking up that land for this meeting. Don't be afraid. Suppoes you tell me all about it now—if you feel like it."

And suddenly it was all out, the little story of struggle and worry and hope, while Faith twisted the dainty 'kerchief in her hands 'till it was a small ball.

"So it is music that is back of it all," mused Mr. Copley when Faith had finished. "I knew there was something, in spite of the fact that you took hold here with such skill and determination." He drew up a chair and sank back in it comfortably.

"What would you have done if I had failed you—if I had telephoned Uncle Jim?" asked Faith.

"I don't know," he answered slowly "Something—no doubt—but I felt sure you wouldn't. I am almost as keen in my size-up of a person as Mr. Masters is. I like to keep track of my workers to help them when I can. The next two months will be busy ones for me with this new deal on. I need some one here in the office all the time—some one I can trust implicitly. Do you feel like staying on, at least for a while? The work will be heavier—the salary also larger. You will not need the extra money so much now, however, for—" and he smiled again—" that land did not go for a song, as you feared it would. The price was fair—fair to your uncle and fair to us, unless I miss my guess, he will soon be on his feet again."

"Do you mean—Oh, you can't mean that you want me to stay after I have just told you what a great temptation I had, and how I so nearly did the wrong thing, wrong for you, for myself, and for Uncle Jim!" Mr. Copley threw back his head and laughed, and a good laugh it was.

"My dear girl! No one is exempt from temptations in this world—no one! It is a part of life. You cannot help the rooks from flying over your head, but you can keep them from making nests in your hair! You are worth twice as much to me today in this office—can't you see that?"

"Really!" said happy Faith, smiling through tears that unexpectedly welled into her eyes.

"Yes, really! How about it? Will you stay on and help me for a copule of months? Then you will want to go back to your music without doubt."

"Stay! Of course I'll stay I am proud to stay! Why, to leave you now would just be letting one of those rooks nest in my hair—and that must never, never be!"

"Good!" Laughingly, they both prepared to close their desks for the day. Mr. Copley was still smiling in an odd way when Faith paused at the door for a happy "Good night!" Perhaps he was thinking of days when the rooks had swept over his own head.

"Good night!" he responded, then, "Oh wait a moment!" He handed her a slip of paper. "This is a requisition for back salary. Your new salary is to begin on the first, so two weeks are due you now. Give it to the cashier—you have just time if you hurry. And—on the way home

you' better stop and get that very beautiful violin in—well, you know where it is, the one marked "For sale —bargain!' It's yours, isn't it? No one has bought it yet, and you and your uncle will want some music tonight.''

''How—did you know it was mine? gasp Faith .

''Never mind! Run along, or you'll miss the cashier. I know some things from experience, some by intuition, and some by—but hurry off with you, now!'' and still smiling, he waved her away, receiving one radiant look from a girl, who as she ran down the hallway, had music in her feet, music thrilling to her finger tips, music surging to her very heart.

"BLUE GAS" IMPORTANT.

The giganic new airship ''Graf Zeppelin," just completed in Germany, is bigger and more luzurious than anything of the kind ever before built. ''It's arrival in the United States will be awaited with much interest.

There is one feature of it, however, that the general public probably will pass without noticing—yet may prove the most important development in dirigible design and operation since the war. It is the new ''blue gas'' fuel which the airship's engines will consume.

This fuel, of a secret composition, is a gass weighing the same as air. It not only enables the ship to devote more of its lifting power to a ''pay load,'' the ship does not get lighter as the fuel is consumed, and the precious lifting gas, consequently, does not have to be valve out toward hte end of a flight.

It is a safe bet that our naval authorities who are now planning the construction by Goodyear of two tremendous airships, wll be more enterested n this fuel than in any other feature of new ship.

It's little bits of kindness
And little bits of fun—
And little bits of comradeship
That fill our lives with sun!

We may not be remarkable
For cleverness nor learning,
But all of us can keep the lamps
Of happy brightness burning!

GREENSBORO HAS AN EFFICIENT NURSING STAFF

By Myrtle Ellen Labarr—The News

Greensboro is probably the only city in the country that has complete coordination of nursing efforts so as to give the city a complete nursing service. At least Dr. C. C. Hudson, city health physician, says Greensboro is the only city he knows of that has a generalized program that includes the schools.

Greensboro is one of the few cities in the entire south that is giving near complete nursing service that comes close to meeting the standard set by the national organization. The program here gives the nurses an opportunity to develop along all lines rather than to merely specialize in one phase of nursing service.

The work of the nursing staff in giving instructions regarding the care of tubercular patients is of vital importance, for, as the city health department points out, three-fourths of the cases will always be treated in the home. The sanatorium can only take cases for a limited time, while it takes years to effect a complete cure. Facilities for negroes are entirely inadequate.

Practically all of the children in such homes get the infection, according to Mrs. Myrtle Roberson, under whose supervision the work here is being done. It is, therefore, very essential that these children be given proper nourishment so that they will not run down and allow the disease to fasten its ugly teeth in their little bodies.

The nurses furnishes sputum boxes to patients and teach them how to use these. They show members of the family how to thoroughly sterilize dishes used by patients. They demonstrate the proper way to make up a bed for a sick patient. They examine children and make every effort to have defects corrected so that the youngsters may have a little better than an even break in fighting the white plague.

"I think," said Dr. Hudson, "that the work of the nurses in the home is the most important done in health work, and I think that every community should have a well organized nursing staff to keep up the work."

The nine white and four negro nurses are engaged in a generalized program. Each nurse carries out the full working program in her district. There are 11 districts in the city. The nurses try to arrange their work so that each of the large schools in the city is visited each day, usually first thing in the morning. They check up on the children who are reported absent on account of sickness. Monthly examinations of all school children are made. Skin and other communicable diseases are promptly dealt with whenever a case is found. The nurses check up on health habits and assist with vaccinations.

The nurses do not give bedside care unless a physician is in attendance. This may be either the city physician or the family physician.

The service is free to those unable to pay, while those who can afford to are expected to pay for the service. In cases where the patient does not have sufficient supply of bed linen, the nursing council lends an adequate supply from its loan chest. This service reaches a large number of persons who otherwise could not have such care.

During the past summer the nurses began to follow up work in connection with their venereal disease clinics. A valuable service for the community is being done through the pre-natal, postpartum, and infant welfare work, This consists chiefly of instruction and demonstration. The nurses tell mothers how to care for themelves and their babies. Special attention is paid to the preparation of food for infants. The nurses do not undertake to prescribe food, but they show the mother how to prepare the food that the physician prescribes. The nurses do not assist in delivery, as the staff is inadequate. Mrs. Roberson states that the council hopes to add this service in the near future.

No nurse is employed who is not a graduate of an accredited school and registered in North Carolina. An effort is made to secure nurses who have had experience in public health nursing. Those who have not had such previous experience are urged to take advantage of courses in that field of work. Four of the nures are negroes. They have the big job of looking after the needs of some 12,000 negroes in the city.

According to Mrs. Roberson, 40 percent of the work is bedside care of the sick. The other part is educational work. Interesting tabulations made by the city health department show that it takes a little over half an hour to make a bedside call and .3054 of an hour to make an instruction call. The time between calls averages .2504 of an hour.

Three years ago, it was decided to pool the efforts of the seven agencies in the city that were doing nursing work. At a meeting January, 1925, Mrs. E. D. Broadhurst was elected first president of the Greensboro Nursing council. After three years of service, she was succeeded by Mrs. Julius Cone, who is now president.

The present organization, with 42 members on the board of directors, represents 21 groups in the city. Eleven of these are Parent-Teacher associations. The council meets every two months. The officers are the following:

President, Mrs. Julius Cone; vice president, M. E. Block; secretary, Mrs. Z. V. Conyers, and treasure, Mrs. C. D. Benbow, Jr.

The council is financed from various sources—the city health department, the city school board, community chest, Metropolitan Life Insurance company, Guilford County Tuberculosis association, and a small sum from fees from people who are able to pay, This is not over $200 a year. The total budget is $24,814.92. Each of the organizations contributes funds on the basis of the amount of nursing work done for it. Accurate records of the amount of time spent on calls are kept.

Much of the work of the council is carried on through committees. The executive committee is composed of the officers and three members who are elected each year. These elective members are Dr. Brocton R. Lyon, Mrs. E. E. White, and Mrs. Blanche

T. Lambe.

The nursing committee is Mrs. W. C. A. Hammel, Mrs. Ed Benbow, Mrs. T. D. Dupuy, Dr. E. R. Michaux, and Mrs. Dennis Keel.

The supply committee is Mrs. Blanche T. Lambe, Mrs. J. P. Turner, Mrs. H. S. Battie, Mrs. E. G. Michaels, Mrs. Frank Sharpe and Mrs. Eli Oettinger.

The finance committee is M. E. Block, P. C. Painter, E. D. Broadhurst, Mrs. Annette Tinsley and J. D. Wilkins.

The publicity committee is Mrs. E. A. Schenck, Mrs. Lenoir Chambers and Mrs. Arthur Watt.

But after all, it is the group of nurses who go into the homes of the city that are stricken with disease and carry the keys to health and happiness. It is the nurse who goes into the humblest of homes with just that human touch that makes the dwellers there know that there is a heart in this big city called Greensboro.

THE SENTINEL

The morning is the gate of day,
  But ere you enter there
See that you set, to guard it well,
  The sentinel of prayer.
So shall God's grace your steps attend,
  But nothing else pass through
Save what can pass the countersign:
  The Father's will for you.

When you have reached the end of day
  Where night and sleep await,
Set there the sentinel again
  To bar the evening's gate.
So shall no fear disturb your rest,
  No danger and no care,
For only peace and pardon pass
  The watchful guard of prayer.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

THE PROFESSIONAL SPIRIT OF THE TEACHER

By C. A. Gentry in The Progressive Teacher

It is hard to define "Professional Spirit." Every good teacher has it but by their fruits ye shall know them rather than by definition.

Every good teacher has the spirit of co-operation—co-operation with those in authority, with her fellow teachers and with the parents of the children whom they teach. To become a successful foot-ball player a young man must be trained as an individual until he becomes proficient in the science and art of the game, but he would be useless as a winner did he play for individual honors and refuse to co-operate with the other members of the team. I have known both men and women to fail as teachers because they lacked the spirit of co-operation. I remember one teacher who had no trouble in securing the co-operation of her pupils but refused to co-operate with the parents and members of the Board of Education. Of course her work was only a partial success.

We should have the spirit of cheerfulness. Young people are not in sympathy with a melancholy disposition. Aloofness is a repellant force. Icebergs are just as cold to children as they are to us. We respond to warmth and recede from frigidness. So does the child. None of us like to spend much time looking for the silver lining to the cloud. We prefer to see the sun.

We should have the spirit of Loyalty to the profession. I have often been asked "What is there to be seen in the profession of teaching except worry, non-apreciation, sacrifice—both financial and otherwise? Unless we have the spirit of the true teacher there is little else to be seen. Two men may stand at a rock quarry and look at a great rough stone. One of them gives it only a casual glance and passes on. He saw in it only its commercial value as common building material. The other stands before it as if in a dream or trance, not because of the stone in its present condition, but because of what he sees may be carved out of it. He is a sculptor, and in that rough shapeless mass sees a beautiful figure waiting to be released. That is why day after day, week after week and month after month he is willing to stand with mallet and chisel in hand knocking off the rough places, polishing it here and touching it up there until at last he sees before him his ideal. The true teacher is not fascinated by the boys and girls in their present state and environment, but catches a vision of what they may become, and is content to toil and sacrifice if need be in order that some day she may see before her the man or woman of her dreams.

The foregoing, I believe, are some of the fruits of the spirit of teaching, and answers in part the question why teachers continue to teach while others cannot understand.

WATCH THE CHILD'S READING

(Asheville Citizen)

Because "Children's Books Week" begins today, the Pack Memorial Public Library will have on display in its Children's Department until next Saturday evening the best books for youngsters by standard authors and illustrated by artists celebrated for their work in children's literature. Also the children's department will distribute free of charge lists of books labeled by the American Library Association as the most entertaining and inspiring for children of various ages.

This is a service which, if widely used by the public, is bound to bring good results. It is not sufficient that a child should be fond of reading. It is essential, if he is to get the greatest benefit possible out of his reading, that he be given access to the books which, in addition to entertaining him, will give him the right attitude toward life.

The boy or girl who is taught either by home example or by parental advice to form the reading habit grows up with inestimable advantage over those who have come to maturity without a love of books. This advantage is true of activities in business, recreation and social life. The child who has made itself familiar with the dreams, the play of fancy and the achievements of the great men and women of the morld, has prepared itself in large measure for worldly responsibilities.

All of this is as trite as it is true, but the thing that too many parents ignore is that, unless some kindly and discerning supervision of the child's reading is exercised, the youngster may get into the habit of reading either always along one line or always stories and books that neither build up nor inspire. It is to insure a wise supervision that the Children's Department of the Asheville library will display for the next six days the best children's books and lists of the best courses of reading for children.

Children's Book Week as a national movement was inaugurated in 1919 by the American Library Association, the Boy Scouts and the National Association of Book Publishers "to encourage love of good reading among young people." The good work it has made possible in past years augurs well for the week beginning today.

"The greatest object in the universe," said a certain philosopher, "is a good man struggling with adversity," yet there is still a greater, which is the good man who comes to relieve it.—The Cross.

THE RURAL CHURCH.

(Urban-Rural Relations, by Kiwanis International

A survey of 179 counties in the United States made by the Social and Religious Institute of New York City led the Institute to make the statement that 1,600,000 farm children live in communities where there is no church or Sunday school of any denomination, that 2,750,000 more do not go to any Sunday school, and that the trend is not improving but is going from bad to worse.

Here is a handful of sound facts on the same situation: Only one-fifth of the rural population goes to church. Two-fifths of the rural churches of the country are standing still or losing ground.

A quarter of all rural churches have no Sunday school. One-fifth of all rural churches are kept alive by home-mission aid. Of these subsidized churches, a large number are in active competition with churches of very similiar doctrines.

Seven out of every ten rural churches have only a fraction of a pastor apiece.

One-third of all rural pastors receive so low a salary that they can live only by working at some other occupation. One-half of the rural churches of the country make an annual gain in membership of as much as 10 percent.

INDIAN SUMMER

Indian summer crowns each hilltop with a magic golden haze,
And across the widespread valley a gray veil of mystery lays;
Deepening shadows on the mountains form a regal purple hood,
And the spell of autumn glory rests upon the quiet wood.
Now the chestnut, oak and walnut all put on a richer brown,
And Jack Frost has mirched the beauty of the goldenrod's gay gown;
Every maple in the valley with bright color aflame,
While, of all the trees, the evergreen alone remains the same.
Every day the squirrel's busy putting winter stores away,
For the azure skies of summer are replaced by pearly gray.
There's a whiteness on the meadow, it's the wraiths of feathered seeds;
All the marsh is set in motion by the wind-blown russet reeds,
There's a whisper in the grasses which are turning brown and sear,
And the soul of autumn lingers at the crossroads of the year.—Exchange

INSTITUTION NOTES

About five hundred suits of new winter underwear were distributed among the boys last week.

Our young tonsorial artists are on the job again. For several days past, a group of boys under the supervision of Mr. T. H. Talbert, have been busily engaged in cutting hair.

Superintendent C. E. Boger and C. B. Barber, our accountant, spent last Thursday in Raleigh. This conference was called by the Budget Bureau and plans for the next year's appropriation were discussed.

Thanksgiving Day is the next holiday on the calendar. The program for that day has not yet been announced, but the boys seem to feel sure a big dinner will be in order and are anticipating that particular part of the day's schedule with pleasure.

Our entire Sunday School system was reorganized last Sunday morning. Heretofore the boys had been assigned to classes regardless of their standing in the school grades. Under the new plan the boys are placed in classes according to the grades attained in their school work. It is expected that our Sunday School work under the new system will prove beneficial to both pupils and teachers.

Rev. J. C. Rowan, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Speaking to the boys on "Making a Decision," Dr. Rowan spoke in part as follows: "Every life is a life of decision. The mind must act first. A life without a decision is a life without pleasure, hope, love, mind, conscience or character. A decision must be made to do either the right or wrong thing. God has placed two ways for us to travel—the straight and narrow, which is the right way and the broad way, which is the wrong way. The decision to follow one of these ways must be made by you. It is impossible to do right and wrong at the same time. God offers the reward of eternal happiness if we follow the right way; but plainly tells us that the broad or wrong way leads to destruction. Our conscience tells us when to make this decision. How are we to make this decision? Let me refer you to that beautiful hymn: 'Take time to be holy, Speak oft with thy Lord; Abide in Him always, And feed on His word. Make friends with God's children; Help those who are weak; Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek:' We must make the right kind of friends, for it is natural for us to follow our friends, and friends of the right kind will be of great benefit to us. Concentration is necessary to bring about good results from our decisions; we must concentrate on all things that are right, and by so doing we shall develop great power."

We are always glad to have Dr. Rowan visit us and his talks are always enjoyed by the entire student body and all who are connected with the school.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 24, 1928. No. 44

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

Anthony Trollope said—

"Book love my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant as long as you live."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him and bless his name.

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.—100 *Psalm.*

LET US GIVE THANKS

The glad Thanksgiving season is here again. The proclamation issued by the Chief Executives of our own Nation and the Executives of the States, remind us to pause in the onward rush of this fast age, so that we may render thanks unto our Almighty God for the manifold blessings and mercies of the past year.

As we reflect the inventory reveals that the fields have yielded plentifully; we have realized a prosperous business year; we have been spared the scourge of an epidemic of disease and the tragedies of war; we should rejoice for the liberty and freedom we enjoy, for the inestimable rights of worshiping God according to the dictates of our own conscience, for the life given and the brotherly love existing that binds us together as a Christian nation.

Let us never cease to give thanks for the divine governance of our heavenly Father, and above all for the gift of His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name; bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

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Dr. C. P. MacLAUGHLIN

It seems that never before has there been so many deaths occuring in the state, or in other states, of people who having during some period of history been vitally interested, or associated with some phase of work that aided the progress or development of the state's interest. We must keep in mind though that the news agencies have reached such an advance toward perfection which makes the number of deaths appear larger than in former years. This time the message telling of the sudden death of Dr. C. P. MacLaughlin, of Atlanta, Ga., once pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, shocked and saddened the hearts of the many, admiring friends, in the city and entire community, in which he labored for five years and a half. During his pastorate in Concord he was recognized as a minister of power and eloquence, also as a man who possessed the attributes of leadership. He was an untiring worker and there was no duty too menial to elicit his interest, neither did he recognize any social line of demarcation, because it was his pleasure at all times to mingle with all "classes and conditions" in a manner that reflected the rare spirit of the man. His was a life of service, he was truly one of God's noblemen and both the church and society have lost a wise counseller and sweet friend—"none knew him but to love him." The Uplift feels it has lost a sympathetic friend, and we take this means of extending sympathy to the members of the home who mourn his death.

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A TRAGEDY AT SEA

Nothing is more appalling, or fills one with more awe, than to stand and experience the lashing waves of a storm tossed sea, and at such a time realize your utter helplessness and dependence upon the man-made devices to carry you safe from a watery grave. The sinking of the British Liner, Vestris, is harrowing and heart rending and will be recorded as one of the most

shocking sea tragedies recorded in the annals of maritime history. It matters not whether this disaster was due to a lack of discipline among crew, or that the ship was defective and could not stand the pressure of the high waves, or that the life boats were inadequate—there is one thing sure 129 innocent victims are missing to-day and many fond hearts are made to mourn. There were many muddled reports from the survivors as to the conditions on the ship during the storm, and prior to the storm, but nothing sufficiently clear to declare the cause. The sentiment is quite strong that the Captain delayed too long in sending out the S. O. S. call. This magic call if sent out in due time would have brought a quick response, as swift as the wings of the winds, and the bodies of many today who fill a watery grave would have been saved to proclaim a glad thanksgiving.

The Vestris was a British liner with passengers from different nationalities and there is not a question of doubt that a full, complete and drastic investigation will be made to learn the cause, if possible, and then in the sight of the law adjustments made—but in the name of humanity reparation is unthinkable.

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THE QUACKS

The very word "Quack" always carried with it a facination for the writer, because of the mystery, or what is supposed to be some unseen power peculiar to that class, who successfully fool their patients to the extent till there is realized a profitable remuneration for service but no permanent relief for the suffering.

The impressions of childhood are lasting, and we recall vividly hearing of one of these Charlartans being sent for to treat a child who had been seriously burned,—he, so to speak, could "use" for the unfortunate child and thereby relieve the suffering. We have often thought when in a reminiscent mood of the untold suffering of that child. Well, to a certain extent that very same practice is carried on to-day in our midst amongst the ignorant and poor, and the coins are freely given with a hope of a cure, till there is scarcely enough left to supply the necessities of life in these homes.

This instance happened just about three years ago in a most enlightened community where the doctor could have been readily called over the telephone, and within five minutes treated the suffering patient: The person in question

was an elderly lady ill unto death with erysipelas. We realized, from a layman's viewpoint, the patient was in extremes and suggested calling a physician. But, "no," replied the husband, "I am going to send for a man who lives five miles up the road–he "uses" for erysipelas and has never been known to lose a case." The husband spoke with such emphasis and faith in the power of Quack till there was not an approach for an argument in favor of calling a practitioner. This case was watched with great apprehension, but, by the grace of God this sick woman recovered.

Just a few weeks ago our attention was called to a woman, the wife of a World War Veteran, who looked miserably ill—her very expression was one of an appeal for help. The Veteran in explaining his financial embarassment, said in substance, "it takes all I make for medicine and treatment for my wife." The inquiry was, "what is the trouble?" "Goiter," was the reply. Naturally interest was keen, inquiries followed, and it was not but a few moments before the whole story in a nut-shell was that some patent medicine was used and rubbing the only thing being done for this wretched woman. This veteran drew $50 per. month, besides this amount was supplemented by an amount realized from plying the carpenter's trade, but it took all that he could possibly rake and scrape to make expenses.

These two instances in our midst are given to bear out the impressive statements made by the outstanding specialist at the Southern Medical Association, last week in Asheville, N. C. Dr. Bathurst, the retiring president of the association made impressive that medicine, surgery and hospitalization are expensive; all of which work a hardship upon the indigent sick,—and "unless the doctors can work out some way of getting their ministrations to the people at reasonable cost, people will turn to the quacks. Quacks have a hard time, what with the laws that have been enacted at the instigation of the regulars; the practitioners of any system of healing outside the regular profession have a hard time. Still, ingenuity increases as reward for it invites."

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The total eclipse of the moon may be seen about 2 o'clock of Nov. 27th, but if seen it means early rising for the spectators. The total eclipse begins about 3:33 and lasts until 4:29 o'clock and then the moon begins to emerge from the shadow of the earth. Astronomers estimate that the earth's clinical shadow stretches nearly a million miles into space.

THE HEART'S GRATITUDE.

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill

"Back of the loaf is the flour,
Back of the flour is the mill,
Back of the mill are the wheat and the sheaves.
And the sun and the Father's will."

Gratitude is the sunshine of the heart. It is the fairest flower that blooms in the King's garden. It is the fragrance of the flower for its beauty, the bird's song for its glad life, the purple and gold of the morning for the sun's shining, and the soul's response to the Father for all His glad, gracious gifts.

Ingratitude is called the soul's most sordid sin. Like a canker, it eats the sweetness out of the heart. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so"—with lip and life service.

"I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the riverside;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied."

True gratitude is more than lip service. It is the praiseful attitude of the soul. The eye opens to the light, the mind to truth, the heart to the good, the soul in praise to the Father's mercies.

"In the beginning God." That is the voice of science and civilization, of the soul and song. From the Father's good hands came all of life's rich gifts. His mercies are fresh every morning. "I will enter Thy courts with Thanksgiving."

"He who thanks but with his lips
Thanks but in part;
The true, full Thanksgiving
Comes from the heart."

If our Pilgrim fathers had hearts of praise, shame on us if our redeemed souls sing not of the Master's mercies. Deep snows, wild animals, untilled soil, and no homes; yet the bleak wilderness rang with notes of gratitude and praise.

Thanksliving is the real Thanksgiving. He best gives thanks who tunes his words to kindly deeds.

"O praise ye the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing of His power and His love;
Our shield and defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned with splendor and girded with praise."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

It is observed in the newspapers that the women's organizations throughout the nation are now marshaling their forces to bring about ratification by the United States Senate of the Kellog peace treaties. If the women of the world combine for peace we will have peace, even if it is a difficult matter for some of them to have peace at home. Politicians are already aware of the influence they wield as the recent election verifies. Now, if their attention is turned to world peace it is quite likely that world peace is on the way; and not far distant at that.

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It is wonderful how so many fellows have schemes for getting rich quick, and how they will send out their propagander wanting to advise you how to become a millionaire, if you will patronize their idea, at so much per. I have always wondered why these fellows did not practice their own schemes and become millionaires themselves. But the scheme is to catch a sucker. And there are just as many suckers now as there ever were in the history of the country.

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The girls in the days long since gone were taught to make their pie crusts short. The daughters of those of long ago, do not seem to care much about pie, but they are making their dresses short.

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Hope is An Anchor

Hope is one trait or attribute to which humanity has never given one-fiftieth of the credit it deserves. It is told that Oscar Hammerstein was bankrupt—penniless—his theatre was burned and he was ruined. A friend sympathized with him during the course of the fire and told him not to despair. Hammerstein replied: "Despair, Heaven save us; I'm just trying to pick out a site to build another theatre." I know a Durham man, who had his storehouse burned, and during the fire he was going about the debris, examining the brick that had been part of the store, and made the remark he was just figuring out how long it would take for those brick to cool off before he could start rebuilding. These are examples of Hope in full blossom. Hope, in the very highest sense of the world, is the one human characteristic that eventually overcomes failure and makes success possible. The Bible cites Faith, Hope and charity as the three most desirable virtues. Many a sermon has been preached on Charity and on Faith, But hope seems to be overlooked to a great extent. The pioneer developer is first motivated by Faith in the possibilities of the venture he undertakes. He has Hope for ultimate success, realizing full well that his investment might be lost through the hazards of the industry. When he loses he should then be moved with Charity towards his fellowmen, and not allow his disappointment over the failure of Fortune to crown his venture with succes to sour and curdle the milk of human kindness that should run in his veins.

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A Treatise on Garden Planting

A question comes to my desk for elucidation, and I do not know why, unless so much discussion of late on farm relief has prompted the inquiry. I am asked, "Why I Plant a Garden." I have no garden to plant, but if I did I would say that I plant a garden because I am a very neighborly neighbor. I like for my neighbor's chickens to enjoy themselves, and feast on what they cannot get at home. My neighbors chickens are also very neighborly. They visit me often in the spring time. In the early moon, when living things begin to stir, I do love to see my neighbor's proud chanticleer, step forth in all of his pride, scoot through his accustomed hole, under the fence, shake himself and view my garden with an eye of pleasure. After making a few scratches, and finding a few seeds, I like to hear him in his wooing clucks, as he summons the mother hen and her young brood of biddies, who are obtaining their education in scratching for a living, in my garden. These fluffy little biddies, like dandelions balls, after the bloom has dropped, team in with the proud mother hen with alacrity. It is mostly alacrity until the mother hen begins to call then to choice seed the rooster has uncovered and invites her to partake of heartily. It is a real pleasure to hear them, in their pleasing chicken vernacular, as they chickenly chuckle over the find, and the thought how they are feasting, and "getting away" with me on my planting proclivities, when in fact I am feasting on the pleasure it is giving them for I had prepared the garden for their delectation.

It is a singular fact that they prefer So-and-So's seed to all others. I judge this from the observation that they make more chickenly fuss over this special brand of seed than any other. And they sem to thrive more successfully on that choice than any other. When they have succeeded in digging up my garden and devoured all the seed therein planted; and these same biddies have become frying size, I send in a bill to my neighbor for the use of my garden, and seed costs, with interest added as to what I did not raise; and he to be neighborly, and show that he will not take a fowl advantage of me, pays the bill—and my garden is ready for another garden crop, and chicken invasion. As no body plants or runs a garden this way, with the results mentioned, I guess this is a pipe dream.

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Appreciation and a Bouquet

These Ranbling remarks, by the Rambler, are having different effects upon different people, and I am glad to know that so many enjoy them, from the many expressions of delight I have had recently. It gives me great encouragement. My aim, and soul is every day and every week to carry a ray of sunshine and a beam of joy and pleasure to some one, somewhere. A gentleman told me the other day, that he read the Rambles with great delight. "They are like a hypodermic injection of inspiration," said he. Another remarked yesterday that he got a great deal of good out of them. "To my mind, said he, they are like a refreshing shower, after a long dry spell." A friend requests that I publish this bouquet thrown to me by a talented Caldwell County lady and I grant the request. Read while I make my bow to gracious

friends:

Your words are like winged flowers,
  Adrift on a sea of smiles,
And dimple the cheeks of a sad world
  For twice ten thousand miles;
Your philosophy, sweet and tender,
  Is enlivened by quip and jest;
And we like our homiletics
  In the wittiest fashion drest.

You ramble across our mountains,
  With eyes that see beauty true;
You spill their sweetness on paper
  Till the shut-ins see it, too;
Serene in your loving kindness,
  You scatter your need of grace,
And the light of a coming brotherhood
  Shines clear in your gentle face.

Sure, we all love ye for livin'
  Your words are not spent in vain,
The treasure laid up in Heaven
  Is better than earthly gain;
May blessing follow your pathway
  Wherever your steps may trend,
For the whole of Carolina
  Delights to call you friend.

Lenoir, N. C. Mrs. Ella Z. Harris

THANKSGIVING

It is now time to take an inventory of the harvest of the past season to determine what progress has been made— how great the success, the failures, and their causes.

If a person has been successful, he should be thankful. If he has been a failure, he should be thankful that he has another chance. No failure is so great that there is not something to be thankful for. The opportunity to be able to develop as one sees fit should be an occasion for great thanksgiving. This opportunity is presented to every man. The limit of a man's attainments is determined by his ideals, his ambition, his will.

"Thank God a man can grow!
  He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:
Though this beginning be but poor and low,
Thank God, a man can grow!
The fire upon his altar may burn dim,
  The torch he lighted may in darkness fail,
  And nothing to rekindle it avail,—
Yet high beyond his dull horizon's rim,
Arcturur and the Pleiads beckon him."

—The Southern Planter

"HE DID NOT KNOW HOW TO BE MEAN"

By C. W. Hunt

The Uplift is for the living. I do not recall that I ever wrote of the dead in its columns. I would not write now, but for the fact I heard something said at a funeral of the late Willis Trotter Wilkinson, Charlotte, and for more than sixty years one of its most gentle and unassuming citizens, that I never heard said of any mature man up to that tmie. Dr. E. K. McLarty, his pastor, in paying a tribute to his worth said in substance: "I lived a whole year in the home of Willis Wilkinson, and I have never known a kinder, gentler, companionable man. His nature was so good, so clean, so pure that he did not know how to be mean." There is the heart of what I want to say in those last eight words.

In saying that he said something that has lingered, has made me think, and I am recording it here that others may see it and be caused to think of a man who has gone, who was that gentle "He did not know how to be mean." I thought, and wondered if there was another man in all Charlotte of whom it could be said, truthfully said at his passing, "he did not know how to be mean?" The fact is there are few of us, who under certain conditions and provocations are not mean at times.

I had known and talked with Willis Wilkinson for 30 years. I had always found him happy and companionable. He always wanted to know "how things were." Yet I did not know that I had met and had had for my friend all these years the kindliest and gentlest man in all the 80,000 people in and about Charlotte, and I am pained to know that he has gone, and gone before his many friends knew he was passing. Two days latter I met a mutual friend who had known Willis Wilkinson when he was a young man, when beginning a successful and happy life, who told me of how the gentle spirit had been handicapped with deafness the greater part of his life, but in spite of this had gone on and on, making friends, good friends, of all whom he came in contact with, because he had loved everybody and had always been the companionable man. His deafness made the pleasure such a man could have gotten out of life impossible with him and caused him to pass many hours engrossed in his own thoughts or reading the thoughts of someone who had recorded them in a book. Many who have good hearing and who could be companionable, are too mean and grouchy to be decent at home, and so such, deafness would mean little. History records a great musical composer who became stone deaf and could hear no sound of the many compositions he had written and did write; and of another great artist who lost his sight and could not see the paintings he had made and those of others which he could have enjoyed. The fates had been unkind. If the composer could have heard and the artist could have seen, neither of their afflictions would have been so burdensome. So with Willis Wilkinson. Hearing to him would have made life a "midsummer night's dream," while to the grouch it would have meant little.

There are so many things in a long life we cannot comprehend, but if we have faith it is promised we shall sometime understand, and the sentiment is beautifully expressed in:

"'Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in a better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears.
Ah! then, ah! then, we'll understand.''

The time to mend boats is before going out on the water; the time to prepare for a spiritual crisis is before the crisis comes.—Forward.

FAITH HEALING

(Asheville Citizen)

Three distinguished American physicians were members of the special commission which, after six years of investigation, reported to the House of Deputies at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Washington that "Christian healing has passed beyond the stage of experiment, and its value can not be questioned.'' The physicians were Dr. Charles H. Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota; Dr. Howard Johnson of San Francisco, and Dr. W. Sinclair Bowen of Washington.

The commission on which they served was named by the Episcopal House of Bishops and House of Deputies jointly, and other members were well known churchmen. Its report made formal recommendation to the General Convention that it "thankfully recognize the deepening of the spiritual life of the Church, which has come through the growing recognition of the healing power of God,'' but with this went the emphatic warning that all faith healing should be undertaken only in the closest co-operation with medical science and practice.

Assuming that such healing will be carried on with the stipulated precaution and safeguard of medical advice, the commission declares that it must be regarded as "no longer the hope of a few but the belief and practice of a large and rapidly increasing number of persons, and an experience that can no longer be questioned.''

The report is, of course, not surprising. Health in its broadest sense is the result of bodily, mental and spiritual harmony and efficiency. It has been established for a considerable time that mental disturbance can and often does produce symptoms of pseudo symptoms of many kinds of ailments in man's physical organism. It has long been known that emotional disturbances could play havoc with both mind and body, Anger, sorrow, despair, all pull down physical fitness and energy.

What these men of science and of the church proclaim is that health is best promoted when approached from three different levels: the physical, mental and spiritual. That is an unassailable position.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIALS

By Sallie L. McCracken in Charity and Children

The task of selecting an outstanding group of Confederate memorials is not an easy one and perhaps the list chosen for this paper would not be the one chosen by others for a similar purpose. We could spend much profitable study on those in Richmond alone. In making this selection the motive has been to take up those which are of general interest to all our Southland.

Gettysburg

Just a few hours out from Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington lies the battlefield of Gettysburg which the English historian, Creasy, includes in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." Here some fifty-four thousand men from the North and from the South mingled their blood in 1863. The government of the United States has set apart this battlefield as a national cemetery, and it is said to be the best marked and the best cared for battlefield in the World. It is so marked that the lines occupied by the different divisions of both armies can be located by visitors. The states both from the North and from the South have erected monuments to the fallen heroes. North Carolina has seemed rather slow in erecting a monument, but the Daughters of the Confederacy in our state have been gathering together a fund for this purpose for several years. The North Carolina legislature, however, has appropriated fifty thousand dollars for this purpose which leaves the ten thousand dollars accumulated by the Daughters of the Confederacy to be spent for other purposes. It was voted at the recent state meeting to spend as much of this as is needed in placing bronze tablets on the plot that has been allotted to our state for its monument, these tablets to give the history of the prominent part which North Carolina took in this battle.

Gutzon Borglum has been employed to execute the monument in bronze and presented his model at a recent meeting of the North Carolina Gettysburg Monument Committee. After a few changes the model was accepted. The plan is a group of five men making a charge with bayonets. These are led by an officer who has been shot and has torn his shirt to make a sling for his wounded arm, but is still directing his men; the standard bearer carries a Confederate flag. This monument is to be placed on the point of the furtherest advance of the North Carolina troops on the battlefield.

Jefferson Davis Monument

The Jefferson Davis monument at Richmond consists of a semi-circular colonnade composed of thirteen Doric columns which are decorated with the seals of the eleven states that seceded and the three others that sent aid to the cause. In the center of the space enclosed by this colonnade is a Doric column 67 feet tall. This column is surmounted by an allegorical figure representing the Spirit of the South. On a base of granite in front of this stands a portrait figure of the first and only President of the Confederate States of America, Jefferson Davis. This monu-

ment is the work of Valentine, a native Virginian and stands on Monument Avenue in the city of Richmond.

Stone Mountain

It seems now that a large gray cliff in Georgia is to become the world's greatest monument. The key figure in this monument is Robert Edward Lee, the South's immortal hero, and with him the next two outstanding figures are Thomas J. Jackson and Jefferson Davis. This monument is erected "not to glorify war, but to proclaim to the world while time shall last the courage, faith, honor and valor that distinguished the valiant man from the merely reckless man."

Mrs. Helen C. Plane of Atlanta, first conceived the idea of an everlasting monument carved on the side of Stone Mountain. She was the wife of Captain Plane who was mortally wounded in battle. After his death the remainder of Mrs. Plane's life was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy and to the work that would keep forever fresh the traditions of the Southland and the gallantry of the men who gave their lives and their all for their beloved South. Helen Plane wondered if these heroes would be remembered after their contemporaries had passed on and felt that some sort of memorial should be established so they would not be forgotten in the ages to come.

In 1914 some one suggested that a temple might be built on the top of Stone Mountain to the memory of the men and women who gave their lives to the Confederacy. This proposition did not quite please Mrs. Plane's fancy and she thought about it all that night, said she did not sleep a wink, and then came to her at the close of this sleepless night a vision of a carved monument on the mountain itself.

Stone Mountain is located about twenty miles northeast of Atlanta and is said to be the largest solid body of exposed granite in the world. It is nearly two miles long and seven miles around. Its quarries have been worked for forty years and hundreds of public buildings, bridges and other structures have been built from the granite which is said to rank among the best in quality.

Since remote antiquity men have striven to erect a monument that time could not destroy. It seems that this honor will fall on the Daughters of the Confederacy who sponsored the Stone Mountain proposition. After the victory of the Greeks over the Persians, Pericles gathered at Athens all the leading architects and sculptors of the world and had erected what all have conceded to be one of the finest and most beautiful structures the world has ever known—the Parthenon at Athens. The ravages of time and war have left this magnificent buliding only a shell of marble columns. The pyramids of Egypt built of limestone more than five thousand years ago have been classed with the Seven Wonders of the World through the past ages. These, however, are disintergrating slowly and if time should last long enough they may pass and be forgotten. It is said that the sculptors and architects fought over their differences of opinions in the erection of the Parthenon, but these are forgotten and only a few of the thousands who visit yearly ever know

of it. So our differences and difficulties and quarrelings over Stone Mountain will be known only to the antiquarians who dig into the archives of history to ferret out all the detailed facts about the creation of this wonderful monument the world has ever seen and which not only stands as a monument to the soldiers and women of the Confederacy but to the achievements of the twentieth century.

Recumbent figure of Robert E. Lee

The recumbent figure of General Lee in the chapel of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., is one of the most noted works of art in this country. This most beloved memorial of the Confederacy was made by the hand of a Virginian sculptor, Edward Valentine, a friend of General Lee, and was executed in his studio in Richmond. The body of General Lee lies near in a crypt beneath the chapel.

General Lee on Travleler

Another favorite monument is that of Lee mounted on his favorite horse, Traveller, which the General said was a Confederate gray. This was executed by a Paris sculptor, cost sixty thousand dollars and was unveiled in Richmond in 1890 in the presence of about a hundred thousand people. This was considered an event in the world's history Messages were received from all over our nation and from other nations as well. Some one has said that Traveller always stepped as though he were conscious that he bore a king on his back. He outlived his master several years and his mounted skeleton is an object of much interest to visitors in the University museum at Lexington.

There are hundreds of memorials all over our Southland, many of them beautiful in design and with a most interesting history. One of the most recent is the markers for the Dixie Highway. These are of endurable bronze and bear a likeness of General Lee on Traveler. Several have already been placed on the highway in North Carolina and in other states.

An interesting incident in connection with this is the fact that one was unveiled recently in the State of Ohio. It is reported there was some little objection to having a memorial to a Southern General, but Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter (Mrs. O'Henry) who is the President of the Ohio division of the U. D. C. won out in the controversy and so the marker was placed on the Dixie Highway at Franklin, which is between Dayton and Cincinnati.

But who among us would say that even these are our greatest memorials when they remember our educational fund of ninety thousand dollars that is being used for the training of the splendid boys and girls of our Southland, fitting them for the purpose of carrying the message of peace and good will throughout the entire world? This idea is borne out in the following quotation from our great American Statesman and orator, Daniel Webster:

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with right principles, with the just fear of God and the love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity."

ANOTHER REASON WHY THE RUMBLING SHOULD NOT COME TRUE.

(The Telegraph, Rocky Mount, N. C.)

Another forward step in North Carolina's prison system is seen in the announcement by Supt. George Ross Pou at Raleigh that from now on the younger white prisoners will be segregated at the Polk farm near the capital city.

This farm has been designated the juvenile prison farm under the new plan worked out by prison authorities.

All white prisoners under 20 years of age will be sent to the farm, where they will be kept under careful supervision and direction which will endeavor to reshape their lives and make them fit to enter upon their duties, privileges and responsibilities of citizenship when they are discharged.

From the humanitarian and welfare viewpoint the new step is a real forward movement. Indirectly too there will be considerable economic benefit as prisoners are bettered and the state, if the plan proves a success and is productive of the results anticipated, will be spared the expense and burden of retaining and caring for these youths who in later years might become hardened and more or less permanent criminals.

Any plan that will redeem youthful prisoners, place them on the right path and fit them to earn a legitimate living when they are dismissed is certain to prove of incalculable benefit to the state and to the taxpayers who make up its citizenship.

We have believed all along that some segregation plan such as has now been announced should be put in effect. It has never seemed wise to leave these youthful prisoners with the more seasoned criminals, to have the close association and to experience the contagious effects which this close contact and influence must necessarily have.

With the youthful prisoners segregated and these deteriorating influences removed some definite attempt at salvaging the human wreckage before it is entirely gone is possible. We are told that special class work and instruction will be given the young prisoners during hours which will not conflict with their work and that every effort will be made to straighten their lives and to fit them for earning an honest living after they are dismissed.

A prison should redeem a man as well as punish him, if that combination is possible, for only those prisoners who are executed or serve life terms are not turned back on society. The question of what these prisoners will do when they are turned back on society is one for which prison authorities and welfare experts must assume the responsibility.

The new plan to be tried out by Supt. Pou is an attempt to answer this question on what we believe to be the proper fashion. It must be arranged with the outstanding accomplishments of the Pou regime at State's prison and cited as another reason why the political rumblings which one hears concerning the prison superintendent should not come true.

STANLY AND ANSON WORKING TO SECURE A T. B. SANATORIUM.

(Stanly News)

As a result of a joint meeting of leading citizens of Stanly and Anson Counties at Wadesboro one night last week, efforts will be made in the immediate future to call an election in both counties for the purpose of voting on a bond issue to raise money to build and equip a tubercular sanatorium for the use of both counties. After this shall have been done, if it is done, a site for the sanatorium will be agreed upan and arranged.

Those representing this county at the Wadesboro meeting were: P. J. Huneycutt, J. A. Groves, C. W. Gaddy, Dr. C. M. Lentz, and Z. V. Moss. The meeting was at the home of R. E. Little, Wadesboro, where a bountiful supper was served. All of the civic clubs of Wadesboro were represented, along with the town and county officials.

This movement has been under way now for several months, having been started by the Rotary Club here, and other civic clubs of Albermarle joining in.

It is understood that Anson county is in great need of just such an institution, and likewise is Stanly. Both counties are especially anxious to carry out the movement and build the sanatorium, but it is not known as yet, where the institution shall be located. This is a matter that both counties shall have to decide upon after the institution has been assured.

Those connected with and interested in the movement are of the opinion that it is going through and that no distant day a modern tuberculosis sanatorium will be erected and giving treatment to the citizens of Stanly and Anson counties.

A great many men think there are too many women's clubs, but after all, there is not enough of them in existence today.

There was a time when women were expected to sit demurely in the home and keep the cat company during the absence of her "lord and master." But happily that day has passed into history.

Woman, by her own efforts has emancipated herself. She is a property holder, a voter, an office holder, a rapidly increasing power in the business world, and is entitled to her proper sphere in life.

She cannot determine the proper duties and responsibilities of her sphere by remaining at home or by discussing current topics over the back yard fence.

Healthy club life cultivates the mind and brings to the surface the best that is in both man and woman.

At the club she meets her friends, learns their views, hears all sides of questions that are before the public, and is therefore better able to determine the proper course to pursue.—Exchange.

GIVE THANKS

Let us sing aloud our praise to God who entrusts so much to us. Man has been wonderfully favored. Our prayer should be that we never cause the Lord to be ashamed of us.

O Sacred Providence, Who from end to end
  Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write
And not of Thee, through whom my fingers bend
  To hold my quill? shall they not do Thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land
  Only to man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone in his hand,
  And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Man is the world's high priest: he doth present
  The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
  Such as springs use that fall, and wind that blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
  Doth not refrain unto himself alone
But robs a thousand who would praise The vain,
  And doth commit a world of sin in one.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
  For me and all my fellows, praise to Thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
  Because the benefit accrues to me.

Thou art in small things great, nor small in any,
  Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall,
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
  For Thou are infinite in one and all.

—George Herbert.

WHEN DISASTER RIDES THE SKIES

The poster which Chapters of the American Red Cross will display throughout the country from November 11 to 29, inviting the people to join the Red Cross for another year, symbolizes the service of relief and rehabliitation provided by the "Greatest Mother" when disaster strikes.....Throughout the past year the Red Cross has been engaged continually in disaster relief work at home and has extended assistance in many catastrophies abroad. The poster was painted by Cornelius Hicks.

JOHN BUNYAN

By Seminarian Theodore G. Tapper

John Milton was in his twentieth year when John Bunyan was born. Shakespeare had died twelve years before. It was an era of stupendous things. England was in political turmoil and religious unrest. Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth were followed by Charles II and Clarendon. There was revolution and tyranny and oppression; there were Whigs and tories. Papists and Puritans, Quakers and immigrant Huguenots were now persecuted and again tolerated by the Established Church, giving an impetus to the colonization of America. It was in the time of the great plague and fire in London which caused Pepys to inscribe in his diary: "I have stayed in the city until above 7,400 died in one week, and of them about 6,000 of the plague, and little noise heard day or night except tolling of bells." The first newspaper had just appeared. Descrates was about to invent analytical geometry. On the basis of Galileo's discoveries, Huygens was developing the science of physics. Newton was about to appear with his law of gravitation, and chemistry and biology were being studied. In the field of literature we recall the names of Dryden, Taylor, Browne and Herrick. Hobbes was preparing his social philosophy and George Fox was entering upon his influential life.

"I Have Not Here to Boast of Noble Blood"

Amid this clash of arms and conflict of opinion, amid this confusion of change and bewildering brilliance of genius and production, the world did not pause to notice that John Bunyan was born. It was but natural that the son of a despised tinker should be disregarded, but today we return to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth, quite forgetful of many of his contemporaries who were them attracting attention. England did not learn to appreciate him fully until he was gone, but his influence has since been remarkedly felt and recognized beyond its borders. We do not remember him for his relation to the great characters and movements of his time, for he lived and died quite oblivious of the age in which he was living except as he was immediately touched by events the existence of which he hardly understood. His was but a simple spirit engaged in a mighty spiritual struggle, and as such he has been able to contribute uniquely to our literature.

Bunyan was born in Elstow parish, Bedfordshire, England, probably not many days before his baptism on December 30, 1628. We know little of his life beyond what he gives us himself in his autobiography writings and what has been appended anonymously by a friend. We cannot question the sincerity in which he wrote "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," but we must discount the extremes to which he goes. We cannot but feel that the narrative is colored both by his vivid imagination and by the fervor of his denunciation of all that is not in its essence godly. He paints his youth in such gawdy hues, employing such vehement terms of self-re-

crimination, that we are prone to be amused at his absurd self-analysis. This is best explained, perhaps, by his uncommonly sensitive abhorrence of pretence and hypocrisy, by his introspective examination of his sin, and by the deep line which his conversion drew between his old and his new life.

"I Was Often Cast Down and Afflicted"

In his youth he writes, "It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, being filled with all unrighteousness....for often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits ....when I was but a child, but nine or ten years old——so that until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness." The particular sins which he here confesses and frequently refers to in his later life cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming—all faults which he had acquired in his early environment as the son of a tinker and as a tinker himself.

His education has been of the meanest. He was sent to school "to learn me both to read and write, the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame I confess, I did soon lose that little I learnt, even almost utterly." The English, however, which he later employed in his writings, has a directness, simplicity and spontaneity which he developed in his reading of the Authorized Version of the Bible, for, as W. Hale White points out, "if we take the first 300 words.. of his "Relation of the Imprisonment," excluding proper names, there are only five which are not in the Authorized Version, and these are 'aforesaid,' 'warrant,' 'Bibles,' 'constable,' and 'coward,."

Up to the time of his marriage, however, which Carlisle said came to his twenty-first year, Bunyan had little acquaintance with the Bible. It was his good fortune "to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly" and who brought him a dowry of two books, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" and "Practice of Piety." The reading of these books, accompanied by his wife's relation of her father's strong Christian character, effected a change in Bunyan's life. "They did beget within me some desire to reform my vicious life," he writes. He went to church twice daily, very devoutly participating in the service of the Established Church, his religious genius being attracted by all its sacred associations. His neighbors were gratified by the change in his conduct, but were not aware of the inner struggles in which he was engaged. One of the problems which beset him at this early time involved the hope that he was an Israelite, having heard that they were a peculiar people, chosen by God. "At last," he writes, "I asked my father of it, who told me, no, we were not. Wherefore then I fell in my spirit, as to the hopes of that, and so remained."

"Thoughts of Religion Were Grevious to Me"

His naive longing to live a Christian life is reflected in his attitude during a game of Cat which he play-

ed after having heard a sermon on Sabbath observance. "Having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it a second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?'....I felt my heart sink in despair....for, thought I, if the state be thus, my state is surely miserable, miserable if I leave my sins and but miserable if I follow them. I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins, as be damned for a few." So he returned to his old habits again, until one day while "standing at a neighbor's shop window, and there cursing and swearing and playing the madman," the woman of the house, herself ungodly, rebuked him, charging that he was the "ungodliest fellow for swearing that she had heard in all her life."

There followed months of melancholy and mental confusion. He had taken delight in ringing the steeple bell with his companions as a youthful prank, but although he continued to accompany them, he no longer dared to do the actual ringing. Then it occured to him that even this was unbecoming a Christian, and "I began to think, how if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam....thinking here I might stand sure. But then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing..it might kill me for all the beam. This made me stand in the steeple door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough ....But it came into my head, how if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought did continually so shake my mind that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head."

"But God Did Not Utterly Leave Me"

It was while Bunyan was disposing of such problems in his simple and sensitive way that he received the providential impulse which led to his conversion. He was going through the streets of Bedford, pursuing his tinker's trade, when he happened upon four poor women who were seated in the sun and discoursing on religion. He drew near to listen. "I heard but understood not," he writes, "for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God in their hearts.... They talked of how God visited their souls with His love in the Lord Jesus ....and told each other by what means they had been afflicted and how they were borne up under his (Satan's) assults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart....and did abhor their own righteousness as filthy and insufficient to do them any good." This was new to Bunyan. He had never looked upon religion in this way, for he had hitherto thought that to be a Christian meant only to order his life in accordance with the rigorous precepts laid down by the church. "And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said that they were to me as if they had found a new world."

Bunyan left them to revolve this discovery in his mind. His conscience was again sorely tried, for he realized that he was not yet a Christian after all, and in an attempt to gain the secret of admission to this blessed estate, he made it a point to ques-

tion the humble folk of the town and to search the Scriptures for guidance. He read a passage indicating the necessity of faith, but was still in confusion for want of an understanding of the meaning of this word. Like many another man before and after him he began to question whether he had any faith or not, until he finally concluded that "I am not altogether faithless, though I know not what faiht is." But this failed to satisfy him. He could not rest until he knew certainly. So one day "the temptation was hot upon me, to try if I had faith, by doing some miracle; which miracle at this time was this, I must say to the puddles which were in the horse-pads, be dry; and to the dry places, be you puddles." But fearing that he would only find an absence of faith, he did not dare to test himself in this way, being "loth to fall quite into despair."

"At Which I Was Greatly Enlightened"

Now another question began to trouble this wretched man. He could not free himself from doubt and despair, and in his earnest search of his own soul he began to brood over his hope of attaining to future happiness. It was a question of "whether I was elected; but how if the day of grace be past and gone?" He became morbid and despondent, threatening to take his life, and we dare not conjecture what might have become of him had he not at this time made the acquaintance of the Baptist minister at Bedford, Mr. Gifford. Under his instruction Bunyan came to the conviction that he must present himself in all righteousness before God, and that this can be done only through Christ. He struggled with this for months before he felt that he was reconciled to God, and even then his doubts reappeared again and again. His sin was an ever present reality to him. "Then would I be struck with a very great trembling insomuch that I could sometimes, for whole days together, feel my very body, as well as my mind, to shake and totter under the sense of this dreadful judgment of God, that should fall on those that have sinned...."

One is tempted to attribute these recurrent expressions of desolation and abandonment to a fanatical glorification of his sinful state. But when he cries out in his anguish, "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell," he can also add the word of the psalmist, "If I make my bed in hell behold, thou art there." Again and again we hear the echo of David's words: "Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips and from a deceitful tongue." Again and again he is torn "betwix the devil and himself," experiencing the same spiritual unrest which Luther did. And these gropings after righteousness invariably left him humble, not proud. They were real experiences to him and were untouched by fanatical zeal, although, as the poet Cowper says, "we are apt to give that name to every warm affection of the mind in others which we have not experienced in ourselves."

To be concluded next Week

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.—Farrar.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We bring our glad thanksgiving
  To Thee our God and Lord,
That by Thy grace we're living
  Where we possess Thy Word;
Who can recount the blessing
  Which flows alone from Thee?
That we, Thy love possessing,
  Enjoy such liberty.

We thank Thee for this nation,
  For all we possess,
That men in every station,
  Can here find happiness,
If they, Thy will obeying,
  Will seek man's highest good,
And—ne'er their trust betraying—
  Aspire for heavenly food.

For all that Thou hast given
  To cheer us on our way,
For blessings sent from heaven,
  Which we enjoy this day;
Our grateful thanks here bringing
  We would Thy love proclaim,
With gladsome voices singing,
  Would praise Thy glorious name.

With thankful hearts, dear Saviour,
  We worship near Thy feet,
Grant that our whole behaviour
  May Thy approval meet.
Grant us that we may ever
  Appreciate Thy love,
Give grace that we may never
Fall short of heaven above. Amen.

LEARN THANKSGIVING FROM THE HAVE-NOTS.

By Marion Kipps

The President proclaims every year the annual day of Thanksgiving. Possibly that comes to you as a joke. What have I to be thankful for? you ask. And then begin to run over the list of your grievances.

But go and see the Have-Nots, and maybe you will learn something, if you are not a hopeless whiner.

Visit the Have-Not nations. Live a while in Russia or Mexico, have your opinions suppressed, your property confiscated, your life threatened, all without justice; perhaps then you may get a few thrills when you look at the Amercian flag.

Return, in your mind, to former ages; see how it feels to have the nobility despise, curse and rob you, and treat you as a dog; to have a State Church clap you in prison or roast you in a public square for daring to think; to have solemn magistrates condemn your mother to be hanged as a witch; to have your daughters outraged by the lord of the manor and your sons killed fighting his battles.

If you are well, turn to the Have-nots of health, to the hospitals, where the crowded prisoners of pain would give the world to walk and eat and work as you now do; go to the dim chamber of the invalid, listen to the consumptive's cough, and the dyspeptic's groan, the raving of the fevered and the moan of the suffering and smitten. Then, if you are anything of a man, come out and hire some one to kick you for complaining ever.

The Have-Nots of sound. Observe the deaf and dumb, not to gloat over your advantages, but to realize what music and the voices of people and the gift of speech mean to you.

Watch the pathetic faces of the Have-Nots of light; and seeing the blind, learn to be hunbly grateful toward that fate that grants to you the light of heaven.

Do you know the Have-Nots of love? Consider them, and if one heart ever so simple loves you, be thankful. Mark the deserted wife, her dream shattered, her heart broken, her children fatherless, and the burden of care upon her shoulders; and if you have a husband that is half decent be thankful.

Visit in your mind the wide realm of the dead and half-dead. You have the unspeakable gift of life. You can walk in the sun and breathe the sweet air and get the message of trees, mountains and ocean; for you the flowers bloom and the snow falls, and the earth-fire burns, and children's voices sound, and the light of love kindles in some one's eyes.

Be thankful for life.

Think of the Have-Nots and reflect. Who am I that I should not also be among them?

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Psalm 46:1

INFERIOR COMPLEX DANGEROUS TO CHILD

(Greensboro News)

"Overcoming the Feeling of Inferiority" was the subject of the lecture of Miss Josephine Sharkey, of Chapel Hill, when she met her child study class at the county courthouse recently.

"Some years ago," said Miss Sharkey," the National Committee on Mental Hygiene made an investigation and thorough examination of the prisoners in one of our large prisons in an effort to find out if there was some cause or if prevention could be used. Many of these prisoners were found with mental, physical, and character defects which should have been discovered and cared for in their childhood."

"The little child is handicapped in so many ways," said Miss Sharkey. "Every one seems bigger. They can lift things that he cannot. They can even lift him by force and carry him where he does not want to go. He wants to do what the big folks are doing but he can't. The adults must put certain limitations on him. He can't eat what he likes or go to bed when he likes, and he must be clean. Most of the furniture is made for the big folks. The door knobs are too high, and knives and forks too long. The very things that are absolutely necessary for his health and safety give him a sense of being limited.

"But, there are unnecessary things that we do to hurt his self esteem. We often make fun of him when what he is doing is a very serious matter to him. We compare him to his brother who is stronger or cleverer. If he is allowed to fail in everything in class without ever finding something he can do well he may take the habit of being the last, and that is dangerous, for he will lose confidence in himself."

Differences of dress and physical handicaps were also given as causes of an inferiority complex in a child.

Several consequences were discussed. The child may attempt to overcome the inferiority complex by becoming a bully or tyrant. He may try to hide his failure. Some, like Beethoven and Demosthenes fight to overcome the shortcoming.

Miss Sharkey suggested as the best treatment for the feeling of inferiority the stopping of the source. She advised the large number of parents present to let the child grow, to make discipline uniform from day to day and such that it will not be too hard or severe. She thought love had a big part to play, too.

'Early prevention of cruelty is worth far more than belated prosecution for it.''

THE NEW "CONSTITUTION HALL" OF THE D. A. R.

(Exchange)

The new "Constitution Hall" of the D. A. R. came into prominence on October 30th, when its cornerstone was laid by Mrs. Coolidge in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of officials and diplomats. Mrs. Coolidge used the historic gavel which George Washington handled in laying the cornerstone of the United States Capitol in 1793. The building now being erected is a two million dollar auditorium ennex to Memorial Continental Hall whose cornnerstone was laid on April 19, 1904. "Constitution Hall" is a memorial to that immortal document, the constitution of the United States, in which are incorporated the principles of freedom, equality and justice for which our forefathers strove.

This beautiful structure, to be built along Grecian and Colonial lines, takes an honored place among the noble group of buildings which now occupy "the triangle of amenities," to use the term of Mr. Charles Moore, chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts. The cornerstone-laying ceremony and building come at a time when the Federal Government's extensive building program in the National Capitol is beginning to be fully realized. "The building of Constitution Hall," said the president general, "marks one more step in completing that farflung plan of Major L'Enfant for making Washington the most beautiful city in the world."

HOME

Dear, plain old home, I bare my head to you,
And thank the Lord for what I took away
From your kind hand that unforgotten day
I sought the world. I took no wealth, 'tis true,
For luxury your children never knew—
  Glad, curly heads that rose around your board,
But there the noblest virtues were adored,
Whose influence fell on your young hearts like dew.
I took a faith in God I never lost,
  And well I know how it has often been
An anchor when life's sea was tempest-tossed;
  And if at wrong's appeal I e'er was seen
To hesitate—that time the touch was felt
Which I received when 'neath your roof I knelt.

—Alexander Louis Frases, in East and West.

DECREASED DEATH RATE IN NORTH CAROLINA—

(Smithfield Herald)

Although there were fifty thousand more people living in North Carolina in 1927 than in 1926, the death rate was considerably lower last year than during the preceeding year. This was due to the decreased number of deaths from pneumonia, malaria, tuberculosis, influenza, typhoid fever and other diseases that are often fatal. The money that is being used in the state for health conservation is money is well spent. Here in Johnson County a whole-time health officer is employed and campaigns against contagious diseases are held annually. School children are coming for their share of attention, and tonsil-adenoid and dental clinics have been provided for them. At a recent clinic held in Selma more than two hundred children had their tonsils and adenoids removed. The county paid only part of this expense, however, the services of a specialist, Dr. Wade H. Atkinson, a former citizen of the county, having offered his service free of charge. Other clinics are planned for next year.

Benefits are being reaped from the work of the state board and the county board of health. Their efforts in the conservation of public health are to commend, and citizens should co-operate with them in every way possible.

WISDOM

I dreamed I had lost the faith of youth;
I followed Folly and called it Truth;
I laughed at tenets and mocked at creeds,
And boasted Science is all man needs.
And then, as sometimes Misfortune will,
It set its foot on my own doorsill.
The fever burned in my loved one's cheek.
And after it passed she lay so weak
That my heart grew sad and my soul afraid.
In terror I knelt at her side and prayed—
Prayed to the God of my childhood day,
Prayed to the God of my youthful way—
Knowing that science is but a clod,
And sorrow gropes for a living God.

L. Mitchell Thornton.

BALLOON FARMING

(Collier's Weekly)

Why not use electricity for plowing? Good idea. But how are you going to keep the electric tractor connected with the current as it travels back and forth across the field? We cannot provide a third rail underground, nor a trolley wire overhead, for each harrow.

Various schemes have been employed to meet the difficulty, such as cables dargged over the ground, or hung from masts or paid out from movable reeds or shifted from switch es along the sides of the field, but all these devices are more or less troublesome and expensive.

In Italy, where there is no coal and no oil but considerable water power, a novel scheme is being tried out. The current is supplied through an insulated aluminum cable suspended over the field by a balloon. The balloon is 17 feet in diameter and lifts 110 pounds. The tractor travels 2 1-2 miles an hour and plows a furrow from a foot to a foot and a half deep at a speed of 2 1-2 miles an hour. While the tractor is near the source of the current, the balloon floats high. As the tractor gets farther afield it is drawn lower but always keeps the cable clear of the ground.

If this works it might be combined with the automatic plow invention in America that goes in a spiral all over the field without guidance. Such a contrivance would work night and day without regard to union rules, and I do not know that there is any law to prevent its working Sunday too. This would give a chance for the weary plowman to wend his way cityword as he wants to, and give the newspaper editor an excuse to write another editorial on the depopulation of the rural districts as he wants to.

Agriculture in the United States now uses about as much primary power as all our manufacturing and central station plants put together, and pay out some three billion dollars a year for it. If it could get more power and cheaper, it could dispense with much of the extremely expensive horse and human power that it still has to use. In this way the farm could be even with the factory.

Greatness comes to those who seek not how to avoid obstacles but to overcome them.—Roosevelt.

USING THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

(Monroe Enquirer)

In many country communities it is becoming more and more the custom to make use of the school buildings for a variety of helpful purposes, in addition to that for which they are primarily intended.

Where no other building is available the school house affords a convenient place for pleasant and profitable gatherings, such as men's and woman's clubs, boy's and girl's clubs, debating societies, singings, public speakings, entertainments and the like.

While practically every school house is utilized for some of these purposes, in many communities a complete winter program is planned, so as to make it a regular social center, around which all neighborhood activities revolve.

This trends to foster a spirit of cooperation and neighborless, which is extremely beneficial. With the advent of radio, these gatherings may have music and other features of broadcast programs to enliven the evening, at little expense.

By systematically using these means so readily at hand, the country school house may greatly contribute to the attractiveness of rural life.

Genius is only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it; so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest, when really they are on the turn, a little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within; no really unsurmountable barrier save our inherent weakness of purpose.—Elbert Hubbard.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. J. M. Scarboro, matron at sixth cottage spent a few days at her home in Lexington.

A group of boys under the supervision of Mr. Sappenfield has nearly finished washing and sacking peanuts.

For several days past Mr. Presson and his boys from the Receiving Building have been storing turnips for winter use.

Carl Richards, a member of the second cottage, was given a position in the print shop.

The coming of cold weather calls for more strenuous exercise when the boys assemble on the ball ground. We would like to see that push ball in use.

The old oak tree that has been standing on the northen end of our campus for many years was recently given another treatment by two of the Davey tree experts.

Mr. Walker and a detail of boys have been working on the old flower beds and preparing some new ones. They have also dug up the dahlia bulbs and stored them away for the winter.

Irvin Cameron, of the fifth cottage, who is making a trip to the Orthopaedic Hospital, at Gastonia, every two weeks, in order that a minor defect in his foot might be corrected, is showing rapid improvement.

Two representatives of the Carolina Tractor Company, of Salisbury, conducted a two days' demonstration of the Caterpillar tractor and other modern farm machinery on our property last week. In addition to the school officials quite a number of farmers of this community were interested spectators during the demonstration, and were favorably impressed with the work of these labor-saving devices.

Messrs. Bennet, Huneycutt and McKenney, of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co., visited the school last Thursday and presented us with 4,332 rolls and 84 loaves of bread, fresh from their new bakery which was opened in Charlotte last week. The bread is known as "Grandmother's Bread," and is as good as any on the market. Both the boys and officers greatly enjoyed the rolls and bread, and we wish to express herewith our appreciation to this company for their kindness.

Our poultryman reports that due to a bad season, the prospects for turkey for Thanksgiving and Christmas are not promising. There are 1,000 white Leghorn hens in our poultry yard. They are about through moulting and we may expect an early increase in our egg production. Last Spring there were about 75 Rhode Island Red eggs set in one of the incubators, out of which 35 roosters and 23 hens were hatched. At this time these fowls are very pretty and are some of the finest birds of this variety we have ever seen.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 1, 1928. No. 45

It surely is a subject for serious thought, whether it might not be better for many of us, if, on attaining a certain position in life, we determined, with God's permission, to choose a home in which to live and die.—Ruskin.

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GOLDEN RULE SUNDAY

The date of the Golden Rule Sunday is December 2nd. This is the date that we observe for the benefit of the orphans in the Bible lands. This event is international and inter-denominational, therefore, it gives an opportunity to all people to observe this day, give something for that specific purpose. Nothing has a greater appeal than an orphan, it matters not where, so instead of bountifully supplying your table on that day save just a bit and contribute to the cause—by so doing we will have done "unto others as we would have them do unto us."

Try denying yourself. It may come hard at first but in the end you will feel better by so doing if you realize you are helping others to burgeon out a better life.

COL. LAMBETH OF THOMASVILLE

Sometimes, yes, at all times it is the helpful and sympathetic spirit that gives hope to carry on to a finish an undertaking that seems all but impossible, and most especially when many cry out "there is nothing to it."

We recall so vividly an incident in connection with opening the King's Daughters cottage, the first cottage at the Jackson Training School, that

tried the souls of the few who then were deeply interested in the school. The building was there but with furniture of no kind, and neither money with which to purchase the same.

The writer was importuned to make an effort towards equipping the cottage prior to the cenvening of the Legislature of 1909. It was vital that the school be thrown open at this date for the reception of the boys so that there would be something tangible to present to the Solons at the psychological hour. After much deliberation we decided to visit the furniture factories of the state. The first stop was at Thomasville, and it was then the writer was introduced to Col. Lambeth. It was with fear and trembling the needs of the case were given, and within less than ten minutes the order for three dozen dining room chairs, to be sent direct to the school, was given. We feel that the great man he was sensed that the request was made with considerable nervousness, and instantly, he said, in a most gracious manner "now go to all of the other factories, tell your story, and ask for the things needed." It was the gracious and generous spirit of this great man that gave the inspiration and courage to continue the good work, and as a result of the efforts of that day furniture, sufficient to equip the dining room, assembly room, also office furniture, was given. The progress of the school might have just then been halted if Col. Lambeth's manner of reception had been averse to the cause, but instead he said, with emphasis "Go! and tell your story to others." Not only has the state lost a pioneer in the furniture manufacturing business, but a pioneer in good deeds—the kind that will survive—to perpetuate his good name.

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"GIVING THE BAD BOY A CHANCE"

The following item as taken from the Charlotte Observer is one of interest, because of the fact it shows the humanitarian side of the life of one of the biggest business magnates in the country—Henry Ford.

Henry Ford along with his business acumen also realizes the only thing you can make a "Man of is a Boy," and he takes time off from all activities that naturally engage the attention of great financiers to investigate the conduct of a boy who is termed an incorrigible by teachers and officers ,of the Wayside Training School, that is equipped and maintained by Mr. Ford. This is proof that the material things alone do not engage Mr. Ford's attention,

but conditions also that pertain to life and better living: "Giving the bad boy a chance" is a vital question, because it might be your boy:

> Henry Ford bought, equipped and maintains the Wayside Training School, in the town of Sudbury, Massachusetts. It is an institution something after the order of the Jackson Training School, at Concord. One of the boys there developed into a "bully," and the other boys made demand that he be expelled, a demand in which some of the teachers joined. The superintendent sent word to Mr. Ford of the trouble, and Ford, big business man that he is, dropped work and went to Sudbury to make personal investigation. He interviewed the bully and found so many sterling qualities in the lad, that rather than wreck his future by turning him back on the State, ordered his continuance in the school. Five students and four teachers thereupon resigned. Ford's answer to that was that their places would be filled, and the mutiny subsided. The action of Ford in this particular case will be approved by all thoughtful people. He might have sent a promising boy to the dogs, but he chose rather to make a fine citizen out of him, a result almost sure to follow the benevolent mind-action of Mr. Ford.

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ANOTHER ADVANCE IN SCIENCE

John Early, the leper, who previously kept the people somewhat alarmed on account of his mysterious movements, has at last been discharged from the United States Sanatorium at Carville, La., and pronounced healed, or at least "in scientific parlance his leporsy is arrested." The dread tradition, of crying "unclean" when approaching one afflicted with the disease, is no longer because of the advance in medicine, or modern science.

There have been in the past sixteen months twenty-four other lepers besides Early liberated from the leprosarium and are termed as free men fit to associate with friends and relatives.

Early is supposed to be wending his way to his mountain home at Tryon, N. C. and from thence will go to the Pacific coast to see his children. After this innate feeling for years of the leper being incurable it will be hard not to have some apprehension as one comes in contact with those who in days of ancient history had no other refuge than the tombs.

For many years Early has been shunned by society; deserted by his wife; hunted down like a fugitive from justice; but this time the 54 year old man will return home with a new light kindling in his eyes—a new hope— of liv-

ing in peace at home and amongst friends. This is an occasion for great Thanksgiving.

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The President-elect Hoover is surely in the limelight, or in other words is the cynosure of the eyes of the populace, because of his most spectacular "good will" tour of the Latan-American republics to the south of us. The real object of the tour is to bring about a better understanding between the countries which is, if effective, worth the time and money spent for the undertaking. The question in mind is how to get a view point of these people in Bolivia, Peru, Chili, Argentina and other republics in so short a time when we take in consideration that these people speak a different language. To get over a good-will message under such conditions is a difficult job. We see from the press that the president-elect is studying the Spanish language on board the ship as he tours, therefore, with the aid of an interpreter he may possibly be able to make clear all that he has in his heart.

The tour of Mr. Hoover is likened unto these good-will motorcades through the country side—over so quickly till there is only a lingering memory of the event. But "forty days hence we shall know more about this good will trip than now and two or four years hence a great deal more about everything including Mr. Hoover. But no matter how this jaunt turns out, how far it fails or succeeds, we are all going to stand behind President Hoover and give him his chance. The outing at least will do him good physically and broaden him mentally so it will be worth its cost to the country. And his willingness to set out upon this itinerary is an indication that he believes anything that looks good is worth trying once."

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The news has been broadcasted that three physicians have been hurried to the bedside of the King of England. Naturally when such a piece of information gets out concerning a man or woman in this country we infer that the patient is in a precarious condition. The physicians gave out to the public that King George is only suffering from a severe cold—something that he is subject to—and these recurrent attacks cause no additional concern. Well, we realize his majesty just has to have more attention than one in the walks of every day life in our great republic.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

There is a judge out in California who has ruled that a man's mother-in-law is one of his relations. I am glad to see that there is one judge in this fair, or unfair, land has recognized the much abused, and joked about, and down-trodden mother-in-law. All of this "throwing off" on mothers-in-law is out of place and grating on the nerves. They are among the "best people on earth." If is was not for the mothers-in-law, oh, wretched man, we wouldn't have any wives. They are a blessing to humanity.

—o—

Account him not a saint
Who goes to church and prays;
Then lays aside his Sunday paint,
And lets a weaker brother faint,
Through intervening days.

—o—

Thanksgiving

Another Thanksgiving season is upon us. Looking at it temporally there are visions of big dinners, gay festivities, religious services, and football games. In all of this people sometimes forget all about the joy and blessings of life, and the goodness of God. Thanksgiving is the "Thank You, Lord," day of the year. Saying grace at the table of eternal goodness. Forget our selfishness and make others happy.

Saint Paul, writing to the Ephesians, speaking of singing spiritual songs and making melody in the heart, uttered a cheerful note of comfort, when he said, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is the object of Thanksgiving —Gratitude for all blessing. This thought ought to be in our hearts all the year around. Gratitude! It includes five things: first, a deep and lively sense of benefits received; second, an ardent love to and complaceny in the benefactor; third, an immediate beginning to make all possible returns to the donor, either in repaying or else expressing our thankfulness; fourth, in a fixed purpose of heart to make better returns, if ever in our power; fifth, a determined resolution to retain gratitude for the benefit or favors to the end of life. Nothing tenders the heart, and opens the gushing fountain of love, more than the exercise of thankfulness—gratitude. Like the showers of spring, that cause flowers to rise from seeds that have long lain dormant, tears of gratitude awaken pleasurable sensations, unknown to those who have never been forced from the sunshine of prosperity into the cold shade of adversity, where no warmth is felt but that of benevolence; no light enjoyed but that of charity.

Ingratitude in every age has been branded as one of the worst elements of human nature.

"That man may last, but never lives,
who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can
thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

—o—

In the economy of life it does seem as if women are the losers. As a

young girl she loses her heart; and after some of them have been married for a while they lose their head; and it is sometimes the case that a few lose their mind from the way their husbands carry on.

—o—

I frequently think and inwardly feel—
A fact that is patent to all—
That, stepping upon a banana peel
Is the sign of a backward fall.

—o—

An Incident of Life

In rambling around the other day I met upon the pavement a bright-faced, black-eyed little girl, I took to be scarce five years old. Tears glistened on her eyelashes and trickled down her rosy cheeks like dew drops in a flower cup. She had been crossed in the fulfillment of some anticipation—she had dropped a penny she had and it had rolled out of sight. From her grieved little heart gushed the tear of sorrow. That simple penny was to her a mine of wealth, and she had grasped it so eagerly and its possession had filled her with such joy. Now it was gone. Search for it proved futile. But it was replaced with a nickle. A smile of bewildered ecstacy lit up the little erstwhile sorrowful face again, and she ran away in untold glee, with sweet smiles wreathing the cherry lips and a pretty dimple playing with the rose blush on her cheeks. This is a picture drawn from nature. How often do such incidents occur in the lives of older ones. Our sky may perchance be clouded, and oft times the touch of sorrow's finger leaves a melancholy tinge upon the brightest hopes that lie bleeding, and the garland of love wilting in the burning tears of misery. 'Tis then sympathy is needed, and when the good Samaritan, drawn by the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love, whispers to the grieved ones, he looks up and sees a helping hand near. This consoling sympathy for other's woes is the balm in Gilead for troubled hearts. Though the sunlight is hidden by the clouds, it will shine all the brighter when the shadows are gone. Under the influence of warm sympathy, doing service, many a burdens is rolled away into the sepulchre of the past, and like Christiana we can say: "'He hath given me rest by His sorrow and life by His death.'" Then it is our troubles, like those of the little girl, who lost the penny, will be turned into joy and gladness.

—o—

A writer in one of the papers says: "The world's greatest curiosity, we would say offhand, is a woman who hasn't any." And the woman who hasn't any is nothing to be compared with some of the men, who seem to be taking it all away from the fair sex. "Curiosity may kill the cat," as the old saying goes, but it doesn't kill men and women.

—o—

Father Time is the greatest plowman
Ever known to the human race;
He works steadily on, day and night,
Putting the furrows in your face.

—o—

Nothing is Lost

University of Chicago students, studying rock formations southeast of Lander, Wyoming, found a slab of sandstone in which were imprinted some tracks which the university paleontologists have just announced

are those of reptiles that lived two hundred million years ago. Speaking of "footprints on the sands of time," as the poet puts it! Here are some. We can hardly conceive of a million years, let alone two hundred million. Yet two hundred million years ago these four-toed reptiles, beasts whose like has vanished forever from the earth millions of years ago, crawled sluggishly across damp sand—two hundred million years later their tracks are still here.

There is a tremendous lesson in those tracks. To the thoughtful observer they will convey the illimitable providence of Nature; the marvelous workings of Life; the undeniable confidence that behind it all is some Divine Plan; some Creator working through the milleniums, keeping watch over all.

Nothing is ever lost. The forms may change, combinations of one kind be transformed into combinations of another. Matter may be converted into force and force into matter; species may come and go; mighty animals may flourish and then vanish utterly from the earth. Age succeeds age, millenium after millenium, but nothing lost. What we have done we cannot undo. Our actions, our deeds are as imperishably engraven in the immutable records as are the tracks of the great reptiles that crawled across that stretch of sand, two hundred million years ago. In the last accounting we can but balance our good deeds against our sins. Nature nullifies no debts. Her credits and her debits always must balance and while Life progresses, its profits always must more than cover its losses.

ON THE AIR MAIN LINE

Shelby citizens who have the future of their town at heart should get together and see that the local airport moves along until it is a suitable landing field for any type of plane. Only recently a plane that would have attracted hundreds refused to come here because the field was a little to rough for such a large plane to get up enough speed to take off.

After a thing has happened all of us have sense enough to regret lack of action in the past. We should use that experience in facing future problems. Which leads us up to this query—How large would Shelby be today had it been on the main line of the Southern? Frame your answer, or estimate, then think over this—there will be a main line in the air before many years and the town not on it—oh, well, why finish it up? Our idea should be plain.—Cleveland Star.

A SUNSET MOST GLORIOUS.

By C. W. Hunt

People out in the open, Saturday afternoon, November 24, about five oclock witnessed a sunset which for width, beauty and grandeur surpassed any sunset this writer has ever beheld; and he has always loved sunsets, and is able at times to discern animals, in shape in clouds, islands in great seas of clouds, and look with rapture on the mixture of lights and shadows and clouds and sky.

This sunset had a heavenly blue for a background, and to the right was a great open space of the softest gorgeous blue, which had, apparently thrown the mass of highly colored clouds back to the left in a great mountain high pile, higher than the scene further to the left, as if to keep that space open for a look at the sky described above. Spread to the left and high up was what had the resemblance of small rolling hills and diminutive valleys, as distinct, more distinct, than if one stood on a very high eminence and looked out on a rolling country as far as the eye could reach, except in this rainbow tinted panorama you could see it all; see it like is was set up at an angle of 25 degrees thus bringing it all to view. One portion was as visible as any other portion. Such colors, such a variety of colors, such a wide spread scene of such distinct visibility I have never beheld before. And it lasted just long enough for one to take it all in. Hurrying to the telephone to call others attention to this beautiful sight, and passing directly out to the front its beauty had faded like the passing of the blackness of a dangerous looking thunder cloud in summer, when its blackness gives way instantly to the well known gray rain cloud.

I have read of mirages, whatever they are, in which the landscape was reflected on the clouds above, even great cities are plainly seen pictured as if looking down on these. I have never beheld one, but at many times, as at this time, I have been able to make out a wide-spreading landscape. Some one remarked what a scene for a painter! When I remarked it is gone, all mixed up, before the artist could have fastened the scene in the eye for reproduction.

Thus was nature's God spreadnig on the azure blue of the sky a painting of rare beauty for His creatures to behold just for a few moments, before the same natural law that produced the scene mixed it into an ordinary sunset. A slight drift in the cloud, a slight change in the position of the earth and it was all gone. Its beauty had faded like a flash, but the remembrance remained until it was described on paper, and passed on that those who did not behold can see in the mind's eye rare beautise those eyes could not see.

It is too late? Ah nothing is too late till the sad heart shall cease to palpitate.—Longfellow.

NATIONAL BLESSEDNESS

Rev. Thos. F. Opie, D. D.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.—Psalm 144:15.

Blessed is that people—that Family, Congregation, community, Nation —whose God is the Lord Jehovah. The most universally sought after thing in the world is happiness. Individuals are searching for it through wealth, society, excitement, amusement—through striving for foremost places; through surrounding themselves with luxury and luxurious environment. And individuals are also seeking for happiness through God and the godly life. Nations are searching for happiness through war and aggrondizement, the mailed fist—through national greed and ambition. Some, too, are pursuing it through worship of the true God and by abiding in His principles—through a broad democracy, a world-reaching compassion, a universal fraternity.

God is in no high and vital sense the Lord of that family where there is nagging, impatience, ill-will, sharp tongues, intolerence, infidelity. God is in no high and vital sense the Lord of that church where there is discord and pretty jealousy, rancor, censoriousness, hypocrisy, narrow-minded denominationalism. Nor is He the Lord of that community where there is personal animus, gossip, scandal, sharp dealings, shady methods and social and industrial injustice—nor of the nation where there is political rottenness lives unrighteousness, classism, oppression, sedition, nation-

Miserable, wretched, pathetic is that nation whose god is greed, gain and gold—yea, even whose god is science, art, culture! Base, contemptible, despicable is that people who dethrone God and goodness for gain and gold. For thousands of years the world has searched heaven, earth and the seas for a substitute god. To what end? Ask the Egyptians. Ask the Greeks. Ask the Romans—or the modern Germans! Some have by personal experience, the cold logic of reason, and sheer argument, come to realize the reality of God. Happy are those convinced souls. In the name of humanity, if any great discoverer has found a fitting substitute for happiness, through God, let him produce it! If any have found another way and a higher to happiness, let us have it!

Amiel, the distinguished Swiss poet and philosopher, says, "Our whole being is athirst for happiness and for perfection. The body wants health. The imagination cries out for beauty; the heart for love. Pride asks for consideration. The soul yearns for peace and the conscience for holiness. And we may add, the whole personality of man cries out for God and for Infinity. Health, beauty, love, consideration, peace, holiness, God! The man, the people, the nation that finds these has happiness. But how much holiness, peace, love is to be found in the Godless soul—of the Godless nation? God is immensely concerned, we may well believe, with the body the imagination, the heart, the soul, the conscience—the whole personality of men. The right condition of these spells happiness.

The nation whose body—that is, whose social and political frame work;

whose heart—that is, whose center of government; whose soul— that is whose spiritual life; whose conscience —that is, whose record, past and present—are right, righteous and religious—this indeed is the happy, the blessed, the highly exalted nation of people. We know a selfish, a narrow, a grasping soul by his conduct, his relationship, his demeanor. We know a generous-minded, pure-souled, sweet tempered man by his attitudes and his manner of life. We know a nation of people by the same token! By their fruits ye shall know them. Must a nation to be a happy, a blessed, a Godly nation refuse to give battle on provocation?—refuse to defend its honor, its name, its flag, its people, when they are impugned, insulted, belittled and bedeviled? Is a Christian man taught that it is wrong and ungodly to defend his honor and his person and his character? Honorable war, war with provocation and just cause is not incompatible with Godliness—not destructive of soul. Indeed, to submit to national indignity, to repeated insult and multiplied injury, paralyze the highest impulses —destroys happiness, honor, peace, solidarity and civilization.

If we as a nation are to attain to and perpetuate any high degree of lasting peace and national blessedness, it may be necessary to manifest the bold characteristics of heroic, strenuous, righteous wrath upon the enemies of our peace and happiness and Christian honor. God forbid that it should ever again be necessary!

If we as individuals, groups, a nation of people are to be entitled to that blissful state of abiding happiness, contingent upon Godliness, we must, perforce, exercise the very principals of God Himself—the principles of purity, magnanimity, patience; holiness, goodness, justice—honesty, integrity, charity—firmness, courage, heroism. Happy, indeed, is that people whose attributes are these-

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"My daughter wants to go to town and work in a 10-cent store and go to school. She says she is tired of the humdrum life. What would you suggest to keep her at home?" Instead of suggesting, I am going to ask this father of this 17-year-old daughter if he has really done those things which would make his girl want to stay at home? Has she been given a share in the family profits as well as its work? Has she been given the opportunity to join the 4-H club and the other clubs in her neighborhood? Is there in the home a radio and such other comforts and conveniences? Is there a living room without a bed where she may receive her company? If some or all of these things have not been provided, is it any wonder that even the long hours and average pay of a 10-cent store should seem alluring? If the girl is determined to go to town and really means what she says about wanting to go to school, perhaps you can get her with a good family who will let her work between studies. If not, perhaps she can take training for a nurse, though few hospitals will take a girl without a high school diploma.—Progressive Farmer.

RISING GENERATION IS CHIEF RESPONSIBILITY, SAYS POTEAT.

(Greensboro Daily News)

The partnership of father and son has the right to exist, only if it advances the interest of the rising generation, Dr. William Louis Poteat president emeritus of Wake Forest college, told Greensboro men and boys gathered at the annual father and son banquet held at the King Cotton hotel last night. About 500 attended.

Dr. Poteat went further than that. He said no city was justified; no wheels of industry had a right to turn; no man had the right to live unless he was contributing to the advance of oncoming generations.

"I don't want to be dogmatic about it," said Dr. Poteat. "But I believe that if you want to be a good man morally you must look out for your body to keep it sound. Be a good animal. I mean by that, have good legs and good arms and a good heart. Without these even though you have a brilliant mind you would drag yourself through life in an unhappy way.

"I suppose that when you talk of this partnership between father and son you assume the place of the silent partner, mother. I rather think she is the guarantee of the success of the corporation.

"I believe that I have the right to speak to you about this kind of relationship because I have a father and a mother. Many years ago they passed into eternity. They have played a part in whatever success I may have achieved or things that I may have accomplished. And the thing for which I am most grateful to them is the inheritance of a sound body and mind.

"There are some people who ought not to be parents. They are not fit for the responsibility and they would perpetuate tainted personality. If I am to believe what some people say the human beings of today are no stronger than those 2,500 or 3,000 years ago. And if that is true we have allowed the human stock to deteriorate. Unfit parents pass to posterity defects that tend to deteriorate the race. I hope that some day the people will come to realize this fact to such an extent that laws will be passed which will prevent these unfit parents from passing on their tainted blood.

"'I don't believe that our intellecual capacity and our physical bodies have kept pace with civilization, which after all does not effect the race stock I see a boy speeding past in an automobile. What is his hurry? What has he to do after he has arrived? A man in days past sometimes waited three days on a stage coach but he throws a fit today if he misses one section of a revolving door.

"I rather think we have not yet adjusted ourselves to our equipment. We have not learned nor steeled ourselves to live at the fast rate which the present age demands. Life is today snapping in some men at the age of 55. A man has no right to die at that time of life. His community

cannot afford to spare him. For these many years he has been the victim of his habits, committing slow suicide.

"The principle purpose for which this partnership between father and son was formed was not to make money but to make life, which is the chief end of all business. The father keeps young by associating with his children. I think that I owe my youth to 'boys and buttermilk.'

"This great business is consecrated by religion. Every business needs the restraining influence of religion. And every religion needs the methods of business. There is a tendency in many quarters today to flout religion. But if society's problems are ever solved they will be solved by the application of the principals of Christianity.

"If we are to stop perpetuating that outrageous, stupid, insane spirit of war, a relic from the barbaric past, we must convert our governments to Christianity. I am one of those who believe that sin does not change its hue when it is nationalized. We must break the back of this war tradition and save civilization from being blown to smithereens by the next conflict. War is that noble art of extermination the species. And if Christ cannot save the world from this spirit, it is time to inquire whether he can save any one of its individuals."

VOTELESS WASHINGTON

When some 40,000,000 American citizens went to the polls Tuesday, November 6 to vote for a president and other officials who will conduct the government at Washington, those who live in the capital city itself were not among those voting.

Aside from their interest in the next president, Washington taxpayers are particularly interested in the personnel of the next Congress because Congress, it happens, is the City Council for Washington.

It is a strange situation which prevails in Washington. Here are people who live in the shadows of the White House and the Capitol. They probably know more about the government, per capita, than any similar group of people in the United States, but they have no voice in that government.

They are merely wards of the government—they live in the federal district and are prohibited from exercising the most precious right of citizenship. They are the the only persons in the United States who in truth experience "taxation without representation."

—Reidsville Review

SOUTH IS BEING CAST INTO DIFFERENT MOLD, SAYS DR. H. W. CHASE.

(Greensboro Daily News)

The progress of science and industry is casting the south into a new mold, and if this transition period is to be bridged successfully, educational institutions of this section must "train young men and women to live in a world very different in many and fundamental ways from that of their fathers," Dr. Harry W. Chase, president of the University of North Carolina, declared here tonight in an address at the opening session of the Southern Conference on Education being held at the university.

Welcoming 150 leaders in public affairs from all sections of the south to what he described as "one of the most representative gatherings of leaders in southern thought that has ever come together," Dr. Chase admonished that the time has now come when the south must of necessity adjust itself to a machine world, foreign to its traditions.

"The south," he added, "Must adjust itself to a world that has been brought into being by science and industry; a world that reckons efficiency and achievement above personality; a world that exalts work rather than leisure; a world that thinks of groups and organizations more often than it does of individuals.

"There is much about this world," he said, "that is distasteful to southern habits and traditions. It is a world whose center of gravity is different."

Dr. Chase said that as a result of this necessity of adjusting itself to new situations "there is in southern life today a restlessness, a ferment, a sense of change. There is a strain, a tension at the center of things."

"It is not only in a political sense that the once solid south is breaking under the strain of continued peaceful penetration," Dr. Chase said in opening his address. "In outlook, in their social and industrial order states like Virginia and North Carolina, for example, tend more and more to be different from such states as Mississippi or Louisana.

"It is my conviction," he said, "that within another generation the south will be far less homogeneous than, say, the middle west. And yet with such a growing diversity, there is in all this region a consciousness of unity which is real and genuine. It springs, of course, from historic sources too familiar to need recounting here.

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He referred to the question, to the problem of agriculture, to the peculiar features which distinquished southern industry, its lack of concentration in a few great centers with city slums, paternalism; its mill-village centers its strong tradition and philosophy toward labor. He referred to the problems of illiteracy, "due in large measure to short school terms, irregular attendance, poor teaching. and the lack of an environment that converts the power into the desire to read."

"More significant still, it seems to me, is the fact that in this region there has existed, and still exists, a temper, an attitude, an outlook on life, that has been to a high degree distinctive. This is a fact that has been much commented on, by both admirers and detractors of the south. It is a fact which needs both study and statement."

Dr. Chase added that "its center of gravity is not that of the world of science and large scale industry that has so definitely come into being in America and western Europe. The southerner measures his values in somewhat different terms than either the northerner or the European. At its best his outlook stresses, in a machine-made age, a highly desirable humanistic element, a sense of the worth of the individual, of the value of personality. It finds expression in an enrichment of human relationships, a deep sense of the abiding worth of spiritual values, and of the importance of the fine art of living with charm and grace. Its defects are, naturally, those of its virtues, and of its history.

"No one who studies this history can fail to understand when came its intolerence and the self-righteousness that it exhibits at its worst. For the rest, it seems to me that we must list tendencies to false sentimentality to be too easily satisfied with second-rate achievement, and to under-value the place of work in life as the modern society of science and industry esteems that place."

"Here, then, is the south; still in a sense a peculiar people, still relatively homogeneous in outlook, still with problems that are in many ways essentially its own. But there are no lofty mountains, no impassible deserts-to keep it inviolate. Railroads and highways run in and out; books and magazines and movies and restless capital invade it; New York and Europe beckon its tourists; colleges and universities break sectional lines in their faculties and their student bodies. Its hotels, its automobiles, its clothes and its Frigidaires are not to be distinguished from those of the rest of America. In short, the south and America have been discovering each other. The south is, as it were, being absorbed into a great body of the nation."

RAILROAD ELECTRIFICATION

A giganic project now being taken up by the Pennyslvania Railroad provides for the electrification of that system's lines between New York and Wilmington, Delaware. This will cover over 325 miles of line (1300 miles of track) and will include both passenger and freight service. The transition from steam to electricity will require seven or eight years for completion and will cost a total of $100,000,000. The Pennyslvania lines will then be electrified from the Hell Gate bridge in New York to Wilmington, by way of Trenton and Philadelphia. Elimination of the smoke nuisance over a wide area of congested population will thus be great. This testifies to the difference of problems in railroading in densely populated regions and in sparsely settled rural districts.—Asheville Citizen.

"FOR GOLDEN RULE SUNDAY"

By Mary Jenness, in The Elementary Magazine

Mariam spread out her three treasures in the corner with a delighted sigh. It was not often, in the busy life of a crowded Near East orphanage, that she had time to slip away alone and play by herself. Now she gloated over her small possessions, one by one.

First, there was the crumpled bit of red flannel. She smoothed it out on her knee, patting and caressing it. Then came the turn of the big safety pin. She felt it all over to make sure that nothing had happened to it since she had last been here in the storeroom. Carefully, tenderly, she wrapped it in the red flannel, winding, unwinding, until at last she had found the way to press the last raveling end into a girdle.

"Dolly-own!" She hugged it close, smoothing the red flannel dress, stroking the nickel safety clasp as lovingly as though it were the head of the finest bisque doll. Not that nine-year old Mariam had ever had a doll, or even seen one except the rag babies made by some of the older girls. But when a little girl is one of hundreds of her age in a huge orphanage, away over in a land where there had been war for years and years, what could one expect?

A distant bell warned her that the time for free play was over. With a last hug, Mariam put her doll baby back into the third treasure, a huge walnut shell that served as its cradle.

"Mariam!" With a start, the child realized that it was the second time that Miss Evans had called. A delighted Mariam scrambled to her feet, for Miss Evans, the nurse, was loved by all the small girls. When the American appeared in the doorway the puzzled look on her face frightened the child. What could she have done to make her friend look like that. She had her face in the skirt of the nurse's uniform.

"There, darling," soothed the kindly voice, "it's time you were coming to the chapel. I called you twice, but small wonder you didn't hear."

Mariam caught another fold of the skirt as a memory smote her. Chapel, so soon! And she hadn't yet decided what she had come here alone to decide; in fact, she had really forgotten all about it in the rare delight of playing with her Dolly-own. If she could have seen Miss Evans' face at that moment she would have noted a similar baffled look. Each of them was struggling with a problem.

Mariam's difficulty was, which one of her three treasures she would give to the Christ Child in the big celebration in the chapel tonight. Something she must give, and these were all she had. Vividly there flashed before her the picture of the twelve-year-old Tomas, her best friend, who had come to the orphanage from her own village.

"I've got a gift for the Christ Child," he had told her yesterday, when she had met him coming out of the carpenter shop with a box under his arm. Indeed, it was such a pretty box, made from cedar that grew on the Lebanon mountains, not far away. He displayed it proudly tonight "I'm a Wise Man, and this

is my casket of jewels. A girl couldn't be a Wise Man!''

A gift for the Christ Child! If Mariam could have told her feeling to Miss Evans that minute, the nurse would have understood how much that phrase of Tomas' meant to her. The American friend well knew what strong love and gratitude and longing together about the Christ, in the hearts of these little waifs. They had been taught that it was He who had sent them friends when they were left alone and starving. It was He who had brought them safe to the orphanage. With no parents, and often no brothers or sisters the great love of the children's hearts went out to the Christ who understood them because He had been poor like themselves.

That was the way Mariam felt, but she was too small to be able to get it into words. Yet she sobbed into the friendly skirt, for she was caught in the grip of a hard decision. Of course, she must make a gift to the Christ Child. But how could she choose between Dolly-own, dolly's only dress, and her cradle?

Miss Evans loosed the small hands, patting them. ''Mariam,'' she said, still with that odd puzzled look, ''I came to tell you something.'' She hesitated. Suddenly she brought forward the hand that had been behind her all this time, and held out a red package. ''You remember the American lady whom you showed around the orphanage a few weeks ago?'' Mariam nodded vigorously. ''She has sent you this.'' The nurse dropped the bundle into the child's uplifted arms.

An American present! But why should Nursie hesitate to give it to her? Mariam swayed it for a moment with a little instinctive mother movement, for it was long and slender, before she started to untie the cord. It took her a long time to get it off, for she smoothed out every tangle, untied every knot. She realized that with the string she could make a mattress for Dolly-own. And the red paper would make dresses, and dresses and a cloak and a coverlet.

When the paper was off at last, Mariam nearly dropped its contents from the sheer shock of seeing what she had never even dreamed of having. A doll, a real doll, an American doll with brown hair, real and curly? She grabbed it close.

''My own!'' She breathed exultantly. But why did Nursie look so troubled, and why did her voice sound as though she were pleading?

''Now, Mariam,'' Nurse was saying, ''you wouldn't keep it all to yourself. when there are so many other little girls who would love to play with it? They haven't had a dolly, either, and they want one. You won't be selfish, will you?''

Mariam could not know that Miss Evans' voice reflected all the perplexity felt in the office of the orphanage when this rich and special gift had come for one particular child. Nor could she imagine how sure Doctor Brown and the nurse had felt that they could trust her to be generous. Now she only clutched the marvel closer, and shook her head. She made no sound, but her lips closed tight on the word, ''Mine! Mine!'' Completely absorbed in the new treasure, she did not notice how sadly Miss Evans turned and left

her.

When Mariam went up to the Christmas celebration she was still breathlessly clutching her wonderful doll. On the way upstairs, she had found time to explore some of its charms. It was completely dressed in American fashion, and its underclothes were edged with lace. Its dress would button and unbotton, and its hair was smooth as silk. With every step she took, Mariam's heart was knit closer to this strange, beautiful princess that in some magic way had become all her own.

The first little girl to see the new doll was Nazala, Mariam's special friend. She grasped, and immediatly stretched out longing arms for the beautiful thing. Mariam, frowning, drew back. Nazala, hurt but thrilled, darted away to spread the news of this marvelous gift. Other little girls, discovering it, crowded around until even Miss Evans could hardly straighten out the line that should be marching into chapel.

When Mariam at last reached her seat, all the children near her pleaded with longing eyes and hands to hold the dolly just for a minute. There was Seranoosh, and lame Marta, and Annig, her daily playmates; but Mariam ignored all of them. She was dwelling in a charmed world and did not even see their moist eyes.

Only when the Navity Play actually began on the platform did Mariam think of anything but the beautiful doll. Then, indeed, she almost forgot it, for the boys and girls whom she saw every day were transformed by their costumes into strange, impressive beings who really belonged in the sacred story.

When Mariam saw the cradle for the Christ Child filled with softly glowing light, a memory smote her hard. Recollection sharpened as Tomas, the eldest Wise Man, came forward to give his beautiful cedar box. It hurt her like physical pain when the whole school rose to sing, "As with gladness men of old."

Why, in the delight of her new dolly, she had forgotten all about the gift which she herself was going to make to the Holy Child. And now she saw clearly that there was no longer any question of choosing between safety pin or red-flannel scrap of a gown. At last Mariam saw these things as they were, beautiful only as a creation of her own imagination, stripped of glamor by comparison with the wealth she held in her arms.

The Christ Child must have the very best she had! It was quite clear at last. But could she bear to give it? Oh, but she must! Very pale, swallowing a sob, she rose in the midst of the singing and marched to the platform with her dolly in her arms. Without a glance at all the startled faces, she walked past Tomas and past Doctor Brown, and laid her precious dolly down beside the softly glowing cradle.

"For the Christ Child," she managed to stammer up to Doctor Brown as he strode toward her, and then, in spite of her tremendous resolution, she burst into tears. Would she never see her dolly again? With instant understanding, the tall doctor lifter her to his shoulder.

"Mariam has had a wonderful gift," he announced clearly to the hushed audience. "It is very pre-

cious to her, and she has chosen to give it to the Christ Child to-night.

He motioned to the musicians to begin again. With new vigor, the school sang the third stanza:

"As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we—
(and Mariam, looking wonderingly up again, saw tears in the doctor's eyes)
All our costliest treasures bring
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King."

The Christmas service was over, but all the boys and girls stood waiting quietly Doctor Brown placed Mariam on the floor and then, stooping down, raised the beautiful doll and placed it in her arms.

"Can I have her back again?" asked Mariam in surprise.

"Yes, dear. She is yours to enjoy and to share with all the other girls who would like to play with her. That's what giving to the Christ Child means," said Doctor Brown, gently stroking her hair.

Mariam turned to face the children. She saw Tomas, who beamed approval, and among the smiling girls was Nazala's delighted face. Mariam had given her best to the Christ Child, and He had given it back to her for share.

VESTRIS DISASTER COST $5,000,000

The cost of the wreck of the Vestris, exclusive of claims for damages by survivors and relatives of those lost in the disaster, today was estimated by shipping men at $5,000,000.

The cost to insurance companies in the loss of the ship and cargo was placed at $4,000,000, about $1,000,000 of this being estimated on the vessel.

Another large item is the amount expended by other ships to rush to her aid. Each line stands its own loss in the knowledge that in similar circumstances to one of its own ships others would rush to the scene regardless of cost.

Estimates made by various lines follow:

The North Carolina Lloyd liner Berlin, $10,000; the Grace Liner Santa Barbara, $5,000; the Porto Rico liner San Juan, $2,000 and the American Shipper, $2,000. A fair estimate for five other sommercial vessels involved in rescue work might be $20,000.

This expense is mostly extra fuel burned, food consumed by rescued passengers, equipment lost and damaged and the cost of radio messages.

JOHN BUNYAN

By Seminarian Theodore G. Tapper

(Concluded from last weeks issue)

Having in this manner finally found peace, although never entirely free from disturbing seasons of doubt and questioning, he entered upon a fruitful work. Encouraged by the Bedford congregation, he undertook to expound the Scriptures, at first to small groups and then to large congregations. He relates in "A brief Account of the Author's Call to the Work of the Ministry" that he was convinced by Scriptures of his call, and although he entered upon the work with modest reluctance, he soon gave evidence of remarkable powers of eloquence and persausion. His sermons were strictly Scriptural, many of the lesser writings which we have from his pen being but expanded or combined sermons. In his early years of preaching, having not yet progressed far in his own spiritual development, he preached "as a man flying from hell and warning others to flee also." He confesses that "when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror to the pulpit door." Again he says that "it pleased me nothing to see a people drink in my opinions, if they seemed ignorant of Jesus Christ and the worth of their own salvation." His earnestness, his humility, and his burning desire to bring his hearers to Christ are also reflected in his reply to a woman who congratulated him on his sweet "sermon." "Aye," he said, "you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

His sermons were for the most part elaborate presentations of the plan of salvation. To him every detail of the Old Testament contained symbols of prefigurement. Arron's ephod representing the righteousness of Christ, and the candle-snuffers in Solomon's temple signify the rebukes of the Lord. In regard to the beasts which Moses counted clean and unclean, he wrote: "The clean beasts chewed the cud; that is, thought I, they show us we must feed upon the word of God. They also parted the hoof; I thought that signified we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men." At times, however, he was not merely allegorical and fanciful, but mistaken in his interpretations. He would often chafe or rejoice over some phrase taken out of its contents, for "one sentence of the Scripture did more afflict and terrify my mind, I mean those sentences that stood against me....than an army of forty thousand men that might come against me." He was a confirmed Biblicist to whom the power of Scripture was an impirical fact.

" I Do Prefer This Book of Martin Luther"

One of Bunyan's favorite topics in preaching was justification by faith. He had had to endure bitter sufferings and trials to gain an understanding of this doctrine, and so, once grasped, it was as sweet as "a drop of that honey which I have taken out of the carcass of a lion." His approach to

the subject so resembles that of Luther that, without other testimony, it would be quite safe to assume that he had been influenced by the great Reformer. But this assumption is readily borne out by the autobiographic statement in "Grace Abounding" "God cast into my hand one day a book of Martin Luther's; it was his comment on the Galatians....the which, when I had but a little way pursued. I found my condition in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart....I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the holy Bible, before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience."

The similarity between these two men is indeed striking. Bunyan's consciousness of his own sin, his understanding of its cure, and his recognition of his personal responsibility are like Luther's in their essentials. Bunyan is more artless and naive, but at least as mystical. He has something of Luther's humor—outright and solemn. He was as firm and unyielding, but less vehement. He was stirring as a preacher, supported always by his deep spiritual experience. But Bunyan lacked the breadth of scholarship, the depth of thought, and the height of expression which were Luther's. The Reformer was an earnest, spiritual leader and a valiant champion; the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was a simple, sensitive soul with an imagination as treacherous to his peace of mind as it was delightful instructive to his listeners and readers.

"Then I Was Apprehended at a Meeting"

Bunyan continued his preaching in a dessenting church, great throngs attending, and it was not long before the attention he was creating caused the government of the Restoration to express its established prejudices. Among others he was illegally incarcerated in 1661 for frequenting conventicles—illegally, because the Conventivle Act had not yet been passed. He was charged with using extempore prayers in lieu of those provided in the Common Prayer Book. His own characteristic defense was, "Let them use it (the Common Prayer Book) if they choose; we would not keep them from it; only we for our part, we can pray to God without it; and all we ask is the liberty of so praying and preaching." He objected to the prescribed lituhgical forms by saying, "Show me the place in the epistle where the Common Prayer Book is written, for one text of Scripture which commands me to read it, and I will use it." The bishop explained that afflictio dat intellectum and said that he hoped Bunyan's trials would bring him to his sense of duty.

They failed to do so, however. During his examination recorded in "A Relation of the Imprisonment of Mr. John Bunyan," he replied to the justice, "If I was out of prison today, I would preach the Gospel again tomorrow, by the help of God." For twelve years, with occasional brief intervals, he remained in the Bedford jail. He found a good friend in the jailer, and the earlier years of his imprisonment were made lighter by the freedom which this man provided for him. He was allowed to preach and visit his friends in London, but this liberty "my enemies hearing of, were so angry that they had almost

cast my jailor out of his place.... They charged me also that I went thither to plot and raise division and make insurrection, which, God knows, was a slander; wherefore my liberty was more straightened than it was before, so that I must not look out of the door.'' But he was not intimidated in the least for he believed that ''he which leaveth off preaching and hearing of the word of God for fear of excommunication of men, he is already excommunicated of God.'' Nor was his confinement a period of unmixed evil. ''I never had, in all my life, so great an inlet into the word of God as now....I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins in this place, and of my being with Jesus in another world.''

''I Took My Pen in Hand For to Write''

It was here that he produced those works which have made his a household name among Christians up to our day. His sermons are largely forgotten because of their fanciful interpretations and extreme zeal. His poems are read only by those who make a study of his style, for they lack grace and spontaneity. His prose contains poetical flights, but his poetry is crudely prosiac, although his early biographers invariably praise his dull doggerel. But he attains to lofty heights of imagination genius in his allegorical ''The Pilgrim's Progress'' and ''The Holy War.'' In the silence of the cell which limited his activity, he gave free rein to his unlimited imagination. He yielded to his favorite topic of meditation and recorded in strokes of studied simplicity what he saw in his visionary flights–the progress of a pilgrim along the Way. It is needless to enter into the fimilar narrative of the first, for in it we see the reflection of Bunyan's own life—his trials, his sorrows, his sufferings, his conversion, and his ultimate hope. In its characters, too, we find the reflection of ourselves in our pilgrimage, be it as Mr. Steadfast, Mr. Ready-to-halt, Mr. Greatheart, Mr. Feeble-Mind, Mr. Self-will Mr. Brisk, or Miss Much-afraid. We can readily follow Bunyan through the Valley of Humiliation and the Slough of Despond. These are realities to us, too, and they are embellished with authority in that they are given to us in the language of the Bible and in the spirit of the Bible, largely influenced by the Hebrew poets and prophets of the Old Testament. ''The Holy War'' and the ''Life and Death of Mr. Badman'' are similar in structure and appeal, although less popular.

The desultory Dr. Samuel Johnson said of his work that ''The Pilgrim's Progress'' was one of the two or three books which he wished were longer. Macaulay regarded the authors of ''Paradise Lost'' and ''The Pilgrim's Progress'' as ''the only great production minds of the latter half of the seventeenth century,'' and even Cowper deigned to call John Bunyan

> ''Ingenius dreamer! in whose
> well-told tale
> Sweet fiction and sweet truth
> alike prevail.''

''Take Me, for I Am Come Unto Thee''

In 1676 Bunyan was liberated, but there is little record of his life from this time forth. He published a few tracts and probably continued preaching, but spend much of his time ''in reconciling differcences, by which he

hindered many mischiefs.'' And so his last undertaking, the anonymous ''Continuation'' of his life records, was ''a labor of love and charity for it so falling out, that a young gentleman, a neighbor of Mr. Bunyan's, happening into the displeasure of his father, and being muct troubled in his mind upon that account....he pitched upon Mr. Bunyan at a fit man to..prepare his father's mind to receive him.'' Bunyan willingly undertook to do this, and by reason of his persuasion, finally reconciled the two. But returning to London, he was overtaken by a storm, ''coming to his lodging extremely wet, and fell sick of a violent fever, which he bore with much constancy and patience....and resigned his soul into the hands of his most merciful Redeemer.'' He died on the twelfth of August, 1688, in his sixtieth year, having struggled with doubt and despair until he had at last attained to a certain hope of everlasting life.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

The electoral college is the name of the body of men who are selected to cast their vote for president and vice-president of the United States. It is not one group but 48 groups, one in each state, the number in each state being equal to the number of senators and representatives in each state.

Electors are chosen by states in a manner which the states select for themselves, at the present, by popular vote the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, of the presidential year. There are 531 elected votes and majority, or 266 is necessary for election. They are required to meet at a place selected by the state legislature, on the second Monday in January following the presidential election day. The electors of the electoral college of each state are required to make a list of the names of those candidates for president and vice-president, with the number of votes for each. Each list must be certified by every elector, authenticated by the governor of the state and sent to the president of the United States senate, who is the vice-president of the United States.

On the second Wednesday in Febuary following the popular election, the electoral votes are opened and counted in the presence of both houses of Congress. In case of a tie the election goes to the house of representatives, voting by state each state having one vote and a majority being necessary to elect. In case of a tie for the vice-president, the senate handles the situation in a like manner.—Reidsville Review.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR WORK ON FARM

(Selected)

The theory that the day may come in the evolution of human progress when people can sit down, live in ease and luxury and "take things easy," is an irridescent dream. Such a condition, if it should some, would not be a blessing, but a great curse to the world. But there is no sort of indication that we are even moving in this direction. Certainly the farmer has no grounds for looking for anything like this.

This is the dream of paganism, not of Christianity. The Christian theory of life is that life comes through hard work and struggle. The Christian is not looking for ease and leisure and idleness. He is looking for a job, for a place to work, for an opportunity where his efforts will count for something in the terms of human life and progress.

The best thing about the farm is that it offers big opportunities to all members of the family to work and to make their work count for something. No farm relief plan, no legislation, no sort of association, can ever relieve the farmer and his family from the obligation and necessity of intellgently directed work. Governmental assistance, legislative measures and associations should be regarded at all times as subsidiary in solving the real farm problem. The chief factor in the solution of this complex problem is persistent, intelligently directed productive activities. Hard work of itself is inadequate. But hard work plus sane thinking will bring results. Men and women in some walks of life may get along very well now without thinking, but the farmers can't. Modern conditions have forced the farmer into the class of manufacturers and merchants. Hence he must study the trend of the law of demand and supply and exercise bold initiative in adapting his activities to the ever-changing conditions of markets and demands.

I try to fix my thought on the good that is in every soul, and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures for you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you that if you have never known the love, loyalty and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity are. I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of caercion. I would not arouse in the hearts of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but only by aiding them.—Elbert Hubbard.

CITY CONDITIONS OF LIFE HOSTILE TO AMERICANISM.

(Southern Agriculturist)

Before the days of city domination the family, the home, held first place among American institutions. The home was a working, functioning institution, and was the chief factor in shaping the lives of men and women. Practically everybody had a home, and people lived at home. The home was a little world of activities similar to the activities in the big world outside. It was here that people really lived and moved and had their beings. Their character, their ideals, their places in society, were determined largely by this fundamental institution of Anglo-Saxon civilibation.

Under the influence of modern city life this great American institution is rapidly passing out. The institution that we still call a home in the city is so different from the old American home that it should go under another name. Practically all of the functions of the home have been eliminated from this new institution, and in many instances it is little more than a rooming place for the different members of the family. The functions and normal activities of the home have been turned over to other institutions in the city, and people are congratulating themselves on being able to make this radical change. The elimination of this great preparatory school for normal life activities in the social order is a revolution of far-reaching consequence, and is fraught with most serious dangers. This change is defended on the ground that the home is not in accord with the taste and ideals of modern society, and hence must go, regardless of the serious effects such a course may bring to our civilization. City conditions of life as we shaped them are hostile to the ideals of the old American home, hence they must go.

The founders of our government never even dreamed that the day would come when the people would repudiate the institution that they counted on as the chief source of inspiration to American ideals.

DR. FRANK CRANE

The death of Dr. Frank Crane, in Nice, France, removes one of the most interesting and inspiring editorial writers of the generation. Originally Dr. Crane was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church in Chicago. His syndicate editorials in more than 100 leading newspapers have been popular feature for several years. As editor of Current Opinion and writer of numerous books and essays on religion and other subjects, he enjoyed a reputation that was worldwide. His articles and broad humanizing philosophy will be greatly missed by millions of readers

SUPT. BOGER SPEAKS TO CONCORD ROTARIANS.

(Concord Daily Tribune)

That more than eighty per cent of the misguided youth of our State and nation can be reclaimed and made into law-abiding, worthy citizens through proper training and attention in their adolescent years is the firm belief of Charles E. Boger, superintendent of Jackson Training School, who made an address on the "Boy Problem" to members of the Concord Rotary Club Wednesday afternoon in Hotel Concord.

Deploring the attitude of indifference toward wayward youths on the part of the citizenship of the state, Mr. Boger suggested that if as much attention be given this problem as is given those of commerce and industry, much lasting good would result. Speaking along this line, he said:

Progress In Many Lives.

"We have made wonderful progress in almost every line of endeavor. Our wealth has increased so rapidly that the great increases are almost unbelievable. Our farmers have learned to raise larger crops with fewer workers, our merchants have learned to attract and enlarge business by new business ideas. Our roads and the means of travel have so much improved that we could hardly live among the conditions that existed twenty or twenty-five years ago. Our little log school houses with a small number of children assembled, have given way to magnificient brick buildings, with great groups of children assembled, to be taught by college bred teachers. Our old churches have been torn down and replaced by larger and more beautiful places for worship, our doctors have mastered the science of disease and are restoring to life and activity, those who a generation ago would have passed into the beyond as a natural dispensation of God's dealing with his children, our homes have improved so much in furnishing that all the rooms look like what was once known as parlors and even our tables are loaded with things to eat to the extent that those of only a few generations past would think we were all set for company, but notwithstanding our progress in all lines we are seemingly not raising boys and girls of the sturdy character of former days.

Boy Problem a Difficult One

"The chief of police of one of our large cities, said to me one day, that one of the biggest problems with which he had to deal was the boy problem. He knew how to handle his other problems but when it came to the boy problem he was lost. When has this boy problem developed? You never heard of a boy problem years ago. What has developed a boy problem? Once boys grew up and followed the natural lives lived and taught them by their parents, often, an occasional fellow imbued with talent and fired with ambition rose above the others and became an outstanding leader in the progress and development of the country while the others went on in the even tenor of their way becoming honest, hard working citizens. 'Tis not

so today. Many boys seems to be thinking along different lines. They seem to be wanting to get what they have not earned and to reap where they have not sown, and to the great embarrassment of our judges and courts host of boys are coming before them for disposition, charged with all manner of violations of the law.

"We have learned by thought and consideration how to save by-products of our farms, our factories, our mines and our forests and make them perform a useful and profitable service, we have instituted bureaus for the conservation of the forests, water power and other things, but we have thought very little of the conservation of the youth of our land, whose man power and brain power is being lost to the future, at least to the constructive forces of the future.

"No matter what the cause may be in our complex life that is producing such results, the facts remain that causes are at work producing such conditions and they demand an intelligent disposal. Some would dismiss the question with the statement that the condition is produced by the breakdown of the homes of the country That there is great truth in this statement, no one would dare gainsay.

"Others will say, that in our complex living we have lost the fundamental idea of the true value of things. Another great truth, when considered in the light of the notice and notoriety a person may obtain from rolling a wheelbarrow across the continent, in a certain given time, then papers carry the picture and write columns of the party who can beat his way across the Atlantic as a stowaway in an airship, when millions of dollars are spent in one night to see those who are endowed with great physical strength and endurance battle almost to death in an exhibition of their prowess as a mauler or a killer.

"There are still others who attribute this condition confronting us in youth of today to a lax enforcement of the law, yet the great King of King's in whose steps we are asked to follow, enjoins us to have mercy and who says of Himself, that He has come to seek and to save that which is lost.

Urges Expert Examination.

"When we consider the matter in the light of our duty to the unfor- one way is lefttaotaoiniodiloiaodilnu tunate and misgudied youth, only one way is left for us to follow and that is teach them, train them. Let the people set up a bureau for the conservation of the youth of the country. In this bureau have the most learned doctors, psychologists, psychiatrists. Let the doctors examine the physical condition to ascertain if some kinks in his physical make-up cannot be remedied, that will make him see and feel different toward the life he has to live. Let the psychologists and psychiatrists determine his mental status and vocational trend and suggest the line of work for which he is best adapted. We are all thrilled with the wonderful results that are accomplished at our Orthopedic hospital for crippled children but there are, physical and mental kinks in a vast number that are as serious and harder to overcome than the crooked arm or the curved spine. There is good in every one, sometimes environment, training, physical or mental de-

fects accentuate the bad and obscure the good.

"The welfare officer of the county is an important agency in correcting and eliminating conduct in the youth that if allowed to continue leads to a life of crime. Each county should provide a detention home so that the youth could be made to know that the advice of this officer must be heeded and that it is not a joke. With this agency functioning properly many can be saved before coming before the courts.

"Those who cannot be checked by this agency must be cared for in the State schools provided, as the Eastern Carolina Training School at Rocky Mount and Jackson Training School. The facilities for teaching trades and carrying on necessary operations should be enlarged and made adequate to the needs of the school.

Training School Needed.

"The idea of segregating the youthful criminals at the State penetentiary, thus keeping them separate and apart from those who are older, is a great advance in dealing with them. This feature should be enlarged and extended to include all kinds of trades and training. This might perhaps be made separate and apart from the penitentiary itself. Men of vision, character and sympathy should be in charge. Military training and drills should be given in addition to the training in trades. Military drills breed respect for authority and ready obedience with less friction than any other agency. They find themselves doing unconsciously what the others are doing. In obedience to command, habits are formed that count in living of honest, upright lives. They learn to do what they ought to do, instead of what they want to do. When this great principle is instilled into one's make up, you have accomplished something for them that is permanent and lasting, and along with this having learned a trade at which they can earn a livelihood for themselves, aside from supplying a need, they are most likely to become good citizens.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Clay Bates and George Stanley, two of our old boys, visited the school one day last wek.

A car load of dairy feed on our side-track is being unloaded by the barn boys.

Mr. Scarboro,, another of our radio fans, has installed a new Radiola 20 in the Guliford County Cottage.

Several groups of boys have been raking leaves off our lawns for the past few days.

Mr. Thomas M. Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., who has charge of the afternoon services in our auditorium every fourth Sunday, furnished an excellent program last Sunday afternoon. He introduced Rev. Mr. Spaugh, pastor of the Moravian Church in Charlotte, who in turn presented his Boy Scout band of about thirty-five

pieces. Under his leadership these boys rendered an entertaining program and we hope they will be able to visit us again at an early date.

Seven large hogs were killed last week and we all enjoyed a feast of sausage, spare-ribs, etc. To those unfamiliar with our group of youngsters, this may seem to be an enormous supply of fresh meat, but it is only a few days' supply for our five hundred husky boys with real man's-sized appetites, such as are usually found among growing boys.

Last Thursday afternoon Rev. C. H. Trueblood and two visiting Baptist preachers and Mr. Betts, of Raleigh, a song leader, who have been conducting revivals in Concord, visited the school. We assembled in the auditorium where Mr. Betts led the boys in a number of songs, after which the visiting ministers made a few remarks.

Letters From Former Students

The following letters were recently received from two of our old boys:

Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Chas. E. Boger,
Dear Sir:

I am very sorry that I have neglected writing you. I am not trying to make an alibi for myself but everytime I thought of writing you there would not be a stamp in the house and it was too late. As today is Sunday and I don't work on Sunday I thought I would write.

I have been working down at the A & P Tea company's warehouse in the candy department. I like it just fine too. My salary to start off is fifteen dollars ($15) a week and forty (.40) cents an hour overtime; the regular hours are seven to five but we have to work until ten or eleven o'clock nearly every night.

I certainly would like to come over and see you and the boys soon but I cannot get off from work to do it.

I certainly am proud of the fact that old J. T. S. made me over into a better boy.

Give my best regards to all the officials and matrons.

Yours very sincerely,
G. Byron Ford.

P. S. My address is 13 S. Mint St., and if you are ever in Charlotte drop in to see me.

Philadephia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Boger:

I guess you are wondering who is writing you this letter. Well it is one of your boy's writnig back to you.

I guess you have almost forgotten me but I have not forgotten you.

Well, Mr. Boger, I have been away from the school almost 4 years and I am too glad to let you know what it has done for me. I am in business myself now and it is going pretty good. I am in the printing business and it was your school that started me and I sure am proud of it, too. I do miss it. Please send me one of your pamphlets so I can look over it and a suscriber's slip.

Well Mr. Boger I guess I had better close for this time.

From one of your boy's
Chas. J. Blackman,
1905 Callowhill St.,
Philadelphia,, Pa.

P. S.—How are Mr. W. W. Johnson and Mr. Fisher and Mr. Jas. P. Cook getting along? Fine I hope. Good bye.—C. J. B.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 8, 1928. No. 46

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE

"It is bad for a man, in looking at himself, at his neighbor, and at communities, to look at the side of fault, and failing, and meaness, and imperfection, and wickedness, and rottenness. These things will force themselves upon his notice full enough—more than enough for his good."

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

AID ONE ANOTHER

In human society social rights necessitate their own observance. When the sense of responsibility is blunted, society goes to ruin. "The race of mankind," says Sir Walter Scott, "would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the damp from the brow of the dying, we can not exist without mutual aid. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals. None who have the power of granting aid can refuse it without guilt."

CHRISTMAS

No sooner than the glad Thanksgiving Day passes than we begin to make plans for the celebration of the Christmas festival—the anniversary of the greatest event in all history. It is truly an eventful occasion for children as they look forward to the coming of Santa Claus, the patron saint of the young people, who is the bearer of gifts to his little ones on Christmas eve. His annual arrival also quickens the pulse of the old with some expectancy of the joys that come with the season.

To have a full, complete and happy Christmas our aim should be "not to be ministered unto, but to minister"—most especially to those of cheerless and

dreary homes made so by misfortunes. True happiness comes from within, and to experience that genuine happiness let us bear in mind the words of Him whose birth we celebrate "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

We have some 520 boys at the Training School—and like other normal boys are looking forward to the joys of the Christmas season; but unless the many friends in the state make possible a real Christmas, just like the one in your home, there will be many disappointed youngsters right here in the Jackson Training School. The state provides the essentials of life for these boys, but there is no fund to satisfy a sweet tooth.

We know the Great Heart wherever found and touched in the state will provide for the joy and cheer of this bunch of youngsters now growing into fine manhood.

The Uplift will be glad to acknowledge your check and tell you later how the school appreciated your generosity.

The following contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund have been received:

The Stonewall Senior Circle, King's Daughters, Concord.. .... $10.00
R. S. Huntington, Greenville, S. C.,..... 5.00

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

CHARACTER SPELLS SUCCESS

Well, we did not for once realize that there was but one thing essential to make a successful real estate salesman, and that was to have what is often called a "gift of gab." But, from the report of the meeting of last week, in Winston-Salem of the Real Estate Board, we learn that there are other requisites than "words, words" after finding the man with sufficient collateral to invest. Mr. Berge, of Chicago, sales council of the National Association of the Real Estate Board, in his address before the assembly of men stated "that there are too many real estate salesmen who go out to sell with words alone, and he emphasized the fact that there was danger of killing many good prospects by too much talk." Mr. Berge claims that to attain success in the real estate business there must be character, ability and integrity—in short the whole commercial structure is founded upon "credit and credit upon character, and that no business could live save upon a foundation of mutual trust."

Mr. Gudger, of Asheville, state president, in his address recommended that "an effort be made to have the University of North Carolina add a course in real estate salesmanship to its curriculum," and he also hoped that the real estate bootlegger (a new hyphenated word to the writer) would re-

ceive some attention from the forthcoming legislature, and that already in some counties this class had been dealt with accordingly.

This "curricular affair" is another angle in practical education, and at first seemed an innovation, but, after thoughtful consideration we feel that it will prove valuable since a large per. cent of the people select salesmanship as a vocation. Every body appreciates a salesman with a strong personality, fine manners and ability to present the objective of his mission in a manner so that one can see the character of the man, and not the man alone.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS SEAL

The season of the year has come to put on the sale of the Christmas seals, and all who are conversant with the good work carried on with money realized from this sale will buy without asking a question.

We must keep in mind that for every dollar's worth of seals sold in Cabarrus County that seventy five cents of this amount remains in the county, and is used to buy milk and nourishment for the indigent tubercular sick right in our own community.

Some time back the Uplift carried a story of the genesis of the Christmas Seal which proved interesting reading, and it verified the fact that there is a place for "good to bloom in every heart of man or woman," but, the objective right now is not the origin of the seal, but to put on an intensive campaign in Cabarrus so that we can place a bottle of milk at the bed side of those who are unable to buy the same. Remember if you buy a sheet of red-seals you have unconsciously sent milk or nourishment to some one of our needy.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

This article is given for this specific purpose; to give an impetus to those who are handicapped by either environment, social conditions or the fate of fortune. Remember push, pluck and perseverance overcomes many difficulties, and our glory consists "not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." Miss Jacobo had indomitable will power, and what is possible for her is possible for others in her class. This "Chapter of Achievement" is clipped from the Asheville Citizen:

> In the current news is a story of the sort that the ambitious and inspiring folk of the world like to hear. It began sixteen years ago when Miss Clara Jacobo, a mill worker in Lawrence, Massachusetts, decided

that, if she could get the proper musical training, she would be able to hold her own in the Metropolitan Opera House, where the aristocracy of the singers of the earth holds forth. It ended a few days ago on the stage of that theatre when Miss Jacobo, having sung the famous "Miserere" in "Il Trovatore" with Giovanni Martinelli, bowed to the thunders of applause from a crowded and enchanted house.

But in between the beginning and ending came the body of the story, the tale of a father who, also a worker in a woolen mill and the head of a numerous family promised the talented daughter that she should have the musical training for which she longed. He made good on the pledge, and if his doing so entailed Herculean labors and wizard-like economies, he feels more than repaid in Clara's success. The night of her Metropoliton debut, the little old man sat in a seat high up in the gallery, because, he explained afterwards, he thought he "might get emotional" and therefore wanted to be as inconspicious as possible.

But a friend, discovering him up there, took him backstage, and the daughter, catching a glimpse of him during the ovation she was receiving, dragged him out on the stage beside her in the spotlight. Later, when she was telling how much she owed him for her success, he related how hard she had worked, overcoming every difficulty that confronted her. And this rounded out the story of the sixteen years.

There is nothing new in the story. It is merely one more chapter in the great epic of achievement that is always being written in America. But it is a chapter that bears as much repetition. It is always an inspiration to the able and the talented. It is always a promise to the ambitious that the youth who "has the goods" and can deliver them will assuredly come through to the heights of success.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

A whole lot of people can enjoy solitude and still be in bad company.

—o—

The saying that "All things come to those who wait," is a delusion and a snare. It may have been so in the past when people moved slow and took their time about everything. In these hustling days, if you are content to wait, some other fellow will run over you and get what you want. You have got to go out after it, and tustle with time in getting there first.

—o—

Wishing Wisely

As children, how we used to love the stories of the Fairy Godmother with her offers of wishes to be fulfilled. Sometimes it was three wishes she offered, but in that case they usually failed. So few people know how to wish wisely. The golden touch for which Midas wished brought him disaster, and made him wish himself back in his normal condition. But the main reason was that one can have only one supreme wish and that only when he wants it badly enough to meet the necessary conditions. "Courage, He calls you," blind Bartimaeus was told. He wanted something bad enough to get it. And, what was equally important, he knew what he wanted. It was not things that represented his supreme desire, but vision, and the results of vision. How many of us know what we really most want. Some of you may have heard the story of the school boy who did not like his teacher, and when asked why, replied, "Oh, she doesn't know what she wants." Just as fast as man wanted to know about the varied forces of nature, he has learned to make use of them. In so far as man has learned the laws of the material universe, and obeyed them that universe has become his servant. The period of the last one hundred years has shown more progress than has been made in many centuries before. Why? Because man has wanted to know more, and has wanted to know badly enough to fulfill the necessary conditions. And what a wonderful advance has been made.

—o—

What a wonderful transformation would take place in this world if men would only reduce armaments with the dexterity that woman reduce the length of their wearing apparel.

—o—

In the palmy days of the horse-drawn vehicles there was more horse sense displayed than in these days of motor-driven cars; and much of it was in the horse.

—o—

We Carry On

Animals look on the dead—even those of their own kind—and soon forget or scarcely notice. But we sentient beings return after the silent glidings of years, of centuries even, to look on the places of the dead and to honor them. Why? Because the death of the doer of deeds among men stops his doing but does not stop the effects of the deeds he did. The truth of this is apparent in a moment, if we reflect as we glance to the turf-covered mounds and monuments in our cemeteries, that because these men

had beliefs and lived them out we are able to stand around them united in one great national whole. The bodies lying there have rest from their labors, but the labor remains, and greater things than they did shall we do, because human labor is cumulative, and because we live to carry on what dying hands have dropped. Human progress is like the growth of the printing press from the slow simplicity of the lever and screw up to the mastodons that thunder out human thought more swiftly than the eye can follow. The machine is made up of infinitely small improvements by an infinite number of mechanics, each one adding something to the work of construction that had already been effected.

Thus it is in our National life. Our Revolutionary heroes died to make a Nation. Time passed and showed that strength was in union. Our heroes of the late war died to make this country safe for Democracy, inseparable for ever and forever, with no more wars. Again the years rolled over a period of expansion unexampled in the history of the world. Now is the time when we inheritors of the labors of these motionless bones at our feet go one step further and declare that a nation born in noble strife, baptized in its own precious blood, has risen to the stature of a man and preaches to a great selfish world a new evangel—that a nation great in its own development; great in its triumph over trials; great in prosperity, is not too great to be dear to a wail of woe from its weaker neighbors; and not too proud to cast its own offering on the altar of another's liberty, though that offering cost dear in the money of its men and the sons of its mothers. Great is America in all things.

—o—

Another inspiring life has come up from "The Sidewalks of New York." An Irish lass, born in a poor section of that crowded city, has made a fortune right there by supplying dust cloths made from discarded rags. Her name is Maggie Doonan. "Get an idea, then take a chance," is Maggie's recipe for success. She doesn't wait for the "clouds to roll by," as the old song goes, but she rolled them away—in fact dusted them away with her idea, on which she took a chance

—o—

The idea of selling airplanes on the installment plan is all right, barring the fact that the purchaser might take a notion to let the matter drop.

—o—

Other Days Long Since Passed

I frequently hear people complain of hard living and the meager fare they are barely able to obtain. Those people know nothing of hard living. In the years 1864-5, the last year and close of the civil war, I was a small boy, and the richest food we were able to obtain in the devastated section of Orange, Va., was home-made sorghum molasses and corn pone. For weeks at the time there was no meat of any kind, and a chicken was the greatest rarity. My people, my mother especially, as well as other sacrificing women of that community, cook every chicken that could be secured and made them into soup with all the rice that could be gotten, for the benefit of the wounded Confederate soldiers who lay in churches and every place that could be converted into hospitals, brought there from the ter-

rible battles of the Wilderness and Brandy Station. It was my duty to carry this soup to the wounded and it was there I met so many North Carolina wounded men. At that time I didn't know there was such a place as North Carolina, and I didn't think so many could come from one state. I suffered for a taste of that soup but I dare not take a spoonful. It was consecrated to the suffering and the dying soldier that had been disabled in the carnage of those four terrible years of bloodshed.

The hospitals in those days, hastily provided, and tents where houses could not be secured, were like slaughter houses. Operations were constantly being performed in the hope to save lives. Arms and legs were amputated nearly every day, and the instruments used were saws and knives, and the amputated limbs were thrown into barrels. With three of my chums, boys of my age and with whom I played and waited on the soldiers together, formed ourselves into arm and leg undertakers, and with our wagons hauled off the amputated parts and buried them in the woods adjacent to the town of Orange. It was a gruesome occupation for small boys, but war brings many horrors, and we would rather see those arms and legs buried than behold them every day in the hospitals. It gave great satisfaction to many who had lost a limb to know that the lost part of their body had been buried in a genteel manner, and they so expressed themselves to "we boys."

But speaking of fare again, every chicken and every loaf of bread, that could be procured in that latter year of the war, was set aside and used for the soldiers. Families lived as best they could, but the best they had was always given to the Confederate soldier, no matter how hungry the children might be; and I have been awful hungry at times, in those times. War is what Sherman is reported to have said it was.

PRAYER OF A TEACHER

Father, between Thy strong hands Thou hast bent
The clay but roughly into shape, and lent
To me the task of smoothing where I may
And fashioning to a gentler form thy clay.
To see some hidden beauty Thou hast planned,
Slowly revealed beneath my laboring hand,
Sometime to help a twisted thing to grow
More straight—this is full recompense; and so
I give Thee but the praise that Thou would'st ask—
Firm hand and high heart for the further task.

—Dorothy Littlewort in the Commonweal.

A MORAVIAN LOVEFEAST.

By C. W. Hunt

It has been a custom since I could remember for the annual conference of the Methodist church to conduct a lovefeast on Sunday morning of the session, which was simply passing small pieces of bread and a glass of water, of which all partook, not as a sacrament, but as a token of brotherly love, after which an hour was spent in relating Christian experiences, songs and prayers. Since hygiene has such a hold on the average person, the drinking (sipping) of hundreds from the same glass of water has been, in a manner, abandoned. But it was not this kind of a lovefeast that I attended Sunday afternoon at Myers Park Moravian church, but a bun and a mug of coffee was served, as is always done on these occasions. This occasion was the celebration of the eighth year of the organization of the Moravian church in Charlotte, and the fourth in their present house of worship, and was an event of special interest to those who attend there, as well as to those who have associated with these good Christians in other places. Bishop Edward Rondthaler organized this congregation, and for four years he came once each month to minister unto them, until the new house was built and an all time pastor appointed to the work. Rev. Herbert Spaugh, a native of Winston-Salem, and an unusually fine young man is the pastor.

I do not know just how the coffee and bun lovefeast originated, but it is indeed very old, for Bishop Rondthaler told Sunday that this feast was celebrated by the first Moravians coming to the settlement in North Carolina on the eve of their arrival where they were to settle. This I think was not the site of old Salem, but in the Old Town-Bethania settlement a few miles out of Salem. At this service Sunday the right of infant baptism was performed by the Bishop, at which time he wore the long flowing robes of his church office, and looked the venerable man that he is. I first knew him when he was in his prime, nearly 50 years ago at Kernersville, where he came often, and where he is still greatly beloved. He was often an inmate of the home of the good wife, and whose family revered him as few people do. This good man is approximately 90 years old, more or less, but he serves as delightfully as he formerly did.

In all the many times I have heard Bishop preach or deliver an address, I have never heard him discuss doctrine or anything that all could not understand and agree upon. Few men can tell stories and serve his points with them better than he. Then he is widely traveled, and uses the information thus obtained with good effect, always. Part of the program Sunday afternoon was a short address by the Bishop, while the feast was being partaken of. The fact that he had just baptized a child from out a home, turned his thoughts in that direction, and while it was specially for the young folks and children present, it was equally interesting for the older ones. His description of a real home with children and mother and father round the table, all happy in

each others love was a thrilling theme and this was contrasted in the description of a Spanish castle, where the man and wife each lived on the farthest ends, never saw or spoke to each other, even when they chanced to meet on the corridors or stairs in passing about. Then he told of the English home, where the head of the house had prospered and he had builded a great mansion, but misfortune overtook him and he with anguish finally had to tell his bride that he was ruined and the mansion would have to be given up and they take an humble cottage, and how disconcerted she was at the news; yea happy at the thought of leaving those cold marble walls for a cottage, where there was love and flowers and things to tend with ones own hands. I wish others I know could have seen and heard this service. About all the room was taken, but the time will come, we hope, when there will be a large congregation of these good Moravians in Charlotte, and that their feasts and festivals will be an occasion at Easter and other times.

REMEMBER THE ORPHANS

Open your heart! For still the need is great.
  War, pestilence, and famine swept that land
  Till stout men died, but here their orphans stand.
In pitiful and yet undaunted state,
Sharing their scanty blessings, hearts elate,
  Eager to serve, whatever means at hand;
  A childish army, waiting fate's command,
A storm tossed craft, with oh, such costly freight!
This wistful remnant of the stricken East,
  This precious seed for future garnering
Waits on your aid, whose blessings are increased
  From year to year in ways past numbering.
Give of your bounty! Say, with tears a-shine,
There but for God's dear grace, goes one of mine!

—*Dr. Frances Crosby Hamlet.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KINDNESS.

By Thos. F. Opie, D.D.

People who "fall out" in society, in the church, in business and in civic life, might avoid it if they would but act on the philosophy that a "soft answer turns away wrath." A soft answer, a bit of praise, a word of sympathy and kindness, a deft compliment and a little tact constitute one of the finest shields in life. It is a shield from darts of temper, fits of abuse and flares of anger.

A soft answer is like the "quality of mercy"—it is twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. It indicates self-control, good sense, a balanced mind, a kindly and seasoned nature—the highest kind of character. There was once a man who contended that he had two falcons to tame; two hares to keep from running away; two hawks to manage; a serpent to train and a lion to chain. When questioned about this he explained that the falcons were his two eyes; the hares, his feet; the hawks, his hands; the serpent, his tongue and the lion, his heart. Of all these, the "serpent" is perhaps the most difficult to train. It is not always easy to be kind and to speak kindly—but it is a paying bit of philosophy!

"Human beings will always respond unkindly to unleavened criticism or condemnation," says Dr. David Mitchell, eminent psychologist. He tells of an estranged husband and wife. The husband wrote to his wife as follows, "Perhaps you will consent to put your pride and your egotism in your pocket —and act like a big grown-up woman, instead of like a spoiled baby." Anybody knows that is how "not to do it!" The doctor persuaded the husband not to send the letter but to try the "soft answer method." This he did and was soon reconciled to his estranged wife. " 'We are both to blame' may pass," says Dr. Mitchell —"'but 'It's all your fault' never will—no matter how justifiable."

You may write it down that the average person will respond kindly to kindly approach, to gentle treatment to a smile. But he will surely "buck up" if addressed roughly, harshly, abusively, censoriously. Servants will do it. Children will do it. Employees will do it. Everybody will do it! We just do not like to be treated unkindly—nobody relishes it! Everybody resents it.

"Kind" and "kin" have the same root idea. That idea is, "of the same nature"—"congenial." Kindness means " good will and benevolence," as though the person dealt with were your very own "Kin" or "Kind." Kindness disarms anger. Love disarms hate. Gentleness and self-control are stronger and finer than force and anger and temper all combined.

"Kindness is wisdom," says the poet Bailey—"there is none in life but needs it and may learn." "Mutual love brings mutual delight—brings beauty, life; for love is life; hate, death." So "Let those love now who never loved before—let those who always loved, now love the more"—because "love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss."

THE CURE FOR DOUBT

(Progressive Farmer)

Doubt is the opposite side of faith. Every person will, at some time, find his mind filled with doubt.

We do not start life with doubt. As children we instinctively trusted. Growing older we found that people do not always keep their word, and that things are not always as they seem.

Our first troubles filled us with suspicions.

The youth or maid whose love affairs have run amuck is inclined to disbelieve in the whole world.

A community that has been thrown upon its back by a bank or commercial disaster will ask, "Is anyone honest?"

The soul that meets its first bitter disaster in the death of someone tenderly loved, will question, "Is there a God who cares?"

* * *

Doubt is not a sin, since from it men have been led to discover greater truths. If men had never doubted anything they would have been certain of nothing.

Tennyson wrote, "There lives more faith in honest doubt..... than in half the creeds."

I have been torn by bitter and biting doubts, and have tried to deal with them in the best way I could.

When I find myself in doubt I try to go back to the causes of it. I often fitnd that it has been a selfish desire to have my own way. We are often like the child, who having been spanked by its mother, says, "Mother does not love me."

* * *

It is a good plan to hunt for things where we lost them. I try to do the same with truths that I have come to doubt. A husband and wife found themselves in a state of suspicion of each other. They were sensible enough to go back to the place where the doubt started, and they found faith again.

When in doubt I try to keep practicing the best truth I know. Generally it has led me to a greater faith. What we fail to practice we fail to retain, no matter what it is.

When doubts have come to me regarding religion, I keep to the things of which that I feel dead certain, with the results that doubts lose their blighting power over me.

Wasn't it the Apostle Peter who said, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief?" He found reality and faith.

* * *

Mr. Edison felt certain that a carbon filament would glow with heat if it could be heated by a current of electricity inside a vacuum tube. A thousand trials failed, but he kept trying, and succeeded.

It is the same with religious truths. Those who keep on will be certain.

I find that patience is necessary when dealing with my doubts. We are in such a hury, and God moves slowly. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Patient persistence is the name of the highway up which faith walks along to certainty.

A GOLDEN HEART AND A STRONG SOUL

(The Daily News)

Editor of The Daily News:

If personality were the sort of thing that might be captured by taking thought, our social philosophers would do well to study the career of Frank S. Lambeth, who died in Thomasville last week. He was an industrialist, a large employer of labor, but never in his whole career did he find himself confronting anything that a northern manufacturer would recognize as a labor problem. He had plenty of problems relating to men in his employ; but to him these were not labor problems. They were human problems, because he employed, not labor, but men.

Investigators from other sections have often wondered why it is so difficult to gain a clear understanding of the present state of southern industrialism. The principles they have discovered and the rules they have formulated elsewhere somehow do not seem to apply in the south. Methods that work well elsewhere do not work at all below the Potomac. Neither employes nor employers react in the way one would expect. Labor conditions remain obscure, chaotic and largely unpredictable.

Frank Lambeth was to some extent the answer to this puzzle. He was typical of the best southern employers of the generation which is passing, the generation of the industrial pioneers. When he founded his concern nobody in North Carolina knew much about manufacturing either from the standpoint of the employer or from that of the workman. They all learned together. They made mistakes together, and together they achieved their triumphs. Every man in the factory understood clearly the interdependence of master and man; each knew that if "Colonel Frank" succeeded, everybody's job was secure, and that if he failed, all his men would be in a bad fix. They regarded him as a great deal more reliable than any labor union, and they would take his word in preference to that of organizers whom they had never seen before.

On the other hand, he realized keenly the contribution that his men had made to his success, and he accepted responsibilities toward them which would appal an employer born and raised in an industrial community. If he hired John Jones, he was not merely purchasing one more unit of labor costing so many dollars a week; he was making a place for old man Isaac Jones' boy, whom he had known since he was knee high. And he paid John more than his weekly wage—he paid him attention. Many soulless corporations have learned that it is good business to look after their sick or injured employes, but Frank Lambeth looked after his when they were in perfect health, but also in trouble. If John's eldest girl ran off with a married barber, John expected "Colonel Frank" to do something about it, and he usually did; which was one difference between working for him and work-

ing, for, say, the Ford Motor Company.

This attitude is possible only when an employer can know all his men personally. As southern industrialism grows larger and more complex, the type represented by Frank Lambeth is bound to disappear.

However, more than mere personal acquaintance is necessary to such a relation. There are plenty of employers of less than a dozen men who inspire no such respect and affection as this man enjoyed. In addition to personal knowledge of his men and their problems, one must have also a profound interest in humanity, a deep and abiding affection for people.

In this quality Frank S. Lambeth was one of the richest men I have ever encountered. He was interested in everything and everybody. He loved people and he loved life. He was bouyant, vibrant, bubbling over with boyish enthusiasm and boyish gaiety. His mere presence was as destructive to grouches as a hot flame is to a chunk of ice. It was impossible to meet him without coming away thinking better of mankind.

And behind it all, and over it all, he had honor and courage and truth. After all, perhaps it is useless for the social philosophers to study him, because telling us what he was like will never make us like him. A golden heart and a strong soul are the gifts of God, and not to be acquired through much study.

Gerald W. Johnson.

Baltimore, Md.,
Nov. 25, '28.

THE DREAMER

He used to dream of things he'd do
  When grown to be a man,
Beguiling boyhood years away
  With many an idle plan.

And now, when grown to be a man,
  He knows no greater joy
Than dreaming of the things he'd do,
  If he were still a boy.

—Author Unknown

SIR GALAHAD.

By Fred D. Berkebile

Some distance up the slope of Gardner's Knob, and several hundred feet from the edge of the Quemahoning Dam, her brown coppery form blending perfectly with the dead goose-eye weeds and dry grass, a ring-neck hen sat on her nest and quivered with maternal pride. For some hours before dawn she had felt moving objects beneath her warm feathers, and once or twice a tiny "peep."

As the morning sun rounded over the big wooded hill, which men chose to name Gardner's Knob, Mother ring-neck became very restless. Her feathers which were generally well placed and smooth were now ruffied and disarrayed; from underneath her wing feathers a tiny fluffy head peered out and the owner of the two small, black eyes got its first glimpse of the great world.

That tiny chick, always the first into trouble and the first to get out of it, was Sir Galahad, as a little girl named Bettie Johnson chose to named him later in his life.

The Mother ring-neck had not yet left her nest when her sharp eyes caught sight of a broad-winged form sweeping towards them over the high weed. Her first warning, put-t-tt, was disregarded by Sir Galahad. His small eyes caught sight of the form sweeping low over the ground, and they widened with wonder.

The tiger of all the smaller birds of prey caught sight of the squatting hen and prepared to mount higher and drop upon her and her charges, when the Great Horned Owl was struck a terrific blow in the face and his feathery body was swung halfway through a new barbed-wire fence.

Somehow a barb had caught the owl in the face and when its body swung through the fence the barb had beld in the skin and left the big bird a captive, to be released later in the day when the weight of the bird's body loosened the barb enough to allow the bit of skin to slip off. Unknown to the Mother ring-neck he had flown back to a hollow tree near the crest of the knob and waited for a better opportunity to catch the hen or her brood, but it was many moons before the oportunity finally came to him.

Carefully Mother ring-neck stepped from her nest and looked over the ten, tiny balls of fuzz that looked at her expectantly.

Although they were quite young and tender, they possessed the faculties of walking quickly and observing instinctively the danger cries of their mother.

The hen glanced at the imprisoned owl and then with a slight "cluck" she walked down the slope, her eyes open for every sign that her numerous enemies might give of their presence. The entire brood, protected by her fan-like tail and outstretched wings, stepped slowly and silently along towards a nearby ant-hill. She scratched with a determination that bade fair ruin to the conical structure and by the appetites of the brood, devour every last black ant and their while grubs. Finally, however, they were satisfied and were lead to a tiny rivulet, well screened by alder, where they were introduced to their first

water.

Sir Galahad was the first to dip his small beak into the cool fluid, and a number of the others followed his example while others were forced to wade about before they learned that the trickling water was necessary to wash down the sticky ants.

After the brood had drank they walked deeper into the swamp which was to be their home.

More ants and bugs furnished a never ending meal during the day and nightfall found them, well fed, strong and tired. Mother ring-neck gathered the little balls of fluff under her wings and prepared to pass their first night in the shelter of a great clump of swamp grass. This dry grass allowed the hen to be less watchful, as the crackling grass gave ample warning of the approach of enemies.

The moon had not yet slipped up over the knob when the vigilant hen heard stealthy footsteps nearing their shelter.

A wandering skunk had winded them and came poking his sharp, weasel-like head into the clump of grass.

The startled hen flew into the skunk's face, tearing at him with her crooked beak and scratching at his small black eyes with her sharp claws while she beat at his body with her hard batternig wing feathers. She cried a warning "put-t-tt- peet peet!" and stood of from the skunk.

The skunk looked bewildered for a moment and then stamped his forefoot warningly. He stamped again and bobbing his head from side to side advanced upon the hen, which fluttered upon the ground and kept beyond his reach, leading him towards a boggy place in the swamp, that gave promise of bemiring the night prowler.

After leading the skunk a safe distance from her brood, she darted into a portion of long grass, and circling the mud-be-smeared animal, ran back to her brood. She settled down over the little flock and with a reassuring cluck prepared to watch for the return of the skunk. However, that animal hunted elsewhere for food that night and the birds were unmolested.

The morning fog, that generally surrounds the wide body of water was scarcely lifted before the troop were on their way to the little rivulet for another refreshing drink before attacking the ant hill to secure their breakfast.

They had scarcely drank when Mother ring-neck noted with instinctive horror the approach of a gray fox—named the Johnson fox, from the fact that she had been captured once and kept in captivity for a long time, long enough to acquaint her with the ways of man. Also some weeks before Mother ring-neck had noted her den, as she was flying to her nest, and had seen three pups rolling about on the ground before the burrow under the red oak.

Sir Galahad cocked his head sidewise and looked with something bordering on admiration at the beautiful bird before him. The stranger was an old cock. His plumage was without a noticeable flaw; every feather properly oiled and in its exact place; his long tapering tail-feathers were slightly erected and parted at the extreme tip, as if to lend added charm to the perfect graduated bars. The frill feathers near the base of the tail were multicolored and showed a de-

cided preference to turn green in the sunlight; his broad breast was intensely red, and the spotless white ring about his neck stood apart from the other feathers as if to lend size to the long neck. About his eyes the flesh-like coloring had turned a deeper red owing to his anger at being disturbed. Even his sharp crooked, fleshtearing beak was slightly parted as if anticipating tearing the young upstart on the snag to bits.

Sir Galahad was far too young and inexperienced to fight such a monstrous bird, but despite the awe-inspiring size of the old cock, and with the audicity and egotism that generally goes with the young, he suddenly flew into the face of the stranger and tried to jab his short spurs into the enemy's face.

In the end, Sir Galahad came out of the fray second best, most of his breast feathers were either torn out or badly soiled; his eyes and head were besmeared with his own blood and he felt very weak.

The lesson was a timely one, and his fear of the big cock was so wholesome that he left the vicinity of the carrot patch and he ventured near the buckwheat field but once afterwards.

Thereafter, he came closer and closer to the Johnson farmyard in search of food, and one morning he surprised Betty Johnson who fed the hens, by piping his coarse call from the yard fence. In a short time he ventured among the hens and ate corn wth them.

With characteristic gentleness she encouraged the young ringneck to stay about the farmyard. Not once did she raise her arm or even allow the wind to disturb her dress, but backed quietly away from the cautious bird. Soon, however, he came to accept her presence among the hens and at times he would call for food between regular feeding times. Betty scarcely ever disappointed the bold ring-neck, but came at his call and threw him grain and sometimes bits of meat scraps.

During this period Betty named him Sir Galahad, largely from the fact that he appeared to be lord over the farmyard, and too, from his courteous manners.

The fall moulting season came on and Sir Galahad was soon decked out in a new set of feathers and as the frosty weather advanced the bird became more cautious, more cunning, and at the same time more audacious.

The eldest Johnson boy watched the strutting ring-neck, with a crafty expression in his eyes, and he rubbed his hands as if they itched for his rusty shotgun behind the kitchen door.

Early one morning when the frost had been unusually heavy, the crisp air was filled with the loud reports of shotguns and rifles and the incessant baying of hounds.

Instinctively Sir Galahad flew to the protective wild-carrot field where the hounds soon routed him. With no more thought of the old ring-neck cock that had thrashed him he flew to the edge of the buckwheat field and ran some distance out in the bare field where a few straggling stalks remained standing, and hid.

Scarcely had he settled down, when from the fence corner he espied his old enemy coming towards him. Once or twice he challenged the hiding Sir Galahad, but a strange crackling of brush directly below the challenging cock caused him to turn sharply and run back to the protection of long

brown grass.

Sir Galahad turned his head and watched the kaki-clad hunter raise his gun and then lower it. The man walked slowly along the fence-row where the old ring-neck was hiding.

The old cock left his hiding place with thundering wings almost under the hunter's feet, but true to the law of the wild, chattered out his cry of danger to his hiding enemy.

With powerful wings the old bird rose higher into the air and the flashed down over the field like a cannon ball.

The hunter's gun spoke once, but the bird, uninjured kept going. Another ear-splitting report rent the air and the old ring-neck doubled up like a knife and crashed to the ground.

Before the hunter reached the fallen monarch, Sir Galahad rose into the air and flew towards the swamp. A stream of leaden pellets rattled like hail-stones on his closely packed feathers, as the hunter emptied his pump-gun after him, but the young cock sailed into the long marshy grass of the swamp uninjured, but wiser.

In his terror Sir Galahad forgot to go to the farmyard for his grain, and the constant grind on his nerves reduced him to a mere skeleton. However, after an unusually terrifying day the guns remained silent, and the hounds ceased their baying. Everything seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Even the cotton-tails romped about over the swamp and kicked up their velvety feet in joy, for strangely the wild creatures instinctively know that they have no longer to fear the terrible two-legged beings that hunt them with cunning and reasoning into every nook and cranny that would afford shelter from less rational creatures.

Then the deep winter's snow descended, burying everything in many feet of snow. The grapes in the tangled swamp were the only means of subsistence that Sir Galahad and two hens had to tide them over the winter. Terrible blizzards crashed down over the swamp and everything in the swamp was half starved.

The Johnson fox, lean and gaunt, trailed the three birds incessantly until one of the hens fell victim to his cunning methods. The fox persisted in hunting them until Sir Galahad finally left the swamp accompanied by the solitary hen. They returned to the farmyard, but Betty had gone to school, and a strange man fed the hens near the open shed door, where the pheasants were afraid to venture.

The hen did not remember the incident of the three fox pups playing on the ground, nor did she associate their ravenous appetite with her own plump body, but she did know when she saw the gaunt vixen coming her way it meant trouble, for the vixen needed food for herself and the pups, and was the slyest of all her numerous enemies.

She called her warning put-tt-t,-peet, and instantly the fuzzy balls hid here and there in the grass—Sir Galahad crept under a large oak leaf and watched the crazy antics of his mother.

Quietly as the warning call was given, the alert ears of the Johnson fox detected it, and with pricked ears came straight towards where each roly-poly chick was hidden. The Johnson fox would probably have found each chick and devoured or carried it to the hungry foxes at the base of the red

oak but the waiting mother had other plans for her tricky tormentor.

The fox smelled about on the ground for an instant, but before he could locate a single chick he was attracted by a commotion in the grass.

The hen was fluttering on the ground as though she were crippled, and the fox did his best to capture her, but she always eluded her sharp teeth by seeming inches. The fox chased the wily hen down to the edge of the bog where she had bemired the skunk on the previous night and then with a clatter of wings she soared away from the crestfallen fox.

Straight out through the swamp, directly away from her brood she sailed and then circling low, in order to be out of sight of the watchful fox, she returned to her brood.

One call was enough. Sir Galahad strutted out from the cover of the oak leaf and from everywhere about her the chicks appeared. She led them away from the vicinity of the ant-hill and took them to the wild-straw-berry patch instead where they fed on bugs and berries. Here the first casualty to her brood occured.

It was almost noon when the hen was startled by hearing a frightened "peep" somewhere in the rear. In a second she was upon the black-snake, beating it with her strong wings until that hapless reptile drew back into the grass, but the stroke he had given one of her number was fatal and the next morning it remained in the night shelter—dead.

Not one whit more careful now than usual, the mother led the little flock down to a sand bar to dust and prepare for another strenuous day.

Another member of the dwindling brood was to fall a victim to their natural enemies before another nightfall.

Scarcely had the little company reached the sand-bar, when a red-tailed hawk, sitting motionless, but watchful and well concealed in a scrub-oak, dropped silently on the runt of the flock, which generally lagged behind, and peeped plaintively, almost continously, and almost before the careful mother could turn about, the hawk was bearing it rapidly towards its rude nest high in a maze of branches on a tall white oak that stood like a sentinel on the slope of the knob.

The brood deserted the sand-bar for one much safer and more convenient and in a short time the eight remaining ring-neck chicks were dusting their fuzzy down in perfect imitation of their mother. They shook themselves and oiled sprouting feathers carefully, mimicking their mother in every move.

After the dust bath, which eased the irritating bites of mites and ticks, the little group crept down to a quiet lagoon where the water from the dam was unruffied by the breeze and feasted on the Coffee-millers—those black water-beetles that go round and round in crazy circles and finally dive in cork-screw fashion down to the bottom, where they bury themselves in the soft mud. The chicks needed a bit bit of coaxing to wet their tiny feet, and after they became acquainted with the water, were not smart enough to capture the rapidly whirling bugs, but contented themselves with the larvae, that crawled slowly about in shallow water, while their mother ate the hard shelled bugs.

And so on through the summer the little band lived. Some were captured by the brown weasel that lived in

the hollow tree near the edge of the swamp. A mink traveling rapidly through the swamp to visit a member of his numberless harem stopped long enough to devour one of the most promising hens; the Red-tailed hawk fed to her growing nestlings a young cock that gave promise of being more sturdy that Sir Galahad who was now almost fully feathered, even to his long brown and white barred tail. Finally all had left their mother's protection and braved the many dangers of the grassy slope and swamp themselves.

One morning Sir Galahad found he was grown to a male's estate and promptly flapped upon a black snag that reared its height above the white lace-like carrot blossoms, and piped in a shrill but weak voice his challenge to the world in general and ring-neck cocks in particular. He puffed out his red breast in pompus egotism and self pride as he glanced about him for one really fit with which to battle. Sir Galahad felt, as he looked over the broad carrot field and as far as the adjoining buckwheat field, that he was lord and master of all he surveyed. But this feeling was short lived. In another moment the pompous ring-neck nearly lost his balance on the snag in surprise.

From out of the lacy carrot stalks strutted a full grown ring-neck cock, and the look he bore in his glassy eyes brooded ill for this young upstart that had the audicity to challenge him in his own domain. He walked almost to the very base of the snag and then piped, in his full rich voice, a hearty challenge to the young cock perched on the old snag.

Spring found them back on the hillside where Sir Galahad first saw the light of day. He guarded the hen's nest jealously and constantly on the lookout for enemies that might wander too close to her, that he might lead them away.

With a certain amount of pride he watched her lead a little brood down towards the scarred ant-hill where he had his first feast a year before. He mounted a stump and looked about him in the early morning brightness for possible enemies.

The tiber of the woods—the Great Horned Owl—flying low seized Sir Galahad in her terrible, long, sharp talons that pierced the lungs at a stroke, and bore him to the ground. But before he struck the earth he called a warning to his mate and her brood, which squatted low in the weeds until the great, horned owl rose into the air on ponderous wings, and floated lazily back to her owlets in a hollow tree near the crest of Garner's Knob.

To take blessings open-handed, with glad and thankful heart, and to get from them all the joy with which God has charged them, is the beginning or praise. God would have you remember, in bidding you praise, that that which you enjoy, that which exhilarates you, is His good gift to you. God puts into it that element which makes it a blessing; God's own hand presents the cup to your lips. Praising, you realize this, and confess it.

—James Baldwin Brown.

THE WORLD'S MOST VALUABLE TREE

By P. J. Searles, Condensed from The Scientific Monthly.

If 100 Americans were asked "what is the most valuable tree in the world?" there would probably be a dozen different answers. But those who had lived in the tropics would be unanimous in replying "the cocoanut tree." For the cocoanut tree provide food, drink, and shelter and profit for millions. The future of tropical lands would be dark indeed without it.

The trunk of the cocoanut tree yields a timber (known in European commerce as porcupine wood) used for buildings, furniture, firewood, curios, etc. It is a light, spongy wood of low strength, which has found a wide use because of its prevalence. Extensive use is made of the leaves for thatching roofs and sides of buildings; when well done, a good water-tight job results. The leaves are also woven into many kinds of baskets, cajan fans and other commodities and in some communities are even used as clothing after suitable preparation.

As food and drink the cocoanut is especially valuable. The meat of the nut itself is only part of the story. The meat is used somewhat, but to a lesser extent than commonly believed. It is usually eaten just as removed from the shell; it is also prepared and put in grated form in groceries throughout the world. The meat is best when young and soft, in which condition it is frequently scooped out and eaten with a spoon. Not only is the meat an enjoyable human food, but chickens and hogs thrive on it. The young bud cut from the top of a tree gives one of the most delicious salads that can be found anywhere. It is like celery, but less stringy, and with an indescribable flavor. It is variously known as "palm salad," "palm cabbage," or "palmetto."

The milk of the nut has a sweet, fresh taste, and is refreshing when drunk from an almost ripe nut. The juice of the tree, however, is much more widely used than milk of the nut. This juice is obtained from cuts in the unopened inflorescence at the top of the tree. The sap begins to flow in four or five days after the cut has been made, and drips into vessels tied under the cut. It is a common sight to see an entire grove of trees connected by bamboo, somewhat like gutters on the roof of a building, all emptying into one or more huge jars. From one to four quarts of the sap can be secured daily from a normal tree, the flow continuing for several weeks.

Fermentation of the sap starts as soon as it leaves the tree. The fresh sap, commonly known as "toddy" or "tuba," contains about five or six per cent alcohol. It must be consumed at once unless, of course, a higher alcoholic content is desired. In many parts of Polynesia, Malay, Java, Sumartra, etc., sugar for home consumption is made from toddy by putting into it a small quanity of some finely powdered bark which is rich in tannin. This crude sugar can be refined into clean white sugar.

The most famous drink in the Orient for centuries is made by distill-

nig the toddy. The resulting liquor is known as "arrack" by saliormen. It is a powerful drink, which, at times, over 50 per cent alcoholic content, and is rather disturbing, temporarily and perhaps permanently, to the user.

William Damphier, the old pirate (incidentally he was one of the crew of the ship which rescued Robinson Crusoe from his lonely island), know of toddy and arrack as evidenced by an extract from his journal:

"....there is also a sort of Wine drawn from the Tree called Toddy. Those that have a great many Trees, draw a spirit from the Sowre Wine called Arack. Arack is distilled also from rice and other things in the East-Indies; but none is so much esteemed for making Punch as this sort, made of Toddy or the sap of the Coconut Tree, for it makes a most delicious Punch; but it must have a dash of Brandy to hearten it, because this Arack is not strong enough to make good Punch of itself."

The above extract is from an account of the Island of Guam. This island, now in the possession of the United States, is prohibition dry, but the process of manufacturing arrack is so simple and speedy that it is difficult to make the cocoanut tree obey the law.

Two other by-products of the sap are quite common, yeast and vinegar. In many communities no other yeast is ever used, even by transient white residents.

In a commercial sense copra is the most important product of the cocoanut tree. By copra is meant the dried meat of the nut. Most copra is shipped after drying to the United States and France, although there are a few oil-extracting plants in Ceylon, India, Mariana Islands, etc. About 25 gallons of oil can be obtained from 1000 nuts. The oil is a white, semi-solid substance with a rather disagreeable odor and a mild taste. Under pressure it separates into a liquid and a solid portion, the latter, coco-stearin, being used in making candles.

What are the copra and the oil good for? First consider the copra after the oil has been extracted. It is commonly known as copra meal, and is widely used as a food for cattle and poultry. It is also of value for use in cakes and candies. Sometimes it is made into a broth and soup for human consumption.

The oil is of more extensive utility and is a valuable article of commerce. It is used to manufacture marine soap, which forms of lather with salt water; every ship afloat carries a supply of this soap. The various grades of oil are used for candles, high-grade soaps, cold cream, face lotions, shaving creams and other toilet preparations. The oil has both cleansing and lather-making properties. From the oil can be made also an excellent waterproof polish for furniture, automobiles, and other articles. Immense quanities of glycerine are obtained from the oil, this being a particularly important industry during the World War. Numerous butter and lard substitutes are obtained. In England especially the oil is used in the making of powdered milk. All these industries are of considerable importance, and all depend largely upon the cocoanut.

Another widely used product of the cocoanut tree is "coir." Coir is the commercial name of the fiber pre-

pared from the husk of the nut. It is used extensively for cordage, especially in the Philippines, and the Mariana and Caroline Islands. The rope does not decay easily, but wears out rather rapidly because of the brittleness of the strands. Coir is valuable for door mats, brushes of all kinds, stuffing for mattresses and other purposes.

The shells and waste matter of the cocoanut are good for fuel, the former having a rather extensive use as charcoal. The shells are also valuable for fertilizer because of their potash content.

Among the minor uses of cocoanuts may be noted the use of shells for water vessels, drinking cups, carved ornaments, ash trays, toys, curios, etc. In England, even, there is a rather popular county fair amusem "throwing at the cocoanut."

What other tree can offer the vari uses of the cocoanut? Food, drink, shelter, clothing, toys for the sav child, curios for the tourist, illumination for the native hut, cosmetics for milady's boudoir, refreshing drink or hard liquor, rope or soap—all come from the cocoanut, the most widespread and most valuable tree on the face of the earth.

'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS'' IS STILL A BEST SELLER

In November, 1628, John Bunyan was born. He was a tinker's son, and out of the wealth of his religious experiences he wrote a tale that must be kept in stock today by every book-seller who hopes to satisfy the requirements of a mixed patronage. There is nothing to suggest that ''Pilgrim's Progress'' has been outmoded by modernity. This year it appears in special editions, many with biographies of its writer. They supplement the supply of plainer editions printed and circulated in response to the call for modest volumes for readers not collectors.

No new fashion, no new mechanism, no new theory of physics can render obsolete the tale the tinker told. It is a record of the spirit, set down in words and phrases that have never grown old.

''Pilgrim's Progress'' is old fashioned. Yes. So, too, is man's soul.

—New York Sun

MY TAPESTRY

I wonder how the other side will be,
When I have finished weaving all my thread;
I cannot see the pattern nor the end
Of this great piece of work which is for me;
I only know that I must weave with care,
The colors which are given me day by day,
And make of them a fabric firm and true,
Which will do service for my fellow-men

Sometimes these colors are so dark and gray,
I doubt if there be any line or trace
Of beauty there, but all at once there comes
A thread of gold, or fair bright blue, or rose
As deep as that at sunset after rain,
And then I know that there will always be
That one bright spot to cherish, yes, to keep,
And, maybe, 'gainst its ground of darker hue,
It will be beautiful.

The warp is held in place by Master hands;
The Master mind made the design for me;
If I but weave the shuttle to and fro,
And blend the colors just the best I may,
Perhaps when it is finished, He will say,
"Tis good" and place it on the footstool.
At his feet.

—*Mary Miles Colvin*

HEALTH RULES

(Stanly News-Herald)

There are various so called health rules. Some of them are sane and good. Some less so, but most of them are worth trying out. Here are ten health commandments given recently by Dr. Thomas Darlington, former health Commissioner of New York. Dr. Darlington gave these in a recent address before the New York Chamber of Commerce. Read these ten heatlh commandments, or rules, and then put into practice and see how much brighter life will be within a very short while:

"1. Keep your mouth closed when breathing, also when angry.

"2. Drink cool water with your meals, also between them.

"3. Bathe daily by shower if possible. The best time to bathe is after business hours, before dinner.

"4. Eat slowly. This leads to eating sparingly. Most persons eat too much.

"5. Never read or transact any business while eating.

"6. Exercise daily; breathe deeply while so doing, but avoid over-exertion, and never eat when fatigued.

"7. Work eight hours, sleep eight and keep eight free for recreation and meals. Always rest on Sunday.

"8. Ever keep a contented mind. Equanimity means longevity.

"9. Employ a physician to examine you at regular intervals, and so watch for the beginning of disease and build up resistance.

"10. Moderation in all things. Even virtue in excess may become vice.

"There is a method given for acquiring contentment promulgated by a great Jew named Isaiah. In the twenty-sixth chapter, third verse, of the book of Isaiah, it says: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee.' Try it."

EDUCATION

Less than one per cent of American men are college graduates, yet out of this one per cent have come:

Fifty-five per cent of our Presidents.
Thirty-six per cent of our Members of Congress.
Forty-seven per cent of the Speakers of the House.
Fifty-six per cent of the Vice-presidents.
Sixty-two per cent of the Secretaries of the State.
Fifty per cent of the Secretaries of the Treasury
Sixty-nine per cent of the Justices of the Supreme Court.—Exchange.

DOWN ON THE FARM

(Greensboro Daily News)

Franklin D. Roosevelt said in Georgia the other day, after experience with a 2,000 acre farm, that "money no longer could be made in the growing of peaches and cotton in the state under prevailing low prices and other unfavorable conditions."

The information is not startling but coming from Mr. Roosevelt it is suggestive. For Mr. Roosevelt is being watched now with unusual interest. He has been called the hope of his party and the best bet for 1932. And here he is at this early day running headlong into a farm relief issue.

What Mr. Roosevelt will do about it we do not know. But if in the future he should develop into an ardent champion of farm relief it would be reasonable to trace his interest to his experience with peaches and cotton in Georgia.

Furthermore, something of an idea seems to be hidden here. Every now and then somebody arguing against war suggests that the statesmen who lead nations into conflict ought to be drafted for front line duties. Why not apply that principle to politics? Why not gather all statesmen who will have to legislate on farm relief into a body and take them down on the farm? Give them a tract of land and tell them to go to it. Let them learn something about farm relief through first-hand contact with farming before they legislate about it.

If this suggestion is regarded as cruel and unusual punishment, what of it? As the reports from the regular, 100 per cent, run-of-the mine farmers have come in, it is clear enough that they regard their experiences as cruel and unusual.

May I be a friend to all the trees,
To birds and blossoms and the bees;
To things that creep, to things that hide
Through all the teeming countryside;
On terms with all the stars at night,
With all the playful beams of light;
In love with leafy dales and hills;
And with the laughing mountain rills;
With summer skies and winter snows;
The wide sea and the stretching plain;
The tempest and the falling rain.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

AUTHOR SEES HOPE FOR NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE

(Smithfield Herald)

James Boyd, author of "Drums" and "Marching On," in his address as president of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association which met in Raleigh recently , though plain-spoken about North Carolina's status in regard to literature, is not pessimistic. He stated that if all of the United States were like North Carolina, American literature could not exist, his reasons for this statement being that no writer could sell enough books to support himself and that no writer would find the response necessary for creative effort. He attributes the dearth of literature in this state to the fact that North Carolinians at present are more interested in the comforts and mechanics of life than they are in the spirit world which finds expression in books. He predicts that within two centuries we shall have a literature that will take a notable place in American history.

This Pennysylvanian is able to see our short comings as perhaps we cannot see ourselves, and now being one of us, his home being at Southern Pines, he does not hesitate to speak of our faults. North Carolina ranking 41st as to school facilities, would do well to look to its "lasts" as well as its "firsts."

HONOR ROLL — NOVEMBER.

(The regular teachers being absent from rooms No. 5 and 6, the names of the boys in these grades must be omitted from this Honor Roll.)

Room No. 1

—A—

Lee Noles, Edward Shearin, Lawrence Valley, Woodrow Bradley, Glenn Enloe and Edgar Rochester.

—B—

Edward Hedrick, Manning Spell, Albert Spangler, Ralph Walton, Dorman McCotter, William Allen, Calvin Dowdy, Clyde Genes and Edward McBryde.

Room No. 2

—A—

Robert Dean and Dan Wilson.

—B—

Lawrence Gaddis.

Room No. 3

—A—

Samue' DeVon, Kelley Tedder, Joe Brady,, Edgar Lewis, Lonus Valentine, Carl Ballard, George Bristow, Necola Bristow and Charles Butler.

—B—

Homer Wyatt, William Jackson, Erie Ballard Roscoe Franklin, Amos Ramsey and Carl Furr.

Room No. 4

—A—

Edward Eggers, Phil Gibson, Harrel Howie, David Hall, Isham Haney Bennie Moore, Willard Brittain, Raymond Bullard, and Carl Styles.

—B—

Hiawatha Myers, John Garrett, Ned Martin, Linwood Dorman, Carl Cornwell, Grover McQuaigne and Garland Ruppe.

Room No. 7

—A—

Clyde Shelton, James Mason, Woodrow Johnson, Blanco Williams, Lester McDonald, Casey Smith, Gus Riley, James Elliot, Carlton Johnson, Stephen Gibson, Gerald Nixon, Parlie Boone, Joe Boone, Wade Phileman, Pinke Chester, Willie Byrd, Pink Wren, James Camden, Mack Cayton, Boyce Green, Woodrow Maner and James Hickey.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys were all provided with jackets last Saturday morning.

Rev. R. A. Arrowood, of Concord, had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

James, the youngest son of Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is improving.

A group of boys under the direction of Mr. Scarboro, have been building a road leading down to the new sewerage disposal tanks.

The printing office boys have been working on the flower beds near the Industrial Building. About six hundred tulip bulbs have been planted and the dahlia bulbs taken up and stored away for the winter.

A number of boys are practicing recitations for our Christmas program. The rehearsals for the musical numbers will probably start next week. This will be under the supervision of Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Johnson.

Our push ball is now in use almost every day and a large number of boys are deriving a great deal of pleasure from pushing this large ball around the play grounds.

During the past week there have three more additions to our group of radio fans. Mr. Presson installing a new Crossley set in the Receiving Building and Messrs Morris and Sappenfield new Atwater Kent in their cottages.

The Jackson Training School boys have always regarded Thanksgiving Day as being one of the most important dates on the calendar and this year proved no exception to the rule. Promptly at nine o'clock some 520 boys with their respective officers assembled near the Cannon Memorial Building all set for the annual rabbit hunt, and in a few minutes, armed with sticks, the procession started for

the fields to search for the elusive cotton-tail. After roaming the fields for about two hours we returned to the school with fifty-three rabbits. At 11 : 30 we assembled in the auditorium for the Thanksgiving service. After singing the "Star-spangled Banner" and other patriotic airs, Edgar Rochester, a member of eighth cottage, then recited President Coolidge's Thanksgiving proclamation. This was followed by a splendid address by Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord. Rev. Thomas has had charge of the Thanksgiving service at the school for the past seven years and never fails to bring an interesting message to the boys. Then came the Thanksgiving dinner at the cottages, consisting of chicken, baked ham, noodles, cranberry sauce, rice, potatoes, cake, milk, etc. After the strenuous effort put forth during the hunt, it is needless to say that these youngsters had acquired enormous appetites, such as only small boys can on Thanksgiving Day, and proceeded to dispose of large quantities of the many good things so generously provided for them. About three o'clock the boys again assembled in the auditorium where they enjoyed a good motion picture show which lasted about two and one-half hours, thus bringing to a close a very enjoyable day.

LIFE'S TESTS

It is natural to run away from tests. We feel they are an imposition. We are willing to expend the strength that is required to meet them. Pupils dislike tests in the public schools. They dislike them equally in the Sunday school. They would rather go along in the even tenor of their way, without having to exert themselves unduly. Tests call for our best. They put pressure upon us. They use spurs and whip on us, and these are not congenial to our nature.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 15, 1928. No. 47

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

DEFINITION OF SUCCESS

"He has achieved success who has lived long, laughed often and loved much. Who has gained the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children. Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task. Who has left the world better than he found it. Who has always looked for the best in others, and always given the best he had. Whose life was an inspiration;

—Monroe Journal.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

The celebration of Christmas springs from deep fountains in the hearts of God's redeemed. It is the release of a worshipful joy. It is the answer of souls that love the Christ to the inspired and rapturous story of His birth and babyhood. It is a time to sing praises and yield the spirit to the mystic wonder that shepherds and angels shared with the Virgin mother. It is a time to pay honor to childhood, as did the Prince of Glory Himself by becoming a little child. It is the time of all times to teach little children the sweetness and nearness and gracious beauty of a Heavenly Father's love.

—*"Christian Observer."*

WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN TO YOU?

The way one answers this question gives an insight into the very heart of a person. There are some who think of it as a national holiday; others who accept it as a day to make an even exchange of gifts; and not a few who will be content to abide in their luxurious homes without a moments concern for those who have no one neither to love nor cheer them. But, to be imbued with the true spirit of the season we have to form a reverent picture of Him whose birth we celebrate,—as well as a true conception of the life of Him who

started His ministry upon earth by making sick people well. With this understanding there is not a doubt the joy of the season will be fully realized, and in the words of Vandyke we will "stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough—"and that love is the strongest thing in the world?" If so then you can observe Christmas. We should also remember He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

* * * * * * * * * * * *

ONLY A NEW BUILDING NEEDED

You often hear the remark, "Concord is sadly in need of a hospital," all of which we were inclined to accept as literally true until placed in a position to receive first hand information. By sudden misfortune we had the opportunity of seeing "within" the Concord Hospital and thereby learning something of the management, equipment and attention given the patients. With a heart full of gratitude for benefits realized by the skill of the local surgeon, the attention of other physicians, and attention of nurses we are proud to acclaim that there is not a criticism to register—but instead will say "Concord does have a hospital," and the only thing to be added thereto is a new and modern Hospital Building. Even in the face of adverse circumstances the Concord Hospital ministers to the needs of the people in a manner that compares favorably with treatment received in hospitals of other towns, or cities. A new fire-proof, up-to-date hospital building is the only thing needed—we have the surgeon, and other essentials that make a first class hospital and why not have for Concord's next objective a new hospital building.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE EVOLUTION OF AIRPLANES

There have been doubters even since the beginning of time, and there will be croakers till the end of the world. Any man or woman who has an ideal or dream, backed up by the spirit to conquer never fails to face many kinds of people, who either enthuse or discourage, before the dream becomes a reality. We understand though that life is likened unto a ship at sea,— before its course is finished and safely harbored in its port there have been many counter

winds to shake it from stem to stern. The story of the "air-exploit" by the Wright-Brothers, twenty-five years ago, was considered a wild-cat scheme by the most intelligent people of the country, but today the most skeptical are convinced that flying is just as much a part of our way of living as motoring has become a necessity in our business and social life.

We learn readily by contrast and for that reason will give the Alpha and Omega (so to speak) during the past quarter of a century of the air flying activities: Orville Wright, on December 17th, 1903, made the first flight, flying 120 feet in 12 seconds at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina—the birth place of modern aviation—, and the German dirigibile, Graf Zeppelin, in the Fall of 1928, made the trip across the Atlantic in 111 hoours carrying 60 passengers. This was considered the safest of all previous attempts by the air-minded.

The airplane from the beginning twenty-five years ago, by improvements and inventions, has been brought to its high stage of perfection; and to-day it is classed as a safe and rapid way to travel as well as dispatch busineses.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

ANOTHER CHOICE SPIRIT PASSES

One of Concord's most highly esteemed women, Mrs. A. M. Brown, died Friday, 7th, inst. after many months of lingering illness. Mrs. Brown was best recognized as the ideal mother of a large and affectionate family in a home wherein the highest ideals were sustained by love, tender sympathy and generous helpfulness. Mrs. Brown made for herself a distinctive place in Concord by her gentle and kind spirit—she was the highest type of Christian womanhood —and will be greatly missed both in the community and her church, St. James Lutheran, that she served faithfully and loyally.

The departure of Mrs. Brown grieves us, but we know the power and influence of the labors she rendered are not lost—they go on forever.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DISASTERS ARE ENCIRCLING THE GLOBE

It seems that never before in the history of the universe has been recorded quite so many shipwrecks caused by terriffic storms, tornadoes and floods, that

have carried such a large loss of life and destruction to property. These catastrophes have not been confined to any particular country or any one sea but on the other hand the storms, typhoons, earthquakes and floods seem to have encircled the globe, and each instance carries with it sorrow and suffering to humanity.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The people of Great Britain were greatly alarmed for a time about the condition of King George, but the latest bulletins issued as to his condition give great hope to the anxious watchers about Buckingham Palace. These people are loyal to his Majesty despite the fact his authority has been curtailed,—their loyalty shows that the people of the United Kingdom are wedded to royalty.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE BOYS

As usual calling attention to the fact that there are about 500 boys at the Training School for whom a Christmas treat must be provided. The Uplift continues to hope that there will be forth coming from friends contributions for this particular cause:

The Stonewall Senior Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	$10.00
Mr. R. S. Huntington, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
Mr. William H. Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	50.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove	50.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	10.00
Mr. C. W. Swink, Concord	10.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte	10.00

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

They are telling it that a wedding dress has been made in Mexico so fine and dainty that it can be slipped through an ordinary wedding ring. That's nothing. Peggy Joyce, the much talked about movie star, has slipped through five wedding rings in the dresses she wore.

—o—

No wonder they are always sayng there is "something rotten in Den-Mark." Five million limberger cheeses were made there the past year. If you are acquainted with limberger cheese, you will know it before you get in speaking distance of it.

—o—

It is Coming

Christmas time. The crystal spheres will ring out blessings upon mortal ears. "Merry Christmas" will be the greeting. Up and down, 'twixt heaven and earth the singing angels will flood the golden beams of good cheer. The mistletoe will be hung on walls and holly branchces will shine to greet you from all sides. We hang up garlands everywhere, and ring joy bells amid tapers twinklng fair as we feast and frolic, and make merry with loved ones and friends—and then we go back to the same old life again.

But with all of our sordid natures Christmas is coming again to bless us. It will bring a bounty of blessings to mankind; wiping out worries and troubles; fillng hearts with magic cheer; giving gifts, but the greatest gift is from above—the spirit of Love. Christmas is coming to wipe away care; bringing sweet peace; helping the helpless and cheering the strong; giving cheer to the weak to try again; giving happiness, helpfulness, and hope to humanity; giving joy to the young and pleasure to the aged. Christmas is coming to set us free from the bondage of fear, bringing gifts of contentment and good cheer to all mankind. The spirit of Love abounds. The Christmas bells ring it. The hearts of men and women, and children are full of it. The heavenly choirs sing it. Then "let your silver chime move in melodious time, and let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow, and with your ninefold harmony make up full consort to the angelic symphony."

—o—

Women often like to be left alone so that they can meditate. They want their little personal world to themselves without a man in the picture. They want to think their own thoughts alone. One of these times is when a line of clothes she has just hung out has fallen down in the mud.

—o—

Why shouldn't women make good legislators? Certainly they are fit representatives in our national congress. Don't they frequently "lay down the law" to the men, and aren't they proficient in introducing bills in the house. Sure, women can legislate, and very emphatically if the man is late.

—o—

What this Country Needs

What this country needs most is more people who get the facts and form their own opnions, without the "assistance" of more or less biased

and selfishly interested agencies. There are too many people who believe anything, provided it is served to them in a not too crude manner, and they are eager o grab it if there is anything of a salacious nature connected with it. We are fast becoming a nation of propaganda fiends, as completely slaves of the habit as the dope victim is a slave of his most vicious practice.

Whenever the League for the Suppression of Anything wants to start action, it starts by emitting a stream of propaganda. Big business keeps the little fellows in line by using prop, aganda. We find our laws being the little fellows in line by using propaganda campaigns; our tastes rearranged to suit particular manufacturing or wholesaling interests; our very thoughts and opinions created and handed out to us via the propaganda route. We try to run everything by propaganda, except the weather. That is the Lord's business and He does not allow man to interfere with it. Some propaganda is useful and constructive, but some is downright vicous, destructive, and degrading.

We requre daily a great deal more information than ourr ancestors received, thanks o our vast and amazing volume of periodicals, telephones, telegraph, radio and whatnot. But with it we acquire a great deal more misinformation, colored reports, deliberately and sometimes maliciously twisted and contorted stories. More and more we are getting out thoughts ready-made for us. Today that ability to think for yourself is even more valuable. More; today it is invaluable. Th man who thinks for himself always has been and always will be the successful type. The road to better things lies through hard, clear, uninfluenced thinking. Learn to use your own judgment and make your own opinions. When the League of the Suppression of Something, or the Anti-This Society hands you a ready -cut opinon, you can be quiet certain that the pretty opinion has been cut to suit their particular purposes, not yours. Think your own thoughts; form your own opinions; make your own decisions. It is hard work—but it is the only way to deserve success.

—o—

Mr. Darrow, he's the big Chicago lawyer, I presume from what information I have, says the "material in the human body is worth only about 94 cents." What a shock this will be to those persons who think they are worth a great deal. Yet it is better than "30 cents," and I have seen some men that looked like 30 cents, and they were not worth more than that, either.

—o—

Every now and then, when a man of much means does something on a big scale, you will hear people say, "Money talks." Money may talk to some people but it always whispers to me, and I can hardly hear it then. I have come to the conclusion that money does not talk very loud until it grows up and gets big.

—o—

Comical Things Do Happen

Riding on a bus some time ago I was very much amused at a passenger who had gotten out of his seat, before reachind his destination, and was standing in the aisle, thinking, I suppose, he would reach the place he was to get off sooner by so doing. The motion of the bus was quite wobbly. He

swayed about like a young calf's first efforts to walk. He grabbed hold of seats and people's shoulders to steady himself. Finally the bus gave a lurch, and he lost his grip on a seat back and landed in the lap of a large, fine-looking old lady, who would have frozen a gas or electric range to a block of ice when he landed. But he apologized, and the lady finally smiled and laughed off the incdent.

That reminded me of an experience I once had on a boat from Wilmington to Southport. Some years ago the N. C. Press Association met in Wilmington, and the captian of the boat took the members down the river and out to sea on a pleasure trip. It so happened that a Sunday School excursion from Concord came down that day, and they went down on the same boat. When they were told the boat would go far out on the ocean to give the editors a taste of the sea, they concluded to go too. We glided out on the "briny deep" as smooth as you pease, but pretty soon we came in contact with huge waves. The boat began to rock up and down. A good many of the excursionists were engaged in bringing up what they had down. The Captain put the excursionists around the mast and told hem to hold on. I secured a little camp stool and took a seat near the cabin door, some four feet from he crowd around the mast. There came a great lurch of the boat that broke the hold of those at the mast,, and the first thing I knew a very stout lady from Concord reeled a sraight shot towards me, and before I could rise and offer her my seat she came down on me like a bale of cotton going in a gin, just mashing me and my little camp stool on the deck so flat that it was hard for me to tell which was me and which was the stool. She was very fearful that she would roll off the deck; but I prevented her from doing that. The whole incident was taken in good humor and all hands had a hearty laugh over the ludicrousness of the situation. While it wasn't so funny to me, I laughed too.

A PROSPEROUS COUNTRY

The prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its resources nor on the strength of its fortifications nor on the beauty of its public buildings.

It consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, its men of education, enlightment, and character.

Here is to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power.

—Martin Luther.

THE EVOLUTION OF WAFFLE IRONS.

By C. W. Hunt

Eating a breakfast this morning, composed largely of waffles cooked on an electric waffle iron, placed on a corner of the table and served from the cooker to the plate, the matter of the first waffles we ever ate came up, as well as the first waffle irons used in this country. We wondered how many people forty years of age ever saw the old hand made waffle irons used for cooking waffles before the days of cook stoves? The honeycombed plates that received the batter must have been cast, but the handles were about four feet long, perhaps longer, and the party doing the cooking stood up holding the handles, while the cooking parts rested on a bed of hot coals from a log fire in the fireplace, and the plates were turned from side to side. (I mentioned these old irons in a company of young lovers of waffles, who seemed to doubt the truth of the description) These were just as good; they may have been better than the modern cooking; for there were many things cooked on the old fireplaces that could not be beat for palatibility. There may have been a different iron from this and of an earlier date, but it happened that the parties talking this morning had each seen and handled these old long handled waffle irons, as well as eaten waffles cooked on them, and the two that had been seen were identical. My grandmother Townsend had a set or pair and I can see the fat negro mammy sweating in front of that fire, while I waited to be first to get a taste. The wife's good aunt had a set, from which she had eaten and waited impatiently for them to cook on the large bed of coals. My recollection is that the next waffle irons were somewhat like two frying pans hinged together at the outer rim, while the honeycombed irons took the place of the hollow pans. These were turned over and over as the cooking proceeded. Then came the tilting waffle irons that sat over the eye of a stove, and were turned quickly and easily by flapping over the holders of the batter, while a rim remained stationary. Many of these are still in use, in fact all rural sections have them, and the cook stove, either made of casting or alluminum.

And that raises the question, what makes waffles such a delicacy?

Why make any more fuss over them than a good hot biscuit?

Why are they any better than a good pancake, flapjack or buckwheat cake?

It was in 1895, I think, that the Atlantic Exposition was held, and it was there that I saw what I had never seen about waffles before. Some farmer with Jersey cows had leased a concession, away off to himself and was displaying a sign that read: "Hot Waffles, Syrup and Jersey Milk, 15 Cents." We made a straight line for the place. It was worth the money, and deserved better patronage than the good man was getting. But back to those old waffle irons. If the reader knows where there are such as I have described above, as the first waffle irons, communicate with those interested and lets place these old time waffle irons in a show window, beside the latest things in nickle plated electric irons that cooks them as you eat.

BIG THOUGHTS FOR LITTE CHILDREN.

By Thos. F. Opie, D.D.

CHEERFULNESS

Nobody loves a grouch! Why, you don't even love a grouch yourself! Cheerfulness is one of the best gifts that you can desire, my young friends. There are really so few people who are habitually cheerful, whether the sun shines or not, that the cheerful boy or girl is a real joy. I like to see a girl who can smile and a boy who can whistle! Be cheerful.

The cheerful folk are the ones that people like to have around. They are the ones who are invited to parties and picnics and frolics! Nobody wants a human thunder-cloud at a party! The cheerful children in the home are like a ray of sunshine to father and mother. It does not matter so much that it may be raining and cloudy and gloomy outside–just so things are bright on the inside. Make it cheerful for everybody around you–they have enough sadness without your tears! Don't frown. Look pleasant.

Have you ever heard about the story of the house with gold and diamond windows? There was a lad who had helped his mother hard for several years of his young life. He was obedient, thoughtful, helpful, polite, patient and affectionate. One day his mother told him he might have that whole day to himself. He need not do anything about the house. He need not feed the chickens, nor the pigs, nor the cows! He need not cut the wood, nor draw the water, nor weed the garden! He need not sweep the porch, nor wash the windows, nor shell the peas! Well, he took the day off and thought he would go up the hill and visit the wonderful house that stood at the top, about a mile from his own home. When he got there he found a sweet, smiling girl, just about his age on the front porch. They made friends at once and he told her he was looking for the house with gold and diamond windows. "Why, she said, "just stay here until this evening and I will show it to you." So they played about the place all day and in the evening as the sun was sinking, she led him to the back-yard and pointing her finger in the direction from which he had come that morning, said, "See, there is the house with gold and diamond windows! It it your very own home"! And, sure enough he saw that his own home was the house with gold and diamond windows—for he could now see that the sun was shining on the window-panes and making them look like gold and like flashes of diamonds. He went back home to prove to all that he really lived in the house with gold and diamond windows—the house where there was joy and gladness and good cheer and constant sun-shine-of-the-heart. And so it was—and so may your home be such a place of cheerfulness and glad joy—if those living there will make it so!

After all, the matter of cheerfulness is not a question of having more money than your neighbors—nor having a finer car—nor wearing finer clothes! It is not at all a matter of wealth, though most of us seem to

think it is. It is not a matter of good health, even. It is not a matter of what we have to eat, either! I have known many wealthy, healthy, wellfed people who were anything but cheerful. I have known many who had very little of this world's riches ——and many who were sick and really, as we say, "bad off"—but they could smile and laugh as though they were living in heaven! I will tell you the secret, children—it is just a matter of habit! You can get in the habit of being glad and happy, or you can get in the habit of being sad and forlorn and gloomy and grouchy! Try to smile as you read this. That's right! Smile! Now laugh—laugh out loud! Good! Now try it two or three times a day—and at the end of a very short time you will find that life is pretty much as we take it—and pretty much as we make it! Dont forget that you really live in a house with gold and diamond windows—if the sun is shining on the inside!

"One should be thoroughly acquainted with the books and the names of the authors of his own land. Patriotism should lead a man to know the glory in the midst of which he lives."

"OLD KATE'S" LETTER.

(Asheville Citizen)

A little story cabled to The New York Times from London illustrates the affection in which King George is held by his people and one of the reasons for that affection.

One of the newspapers, it appears, published a photograph of the crowd standing outside Buckingham Palace waiting for news of the King's progress. The King saw the picture and recognized "Old Kate," a race card seller with whom he had occasionally conversed at the Derby and other racing classics. There in the crowd she stood, wearing her bonnet and plaid shawl and carrying a stick which Lord Londsdale, England's premier sporting peer, had given her.

The King was touched by her solicitude and directed that a letter of appreciation be written her. This was done but no one could be found who knew "Old Kate's" address. She came to the Palace again the next day, however, and then the letter was handed her. Newspaper men were eager to see the letter but she declined to divulge its contents.

It is this spirit of kindliness and democracy that has endeared King George to the English people. He has fitted into his times as no other ruling monarch has done in these troubled years. Britian owes him much and appreciates his worth.

SCHOOL TAX PROBLEM NEEDS SOME SOLUTION

(The Beaufort News)

At its meeting last August the State Association of County Commissioners adopted several resolutions, as such bodies usually do. We presume that the association proposes to call these matter to the attention of the General Assembly.

Two of the association's suggestions relate to the public schools. One of these is that the equalization fund be increased to the point that it "will equalize the burden of taxation among the various counties of the State, for the support of the six months term." In other words so the people of one county will not have to pay a higher school tax than any other county. This proposition no doubt will be very popular with many of the poor counties where the school taxes are now so high that they are decidely burdensome.

Another suggestion made by the association is that in case the eight months school term should be adopted that an equalzation fund of not less than eight million dollars be provided. The association endorsed the eight months term with that proviso. It does not seem probable that the Legislature will increase the equalization fund to eight millions at the coming session. Eventually the public schools will have terms of eight or nine months. A number of counties have eigth months now but the majority are on the six months basis. It does not seem practical to put them all on an eight months basis unless some method can be devised to equalize the the taxes. If the State had a uniform tax rate for schools in all the counties then the longer term would be advisable. With some of the counties paying four or five times higher rates than some others pay it is useless to talk about raising their taxes still higher for a longer term. What they want is to have their tax lowered instead of advanced.

The public school problem is about the biggest thing that the lawmakers will have on their hands. The people want it solved and the Legislature must do it. Some means must be found to equalize the expenses of educating the children of North Carolina.

Information Wanted

The Police Sergeant—"Your flivver was found on the outskirts of the city. We have he man who stole it. Do you want to question him?"

The Owner—"Yes. I'd like to have him tell me how he moved the old boat from in front of my house clear to the outskirts of the city."

WHAT FORT FISHER MEANT TO THE CONFEDERACY

By Mrs. J. A. Fore

The following story by Mrs. J. A. Fore, of Charlotte, was awarded the cash prize of ten dollars offered by the Cape Fear Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Wilmington, for the best paper on the subject of old Fort Fisher, submitted in a contest which was open for the state at large.

Fort Fisher was located at the New Inlet entrance to the Cape Fear river, the gateway of the port of Wilmington, and was the first of a chain of five forts commanding the river and protecting the city during the War Between the States. Fort Fisher was composed of detached earthworks with casemated batteries. Colonel Lamb constructed there the largest earthwork in the Confederacy of heavy timbers covered by sand and turfed.

On the parapets were many heavy guns separated by large traverses. One of the mounds was 60 feet high and was said to be the most complete fortification of its kind in the world. The Fort was commanded by Col. William Lamb, Lieut. Col. John D. Taylor and Maj. James M. Stevenson. The garrison consisted of the 36th heavy artillery, French's, Reece's and Millard's battalions, composed of mere boys, and a few sailors and marines—1,400 in all.

The importance of Wilmington as a port of entry was recognized by the Confederate government as early as the first year of the war. No means was spared that would contribute to the defense of the city. Torpedoes and sunken obstructions were placed in the river, batteries frowned from every bluff and the city itself was surrounded with a chain of intrenchments.

Federal Blockade.

In the beginning of the struggle a federal blockade was placed upon Wilmington as upon all southern ports. The vessels of the blockading fleet were ranged about five miles off the coast, afraid to come nearer on account of the frowning guns of Fort Fisher. Large supplies of war munitions, clothing, shoes, etc., for the Confederacy, were received by blockade-runners, through this port and naval stores and cotton were exported by the swift little runners. Most of this trade was carried on between Wilmington and the Bahama and Bermuda islands, where England and other foreigh countries placed supplies for the Confederate States.

The last year of the war after the ports of Mobile, Vicksburg and Savannah had been closed and Charleston so blockaded, as to be virtually closed, Wilmington was the sole open port through which the starving Confederacy could secure the means of existence and the wherewith to carry on war.

The blockade runners were swift steam vessels which Gov. Vance had had built in England for conducting ocean trade and were painted a dark gray color to blend with the atmosphere. The "Advance" was one of

the swiftest runners afloat and the news of her safe arrival was a signal for rejoicing. The "Advance is in" meant that another cargo had arrived of shoes, blankets, cloth, ammunition, salt, medicines, and other necessaries.

Those were brave men who dared the fire of the blockading fleet and the individual act of heroism were frequent. The runners carried a pilot and a signal officer and when ready to leave port dropped down the river waiting for a dark night to slip out. Signals were arranged between the runner and the Fort so as to distinguish between friend and foe. This was necessary either going out or coming in to the horbor. It frequently happened that in the darkness they ran so near the blockading fleet as to be heard by them, the noise of the wheel betraying their presence.

Signals Arranged

Rockets were immediately sent up and a fire opened. If coming in, a dash was made for protection of the guns of the Fort; if going out all steam was raised and a chase of the most exciting kind took place, the blockaders firing continually at the fleeing runner, hoping to disable her by a well-directed shot; and the latter unsing every means that skill and ingenuity could suggest to effect her escape. Sometimes a great portion of the cargo was thrown overboard to avoid capture and there were instances when large amounts of gold for foreign purchases were tossed into the sea, when escape became impossible.

An agent was sent to England to sell the cotton and purchase stores for the state by Governor Vance. From reports on file it is shown the state spent for supplies the sum of $23,363,-663. For one year alone North Carolina received $6,000,000 for supplies furnished the Confederacy, besides stores of great value furnished the government free of charge. Major Thomas D. Hogg, chief in charge of the state's stores, reports that the last year of the war he was feeding one-half of all the armies of the Confederacy.

Secretary Welles, of the U. S. Navy, was compelled to confess that 50 federal steamers had been quite unable to maintain the blockade of Wilmington. It seemed impossible for the federal fleet to guard the Southport entrance to the Cape Fear and the New Inlet, protected by Fort Fisher, too. To deepen the bed of the river this inlet was closed about 30 years ago by the United States government at a tremendous cost and is considered a splendid piece of engineering.

Ships Were Built.

In the city of Wilmington there were two ship yards where gunboats, despatch boats and ironclads were constructed for the Confederate navy. Capt. B. W. Beery owned one of these shipyards and built a number of war vessels, among them the iron-clad, North Carolina. Her sister ship, the Raleigh, was built at the Cassidey yard in the same city. In the second year of the war Commodore Muse was placed in command of the port with headquarters at Smithfield (now Southport). President Davis came to the Cape Fear to inspect the defenses and was the guest of Commodore Muse, The commondore died of typhoid fever while in command and was replaced by Commodore Lynch, whose flagship was the steamer "Yadkin."

Of so great importance, it seems strange that Wilmington should have

escaped attention until the last year of the war. At length the Federal government decided to make an attack on Fort Fisher, which they had contemplated doing for a long time, and 150 vessels were ready by October, 1864. President Davis, fearing an attack, sent General Bragg to the defense of Cape Fear, as it was of vital consequence to the Confederacy to keep Wilmington an open port. Colonel Lamb, the commander said:

"General Lee sent me word that Fort Fisher must be held or he could not sustain his army; and that the Cape Fear was the last gateway to the outside world."

Federal Fleet Sails.

On the 18th of December information came that the Federal fleet had sailed from Fortress Monroe. Governor Vance issued a proclamation asking all citizens to hasten to the defense of their country at Wilmington, and General Lee immediately sent General Hoke's division to Wilmington. On December 23, 1864, memorable for all time, the Federal fleet under Admiral Porter appeared in the offing opposite Fort Fisher. The next day the fleet, numbering 60 vessels, was ranged in line of battle, and about noon opened a terrific bombardment. The Fort replied slowly but steadily for five hours, when the fleet retired.

On Christmas day the bombardment was renewed with redoubled vigor and with a force up to that time unprecedented, in the history of the world. Shot and shell were hurled in an almost solid mass at the fort and the air filled with flying fragments. The gallant defenders held manfully to their posts and hurled defiance back. In the midst of the fight a landing was effected by the enemy and they advanced to the fort. The men in the fort under General Whiting and Colonel Lamb swarmed the parapets and the enemy was driven back to their entrenchments.

That night the land forces reembarked and the entire federal fleet was withdrawn, finding that without an army of troops to attack the land or riverside, the fort was impregnable. The bombardment was fearful, but the fort was uninjured. Before the fight General B. F. Butler, who commanded the troops of the expedition, proposed to blow up a powder ship to frighten the Confederates into submission. Admiral Porter said "the explosion would stun the men, destroy the magazines and the mound, the houses of Wilmington would tumble to the ground and demoralize the people, and if the rebels fight after the explosion they have more in them than I give them credit for." The vessel had on board 470,000 pounds of powder. The explosion had small effect except to illuminate the sky.

Grant Tries Again

In the U. S. War Records" General Butler states that "General Weitzel (colonel of engineers of the United States army) reported to me that to assault the works, in his judgment, and in that of experienced officers of his command, was impossible. Not so strong a work as Fort Fisher, said he, had been taken by assault during the war and I had to guide me the experience of Port Hudson and the double assault of Fort Wagner, where thousands of lives were sacrificed." There was great rejoicing in Wilmington over the discomfiture of Butler and Porter and sincere congratulations were given to the gallant defenders.

General Grant at once determined

to try it over again and the greatest secrecy was observed. So the fatal time came when the fort was doomed to fall and the Confederacy destined to receive a blow from the effects of which she never recovered. A few weeks later, on January 12, 1865, the federal fleet under Commodore Porter appeared without warning again before the fort. On board the fleet of war vessels were 8,500 troops under General Terry. These troops were landed without trouble as the garrison could not spare a man to oppose them. Colonel Lamb in his report said, "He had only 1,500 men to oppose the most formidable armada the world had ever known, supplemented by transports bearing 8,500 troops."

General Hoke's division was protecting Wilmington but some 20 miles of sandy road intervened. When General Hoke arrived the next day he found the line of the enemy confronting him stretched across the entire penisular from ocean to river. About noon on the 13th the fleet opened fire on the fort and a more terrible bombardment than the first ensued. It was soon apparent the enemy's object was to cripple the fort by this fire so as to make easy the attack by the land forces. So terrible was the storm of shot and shell that it was almost impossible to man the guns of the fort.

Armada Opens Fire

From noon of the 13th until 3 o'clock of the 15th, a period of 50 hours, the bombardment was continued without intermission. General Grant designated the bombarding fleet as "the most formidable armada ever collected for concentration upon one given point." At 3 o'clock the fleet suddenly stopped fire and the land forces were seen moving to assault the fort. The attack was made in two columns, one composed of sailors and marines moved up the sea beach, while the troops composing the other columns charged along the bank of the river and made attack on the land side of the fort.

The first column was easily driven back and made no further attempt. The second was temporarily checked, but being reinforced, succeeded in entering the fort. But Fort Fisher did not yield even then without a final struggle. The Confederates stubbornly contested every foot of the enemy's advance. From traverse to traverse they, retreating, fought the overwhelming force, driving them back. The fight continued in this way for six hours until the last traverse was torn from the hands of the brave defenders.

General Whiting and Colonel Lamb both fell, and the command developed on Major Reilley. General Whiting was taken north later and died in a federal prison. Thus was Fort Fisher captured, it was never surrendered. The loss of the Confederates was 500 men and the federals lost over 1,400 men. So Fort Fisher fell, and with it the works south, commanding the river, consisting of Forts Caswell, Holmes, Pender and finally Anderson, near Orton plantation, the last defense of the city of Wilmington.

Fall Of Fort Fisher.

The fall of Fort Fisher caused a wild panic at Wilmington. It was recognized as a terrific blow to the Confederate cause, and to General Lee it spelled doom, as it meant the cutting off of all supplies brought in by the blockade runners. There were more than 100 steamers en-

gaged in running the blockade. Secretary Stanton, and Generals Grant and Schofield came to Wilmington to join the jubilation of the federals, to dispense promotions, and to decide whether Schofield should operate from that city or New Bern. The decision was Wilmington.

When the federals entered the Cape Fear there was a fleet of magnificent steamers in the harbor and navy. General Hoke destroyed large stores that would fall in the enemy's hands and fire was set to the navy yard. On the morning of January 21 Generals Hoke, Hagood, and Colonel Hedrick, commanding the land forces protecting Wilmington, evacuated the city, and the last hope of the success of the Confederate cause expired. The Confederacy was completely cut off from all communication with the outside world and it was only a question of a few months when the resources of the southern states were ended and Lee's ragged, bare-footed, starving soldiers, having fought to a finish, yielded to the forces of hunger and want, rather than force of arms.

Charles Francis Adams, in his address on General Lee, said:

"When, on the 16th of January, the telegraph announced the fall of Fort Fisher, the Confederacy felt itself hermetically sealed. Wilmington, its last breathing hole, was closed."

So eminent an authority as Alexander Stephens, vice president of the Confederacy, says:

"The closing of the port of Wilmington was the complete shutting out of the Confederate states from all intercourse by sea with foreign countries. The respiration functions of external trade, so essential to the vitality of all communities, had been performed for the whole Confederacy, mainly, for nearly three years through the small apperature of the little port of Wilmington, choked to wheezing as it was, by a cordon of armed men drawn around its neck.

ABOUT EATING

Food experts assert that too many of us are not eating well balanced meals. In recent years they have discovered that leafy green vegetables are of vital importance in the human diet, but it is difficult to make the average man or woman believe it. Vegetables such as cabbage, kale, string beans, celery, spinach, beet greens, dandelion greens, turnip greens and water-cress are called the "protective foods." They contain the vitamins that are essential to growth that protect against numerous diseases. They also help to maintain bodily resistance against tuberculosis. You probably cannot find anyone in Lancaster willing to dispute the statement of the food experts, but you'll have a hard time finding anyone living up to their advice. Potatoes and meat always have and probably always will be the chief articles of food on local dining tables. And so long as he can get them the average citizen is content to let someone else eat the "leafy green vegetables."—Lancaster News.

FLOWERS WILL BE MEMORIAL.

(The Catawba News Enterprise)

Officials of the Ninth District Medical Society announced that a fund has been started to perpetuate the memory of the Society's beloved past-president, the late Dr. C. Banks McNairy, of Lenoir, former superintendent of the Caswell Training School at Kinston.

The unique mmorial is to be a flower garden which will be established and maintained at the Presbyterian Orphan's Home, Barium Springs, an institution in which the late lamented physician always took great personal interest.

Announcement of the proposed memorial is made on a card signed by Dr. Roy C. Tatum, president of the Ninth District Medical Society; Dr. Glenn Frye, vice-president; Dr. M. R. Adams, district councilor; and Dr. James W. Davis, secretary-treasurer. Request is made that contributions to this fund be sent to the secretary-treasurer, Dr. James W. Davis, at Statesville.

Dr. McNairy gave a number of years in the best part of his life to the care and training of feeble-minded boys and girls in the State institution at Kinston. He was widely known and universally beloved, an ardent lover of children, always a friend to orphans. His co-workers in the medical profession believe this memorial singularly appropriate.

THE WAY OF THINKING

It is not uncommon for people to remark that "it makes no difference what others think," But it does make a difference—a big difference. A community is a collecion of people.

This state is a collection of cities, towns, villages and surrounding countrysides. This country is nothing more than a collection of sovereign states welded together in a single and central government for their own protection and advancement.

The government is dependent upon their cities, towns and rural sections, and all of these divisions are dependent upon the people in whose hands rests the future of them all. So it does make a difference what others think because upon their thoughts, which is the basis for their actions, depends whatever course the nation will take.

If you and the "other people" think constructively and always have in mind the interests of your community, you will be better citizens, which is the only way the local community, the state and nation can keep on advancing.—Reidsville Reviw.

A PROCLAMATION

(Famous Document by Washington in 1789)

No president of the United States of America has ever issued a more appropriate, a more beautiful Thanksgiving proclamation than that made by George Washington during the first year of his first term. The proclamation calling the young nation to a day of thanks was issued from New York city on October 3, 1789.

Of course, the Pilgrim colonists on the dreary New England coast inaugurated the institution of Thanksgiving. The blue October skies had paled to leaden gray. A sharp, shrill wind had begun to scream around the bleak rocks of the Plymouth harbor. But the Pilgrims had been blessed with an abundant harvest after that first frightful winter of famine when so many had died of plague that the dead were buried at night in the cornfields lest the Indians learn how many perished. It was in a spirit of true thanksgiving that that first Thanksgiving was observed 307 years ago.

Likewise, the whole nation had been through a fearful period of war and had emerged from that and the resultant disorder when Washington issued his first proclamation callng the new nation to thanks. It was after the adoption of the Constitution and the organization of the government that Congress felt inspired to have a day of thanksgiving and prayer for the country. A resolution was passed requesting Presdient Washington to proclaim the appointment of such a day.

Since that year to this, it has been a custom in this land of ours for the President of the nation to issue a proclamation setting aside the last Thursday in November as a day of national prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings bestowed upon the United States.

It was in a faded and yellowed newspaper published nearly 100 years ago that a copy of the text of our first president's first Thanksgiving proclamation has been found. The text follows:

"By the President of the United States of America a Proclamation.

"Whereas, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly implore His protection and favor; and whereas, both Houses of Congress, have by their Joint Committee, requested me to recommend to the People of the United States, a day of Public Thanksgving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts, the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity of peaceably establishing a form of Government for their safety and happiness:

"Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign, Thursday, the Twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States to the service of the great and glorious Being who is the beneficient Author of all good that was, that is, that will be. That we then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the People of this Country previous to its becoming a nation, for

the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of His Providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and for civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing various favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us. And also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national an other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and national duties, properly and prudently; to render our national government a blessing to all people, by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us,) and bless them with good government, peace, and concord; to promote the knowledge of truer religion and virtue, and the increase of science amongst us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal Prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

"Given under my hand, at the city of New York, the 3rd day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine."

(Signed) George Washington.

MEMORIES HELD SACRED

Southern sentiment in Baltimore had development in the early days of the "late unpleasantness," when the first Federal troops undertook to negotiate passage of the streets of that city on an invading expedition, and that Southern sentiment has survived all these years has manifestation in the will left by John Henry Ferguson, who was president of a bank there. He set aside $100,000 with which his executors are to erect a memorial to Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, with stipulation that it shall be as nearly as possible a distinctly Baltimore monument, to have location not more than 10 miles distant from the city hall. The historic event to be commemorated is the parting just before the battle of Chancellorsville of these great Confederate leaders, into which battle Jackson rode to his death, an event that deprived Lee of his "right arm."

The country is 63 years from the surrender at Appomattox and great changes in Government and history have taken place meantime, but reverence for "the cause" still endures, and memories of the characters that played great part in it, are yet held sacred.—Charlotte Observer.

A PINCH OF SALT.

By Mary Paula Chapman

How little do we reflect on the vast amount of toil by which the commonest article of food is procured. As you sit at your breakfast table and sprinkle a little salt on your eggs, did you ever dwell for a moment on the history of a pinch of salt? What a world of salt seas, and brine springs, and crystal caverns, what a combination of human toil, commerce, and enterprise were necessary in order that all the world might have a pinch of salt?

The simplest method of obtaining salt is by evaporation of sea water, but this is seldom practiced except in those countries that lack subterranean brines or rock-salt deposits. Salt is obtained from the underground sources in two ways, by mining and by drawing to the surface the natural brine, which is put through a process of evaporation. Perhaps the most interesting method of obtaining salt is mining. While this mineral is widely distributed in all parts of the world, the most extensive mines are at Weiliczka, Poland.

The salt mines of Weiliczka are interesting not only in themselves, but from an historical point of view. They have been worked for more than seven hundred years. In the tenth century salt was dug out of them, and in the year 1240 under the government of Boleslaus, they became an important source of revenue. For several centuries they were held and worked by the Polish kings. In 1815 they were assigned to the emperor of Austria by the treaty of Vienna, and since that period have contributed largely to keep the Poles in subjection. Let us take a little imaginary trip to the great, underground world of these famous salt mines. We shall find a number of shafts opening into the mines and also a substantial stairway cut out of a solid mass of salt. As the stairway is wet and slippery, suppose we descend by the shaft. An immense wheel, turned more often by horse power than by steam, works the tackle connected with the shaft. The main rope or tackle attached to the wheel is about two inches in diameter and is strong enough to bear several tons. It is frequently tested and repaired to prevent accident. A large trap door, with a hole in the center, through which the rope passes, covers the mouth of the shaft. This is opened by a small tackle and closed again after the shaft is entered. To the main rope several small ropes are attached, with canvas straps at the end, forming a kind of seat in which visitors and others make the descent. There are two series of the seats, the first for the guides and ligth-bearers and the second for the visitors.

When all is ready to start the trap door is opened and we disappear from the face of the earth. As we go whirling down through the gloomy abyss and glance around at the ribbed walls of the shaft, we strengthen our hold on the rope which we are supported and devoutly hope that it is strong. Down, lower and lower, we go. The sides of the shaft are massive timbers, above all is darkness, below the dim rays of the lamps cast

a strange and ghastly light on every object.

In a short time we touch bottom, having descended something over two hundred feet. The ramifications of the various tunnels are so intricate and extensive that they resemble more the streets of a large city than a series of excavations made in the bowels of the earth. These passages are named after various kings and emperors, and diverge in all directions, opening often into spacious caverns and undermining the country for miles around. In general, they are supported by massive beams of wood, and where the overhanging masses of salt require a still stronger support they are sustained by immense columns of the original stratum. The frist stratum consists of an amalgam of salt and dark-colored clay. Deeper down come alternate strata of marl, pebbles, sand, and blocks of crystal salt. The inferior or green salt is nearest to the surface, the crystal lies in the deeper parts. To traverse the various passages and chambers embraced within the four stories of which the mine consists and see every object of interest would require at least a week. The aggregate length of the whole is four hundred miles, the greatest depth is between two and three thousand feet. The number of workmen employed is upwards of a thousand. The amount of salt annually dug out is two hundred millions of pounds.

Passing through the tunnels we are surprised by the dryness and purity of the air, and impressed by the profound silence in the underground world. From some of the passages we emerge into open caverns, where a few workmen are engaged at their labors. Wondering why there are not more to be seen, we are informed that they are scattered in small parties through miles of earth, so that the number is not apparent to a visitor. As we approach the place where they are at work the dull clicking of the picks and hammers sound through the vast solitudes. The group of workmen we have come upon under a shelving edge are occupied in detaching masses of crystalized salt from a cleft in which they work. Some of the men are lying on their backs punching away with tremendous toil at the rugged masses of salt overhead —their heads, faces and bodies glittering with the showers of salt grit that fall upon them, while others stand up to their armpits in dark holes delving into a lower crevice.

The salt is gotten out in various forms, according to the depth of the stratum. When it is mixed with an amalgam of hard earth it is cut into cylindrical blocks; the finer qualities are crushed and packed in barrels for exportation.

After a long and interesting journey through various passages and caverns, we pass into the royal apartments, great caverns named after royal families of Poland, all cut out of solid salt. Here we find long rows of ninches containing statues of the old kings of Poland, all cut out of solid salt. A little farther on we find the Entertainment Room, which on grand occasions, is brilliantly illuminated. Six splendid chandeliers carved from crystal salt hang from the ceiling. An alcove at the upper end contains a throne of green and ruby salt. Transparent pictures and devices are arranged in the background, to give

additional splendor to the room, and the crystalizations with which the walls glitter reflect the many-colored lights with a dazzling effect. The floors are sprinkled with salt of various hues, the doorways, statues, and columns of salt are festooned with flags, and the whole chamber is aglow with transparencies. We pass through other gorgeous salt rooms and are informed that in these sumptuous caverns are given royal entertainments.

Salt, salt, everywhere! As we conclude our hurried journey this mineral, which we have heretofore taken as a matter-of-course, seems of vast importance to us. Yet great as are the products of the Weiliczka salt mines which we have inspected they supply but an infinitesimal fraction of the human race with a pinch of salt.

ALL NEW YORK CITY HONORED A MOTHER

All her life Mrs. Bridget Sullivan has had to work hard. Her hands, rough and red, show it. She is a widow, mother of five children. For years she has earned a living for them and for herself as a janitress in a tenement on New York City's waterfront.

Mrs. Sullivan is just one of many thousands of women in a great city decred by fate to a lowly station in life, to whom existence means a continuous struggle for food, clothing and shelter. But the other day Mrs. Sullivan emerged from the poverty and ugliness around her into public notice to receive the praise of a whole city because of a strange gift to an unfortunate neighbor.

The neighbor was Mrs. Mary Fallon, as poor as Mrs. Sullivan. Mrs. Fallon had lost her little girl, Mary. There was no money to pay the doctor or to have a funeral, and worst of all it seemed as though Mary's little body would have to be buried in the potter's field.

Mrs. Sullivan understood her neighbor's predicament. She could do nothing about the doctor or the undertaker but she could alleviate at least one worry. She owned a burial lot in Calvary Cemetery. It was all she owned in the form of real estate and represented her earnings for years because she had always wanted to make for her body after she was gone.

She gave the lot to Mrs. Fallon and sure she would have a "decent" place insisted little Mary be buried there to save her from the potter's field. Even the mayor heard about her generous gift. He called her to the city hall and there before a crowd of people called her a noble woman and told her that New York City was proud of her and took pleasure in honoring her. Newspapers printed her picture and the story of her life, and folks she had never seen or heard of before came to see her.

And no one was more surprised over it all than Mrs. Sullivan. "Just giving my grave for that poor little girl?" she said. 'What was that? I am strong yet. There is no place for my grave now but that will take care of itself when the time comes."

THE FORBIDDEN PLUM PATCH.

By Irma H. Wood

Jerry Payne and his cousin, Bert Allen, laid down their knapsacks in disappointed, as the sign—"Pizen, Keep Out"—barred their way to the little stream which rippled through the neglected orchard. The road was hot and the boys were thirsty.

"Wow, thath's a nice, hospitable sign," remarked Bert, "even though the man that printed it wasn't long on spelling. Poison or not, let's go in and get a drink of water. We won't do any harm, and there's no one to see us. Besides those plums lying all over the ground are just spoiling."

"Then again, let's not," Jerry answered. "Dad gave me a good talking to about that before I came on my vacation. He said the country people have had a hard time since so many people go past their places in automobiles. Folks go in and help themselves to whatever they take a fancy to, and think the owner has no right to complain. Let's sit here until we cool off, and then maybe we'll come to a place where we can ask for what we want. Maybe we can buy some fruit, too."

"Well, since you're so particular, we won't go in," grumbled Bert. "I wish Harvey Grant had given us better directions to find his old fishing hole. I don't believe he knows where it is himself."

"Oh, yes he does. He used to live around here before he moved to the Crossroads."

Jerry moped his warm face, and the boys sat down outside the high picket fence. Inside they could see a tumble-down house, apparently long unoccupied. Part of the roof had tumbled in, and boards had either rotted away or been taken off in many places. Only the chimney of cobbled stone stood up straight and fine, and a red rosebush bloomed beside the sagging door. A straggly orchard surrounded the house.

"Perhaps Harvey Grant can tell us who used to live in this house," said Jerry.

Jerry and Bert had come from the city to spend their vacation with an aunt who lived at the little crossroads town. They had promptly struck up a friendship with Harvey Grant, who lived next door with his widowed mother. Harvey had showed them all the sights roundabout. He had agreed to take them to a fishing hole several miles distant. Then he had fallen from a high bank and broken his leg, and would be laid up for a long time. So the boys decided to visit the fishing hole by themselves after getting directions from Harvey.

"Let's move on," Jerry had just finished saying when there came a loud "Woof! woof!" and a boy, followed by a big, angry-looking dog came running up the road.

"Hey, there, what are you dong? Can't you read that sign?" panted the boy as he pointed up at the sign.

"We didn't know we were not allowed to sit on the bank of the road," suggested Jerry, resenting the tone in which the boy spoke.

"You don't think for a minute that I'm going to believe you haven't been inside and filled your pockets

full of plums,'' sneered the stranger

Now, its very hard to do the right thing, and then have folks accuse you of the wrong one anyway. The boys were getting red in the face by the time the newcomer had finished.

''Believe it or not,'' said Jerry, disdaining to turn his pockets inside out, ''it's the truth. Makes no difference to us what you believe.''

Bert made a forward movement, but paused as the dog showed his teeth.

''Hah, you're afraid,'' jeered the boy, ''scared of a poor, defenseless dog.''

Bert was ready to fly at his tormentor, but Jerry pulled him away.

''Call off your dog,'' he said. ''Come on, Bert, let's get out of here.''

Jerry and Bert picked up their knapsacks and, amid the delighted jeers of the other boy, hastened on up the road.

''Why in the world did you pull me away?'' inquired Bert. ''That chap certanly needed to be taught some manners.''

''Because a boy hasn't a chance against a dog, for one thing, and what's the use, anyway?''

After an hour's walk the boys had almost forgotten the encounter in their delight at finding Harvey's fishing hole. It was under a wide bridge, and was cool and shady after their long, hot hike. How good the sweet, cold water tasted. They fished there until the sun warned them that they must be starting home. They caught only a few rather small fish, but had such a good time that they did not regret the trip.

As the sun was getting low, the road was not nearly so hot. They were making good time when they came opposite the ''Pisen'' sign once more. If they hurried they would reach home in plenty of time for supper. Suddenly a strange sound shattered the quiet air.

''What in the world's that?'' cried Jerry as the boys stopped short.

It was the queerest sound they had ever heard. It seemed as though someone or something were trying to scream and then had been stopped in the middle. Again came that muffled cry.

''Maybe it's a wild cat. We'd better get away from here,'' muttered Bert, ''maybe the fellow that put that 'Pisen' sign there knew what he was about after all.''

Jerry listened to the cry as it came again.

''I don't believe a wild cat cries like that,'' he said thoughtfully. ''It sounds to me like an animal, or perperson, in trouble. I'm going inside to find out what it is. Suppose someone's lying hurt in there.''

Bert didn't mind danger when he could see what it was, but this wail of something unkown roused all his terror.

It came again. Was it growing weaker?

''Don't go, Jerry,'' he begged, ''if that boy should come around here again he'd sick his dog on you.''

But Bert spoke to Jerry's back. The boy was already crawling through a gap in the pickets. Bert couldn't do anything else but follow. Breathing deeply, he crawled in after his cousin.

Up through the tangled grass and bushes, under the plum trees, heavy with their golden fruit, the boys made their way. The sun was very low, and the ruined house had a terrifying

expression. Its windows, with their broken panes, winked like sinister eyes.

What was inside? Both boys shivered at the thought of having to penetrate the gloomy interior. The cries had stopped for the moment.

"Where are you?" called Jerry to the unknown.

All of a sudden the muffled wails came again. They seemed to be away from the house in the direction of a clump of bushes. After picking up a stout stick apiece, the boys hastened toward the spot.

"Look out," suddenty cried Jerry He was just in time, as he stepped back from a gaping hole. It was no wonder that the "Pisen" sign had been placed on the fence in an attempt to keep people from entering. The boards covering an old well had broken through, leaving a place of great danger.

Then the boys saw that which the cries had come from.

Hanging by a heavy leather collar from one of the boards over the middle of the well, was the dog they had seen that morning. The collar had caught on a spike on the board. The dog could sometimes get a slight purchase on the board with his forepaws and then he was able to give that half-choked call for help. But he was growing weaker each moment as the collar shut off his breath, and would not be able to stand the strain of his position much longer. Besides that, the rotten boards creaked as though they might part at any moment and drop the animal into the black abyss below.

"How'll we ever get him out of this?" wondered Bert. "Those boards are too rotten for us to go out on. Besides he might bite us if we come near. Hadn't I better go for help?"

"Wait a minute," said Jerry. "He can't hang on much longer, and I can't get him out alone."

Jerry leaned as far as he dared over the well while Bert held his coat. Jerry thrust his stick into the dog's mouth, thinkng perhaps he could pull the poor creature toward him. But the strong collar did not slip over the spike, even though the dog tried to hold the stick. The poor animal seemed to know the boys were trying to help him.

Jerry had another idea. The boys now raced up to the house. Strangely, it held no terrors for them. They were too much intent on their work of rescue to be frightened. A strong upright of two by four still stood on a corner where the cross boards were missing.

"Just the thing," muttered Jerry. "Oh, for a saw, or a hatchet! Any kind of a tool! The boys pulled at it with all their strength.

At last Bert discovered a short length of wood. With this the boys rammed at the base of the upright, using it as a lever. The nails in the rotting floor gave way and in a minute more the upright was free.

Racing back to the well, Jerry thought for an instant that the poor dog was already dead. But soon its eyes opened with a piteous look at the boys.

Jerry pushed the upright length across the well so that it formed a narrow bridge.

"You hold one end down," he told Bert, and began to crawl out on the upright. For a short way there were boards beneath. Then he was out on his frail support over the black

hole. He could hear the gurgle of water far below. Soon he was near the dog. Was he strong enough to lift up the heavy animal? It took all his strength to do it, but at last he managed to free the collar from the spike, and draw the poor creature up beside him. Now, how was he to get back? The dog already showed signs of reviving. Would he let Jerry carry him across the upright?

Then came a sound that almost caused him to lose his balance.

"Hey, there," yelled a loud voice, "caught you for sure this time, didn't I? You would come in past that sign."

"Keep still," cried Bert, almost choking with anger, "don't you see my cousin's trying to save your dog? Do you want both of 'em to fall into the well?"

The boy looked with puzzled wonder at Jerry, who was still straddling the upright, and trying to quiet the frightened animal.

"Keep still, Nero," cried the boy. "Here, I'll sit on this end of the board, and maybe you can push the dog far enough so I can reach him."

"I'll have to come a bit nearer," muttered Jerry, who was having trouble in keeping his balance, although the dog had quieted.

He hitched himself and his burden carefully along the board. At last his master was able to reach the dog. Thankfully Jerry followed.

In a few moments Bert was explaining how the boys, in passing, had heard the dog cry and had come to its rescue.

The boy's face was red when Bert finished, but he held out his hand.

"My name's Mitchell Gray," he said. "I think it was mighty good of you two to get Nero out of trouble after the way I talked to you this morning. I think a lot of my dog. Don't know what I'd do without him. You see, we've been having a mghty hard time to keep people out of this plum patch. This place belongs to my old chum, Harvey Grant, and his mother. Harvey never lived here. His folks had a place farther up the road. They sold that place, but this one isn't much good, so they still own it. The plums are the only things that are worth anything on it. Seems like no other plums around here have such a fine flavor. Harvey comes every summer, picks the plums and sells 'em in town, and it buys his clothes for school. This year Harvey's had bad luck. Broke his leg and can't get out to pick the plums. I'd do it for him, but Dad's short of help this year, and I've had to work every minute. I'm afraid the plums'll spoil before I can get to them."

"Hold on," interrupted Jerry, "Harvey Grant's our chum, too. Bert and I haven't anything special to do. Why can't we come out, pick the plums, and do Harvey's selling for him? What do you say?"

"I say it'd be just the thing," declared Mitchell enthusiastically. "Come on over to the house and eat supper with me. I'll telephone your folks so they won't worry. Then you can drive to town with mother and Dad. They're going in tonight."

The next morning, when Harvey heard what the boys intended to do, he was delighted.

"Hurray," he cried, "I've been lying here worrying about those plums. Never thought of asking you fellows to attend to them."

Jerry and Bert picked the plums,

and then carefully boarded over the dangerous well with new boards. When they were finished Harvey said, "One thing more I wish you'd do. Pull that old sign from the fnce. You boys have showed me that everyboys that travels along the road isn't mean and selfish. Next year my sign will just ask folks to let the plums alone. They can go in and get a drink and rest in the shade if they want to."

And so, the "Pisen" sign came down.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The barn boys have been plowing the cotton fields for several days past.

Captain Grier and a number of boys unloaded another car load of coal last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher spent last week end at the latter's home in Whiteville.

Our shoe shop is running full speed lately, a large amount of repair work keeping the boys busy.

A number of new lights are being put in the electric sign across the highway, replacing those burned out.

Nine more hogs were killed last week and another supply of sausage hams, spare-ribs, etc., was delivered to the cottages.

Our service in the auditorium was omitted last Sunday afternoon as the preacher scheduled for that date failed to appear.

The new boys in the Receiving Building wre given blood tests last week by Dr. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Physician.

Supt. Boger and J. Lee White, our farm manager, attended a farm demonstration in the county last Tuesday morning.

Mlss Vernie Goodman, who has been at her home in Mooresville for the past two months, spent a few days at the school last week.

Supt. Boger and J. C. Fisher attended a meeting of heads of state institutions called by Governor McLean in Raleigh last week.

The fruit trees in our orchards are being trimmed and prepared for the winter. Messrs Hudson and Poole are supervising this work.

Horace McCall, a former member of our printing force, now a student at M. P. C. I., Mt. Pleasant, visited the school last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys have removed the screen doors from the cottages. They were repaired and stored away for the winter.

Our poultryman, Mr. Lisk, is making preparations to supply our tables with chickens for the Christmas dinner.

During the past two weeks about

fifty of our boys were confined to their beds with slight attacks of influenza, but we are glad to announce that they are out again.

There seems to be such a competition among the boys who are practicing Christmas recitations, that it will be hard to decide who will be put on the program.

Ernest Walters and Albert Orr, the two boys who were taken to the Concord Hospital, about two weeks ago, suffering from pneumonia and influenza, have been returned to the school and are rapidly improving.

The Christmas spirit seems to be pervading the atmosphere at the Training School. The large cedar tree at the northern end of our campus has been lighted up with colored lights, and a large star, which was donated by some of our loyal friends from Charlotte two years ago, will be placed at the top of the tree.

FOR A NATIONAL ANTHEM

The lady who recently offered $6,000 for a new national anthem which would be better than the "Star-Spangled Banner" has our best wishes but the odds are millions to one that after she gets her prize song, the country won't adopt it.

National anthems aren't written in cold blood, so to speak. When they are really any good, they spring up in times of trouble. They have to have a baptism of fire—such a baptism as the French hymn," "The Marseilliase," received. They have to have profoundly loving associations interwoven in them—Dixie in the South, for instance. They just naturally aren't produced by prize contests.

Perhaps our present national song could be improved upon. But, after all, it was inspired while "bombs burst in air" and has been hallowed by use. If it is replaced by a new one, the new one will spring into being during some great national crisis. It won't be written by some one trying to earn $6000.—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER, 22, 1928. No. 48

Christmas Gems

A little Christmas Child was born:
God's holy gift was given,
And with the coming of the morn,
Earth held a part of heaven.
—*John Martin.*

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Ev'n for the dear Lord Jesus' sake.
—*Phoebe Carey.*

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth good will to men!
—*Longfellow.*

God rest ye, little children; let nothing
you affright,
For Jesus Christ your Savious, was
born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white
flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was
born on Christmas Day.
—*Malach.*

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Nights that are not Christmas Eve
  It's hard to go to bed;
Every kind of jolly plan
  Is prancing through the head.

But Christmas Eve (dear Christmas
    Eve!)
  The sandman comes so early
He sets young heads to nodding all,
  Fair and dark and curly.

And just as soon as seven strikes,
  Clear and sweet and steady,
Every single nightie's on
  And every child is ready.

Tick and tock, tick and tock,
  Heed the wise clock's warning:
The sooner bedtime, Christmas Eve,
  The sooner Christmas morning!

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MY CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Lord God of the harvest we thank Thee that we approach another Joyous Christmas season, when we celebrate the birth of Thy Dear Son, the Saviour of mankind; Him in whom we live and move, and through whom we approach unto Thee. We come now confessing our many sins, and lifting up our hearts unto Thee the Giver of everything that is good. We come thanking Thee for a bountiful harvest; for deliverance from the devastating storm; from pestilence and from all evil. We are unworthy of Thy care and protection, but may our faith in the Divinity of Thy Dear Son our Lord and Saviour be our constant guide; and grant most graciously that we may never doubt His miraculous birth, and that He and He alone is the propitation for our sins. Save us, O. God from doubt and draw men closer to Thee. Grant that men may be constrained to love and serve Thee with a newness of heart and a more sacred trust in Thee; and bring us again in health and strength to see another Joyous Christmas season. Amen!—C. W. Hunt.

OUR ANNUAL VACATION

It has been the usual custom for the "big bosses and little boys" who work from year in till year out in getting out the Uplift to take one week off during the Christmas holidays. The Uplift is a weekly paper and the many freinds of the Uplift will admit that to miss one issue of the paper during the entire year as a short vacation when we take in consideration the number of

holidays other schools and other big business plants take.

It is a great plasure to all who take a part in giving to the many friends of the school this little magazine, therefore, we hope with renewed interest and faith in the aims and purposes of this office that the entire Uplift force will do a more effective work the following year.

We wish you and yours a very Happy Christmas—and we thank you for making ours as happy as any boy should wish for. Our next issue will appear January 5, 1929.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

We wish all of our readers a very blessed Christmas. In the degree in which we experience the Christian significance of the Christmas festival will it be a truly blessed season for us. And the best gift we can bestow upon others will be whatever we can do to help them to experience that blessedness. When we recognize the Christian significance of this season, and put it first, it will sanctify and glorify all of the social joys of Christmas. Next to our gratitude towards God, in the conscious and hearty acceptance of His gift of love in our Saviour, let us see to it that all selfishness is banished from our hearts.

Many of our people today have lost the real significance and spirit of this great day, and have made it a day for the gratifying of their own wishes and desires. Our minds have been polluted with the idea that it is a time for the giving of expensive gifts to our friends, and having great celebrations. Yes, it is a happy occasion, but let us not forget the song of the angels to the shepherds, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Here is where we receive the real spirit of the Christmas season. Our offerings for the publication of the "Good News," and for the ministry of mercy, should exceed all that we spend to express our sentiments toward our own dear ones, and that privilege brings us the greatest of joy and happiness.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE JOYS OF DECEMBER

We continue to say with Browning, "God's in his heaven, All's right with the

world." For in His far-reaching plans and purposes this month holds many happy anticipations, despite the "grim realities" of life that sometimes seem to over-balance the joys, no less real. December brings the members of the home together around the glowing fireside to enjoy the fullness of the year, with sweet reminiscences of the past, even when the inmost recesses of the heart are touched because of the vacant chair. It brings the joyous homecoming, wherein the dear mother's and father's faces glow and beam with an added touch of time-gained happiness—illuminating the often wrinkled and care-worn, but always sweet and precious faces. It is a glorious season in that love and fidelity are renewed between those who have been long separated from their dear ones.

An artist's brush might paint the reflected warmth and comfort of the fireside, the flickering candles' glow, the touch of the various colors that make the background, but the real home within is seen and felt by its influence, "by the deeds we do, the thoughts we think, and the objects we pursue." For such a home, the very cornerstone of civilization everywhere, we should lift our grateful hearts anew to the generous Giver of all blessings, while our lips frame the words of David's thanksgiving, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits."

Within this month are realized the thrills and joys of the blessed Christmas season—the anniversary of the greatest event in all history of all nations—the birth of the blessed Babe of Bethlehem. The story of Christmas, though nearly two thousand years old, has lost none of its spirit and interest to the world, and continues to enjoy a well-nigh universal and increasing observance

But how best can we spend the Christmas so as to realize the full fruition of the glad season as it makes its triumphal entry among us? We know the spirit of Christ, as exemplified while upon earth was "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." From whence comes the power that constrains one to minister to His suffering children? The answer is—Eternal-love.

If one wishes a full and complete Christmas, try visiting the sick, the homeless, and those in prison, and for those joyless lives fashion some gift, no matter how trivial, and love will sanctify it in the eyes of the recipient, more than any present given for show, or with the hope of receiving something in return.

These are just a few of the outstanding blessings and joys of the last month of the year, and with all of these pleasures and acts of mercy combined we can exclaim with the joyful satisfaction of Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one."

LONGFELLOW'S DAUGHTER DEAD

The death of Miss Alice Longfellow last month, the daughter of the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, at her home, Cambridge, Mass., caused all who are interested in fine literature to pause and review some of the poems that made immortal the name Longfellow. The following poem, "The Children's Hour," a favorite with the young and the old, graphically pictures the Longfellow home, with the prattle and pranks of children in which "Grave Alice" lived up till the passing of her sweet spirit "to the portal we call Death." Yes, she passed to the realm above but continues to live in verse:

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
"Grave Alice," and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE BOYS

As usual calling attention to the fact that there are about 500 boys at the Training School for whom a Christmas treat must be provided. The Uplift continues to hope that there will be forth coming from friends contributions for this particular cause:

The Stonewall Senior Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	$10.00
Mr. R. S. Huntington, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
Mr. William H. Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	50.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove	50.00

Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin..... 10.00
Mr. C. W. Swink, Concord..... 10.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte..... 10.00
Mr. T. M. Shelton, Charlotte..... 5.00
A Friend, Charlotte..... 5.00
Mr. E. C. Barnhardt, Concord..... 10.00
Mr. F. M. Youngblood, Concord..... 25.00
Judge W. M. York, Greensboro..... 5.00
Mr. A. F. Goodman, Concord..... 2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, Concord..... 10.00
Mrs. J. S. Efird, Albermarle..... 10.00
Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury..... 5.00
Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Raleigh..... 5.00
Mr. Burton Craig, Winston-Salem..... 50.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte..... 50.00
Mr. J. F. Cannon, Concord..... 50.00
Cabarrus Cash Grocery Co., Concord..... 10.00
Ritchie Hardware Co., Concord..... 25.00
Mr. Bernard Cone, Greensboro..... 10.00
Caskie-Dillard Co., Charlotte..... 10.00
Dove-Bost Co., Concord..... 5.00
Mrs. Hortense F. Moye, Greenville, N. C..... 5.00
Rev. Thos. W. Smith, Atlanta, Ga..... 2.00
Woman's Club, By Mrs. R. G. Liner, Canton..... 15.00
Mr. Chas. E. Barnhardt, Charlotte..... 10.00
Mrs. Kate B. Reynolds, Winston-Salem.....100.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Caldwell, Monroe,.....Box of Oranges
G. W. Patterson, Wholesale Grocers, Concord.....Box of Oranges
Statesville Rotary Club..... 10.00
Davidson and Wolfe Co., Charlotte..... 25.00
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte..... 5.00
Richmond-Flowe Co., Concord..... 15.00
W. B. Ward and Co., Concord..... 20.00

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to All My Readers.

May your investment of good deeds, kindly thoughts, and charitable feeling during the past year bring you a most generous dividend at Christmas time, and may 1929 prove to be twelve months of solid progress, accomplishment and happiness for you. This is the sincere wish of the writer of these rambling thoughts.

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The Christmas trees all over the land will be trimmed in a few days. The Papa's of the country will be trimmed after Christmas. That will be the holiday aftermath.

—o—

A jury down in Miami, Fla., deadlocked for many hours notified Judge W. I. Grubb, of the U. S. district court, "We won't eat!" "Yes, you will," the judge replied," and remain away from your homes until you reach a verdict." After being locked up in a hotel for a night, they suddenly came to a verdict. There's something in a name after all, as Judge Grubb demonstrated.

—o—

Men's Neck Adornment.

There are ties and ties in this world. There are connubial ties, friendship ties and men's neck ties. Years ago it used to be cravats, but fashions change with men as well as with women. The style of men's ties in this good day appears as if the fashioner of these things had gotten hold of the rainbow and cut it into myraids of pieces and fitted them together like a crazy quilt. There's no particular style in neckware, for the reason any sort of a neck tie will sell. Color schemes have been thrown to the wind, and one would judge from the appearance of some of these ties the designer was a demented person. Some of these flaringly loud ones makes a man look like a Gypsy dancing girl, and on another man makes him look like a corpse. There are small figures on big backgrounds, and big figures on no background at all, hardly. Some are so criss-crossed with flashing colors that it makes you cross-eyed and dizzy to look at them any length of time. Gay, impudent combinations, and novelties in the animal cracker class. With some of them on a man can sit behind his own vine and fig tree, and with others he can make as successful a hit as he does on a golf course. They certainly are trying to decorate the masculine bosom in a gorgeous manner. Well, a man must wear a neck tie. If he doesn't he look very un-tidy.

—o—

Boys have a passionate fondness for dogs; and dogs, as a matter of fact, reciprocate this affection. Its a mutal affair between the boy and the dog. There are instances where one would sacrifice his life for the other. When a boy, growing up with his dog, gets to the point where he begins to lose his fondness for his canine, there is a give somewhere in the picture.

Some footologist, somewhere, is now saying that woman's feet are at least two sizes larger than they were twenty years ago. The only way to account for this is the fact that this enlargement has been brought about by the women trying to fill men's shoes.

—o—

"Along the Way."

One of the most appreciative gifts I have received in the advent of the world's most joyous, festive occasion, is a beautifully printed and bound little booklet, entitled "Along the Way," It is a collection of poetic gems, that have been mined from the erudite mine of Mrs. Al Fairbrother, formally a resident of Durham, but now residing at Long Beach, California, with her brilliant life partner, Col. Al Fairbrother. The book is privately printed for gifts among the author's special friends. The handsome little volume of 100 pages, is dedicated "To my Husband, whose sympathy and encouragement in my newspaper and literary work have been a constant stimulus and inspiration." Could anything be more impressive of connubial happiness? The Fairbrothers have ever been an ideal couple; always lovers. Lovers of each other; lovers of their friends; lovers of the best in life and lovers in their literary work and achievements; lovers of humanity. Mrs. Fairbrother's pen is wreathed with genius. Her brilliant mind is a tiara of thought jewels, that shine and sparkle like the heart of a diamond. She has scattered these gems "Along the Way," and her literary gift is typical of life—gay and sad, sunshine and shadows, but withall like a band of music passing along the thoroughfare, discoursing sweet music making the heart glad, and the realm of thought happier, and giving a sweater aroma to life. Her songs of joy and cheer will live through the ages.

—o—

You have no doubt often heard that old saying there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." That may all be so, but it is the turkey, and its dressing, and the accessories, and the plum pudding that will have to do with shaping our middles.

—o—

It is really funny how names and occupations are associated in this life in a great many instances. Take for example; a Mr. Blaha plays the saxophone in a college band at Coe, while a Mr. Cornetshy is the trumphet soloist in the same aggregation. A good many years ago, down in Greenville, North Carolina, the local band had a member named Alex. Blow. And he did.

—o—

The Sorghum Worked

Some time ago I mentioned the fact that home-made sorghum was used much during the civil war. The mention of sorghum reminds me of an incident during my boyhood days. I was a small kid the latter years of the war of states; just big enough to send about on errands. My father sent down town one afternoon for a half-gallon of sorghum.With the instruction to hurry back home. I went straight to the store; got the sorghum and placed the tin bucket on my head,

and started for home. I happened to pass a window where a jeweler was at work. He had taken a watch apart, and I became intensely interested in his work, and stood there and watched him till night fall; in fact until some one grabbed me by the arm and narly turned me around, and cause me to lose the equipoise of the bucket of sorghum on my head. It was dad. He had become tired of waiting for me and came after me. Now home-made sorghum, unless it is cooked to the right point, will out-work a hired hand. That sorghum I had had not been cooked enough, evidently. For while I watched the watch-maker, the sorghum went to work. It was after dark as dad and I wended our way homeward, I felt every now and then something drip on me but I thought it was sprinkling rain, my thoughts were so centered on getting home and the interview I expected to meet in the woodshed when I got there. When I did get home, there wasn't a half pint of sorghum in the bucket. A bucket of nothing but foam. The molasses had worked itself to death, pushed up the top of the bucket, came down to greet me on all sides. I was covered with white foam from head to heels, and had the appearance of a snow man. My father led me into my mother and said: "Here's our boy. Isn't he a pretty sight?" I summoned all the courage I could find about me and said, before mother could say anything, she was so surprised: "Mother, you've got the sweetest boy in town." I really was–sorghum sweet from head to foot. The denouncement was such that both parents broke out in a big laugh, and I didn't visit the woodshed that night. That was a job I didn't exactly stick to in time, but it was a job that stuck to me. Sorghum always reminds me of this incident.

—o—

The dedication of Geneva Hall, at little Switzerland, the famous mountain resort in North Carolina, last August, was a memorable occasion. The speaker at that event was the Hon. R. O. Everett, of Durham. The address showed so much research and contained such an amount of new information about the World Court, that E. R. Preston, chairman of the speaker's committee, was urged to have it published. I am the recipient of a copy. It is a classical contribution to American history; and a gem in thought and diction. It was a golden platter of pronounced historical facts, both ancient and modern, past and present, and gave a new vision to the vehicle aimed to settle all misunderstandings without resort to war. Mr. Everett's address ought to have a wide reading; a general heeding; and produce general pacifying results.

—o—

Some time ago an unfortunate dissension broke out in one of the Negro churches of this city, and it went so far as a meeting for the purpose of calling for the pastor's resignation. When the vote was taken it was found that 80 voted for him to remain, and 496 asked for his resignation. The pastor arose and addressed the congregation as follows; "If that is the way you all feel about it, I resigns." The matter was then and there settled without further ado.

"CHRISTMAS FOR THE POOR"

By Mrs. Al Fairbrother

Who said there was no Christmas for the poor?
That Santa Claus had passed the cottage door—
Left the back streets and the alleys
And humble social valleys
For the mansions on the hill,
Silken stockings there to fill.

But since the town is playing Santa Claus,
Since social service is a common cause—
Since the men have heard the cry
And with gifts have made reply;
For observance of the day
In a broader, better way.

See the people make a Christmas for the poor—
See the social service worker going o'er
Her list of those in need,
All the hungry hearts to feed
With a message of good cheer
For the passing fruitful year.

And the children with their offerings, too, are there,
They are helping dear old Santa to be "square;"
They've divided up their treasures,
Cutting out their selfish pleasures
To make glad some other heart
Eager each to do his part.

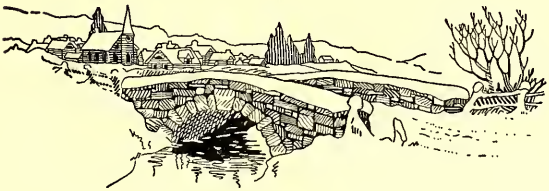
Somewhere there is a Christmas for the poor,
Old Santa stops somewhere at every door—
Where the women work and pray
Men and children join and say:
"We'll have those stockings running o'er,
We'll make a Christmas for the poor."

"LET YOUR MODERATION BE KNOWN UNTO ALL MEN: THE LORD IS AT HAND."

All through the holy Advent time the thought of Christ's coming is uppermost in the minds of many. "The Lord is at hand." These words thrill us with holy awe and wonder and thankfulness. Are we ready for the royal Guest? Humbly He comes to us. Calm and humbly should we receive Him. He cares not for splendor. He is a searcher of hearts. Open wide the heart gates and bid Him welcome.

"How shall I meet Thee? How my heart
  Receive her Lord aright?
Desire of all the earth Thou art!
  My hope, my sole delight!
Kindle Thy lamp, Thou Lord, alone,
  Half dying in my breast,
And make Thy gracious pleasure known
  How I may greet Thee best.

Ye shall not shrink nor turn aside,
  Fearing to see His face
So deep your sins, for He will hide
  The darkest with His grace.
He comes, He comes, to save from sin,
  All sinners to release,
For all the sons of God to win
  The heritage of peace."



MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Eliza S. Baird

About two weeks before Christmas there came a letter from Bruce McIlvaine. In it was a check for one hundred dollars. He asked his mother to spend this in some special way for him, in any way, he said, which would give her the most pleasure, and bring her nearer to him. The letter was very tender and loving.

"Our lives are too far apart," he wrote. "I wish it could be otherwise, mother dear, but I never want my will to overrule yours. As long as you think best to keep your own little home, I cannot object. Whenever you will come into mine, you know that I shall be a happier man even than I am today."

Mrs. McIlvaine was thinking about this letter as she dusted the parlor. She did indeed want to see Bruce. She had not yet fully decided that she was willing to go and live with him permanently. She loved her own ways of doing things in her own little home in the small New Hampshire village, where she had lived for many years. To leave it and the dear people, her neighbors, would be an awful wrench, even to be with her boy

But the thought came, why couldn't she go for Christmas, and thus use part of the money which he had sent her.

She had not seen her son since the time of the summer visit which he had paid her, with his wife and the two boys.

Usually they came for Thanksgiving, but this year Dr. McIlvaine had been the minister chosen to preach for a number of uniting churches, and the customary trip north had to be given up.

Bruce McIlvaine was a popular and successful metropolitan preacher. For five years he had filled a city pulpit, holding the throngs who came to listen, not by mere eloquence but by a deep spiritual power, which lifted them always into a higher, purer atmosphere.

During all those years his mother had only once visited him. He was continually urging her to come, but she dreaded the long journey, and to leave her home seemed to grow increasingly hard.

As she dusted the black marble clock and vases, she blamed herself for this. Was she really growing apart from Bruce's life because she had refused to be more with him. Her own and only boy! Why, he was her life!

It seemed to her now, as she thought of it, that there had scarcely been a moment in all the forty years since his birth when she had not been thinking of him and praying for him.

And now, there was, after all, probably only a little while longer to stay. How foolish of her not to spned that time with him! To prefer any other environment—anything else to the great delight of being with him, of hearing him preach, and of knowing him better!

He wanted her so much—surely she could not give him any better Christmas present, any more blessed surprise than just herself.

It did not take Mrs. McIlvaine very long to make her decision when this chain of reasoning had once been started. The house was arranged for closing and the key given to a good neighbor.

"If I should decide not to come back, Sally, I'll write you what I want done about things until next summer. There's no knowing but what I may stay in the city now until Bruce and Margaret return with me."

"Whatever shall we do without you, Mary, if you really carry out that plan?" her old friend cried. "I thought you had said again and again that nothing could ever tear you away from here!"

"There's only one thing that could, and that's Bruce," his mother answered; "I'm getting so hungry for my boy. I don't want to be left out of his life. Other people are having so much of him and I so little!"

It was a long, cold journey. Heavy snowstorms had been raging for sevsral days; all the trains were delayed, and Mrs. McIlvaine failed to make some of her connections. She had planned to reach her son's house on Saturday night. Christmas Day fell on Sunday that year. But her train did not reach the city until Sunday morning.

She got into a cab and directed the man to drive her to Bruce's home. Then she remembered how nearly it was time for the church service to bsgin. Why should she not go directly to the church? Mrs. McIlvaine had been looking forward eagerly to hear her boy preach his Christmas sermon. It would be a pity if she missed the privilege. To be sure she was tired and cold and travsl stained. But that mattered little. So she asked to be taken to the big church instead, and there an usher put her into a rear pew.

The service had already begun, and the edifice was very full. She had not realized before what a large and beautiful place it was. Nearly all the people seemed wealthy, and yet she noted with peasure that there were some near her poorly clad. She was glad of this, for she knew that Bruce disliked the thought of preaching only to rich parishioners.

The music seemed very wonderful to her, and the words of the Christmas anthems stirred her to tears.

At last the sermon began. Mrs. McIlvaine could only catch a glimpse of her boy's face through the barrier of hats which intervened. But his voice almost made her heart stop beating. How full and rich it was, and of what wonderful carrying power! It filled the great building, and yet he seemed to make no effort. Eagerly, she listened for his message. Would it be still the same simple, direct one which she had heard him give at other times?

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus"—that was his text. And as the mother listened critically, though so tenderly, she knew that he had not changed. She realized that he was still, just as completely as he had always been, under the sway of the Holy Spirit. He was intent only upon one thing, and that was to

speak a good word for his divine Master.

Through her mind there passed many visions of Bruce's life. She thought of that Sunday night when she had knelt by his bed, and he had told her of his decision to serve Christ and of his great longing to become a preacher of the Gospel. They had prayed together, and for both of them it had been an hour never to be forgotten.

She remembered his first sermon in the little village church when he came home after one year in the Seminary. All the neighbors had complimented her upon her son's intellectual power, but she had cared then, as she cared now, for only one thing—his message.

She was glad to note that the people listened eagerly—that they seemed hungry for this bread which their pastor was breaking for them.

At length the service was over. As the organ pealed forth again, Mrs. McIlvaine made her way slowly up the aisle. It seemed to her that nearly all the members had waitd to wish their pastor a Merry Christmas. She wondered if it would ever be possible for her to reach him through the surrounding throngs. Suddenly, she felt very tired and alone in the crowd.

Just then, as if by mental telepathy, Bruce lifted his head above the waiting people. Their eyes met, and his mother instantly saw a great light flame in her boy's face.

He gave a quick cry: "Why, there's mother! Excuse me, friends —that's my mother! I know you'll let me go to her!"

And the crowd parted to let him pass, as he came toward her in half a dozen rapid strides, and caught her in his strong arms.

"My own mother! Why, this is the best Christmas gift you could possibly have given me! How did you ever plan to surprise me in such a beautiful way?"

And then in the shelter of his arms Mrs. McIlvaine knew that she was not tired or weak, or faint any longer. And she knew, too, that she never wanted to leave Bruce again.

At Christmas dinner-table that day many of the people discussed the scene after church,

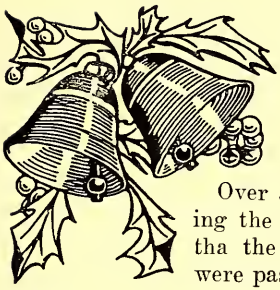
"I never admired Bruce McIlvaine so much as I did this morning," remarked one of his trustees, a multimillionaire. "That was his mother —did you see her? A little, tired, faded old lady from the country. If she had been the queen of England the minister couldn't have been prouder of her, or gladder to see her. He's a real man is Dr. McIlvaine—no sham and no pretense in his make-up. That's what makes his message a real message and his power not his own but something given!"

And so Bruce's mother was sure that her Christmas present had been the best one she could have planned.

THE MERRY BELLS OF YULE:

ORIGIN OF OUR CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

By R. Graham



"All hail!" the bells of Christmas rang,
"All hail!" the monks at Christmas sang,
The merry monks who kept with cheer
The gladdest day of all the year.

—Whittier

Over a hundred years ago Washington Irving was lamenting the fact that the world had become more worldly, and tha the traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity" were passing away; and he was thinking especially of Christmas.

Yet the festival, although party shorn of its ancient glories, is regarded in all Christian countries as the greatest celebration of the year. We may not be so boisterous in our mirth as were our European ancestors, yet Christmas has an even stronger hold on the heart of the world in the twentieth century than it ever had in the period known as the Middle Ages; practically all of the historic customs have their place in the Christmas ritual of the present day.

To find the origin of many of these customs it is necessary to look far back, even thousands of years beyond the beginning of Christanity. Long before Julius Caesar set foot on English soil, or St. Augustine preached the Gospel to the men of Kent, our forefathers were celebrating the Yuletide feast on December 25.

Linking the arm of fellowship one with another, they rejoiced that the day had begun to lengthen again; they gave thanks to the sun for his bounty; and they did so in much the same spirit as we do our Christmas rejoicing today.

Thus the early teachers of the Christian religion found an old and honorable stem ready to hand, and on the great feast of Yule they grafted the infinitely greater festival of Christmas—expressive of the highest faith this world has known.

The Yule Log

Amongst the more famous Christmas customs of old days was that of burning the Yule log, a ceremony derived from our Scandinavian ancestors. At their feast of "Juul," held at the winter solstice, they used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of the god Thor.

A log was chosen and marked off in the woods in good time, and on Christmas eve it was brought home amid scenes of the greatest merriment. Each wayfarer paused to raise his hat as the ponderous log passed on its way to the altar of the open hearth.

With charred fragments, saved from last year's block it was lighted; soon the sparks were roaring up the wide chimney, as the blazing Yule log crackled a cheery welcome to all.

The custom was kept up for many

centuries, and is still to some extent maintained in parts of the Old World.

This is how Robert Herrick sang of it two hundred and fifty years ago:

"Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

"With last year's brand
Light the new block, and,
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending."

While the Yule log was burning, a huge candle was lighted and set on the table. These candles were presented by the chandlers and grocers as Christmas presents to their customers.

The Mistletoe Bough

The mistletoe is a parasite among plants. It boards and lodges on other trees, especially on the apple. In some parts of Europe it may be found also on birch, poplar, willow, and occasionally on the oak.

The word is the Anglo-Saxon "misteltan," from "mistel," glue, and "tan," a twig. Birdlime was made from the berries, so birdlime-twig" was the rather prosaic name of the romantic bough among the Anglo-Saxons.

The plant has a long and legendary history, and from time immemorial has been an object of veneration in Europe. The Druids of ancient Britian used the mistletoe in their most sacred religious rites, and an old writer tells how they procured it for this purpose:

"After due preparation had been made for a sacrifice and a feast under the trees on which the sacred plant grew, they brought two young white bulls bound them to the trees. A priest clad in white robes climbed the tree, and with a golden sickle cut the mistletoe which was caught in a white cloth by another priest waiting below.

Then they sacrificed the white bulls —and some times also human victims —praying that God might make his gift to prosper with those on whom he had bestowed it."

The mistletoe thus gathered was divided up into small portions and distributed among the people who hung the sprays over their doors to please and shelter the sylvan deities during the season of frost and storm. This association of the plant with nymphs of the wood will perhaps suggest the origin of the quaint and pretty idea of "kissing under the mistletoe."

Hanging Up the Holly

The holly, too, is an ancient favorite and has been used for Christmas decoration in home and church time out of mind.

The appearance of the holly has earned it a chief place in the mind of the Christian world at Christmas time. The sharp, prickly leaves, the bitter dark and the bloodred berries, were considered typical of the sufferings of Christ; its strength and firmness were suggestive of his character and work.

But the hanging of the holly goes far back behind the first Christmas; for the Druids were accustomed, at

Yule-tide, to adorn their homes and altars with the berried branches of this most beautiful of evergreen trees.

Christmas Mummers

The passion for masquerade seems inherent in human nature, and the mummers, or masqued players, held a prominent place in the Christmas revels of the olden times. Even in these prosiac days the quaint custom of "going a-mumming" is kept up in many places, and the time-honored drama of St. George and the Dragon is still played on Christmas eve in hundreds of villages and country points in the British Isles. A vivid picture of a typical performance is given in Thomas Hardy's great novel "The return of the Native."

Here again the practice is much older than Christmas and may be traced partly to the ancient Roman festival, Saturnalia, at which people donned the clothes of the opposite sex and went about in masks during a period of unrestrained and even riotous festivity; partly also to the sun festivities of many lands and ages. The Egyptians, Persians, Hindoos, Celts, Teutons, Scandinavians and Mexicans all held festivals and sports at the winter solstice.

It seems that the more innocent of these pagan customs were tolerated, if not actually adopted, by the early church as part of the ritual of the Christian feast.

Carol Singing

The angels' song on the plains of Bethlehem was the first Christmas carol; and of all our old and cherished customs, so full of sweet and simple poetry, none is more charming than that of carol singing.

It is an ancient practice, and was in use in all European countries from very early times We read that in the primitive church the bishops were accustomed to sing carols amongst their clergy on Christmas Day. In mediaeval times, it is true, the carols sometimes degenerated into crude festal chants sung during the revelries of the season; but from the sixteenth century onward they became more refined and harmonious, showing touches of the charming ballad poetry of both earlier and later days.

In his "History of English poetry," Warton tells of a license granted to John Tyndale for printing "Certayne goodly Carowles to be songe to the glory of God."

Such beautiful old carols as "God Rest You Merry. Gentlemen," "The First Nowell," O Come, All Ye Faithful," "Away in a Manger," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," etc., are loved and sung today over the entire Christian World.

Eternal Youth

Space will not permit us to do more than mention even such perennial favorites as Santa Claus, the Christmas tree, Christmas boxes, cards, games, and dishes—all of them age-old features of the season.

But one notes, with a kind of thankful satisfaction, that, whatever our prosiac age may be rapidly discarding, it shows no sign of allowing the Christmas festival to die.

In Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" there is a fine passage describing Christmas Eve in the olden time. Here are the last lines:

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.

'Twas Christmas broached the mighthiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

It reads like a sigh for the good old days, with a trace of fear that they have passed away forever. But such a sigh need find no echo in the twentieth century, for the Christmas spirit has come to stay.

The Real Peter Pan

After all, it is humanity itself that is the real Peter Pan. The heart of humanity is the child's heart; and Christmas is the festival of the child.

If growing up means losing the child spirit; then it will be a sad day for this world when we are all grown up. So let us,

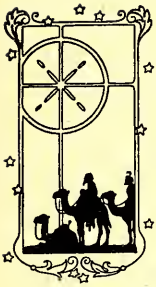
"Heap on more wood, the wind is chill!
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our merry Christmas still!"

And we shall be celebrating the universal faith, which is deep down in the general heart of man, that light is stronger than darkness, and life is stronger than death.

And, as we hang up the holly and the misletoe again, it will take nothing away from our adoration of the Christ Child to remember that we are not only entering into fellowship with all true believers, but with all the youth of the world today; and we are joining hands with our sun-worshipping ancestors across ten thousand years, and taking part in a service that was old before history began to be written.

A BLESSED CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By Alma Hantel Arnold



The snow was coming down thick and fast. It was soft and feathery, and to Hal, who was watching it from the window, it seemd almost like a friend. He loved the snow. It was always covering up ugly places and making the world beautiful. Now it was piling up fast and the whole landscape was changed.

Hal turned with a start as a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Is this the first snow you have ever seen?" laughed his sister, Josie. "You are so intent upon it."

"No, I was thinking how beautiful it is and also that it would furnish me with a way to earn money. Say, Sis, do you realize that Christmas is only one week off and my pockets are almost empty? Father said that I would have to earn my spending money myself this year."

"Yes, Hay, Christmas is coming so fast and I am not ready for it either," answered Josie.

Hal and Josie were the children of a doctor in a mid-western town. Their father had practiced there for many years and everyone knew and loved Dr. Brownell. You could always depend on this kind-hearted man, and he gave more than just medicine; he gave of himself and also his prayers.

He and his family lived happily together in a small but snug little home on the outskirts of the town. How peaceful this place looked to him after a hard day's work! He knew that within it he would find all he needed.

There was Josie the oldest, then Hay, Elsie, Jack and little Robert. What a comfort these dear ones had been to him and his faithful wife and what sunshine they had brought into their home!

Tonight as he was driving home through the snow he shook his head sadly to himself as he fell to thinking of the many childless homes. With Christmas drawing near, he could not help but think how much pleasure such people miss; for who is not made happy and has his own childhood renewed by seeing the happiness of a little child?

Soon the bright lights of his own cheerful home shone through the ever increasing snowstorm. And in a short time he was resting with his house slippers on before the cheery and warm hearth fire.

"If the wind shifts to the north we will have a genuine blizzard before morning," he was saying, rubbing his hands before the blaze.

"I hope you will not be called out such a night," said his wife.

"It is not very pleasant, but duty first, my dear," kindly answered the doctor.

"By the way," he continued, "I was called to Mr. Castle's today.

"Why, who is sick there?" asked Josie, surprised.

"Mrs. Castle has a severe cold, but nothing serious."

"Did you see Vera while there?" she asked again."

"Yes," answered her father, "she was in her mother's room and seems very quiet. I judge she is about your age, daughter."

"Yes, I think she is. I have tried so hard to draw her into some of our social doings, but she never comes I do not ask her anymore."

"O well, Sis, you are only a poor doctor's daughter, while her faher is a rich merchant of our city," mockingly said Hal.

"Yes," said ten-year-old Jackie, "even if he is rich and lives in that fine house on the hill he is stingy, for our room is trying to get all the donations we can for Christmas. We are going to help as many poor families as we can. I went to him and he would give nothing."

"I would not talk so, dear," said his mother gently. "You know they are strangers here and we do not know them at all yet. Never speak ill of anyone and least of all of those whom you do not know."

After supper was over and dishes washed, all were gathered around the cheerful fire again talking about and planning for Christmas.

"Well, who are we going to invite this year, father," asked Hal, "to spend Christmas Day wih us?"

"That is for you folks to decide," he said, looking around upon them all.

It had long been the custom in this family to invite some one whom they thought was lonesome or downhearted or friendless to eat Christmas dinner and spend the day with them.

"Father," said Josie, "I would like to ask Mr. Castle and family. I am sure Vera must be very lonesome in her fine home with no brothers and sisters for company. I would love to have them."

"Yes, I like him," said little Robert, "he patted me on the head the other day and said, 'You are a nice little boy.,"

"He has such a peculiar way of looking at you," said Elsie. "He looks into your face so intently as though he was seeking someone. One day when I was in his store he said to me, 'Little girl you look like someone I used to know years ago.' I like him and I think he is sad. Let us invite them, mother."

"It matters not to me, dears," answered the mother kindly. "Anyone is welcome."

"That reminds me of what Mrs. Castle told me this afternoon," said the doctor. "She got to talking about Mr. Castle and saying he was getting more restless all the time. She said he would not mingle with others and his mind was never at peace. I asked her why and she told me the following story:

"'Mr. Castle's father was a poineer missionary on the Nebraska plains and he and his family lived there for some years in a little cabin. One day, something like forty years ago, an Indian rode up on a pony where Mr. Castle and his little three-year-old sister were playing, and leaning over, picked up the little golden-haired girl and galloped off with her. They pursued and got the soldiers to help and did all they could, but they never found her. They followed up many clues which always ended in failure.

"'They kept on faithfully with

their work, praying and hoping that their little girl would be returned, but she never was.

"'After ten years of sadness and hardships, the mother was taken to that Home where all tears are wiped away. So Mr. Castle and his father were left alone.

"'After five years more the father was taken and Mr. Castle was left to shift for himself.

"'On his mother's death bed he had promised her never to give up searching for his lost sister and in all these weary years he has never given up.' Mrs. Castle says he has a strong belief she is still living, but of late he has despaired of ever finding her."

"That is truly a sad story," said Josie. "I thing from now on we will all think more kindly of him."

The next day were very busy ones. Mother did the Christmas baking. Josie and Elsie made all the Christmas candy. The boys brought in a beautiful, large, bushy tree and other greens, and all helped to decorate the small but cozy rooms. The smaller children cut out garlands of red and green paper, and with mistletoe and holly it surely was a sight to warm and cheer the coldest of hearts.

The weather was ideal for Christmas. Tht whole earth was wrapped in a dazzling blanket of pure white snow, the sky was deep blue and there was just enough wind to keep everyone moving along at a brisk pace.

The invitation had been delivered at the big house on the hill. Josie had taken it there in person and found Vera to be much more sociable than she had imagined. They had accepted, and told Josie they would look forward to it with pleasure.

Christmas Day had arrived. Long before the sun had risen everyone in Dr. Brownell's household was up and shouting merrily, "Merry Christmas." They all gathered around the tree and exchanged gifts, and then reverently and quietly the beautiful Christmas story was read from the Bible and a prayer made.

About noon the Castle family arrived, and soon dinner was served. Such a dinner! Nothing more could be wished for, and such words of praise that were given to the wonderful cook! Mrs. Brownell took it all quietly and with her sweet smile said that it always made her happy to serve others.

They all became well acquainted and found each other very much to their liking. Mr. Castle proved to be a very refined, intelligent and kind man. He told many humorous stories and seemed to be very fond of children. Elsie and Robert took to him from the beginning and both of them were perched upon his knees a great part of the time. But looking into his kind grey eyes one could see the deep-seated sadness that lay in the background.

After dinner the rest of the day was spent around the cheery hearth fire and by the lovely Christmas tree. Everyone was co happy.

The smaller boys were playing with a ball, and in throwing it hit a photo standing on the mantle and it fell off onto the floor almost at the feet of Mr. Castle.

He stooped to pick it up and glancing at it casually, as one does at a strange picture, was about to replace it on the mantle. But his eyes wand-

ered to it again, and after one intent look he became white, and trembling all over sank into a nearby chair. Dr. Brownell at once went to his side and offered his aid.

"No," faintly said Mr. Castle, "I am not ill. Whose picture is that?" he asked breathlessly.

Mrs. Brownell had come over to his side also and she said rather sadly, "Those are my parents."

"Your parents?" he whispered, "your parents?"

"Yes," she answered in a sad voice, "I never knew them. I was lost when a little girl and long years afterwards a friend of my mother finally got trace of me and sent me a package of things. In this package was this photo which I prize very highly."

Trembling Mr. Castle reached over and claspd both hands of Mrs. Brownell and said softly, while the tears ran unheeded down his face, "Then you are my little, lost sister, Sunshine, for that picture is also that of my parents. My quest is ended. God has answered my prayer on this Christmas night."

And by the ruddy glow of the hearth fire and under the soft light of the sparkling candles on the Christmas tree; all knelt thanking and praising God for His goodness in restoring to each other the long separated sister and brother.

CHRISTMAS AND THE WORLD'S PLIGHT

By Thos. F. Opie

Christmas reminds us that Christ was introduced into the Roman State, as well as into the Jewish Church! He was born in a province called Judea, under the legion of the Caesars. The regal Roman Empire was to become aware of Him, as were the scribes of the Hebrew Synagogue. From the time of the Savior affairs of races, nation, states,—no less than affairs religious, ecclesiastical, spiritual, were destined to feel the power of the Christian leaven though narrow minds have vainly contrived to separate the so-called sacred and the secular, the state and the church.

The pople are the Church; the people are the State. And they are, in the very nature of the case, the same people! A statesman, a politician, a diplomat, an office-holder in the State, cannot be a "good Christian" in the Church, and a "rotten politician" in the State! Nations and people cannot be "Christian" in one sphere of life (in individual relations, for example) and un-Christian or non-Christian in the world's conference halls, treaty assembles and the embassage! A Christian is and must be a Christion whether worshipping and serving God in Church of Cathedral on Sunday or serving humanity on Monday.

In ultimate analysis, Church and State cannot be separated! No, nor the sacred and the secular. Everything is sacred to the heart and mind that itself is really Christian enough to carry to its job the spirit and genius of the Christ.

Today the world is in sad plight because of this false division. Had preachers proclaimed that Christ's sphere embraces man's relations wherever man is found—and had the Church insisted that Christ's principles must be applied to international law—to the lives of races and nations, no less than to small groups and single individuals—perhaps things would be different! But after all, possibly the world has not been ready for it! It is obvious that the brotherhood of man can have little or no meaning aside from the familyhood of nations —nor can the Fatherhood of God have any wide significance, aside from a world of brothers, nationally as well as personally related in sonship and all amicable attitudes.

Grant, Almighty Father, that this Christmas the world may see its folly, its sad plight, its hellish unbrotherliness—and that it may let the Prince of Peace, the Elder Brother, into every sphere of life—wherever men dwell and have dealings with each other. O, Christ, be born anew into the hearts of Nations—come into world courts—into affairs of State—into all relationships of men, and proclaim anew thy message of Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will.

BETTY'S CHRISTMAS BIRTHDAY

By Emma Florence Bush

"I am glad I was born on Christmas Day, mamma," said Betty. "I am so glad my birthday come so glad my birthday comes the same as the Baby Jesus.'"

"I wish my little girl would makt it a real glad Christmas birthday." said mamma. "The Baby Jesus gave Himself to the world on His birthday. I wish my little girl would give herself to othrs on her birthday."

"I'll try, mamma," said Betty, and went slowly off by herself to think it over, in her favorite corner of the big window seat.

Betty awoke bright and early on her birthday and raced downstairs with the other children for their gifts, only Betty always had a double share, the Christmas stocking gifts and the birthday gifts, piled around her plate. Mamma and papa thought even if a little girl did come on Christmas Day she should have her birthday presents as well as the Christmas ones.

After breakfast Betty stole away up stairs. Mamma coming later to make the bed found it all made, and the room all tidied.

"See, mamma," said Betty, hugging her, "I am going to keep my room nice all myself now. I am eight years old, and I can do it."

"A beautiful birthday present," said mamma, "one that will last a whole year. I am very much pleased with it."

"And mamma," sa)id Betty, "I have so many presents, I have decided to give three of my very best to the poor children's tree tomorrow afternoon. It will be a birthday just the same if I pick them out today, won't it?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, "and you may take them over to the Sunday school rooms this forenoon."

Betty skipped downstairs and was soon ready for the walk. She came back about an hour later with rosy cheeks, and shining eyes. Oh, mamma," she said, do you know I went by Mrs. Mulligan's, and all Annie had for Christmas was a pair of mittens. They are going to have only a piece of pork for dinner, no turkey or anything. If I can go without my nuts, candy and fruit at dinner time, may I carry them to Annie?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, smiling "This is your birthday. I will find a pretty basket and you shall pack enough for both Annie and her mother and carry them over yourself before dinner."

What a good time Betty did have packing the basket!

Dinner was on the table when Betty came back. Although it was hard to see the others eat candies, nuts and the big juicy oranges, whenever she thought of Annie and her mother she was happy.

"O mamma," she said, when she was safely tucked in for the night, "I think this was my happiest birth-

day ever. I mean to do the same every year. I think when a little girl has a birthday the same day as the Baby Jesus, she ought to do all she can for others."

"Yes," said mamma, giving her a good-night kiss, "a little girl who has such an honor as that has a good deal to live up to, and from what I have seen today I am sure my Betty always will."—

"CHRISTMASTIDE."

By Louise Hill Leibert

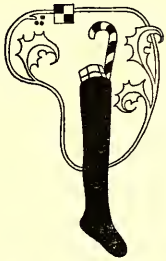
It is the custom of the Moravian Church of Bethlehem, Pennyslvania, to hold, on Christmas Eve, a liturgical Service, and a Love Feast for children while singing of the hymn:

"'Morning Star, O cheering sight!
'Ere Thou cam'st how dark
earth's night!
Jesus mine in me shine:
Fill my heart with light divine."

The two wide doors at the front entrance are thrown open and a number of sarcristans enter carrying large trays covered with lighted candles. These candles are made of Beeswax and have a ruche of fringed colored paper at the base. Each child is given a candle which is held lighted until the close of the service. The young mind is thus taught that the candles represents the light of the world, Jesus.

The older children have impressed on their hearts and minds that the many evergreen trees which surround a painting of Christ in the manger, symbolize eternal life.

The Christmas spirit of today is that of giving, but has become in many instances a mere exchange of gifts. The true Christmas spirit is the spirit of love. People are so apt to forget the real siginificance of Christmas; lose sight of the fact that we celebrate Christmas because unto us was given a Savious.



HILARY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

(Our Little Ones)

"The mailman has come, my parcel is here and my my name is right on the front, written so plain that I can read it!" cried Hilary.

For several days he had been watching for the gift his uncle had written would come by mail. He had tried to guess what the gift would be He thought of ever and ever so many things he would like to have, and he had wished most of all for the fountain pen his uncle had promised to send. For now he could write plainly and neatly enough to use ink.

But this was a fatter parcel than a pen would be. Hilary cut the string and took off the brown wrapper, and there was a fat box, with the picture of a soldier on the top.

"Oh, it's tin soldiers!" said Hilary, who had seen boxes like that before. "I never thought Uncle Ben would send tin soldiers. I thought he understood that I want to learn to be a big boy. But I suppose Uncle Ben thought I would like these because I play with my old tin soldiers, and I must write to say 'Thank you.'"

So Hilary put the cover on the fat box and went to write his letter. He could write short words with a pencil, and was trying to think of something to say when his mother called:

"Here's the postman with a letter, and the letter has a message for you, son. Auntie Lou says she has sent you some tin soldiers to carry to the little boy at the corner of the street, who has sprained his ancle. His mother is too poor to buy him any Christmas gifts. She doesn't know the little boy's name, so she thought you could take over the soldiers and get acquainted."

Hilary clapped his hands.

"His name is Jocen; and I'm so glad I haven't got to write that letter now, because I couldn't think of a single thing to put down. I'll take the tin soldiers to Jocen this minute. Tomorrow is Christmas anyway."

So Hilary trudged to Jocen's with the fat box, and they did have a good time setting up the tin soldiers and playing drill. And Hilary was hurrying home when he almost ran into the postman.

"Here's another Christmas present for you, Lary!" called the postman. "It's a little slim package."

Hilary sat down on the curbstone and cut the string with the postman's jack knife. His heart was going pit-a-pat. And there was a slim box inside the brown paper, and under the box-cover was a nest of cotton-wool in which lay a shiny fountain pen.

"Hurrah!" cried Hilary. "Uncle Ben thinks I can write like a big boy! Hurrah! I must hurry home and write him a letter about the tin soldiers and Jocen, and I must tell him what a very nice pen this is."

The outcome of the battle is of no importance—but, how did you fight?

A CHRISTMAS ECHO

Joseph Fort Newton in The Atlantic Monthly

Only God could have thought of Christmas. Its beauty is beyond the wit of mortals, so simple in its sublimity, so homey, yet so heavenly. On a tapestry woven of stable-straw and starlight it unveils a picture to soften and purify the heart, and to bring us back from a wisdom that is not wise, because it is hard, unholy, and unhopeful. Man would have made it a pageant, its stage directions as follows:

Army of Great Ones—
The Army marches by—
Fanfare of trumpets—
Enter the King.

Our pageants pass and fade, but God works in slower and more secret ways. He blows no trumpet; He rings no bell. He begins within, seeking His ends by quiet growth, and by a strange power that men call weakness, a wisdom mistaken for folly. Man has but one answer to every problem force; but that is not he way of God. He did not send an army to conquer the world; He sent a Babe to make a woman cry. The divine method is different:

The crowded Inn—
A Mother and a Babe—
No cradle, but a Manger—
A man stunned by wonder—
A wandering Star.

Such wisdom bends the lance; such beauty breaks the heart—and mends it. It is a scene to sanctify the world, as if to teach us that God enters the life of man by lowly doors, attended by starry ideals and simple shepherd sentiment—"one of the children of the year." They are wise men who bow at such a shrine, linking a far-off pilgrim star with the cradle of a little Child. By such faith men are truly wise, knowing that no hope is too high, no dream too holy to be fulfilled—even the hope and the dream of "peace on earth to men of good will."

Over an armed camp, in a hard old Roman world, the song of the angels rang out, proclaiming "peace on earth to men of good will." How far off it must have seemed on that night How far off it seems today! Yet it will come true. It is not a myth; it is not a mockery. Surviving ages of slaughter, it still haunts us, proving its immortality. It is not a mortal melody, but a divine symphony. Because it is far off we know that it is not our own music, but sent into the soul of man by One who is as far above us as the stars are above the mists.—

CAROLINA TAKES STEPS TO REPRODUCE CANOVA'S GREAT STATUE OF OUR WASHINGTON

By M. R. Dunnagan

Steps looking toward the reproduction of the world-famed statue of Washington, done by Antonio Canova of Italy, one of the most noted sculptors of all time, for the state of North Carolina, and destroyed in the fire which burned the state house on the morning of June 21, 1831, were taken this week, in accordance with legislative instructions in a letter written by Governor Angus W. McLean and dispatched, through Secretary of State Kellogg, to the Royal Italian government.

Italian government.

Governor McLean's letter giving a brief history of the statue, asks the Italian Government to furnish the names and addresses of reputable Italian sculptors with whom the duly authorized representatives of the state of North Carolina may negotiate for the purpose of making a contract for the reproduction of the stature. This work would be done in marble using the original model made by Canova and preserved in the Canova museum at Passagno, Italy.

His request, Governor McLean makes plain, is made for the purpose of submitting a proposal to the general assembly at its session, which convenes on January 9, next, and no commitment can be made unless and until authority is granted by that body for entering into a contract for the work.

The North Carolina Historical commission now has a plaster cast of the Canova statue of Washington in the Hall of History, cast and presented to the state by the Italian government in 1910, when the state asked permission to reproduce the statue the proposed reproduction would be in marble, probably the famous carara marble, from which the original statue was carved. Its reproduction, with the original model to work by, would not be such a great task it is stated.

The mass of charred and broken marble which had been the statue of Washington, after it was removed from the debris of the burned state house in 1831, reposed for a time under earth and grass near the southwest corner of Capitol Square, where Col. Fred A. Olds, collector for the Hall of History, reports finding it some 50 years ago. It was cleansed up and is now kept in the state museum. Many sculptors have come to Raleigh to see the mass, probably two-thirds of the original amount of marble. Its value has been placed by some of these sculptors at probably $50,000.

Governor McLean's letter, addressed to "The Honorable, The Secretary of State, Washington, D. C. and containing a brief history of the statue, follows:

"The governor of North Carolina presents his compliments to the honorable, the secretary of state of the

United States and has the honor to requests that he will present, through the usual diplomatic channels, to the Royal Italian government, the following communication:

"This commission on the reproduction of the Canova statue of Washingon, a duly constituted agency of the state of North Carolina, respectfully requests the good offices of the Royal Italian government in obtaining permission to have reproduced from the original model, now in the Canova museum at Passagno, Italy, the Canova statue of Washington originally made for the state of North Carolina in 1820, and to that end submits the following brief history of the statue:

"Canova's statue is one of, if not the most famous statue of Washington in existenc. The order for the statue was given in 1816. Canova was selected as the sculptor, upon recommendation of Thomas Jefferson, who wrote that "no arist in Europe would place himself in line with him and for thirty years within my knowledge he has been considered by all Europeans as without rival." The statue was completed in 1820, and brought to the United States in a war vessel of the United States navy, especially assigned to that purpose.

"Thomas Appleton, United States consul at Leghorn, through whom negotiations with Canova had been conducted, wrote to the governor of North Carolina as follows about the statue:

" 'It is from the hands of the finest artist the world has produced, since the period of Nero, the emporer, and the important events in the life of our hero, which are represented in basso relievos on the sides of the pedestal, are wrought with a far superior hand to the relievos, either on the column of Trajan or on the triumph arch of Consantine, for sculpture had declined for more than a century before architecture had arisen to that perfection, which leaves only the power to admire without the genius umphal arch of Constantine, for sculptured by Mr. Raimon de Trentanove, a young man of only six and twenty years, the first scholar of Canova, and strongly recommended to me by the latter as the most capable in Rome. His genius is of a sublime cast and will most assuredly rise at least to the greatness of his master.'

"The statue was conveyed from Italy to Boston in the United States ship Columbus, thence to Wilmington, N. C., by water, thence up the Cape Fear river to Fayetteville, N. C., and then over land to Raleigh, where it was set up in the rotunda of the state house and unveiled December 24 1821. LaFayette, in his visit to America in 1825, made a trip to Raleigh to inspect the statue. There is a picture of him in company with Miss Haywood viewing the work. The original was destroyed when the state house ws burned in 1831, but the plaster model made by Canova himself has been preserved and in 1908 a replica of it was made and presented to the state of North Carolina by the Italian government.

"In 1844, at the instance of Judge Gaston, a committee was appointed, of which Judge Gaston was chairman, to have the statue reproduced. At that time the existence of the original plaster model was unknown

and the artist, Ball Hughes, employed by the commission, had only the torso and the head to work from. Hughes took the head to New York and it there disappeared and from 1844 until 1908 the matter of reproduction was permitted to rest, for the loss of the head had removed all hopes on the part of our people of ever having the statue reproduced. It was in 1908 when Bellamy Storer, American ambassador to Austria, discovered the original plaster model at Possagno in the Canova museum, and informed Professor Connor, secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission, of its existence, that our people revived hope of again seeing in marble the famous statue made for them in the early part of the nineteenth century.

"Interest in the subject was particularly revived in 1921 when Virginia presented a copy of its famous statue of Washington by Houdon to the British empire, and it was set up on Trafalgar Square. The historian Ashe wrote a public letter at that time, calling attention to the fact that North Carolina's statue of Washington was infinitely superior as a work of art to Virginia's statue of the Father of our country.

"The general assembly of North Carolina, thereupon, in 1923, appointed a commission, consisting of R. O. Everett, R. D. W. Connor and Walter Woodson, to investigate and report to the general assembly the advisability of having the statue reproduced. The committee recommonded the reproduction of the statue and asked that an appropriation be made for that purpose. The general assembly of 1925 failed to make an appropriations, but appointed a commission, consisting of R. O. Everett, R. D. W. Connor, A. W. McLean, W. N. Everett and Walter Woodson, to have the statue reproduced, if sufficient private funds could be raised for that purpose and to place it at some suitable place on the state's property in the city of Raleigh. At the 1927 session the general assembly continued the commission and appointed as an additional member, Miss Martha Andrews, of the city of Raleigh, and instructed the commission to report its proceedings at the 1929 session.

"It is further desired that the proper representatives of the Royal Italian government, if it is not incompatible with its custom and practice, furnish the names of and addresses of several reputable Italian sculptors with whom the duly authorized representatives of the state of North Carolina may negotiate for the purpose of making a contract for the reproduction of said statue. In this connection, it is suggested that no commitment can be made unless and until authority is granted by the general assembly of North Carolina to enter into such contract, and that the present request is made for the purpose of submitting a proposal to the general assembly of North Carolina, which convenes on the 9th day of January, 1929.

"Thanking you in anticipation of your courteous attention to this matter and with the assurances of my most distinguished consideration, I have the honor to remain,

"ANGUS W. McLEAN."

INSTITUTION NOTES

An unusually large number of boys were visited by their friends and relatives last Wednesday.

The printing office force has just completed the Tenth Biennial Report, a booklet of forty-eight pages.

Mr. R. H. Walker, one of the officers in charge of the Rockingham Cottage, has been ill for several days past.

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at second cottage, was called to her home in Shelby last Tuesday on account of illness of her mother.

Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His message was interesting and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Charles Smith, of No. 1 Township, for the cedar trees he generously donated. These are being used to dress the auditorium and the entrance to the school building in holiday garb.

The usual custom of having our cottages decorated during the holiday season will be continued this yar. Although no prizes are offered there is always keen competition along this line, each family group making an effort to have the best decorated cottage.

Everybody is busy at the Jackson Training School. Preparations are being made for an enjoyable holiday season. Mr. Carriker and the carpenter shop boys are decorating the auditorium and the entrance to the school building, and the boys and officers in all other departments are working at top speed, in order to have everything in readiness by the time Santa Claus makes his annual visit.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

"Is in the friendly word, the kind and loving deed.
The loyalty that helps in time of stress and need,
The kindliness that cheers the sad and lonely soul,
The sympathy that heals and makes the spirit whole.

Is in the fellowship that threads the narrow way
And finds the darkened home, the life in sore dismay,
The lonely heart uptorn by sorrow and distress,
And lights again the fires of hope and happiness."

—By Carlton Murray Brosius

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

By Henry Van Dyke

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life; but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you cannot keep it alone.

HAIL! DIVINE YOUTH

Hail to thee! thou Hebrew youth,
Light of Life and Soul of Truth;
Bless the day that gave thee birth,
Bringing hope to all the earth!

Ruling all by serving all,
Sin and pain thou didst enthrall;
From the cross all dark with shame,
Breaks the splendor of thy name.

Be our eyes unsealed to see
Ourselves glorified in thee;
Seeing thee divinely fair,
All shall then thy likeness bear.

W. H. Furness

SECRET-TIME

Now's the jolliest time of year,
  All the children know:
Merry secret-time is here;
  See us on tiptoe!

Father comes with parcels brown;
  Mother grabs them quick;
Brother brings a load from town,
  Wrapped in paper thick.

Sister hides in tissue white
  All her secrets gay;
Tied with holly ribbon bright,
  Soon they're sent away.

Whispering secrets—oh, what fun!
  Makes us giggle so!
"Sh! Just take a peep—and run!
  Mother mustn't know."

Secrets up-stairs, down-sairs, too,
  Hidden all away;
Won't there be a great to-do,
  When it's Christmas Day!

—*Our Little Ones.*

HAPPY NEW YEAR

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 5, 1929. No. 49

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on.
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true;
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A PROSPECTIVE NEW YEAR

This is the beginning of the New Year and very naturally we lapse into a rather retrospective mood,—thinking of the many pleasant past times, the good deeds performed, and on the other hand taking into consideration the short comings—all of which make life. This is equivalent to taking stock like all business concerns, so as to be ready for the next years activities with the hope of a better year. After this inventory, down in to the secret recesses of the heart and mind we know ourselves, and make this resolve:—"to make out a finer program of activities and follow the same for the coming year." There is more to life than just meeting financial obligations—a greater love and charity for the weaknesses of mankind. Instead of giving a fellow a kick reach out your hand and heart and give him a lift— in this way you are aiding humanity.

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The Uplift extends greetings and hopes that the New Year, 1929, holds in store many blessings for its numerous friends. What does 1929 have in keeping for us? It is only human to wonder even when realizing that God in His wisdom reveals the many changes, blessings or misfortunes, in the twinkling of the eye; and in every instance we are sustained to stand the shock, either of joy or sadness, by the Grace of God. If it were possible from a human viewpoint to have seen all of the pleasures and misfortunes combined of the past

year, at a glance,—we would have been unable to have met the emergencies of life, therefore, we know that God in His wisdom careth for us at all times. Again, the question comes to mind—what does 1929 hold in store for us? Is it not true that in the end throughout the New Year, as in the past years, the answer lies within ourselves alone. We readily understand what we get out of anything, work, play, or every effort of life, can be measured almost exactly by what we put into it. To get good results it is essential that we greet each day with overflowing joy, enthusiasm, tireless enrgy, a zest for living and determination to rise above all obstacles—then the goal, success, will be attained and the joy of service will be realized. "It is literally true that this world is everything to us, if only we choose to make it so, if only we live in the present because it is eternity."

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THE FARMER GOVERNOR

The information from the rural districts this past Fall—from every source including men of big farming interest to those of the tenant class—is that if the farmers break even this year after paying all outstanding indebtedness they have done well; but it goes without saying that in every case wherein extra expense has been incurred, due to illness or other misfortunes, there will be a deficit facing this particular class who have endeavored to make a living by the sweat of the brow. There is not a doubt that these conditions prevail, because one does not have to move far till you feel the depression as well as see the most rigid economy put into practice.

The announcement that during the administration of Governor-elect Gardner "agriculture will recieve much attention" has given hope to many who feel "down and out" just now. This statement is timely and much faith is attached thereto, because O. Max Gardner has demonstrated in a pratical way his interest in N. C. soil and aided materially in bringing farm life to higher level in his own county. If possible, as a private citizen, to awaken interest locally it is reasonable to believe, as Chief Executive, his influence throughout the state will work wonders towards promotng agricultural interest.

Many public men when seeking office have talked farm-relief and usually that is the last heard of it,—but not so in this case because O. Max Gardner, full of patriotic purposes and with the courage of his convictions, will as in the past measure up to every occasion, and prove himself true to every public trust,—let it be small or large. He believes in North Carolina, and

regards nothing too good for the state. We predict that the Governor-elect will be recognized not only as the "friendly governor," but also the "farmers' governor."

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THE DADDY OF LOCOMOTIVES SHOWN AT WASHINGTON

During the Christmas holidays in the Union Station at Washington, D. C. the first locomotive built in the United States for actual railway service has been reproduced and will be displayed. This locomotive was known as the "Best Friend"—built at the West Point Foundry, New York City in 1830 and shipped to Charleston, S. C. by boat. It was used on some railway near Charleston as a regular passenger and freight combined, and rendered good service till the negro fireman one day annoyed by the escaping steam screwed down the valve which caused an explosion. The story tells that the boiler was wrecked, but like the little boy consumed with curiosity, what became of the negro fireman?

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THE GRATITUDE OF THE BOYS

The joy realized by the boys of the Jackson Training School during the Christmas season—1928—was full and complete, and every one of these boys understand that this wonderful gift of Christmas cheer was made possible by the generous, and admiring friends of the Jackson Training School. But for the many friends the good things to satisfy the sweet tooth of a boy would have been doled out in a scanty measure. We take this means, through the columns of the Uplift, to express the appreciation of all for the past kindnesses —and at the same time wish you a Happy New Year.

The following is a complete list of contributors to the Boys Christmas Cheer:

The Stonewall Senior Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	$10.00
Mr. R. S. Huntington, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
Mr. William H. Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	50.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove	50.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	10.00
Mr. C. W. Swink, Concord	10.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte	10.00
Mr. T. M. Shelton, Charlotte	5.00
A Friend, Charlotte	5.00

Mr. E. C. Barnhardt, Concord..... 10.00
Mr. F. M. Youngblood, Concord..... 25.00
Judge W. M. York, Greensboro..... 5.00
Mr. A. F. Goodman, Concord..... 2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas E. Boger, Concord..... 10.00
Mrs. J. S. Efird, Albemarle..... 10.00
Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury..... 5.00
Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Raleigh..... 5.00
Mr. Burton Craig, Winston-Salem..... 50.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte..... 50.00
Mr. J. F. Cannon, Concord.....50.00
Cabarrus Cash Grocery Co., Concord..... 10.00
Ritchie Hardware Co., Concord..... 25.00
Mr. Bernard Cone, Greensboro..... 10.00
Caskie-Dillard Co., Charlotte..... 10.00
Dove-Bost Co., Concord..... 5.00
Mrs. Hortense F. Moye, Greenville, N. C..... 5.00
Rev. Thos. W. Smith, Atlanta, Ga..... 2.00
Woman's Club, By Mrs. R. G. Liner, Canton..... 15.00
Mr. Chas. E. Barnhardt, Charlotte..... 10.00
Mrs Kate B. Reynolds, Winston-Salem.....100.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Caldwell, Monroe.....4 boxes of Oranges
G. W. Patterson, Wholesale Grocers, Concord.....box of Oranges
Statesville Rotary Club..... 10.00
Davidson and Wolfe Co., Charlotte..... 25.00
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte..... 5.00
Richmond-Flowe Co., Concord..... 15.00
W. B. Ward and Co., Concord..... 25.00
Rotary Club, Mooresville,..... 10.00
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord..... 10.00
Mrs. M. E. Cannon,(Mrs. J. W.) Concord..... 10.00
Mr. J. M. Hendrix, Concord.....25.00
Lena M. Leslie, Concord, (Church Acct.)..... 5.00
Bettie M. Leslie, Concord, (Church Acct.)..... 5.00
Laura L. Ross, Concord, (Church Acct)..... 5.00
The Goodfellows Club, Charlotte..... 34.00
Christmas Cheer Committee, Greensboro..... 19.50
Kiwanis Club, Concord..... 25.00
Empty Stocking Fund, High Point..... 15.00
F. W. Woolworth Co., Concord..... 10.00
Pearl Drug Co., Concord..... 5.00
Wake County Dept., Raleigh..... 10.00
Sheriff W. C. Hardin, Rutherfordton..... 5.00
Mr. Shelton, Charlotte Y. M. C. A.....6 boxes of apples
Miss. Easdale Shaw, Rockingham....4 boxes of oranges, 5 boxes of apples
Albemarle Friends..... bag of oranges and apples

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

The Mothers Union of London is issuing special cards for husbands and wives to remind them of their marriage vows, just if they do not do that quite often enough; and sometimes too much.

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The news comes from Pekin to the effect that the Chinese poetry is in a state of chaos partly due to the revolution. From what Chinese poetry I have seen it would seem that it would not be difficult for a jazz band to play it without difficulty. The Chinese poetry needs a revolution.

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It is stated that in eighty minutes the other day aviators passed through a temperature change of 147 degrees. It is not necessary to fly to do that. Just turn on your radio, and at times the static will give you as many degrees of temperature as you want, in less than 80 minutes, and much more than you can use with complacency.

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The scientists say that a cold is not cold, but merely an infection. Well, as an infection, it has all of the sneezes and the wheezes of a cold, and calling a cold by another name does not alter its effects.

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As a general rule you can judge a man by the enemies he makes, and those he is envious of in his general conversation. A man that is always running down his neighbors, is a discontented man. He is unstable. He is dissatisfied. He bores people. When such a man gets weary of living among people he dislikes, he ought to think of the places, out in the great open, where he may park his car without being molested. Out there he will have plenty of room to himself.

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The radio has its advantages and diadvantages, like most everything else in this world, except the love of God in your heart. That will make the perfect life, as near as anything can on this earth. Radio has made some men so lazy that all they do is listen to it, and others do take a little exercise by turning the dials all day, and part of the night. Static is no objection to them.

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This is getting to be quite an antique age. Many are enthusiastic over antiques, and some are really going wild over the fad. I am glad of it. Every year I am growing older and older, and if I live long enough, one of these days I will be an antique myself, and it will be a pleasure to know that the old things will be well thought of and not forever cast aside, and Mrs. Hurrygraph will be right in the fashion with a living, moving, breathing antique.

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The short session of Congress and the shortest day of the year are both behind us. Several persons are short since the holidays began. However, they are managing to get a—long.

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In Michigan they are about to kill off the bootlegger Michiganders, or Michigeese. In endeavoring to en-

force the prohibition laws they are about to send a woman, a mother of ten children, to the pen for life, for violating that particular law. If this practice comes into vogue, they will have to enlarge the penitentiaries all over the country. Yet a good stiff sentence to imprisonment will do a whole lot to break up the traffic.

—o—

The New York supreme court, the other day, handed down a decision declaring that a pedestrian has the right of way at street intersections. That may be all right, and just, but just let the pedestrian try to get it. Signals and traffic cops do not stop some people—they are bent on going where they are going if they have to run over half a dozen pedestrians.

—o—

Speaking of Christmas presents, I hope every one was made happy by some gift, however small, from loved one, friend, or kind neighbor. But we are all in need of the New Year gift no one can give us but ourselves: and that is a new and more optimistic outlook on life. No matter how bad off you are, at least you can be thankful about not being worse off. If you are convinced that you couldn't be any worse off than you are now, why you can cheer yourself up with the thought that since you are at the bottom you can't go any farther down and every change from now on must be for the better.

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There is a world of difference bebetween the silly, Pollyanna attitude of trying to be glad about everything and the same, manly attitude of making the best of what you have, and looking always toward the brighter side. Optimism, courage and persistence are the greatest gifts the Creator has bestowed upon mankind. No one succeeds by expecting failure, and by the same token no one ever finds happiness by looking for sorrow.

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Come to think about it, speaking of Florida and California, Durham, and North Carolina, have a pretty good brand of sunshine. Our climate is unexcelled.

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President Coolidge has said that "the test which now confronts the Nation is prosperity." It certainly is a test with the big fellows who are piling up millions. But this "prosperity" song has a mournful cadence to the masses of people. The past holiday events revealed the fact that there were hundreds of destitute families in nearly every community that had to be helped, and many of the heads of these families were out of work; and needed the actual necessities of life. The prosperity they talk so much about is rather circumscribed. Many would like to see it universal.

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The new version of a pessimist is the fellow who thinks he is doing his best in looking for and predicting the worst.

—o—

A little Durham boy, whose father is a railroad man, was listening to the radio, from the Raleigh station, Christmas eve night, when his name was called on the radio, and he was told he would get a bicycle. He jumps up and went tearing over the house like a young wild animal, shouting, "I hear him! I heard him! I heard Santa Claus. He says he's going to

bring me a bicycle!" This is the first record we have of Santa using the radio to broadcast a little boy's gift upon which the little fellow had set his heart. It was a joy unspeakable to the youngster.

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Within the next few months the law-making bodies of America, National and State, will add thousands of new statutes to the books. Eighty percent will be useless, 10 percent will be ridiculous to the extreme and the remaining 10 percent may probably contain some merit. A few will be based on a conscientious desire to help the state of the Union, and unite the State, but a majority will embody some private prejudice of the author, and quite a few will be railroaded through as jokes pure and simple. A great study, our American system of laws. Volumes might be written on the absurdities that are solemnly enacted yearly for the moral guidance of our fellow man. Lawyers disagree and argue on the law. No layman hopes to become acquainted with more than a fraction of the total. We already have more laws than we enforce.

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A Tribute to Dr. Tyree

The sudden and untimely death of Dr. W. C. Tyree, in an automobile accident, Thursday evening, on the Durham-Oxford highway, sent a pang of poignant grief to the hearts of the people of this State as the news flashed over the wires of the terrible catastrophe. There are occasions in human experience when the heart so overflows with sadness that it is difficult for the lips and the pen to perform their ordinary office. He was my friend, and one I greatly admired for many years. North Carolina has lost one of her best citizens; the Baptist denomination one of its foremost, ablest and most faithful defenders; the cause of the Gospel one of its most devoted and fearless leaders; and humanity an advocate who was untiring in his zeal for its welfare and betterment. Out of his heart at all times there flowed a stream of affection and unceasing love for his friends and his work. His heart abounded with love; he lived it and he practiced it as well as preached it. What he believed he believed, and he hid it from no man. He had a cheerful and hopeful philosophy of life, and this was radiated in whatever circle he moved.

No one could know the love and reverence he had for his devoted wife without forgetting all other things in admiration of this quality of the man. His love for sacred things, and his implicit faith in his religion. These qualities shone to best advantage when alone with his friends, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." It is in such moments that the soul feels and the mind thinks aloud. He was an able exponent of the Christian religion; firmly rooted to the faith of the Baptist tenets, a preacher with a vision, who preached with an understanding so impressively simple that a child could understand him, and in language so sweetly tempered as to appear inspired.

Dr. Tyree will be missed in North Carolina, and all the circles in which he moved, but he is not forgotten, for he has left behind him, enshrined in the hearts of the people of this State, a priceless legacy, "the memory of earnest deeds well done." The

thought that we shall see him never more in the flesh would be intolerable were it not for the promise of immortality, which, like a bright star of hope, lights life's journey through the years down to the grave. The human heart, torn by sorrow and distress, in the supreme moment of desolation, in comforted and consoled by the Divine assurance that "He doeth all things well," for—

"There is no death; we fall asleep
To waken where they never weep;
We close our eyes on pain and sin;
Our breath ebbs out, but life flows in."

We judge ourselves by what we are capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

USING SCHOOL HOUSES

(Mooresville Enterprise)

We are glad to note in exchanges reaching this office a growing tendency in various rural communities to use the school houses for other purposes than that for which they are primarily intended. In many sections the church and the school house are the only places in which public meetings, lectures and various forms of entertainments can be held. It is not possible for our rural residents to maintain public halls designed especially for this purpose. So where this is the case the school house affords a convenient substitute, and proves a still greater asset to the community in which it is located.

While almost, if not all, of the ru- or less used as public meeting places, we believe there is still a tendency in ral school houses in Iredell are more some communities to overlook the advantages that arise from doing so. It is possible now for a community to secure an entire course of lectures and entertainments, running throughout the entire winter, and to make of their school house a real social center. Such entertainments tend to foster a spirit of cooperation and neighborliness which is of untold value to the community. Today, too, it is possible to set a radio for an evening's use in any rural schoolhouse, and thus provide residents of the community with a delightful program. Great speeches and lectures, of nation-wide interest, can now be secured in the same way, and more and more our exchanges are noting events of this nature. It is a sure sign of advancement, this thing of using the rural school house for other than school purposes. And there is no reason why every section of our own county should not fall in line.

THE HORNED OR TUFTED HOOT OWL

By C. W. Hunt

The city raised boy or girl seldom gets far enough into the back country to hear the big horned or tufted hoot owl in the night, and were they alone, outside at night, and heard one or two of these great owls talking in their own language to each other, or in search of each other, that boy or girl would seek shelter and seek it quickly. Up to last week I had not heard one of these owls in forty years; in fact I thought they were almost extinct: further I thought I was proof against the noise any bird of the night could make, but I find time has made no change in my feelings at the noise these birds make; for, for flesh-crawling, cold-shivering, penetrating sounds, give me the hoot owl. I was away back from the hum of industry; it was night; the family dog kept barking as if it heard something; I went leisurely out to investigate. About 500 feet from the house in a thicket of low pines were two of these great birds of the night, while across the river, one fourth of a mile away was the third. The old male bird would say: Hoo! Hoo! Hoo-hoo! The female would reply: Ha! Ha! Ha-ha! Then the one over the river would say! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo-hoo! And this was being kept up indefinitely: Ahoo! ahoo! Hoo-hoo! Aha! aha! Ha-ha! To tell the truth one could feel the hair of the head rising and that creepy feeling running up and down the spine, and there was no desire to stay and hear these owls talking to each other in the night.

The following may have appeared in print before, but I do not now recall; but this owl language carried me back to when I was about ten and the youngest two boys about seven. We had contracted itch in school (In those days itch was not all one caught at school, either) and in the absence of modern science with a one night remedy for such, as now, we depended on the "home-brew" remedies; one of which was to take poke-root, boil it down to a thick lotion, make it thicker with lard, stand these naked boys before a big fire to drive it in, and annoint us from sole to crown. It was awful. It raised great whelps like blisters all over the body. It was little short of "cruelty to animals," and absolutely useless. We rebelled and quietly decided that the next night the salving was due to spend that night in the thick pines, sleeping in the pine straw. We made the bed before night, and as soon as we had our suppers, we sailed forth to sleep in the thicket; but we had not been in the bed of pine straw long enough to get warm before there came one of these great owls and lighted in a pine near us, and began its call; Hoo! Hoo! Hoo-hoo! All four of us rose as by intuition. Not a word was said, but the patter of feet on the ground told all too plainly that we were headed for the house. The poke root ointment was awful, but the sound of that owl was worse, and we took the dose without ever telling that we were just in from a runaway.

These great birds of the night can see but little in the sunlight, the pupils of their eyes being too large, and

they do their flying and prowling at night and in the dusk of the late evening and early morning. They live largely on rabbits and field rats, especially rabbits. Taking a perch on a fence or dead tree, they sit quietly until a rabbit comes out at dusk, when it drops on it like an evil spirit. Last winter some writer in the Charlotte Observer told of one of these night birds being trapped near Belmont and placed in a cage. Next morning there was half of a rabbit in the cage, brought there by the mate of the caged owl. The trap was set by the cage and next morning the mate was also captured. When driven by hunger they often raid the hen roosts, kill a hen and eat of it.

Agan I am saying that I have never heard any sound that is as "hair-raising" as one of these owls with its: Hoo! Hoo! Hoo-hoo Or the reply: Ha! Ha! Ha-ha!

LET THE COUNTY BUILD A UNIT.

(Cleveland Star)

With 300 more patients admitted to the Shelby Hospital this year than last, the institution is inadequate in size and plans are being talked for its enlargement. No. 6 township built the hospital with a bond issue voted five years ago. There was opposition to it in the other townships of the county, so No. 6 played the part of the Good Samaritan and has nothing to regret. While many of the leading citizens of the other townships have since manted to make it a county-wide institution, No. 6 does not wish to shift the bonds from its shoulders and place them on the county. That of course was the proper way to have started the institution, but since it has been built, the township is perfectly willing to carry on, for it could not do without a hospital. We are proud of it and glad we built it.

Since the hospital is inadequate in many respects now and will be wholly insufficient in size to care for the county in another year, we would like to see the townships outside of No. 6 build another unit to the present institution. It would be a simple matter for No. 6 to pay its own bonds and the other townships pay their bonds for the additional unit if they saw fit to build through a bond issue. As the institution is now run, all patients are admitted without being asked fhom which township they some and we hope it will never be necessary to deny admission to any Cleveland county citizen because the patient is a charity or because there is no room to spare. The needed unit built by the other townships of the uounty would prevent any such situation arising.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DEATH

By Thos. F. Opie, D.D.

Death is one of the few things that come to everybody in the world. "All must die, passing from life to eternity," says Shakespeare. The best way to die right is to live right. He who lives nobly, without fear and without doubt, can die nobly and without doubt. Such a person may indeed view death not in horror but as a great—indeed, as the great adventure. "Death in itself is nothing," says Dryden—"we fear to be we know not what, we know not where"—but surely the Christian's idea of the hereafter should easily and readily take that knid of a sting entirely from the scorpion Death!

Nature works "upward"." God draws ever to higher and yet higher planes. We need not fear that death will lead us into lowered conditons! The life that has been high here will be higher hereafter, we may well believe. The life that has been noble here will be nobler hereafter. God works ever upward. The mineral kingdom evolves into the vegetable; the vegetable into the animal—and, but for the vegetable and the mineral, there obviously could be no animal kingdom! May it not be that the animal works upward into the world of pure spirit?—at least so far as the human in the animal realm is concerned? Does there have to be physical embodiment, in order to be life? Obviously no!

A man's trunk and hands and physical parts do not constitute the man! These are but the physical tools with which he works. They are the physical manifestation of the man—of the ego—of the spirtual personality. My personal belief is that death is a mere new-birth into the realm of pure spirit—a realm without limits in either time or space. The spirit, the ego, the will, the affections, the personal consiousness—the "you," I believe, is released at death—to come and to go like flashes of thought, without the physical restrictions now prohibiting. And I believe also that the soul newborn into this realm is a novice in that sphere, very much as the newborn infant is a novice in the physical sphere—he must find himself;" he must develop and grow used to his environment; he must learn how to function as pure spirit in a world of pure spirit.

I do not accept modern "spiritualism"—but the reason goes much deeper than that the "spirits" seem so "crude" in their supposed "communications" with us of the flesh!—much deeper than that those who have "crossed over" seem concerned with such trivial things and so inadequately interpret the "other life" to us! Indeed, it would seem that this would be true in the very nature of the case! They be in a New World! They are at a greater disadvantage than the child in school, who has yet to learn an alphabet and to master numbers before he may spell, compute or correspond! But the "evidence" of "communication" is yet too flimsy for final conviction or for general acceptance.

The Christian idea of death and the hereafter seems to be the most reasonable and the most consoling of

all views. The Hindoo yogi with his "seven spheres;" the Egyptian with his idea of "transmigration;" the American Indian with his "happy hunting ground"—and the atheist with his idea of "annihilation"—these seem all to pale into eclipse in the light of the Christian idea of a life of increasing beauty and service and love beyond the grave.

There is yet a "living" death to be avoided—a death to the good, the true, the beautiful. There is an indifference to the glories of life, to the call of the Spirit—a paralysis to the spiritual, the unseeen, the ideal. Many "living" people are dead to aspiration—inert to any pull of God! Awake! thou that sleepest— and Christ shall give thee light!—and life and love. Thou shalt then have no horror of death—which is mere transition.

DIFFICULTIES

The harder the thing is to do
  The greater the joy when it's done,
The farther the goal is from you
  The sweeter the thrill when it's won,

The deeper the problem, the more
  Is the joy when you've puzzled it out;
The seas that run farthest from shore
  Are only for ships that are stout.

Men weary of lessons they've learned
  And tire of the tasks they can do,
Life it seems is forever concerned
  With blazing a path to the new.

So stand to the worry and care,
  Everlasting keep going on,
The greater the burden you bear,
  The greater the joy when it's done.

THE GENTLE ART OF COURTESY

By Mrs. W. N. Hutt in the Progressive Farmer

One very good way to get up stairs is to go up step by step; similarly, one very good method of arriviig at the top in everyday living—I assume everyone wants to get there—is to take at least one step on the stairway of happiness leading toward the upper levels each new year.

Maybe this year's step upward will resolve to read one good book a month; maybe to study The Progressive Farmer and Farm Woman more; maybe to learn to read bedtime stories aloud to the children slowly, clearly, and impressively. Maybe a resolve to go to the club regularly and have a few friends in for sandwiches, with a cup of tea, is this year's step; but whatever it be, there is one resolve that can be strengthened, if we already have made it, or can be combined with any new resolve; that is, the determination to be as polite to our own beloved as we are to strangers.

Courtesy wins always; politeness carries one through. Courtesy is the gesture of respect and the golden rule in one. Courtesy costs nothing but pays a million per cent. Courtesy can be the possession of the poor as well as rich. Courtesy and honesty are the two biggest steps in the stairway that leads to domestic happiness.

All of these thoughts about everyday politeness came to me as I read the surprisingly discourteous language that our otherwise nice old Uncle Bill Casper used or wanted to use toward the sharer of his joys and sorrows. I do not know that I can ever feel quite the same toward Uncle Bill again. I do not think either Marthy or Uncle Bill had anything against each other. As a friend of mine ruminated: "Hoover said that the Miississippi needed a spillway to prevent disaster when rampage threatens. Now, many a person makes a spillway for his or her temper of the nearest and dearest person at hand."

A great many are not getting the most out of life because they do not practice the gentle art of courtesy to every memember of the household. Men and women as closely associated as husband and wife, father and daughter, brother and sister, sometimes drop into nasty little habits of making cutting remarks, breezy, curt rudennesses that leave a sting. In the intimate relationship of the home, courtesy, polieness, the common ordinary acts of consideration, are more necessary than in formal contacts. Rudeness and discourtesy are the dark clouds on the horizon and they always harbor the possibilities of storm and disaster.

The basis of love is esteem but esteem soon vanishes into thin air if any member of the family thinks it too trival for consideration to fail to make one's self presentable at the table, to eat noisily, to give a grunt of doubt meaning when asked a favor, or to neglect the habit of saying "I thank you."

If any two people believe that soul

will speak to soul through rough, crude, careless, sickening manners, they have something to learn. One of the quickest and surest causes of domestic discord is lack of the little chivalries, the plain everyday niceties in addressing one another, in get ting a chair, or in using the gentle tone within the privacy of the home. Isn't a resolve to be courteous and to expect courtesy in return, a big step, a mighty resolve?

Good everyday manners are, as it were, the oil that lubricates household machinery. Niue phrases were invented for the sole purpose of smoothing human relationship. Good manners are not superfluous. If one might mix metaphors, courtesy is a big step up to light, sun, and rarer, sweeter air, but lack of it is a cancer that eats into the heart of esteem and love. After all, pure and lasting love is founded on respect, admiration, and congeniality. Bad mannered tones and phrases remain obstinately in the memory of all Uncle Bill and Marthys. Yes, in one's wildest imaginations one cannot see anything estimable about dscourtesy in the home; so, a resolve to do one's best to remember to do the little kindnesses, to use the courteous tone, the thoughtful words, is no small undertaking. But the returns—there are none greater nor sweater than those that come from habitual observation of the niceties of human relationship.

FOOTBALL'S VALUE

Reports from Yale University just made public, show that football at that university last year drew $1,033,211 into the university treasury. Football has become a million-dollar business.

This, of course, will cause a good many people to shake their heads sadly and predict all sorts of dire things for an educational system that puts such great emphasis on football. But there is a brighter side to it.

Yale's report also showed that the university athletic association actually ended the season with a deficit of over $40.000. The profits from the football season were spent on other sports which do not support themselves. Baseball, rowing, hockey, basketball and track were made possible by the football income. If it had not been for football profits, many students would not have been able to indulge in those forms of recreation.

And what is true at Yale is true at all other colleges and universities.

—Selected

THE ALMONDS WE EAT.

By Eshter E. Reeks

The almond nut is a very old fruit, and it mentioned many times in the Bible. The first notice of it is found when Jacob suggests almonds among the presents which were to be taken to the ruler of Egypt as a peace offering. By the Jews, the almond tree has long been regarded with almost sacrificial reverence, and it is to them a type of the hastening of spring and of gladness. The English Jews carry almond branches into the temple as those of ancient Palestine did palm leaves.

The original home of the almond is in Asia and Northern Africa, and it was probably used for food from the beginning of the days of man. Later, it was taken to Southern Europe and extensively cultivated there. Now it is also raised in this country, and California is at present time furnishing the United States with most of the almonds consumed here.

This tree seems to like hot summers and comparatively cold winters. It comes into blossom early, usually in February, or even at times in January, the bossoms appearing before the leaves. It is not unusual to see an orchard a mass of dainty pink with the ground below covered with snow.

The almond and the peach are close-related. Indeed, it is said that the peach is a development from the almond. Only, with the peach the outer covering is eaten while with the almond it is the inner kernel. The leaves are much alike in appearance, as are also the blossoms, the chief difference being that the flower of the peach are a darker shade. Almonds may be grafted onto peaches with good success.

Thre are two kinds of almonds, the paper shelled and the hard-shelled. As the first are considered much the fnest, one would think that growers would plant no other kind. But the growng of hard-shelled almonds is not a matter of choice, for the paper-shelled ones will not mature fruit unless the blossoms are fertlized with pollen from the hard-shelled ones. So in every orchard, both kinds are grown side by side. The two do not rpen at the same time, and this prolongs the harvest season.

When the almonds are ripe, they are knocked from the trees with long poles, and allowed to fall on sheets of canvas placed on the ground for the purpose. Around, Banning, California, where most of our almonds are grown, this work is done largely by Indians from a nearby reservation. They also do much of the hulling of the nuts, though of recent years the Banning Almond Association has installed a hulling machine.

After being hulled, the nuts are taken to a packing house, where they are sorted and then spread out on trays and placed in close chambers to be "sulphured." Th sulphuring rooms are airtight, with concrete walls. Here the nuts are first steamed for twenty minutes, then a pound of sulphur is placed on a small hearth a the back of each chamber, set on fire, and the metal doors closed for another twenty minutes. The sulphuring kills any fungus or disease germs and brightens the shells. With this operation is completed, the nuts are ready to be shipped to all parts of the country.

WOODROW WILSON'S GOLGOTHA

(N. C. Advocate)

A series of eight chapters on "Woodrow Wilson's Religion," by Edward H. Cotton, has been running in Zion's Herald. The Cross at last is the title of the closing article which concludes with these significant paragraphs:

"A broken old man, he clung to life for three years longer. He should have died as Lincoln did, say following his triumphal reception in Paris, when he was the most applauded, the most inflential statesman in the world.

" 'I am ready,' were his last words. Yes, he always had been ready. The whole trouble had been, men could not understand his idealism. They simply could not follow the way he pointed to high spiritual planes. Mr. Wilson knew the solitude men know who lead into a new country. He wanted men to love him; but they did not. He had a few close friends; but some of these he strangely antagonized.

"Other Presidents have faced heavy responsibilities. But the issue presented by the World War, the problems raised by peace most of all. Wilson's proposal of a concert of nations for extension of Christian brotherhood and good will around the earth, meant as great or greater burden than any Chief Executive had assumed. "The price of life is blood,' he had said once; 'and no man who goes jauntily and complacently through the world will ever touch the springs of human action." How definitely he proved it!

"He had no firmer support than Charles W. Eliot. When news came that the War President was dead, Dr. Eliot, then in his ninety-first year, wrote this eulogy; and no higher, more just verdict will ever be spoken: 'And now he is dead, and every one knows that he gave his life to the country, just as soldiers did who were mortally wounded in battle but lived crippled for a few months... Wilson's place in history will be determined by the calm, unbiased historians of 1950 and after; but those who honored and loved him in life think they know now what the historian's verdict will be."

The saddest example of ingratitude is the poverty of the thankfulness of those who are, in some manner, thankful for God's greatest gift. It is strange and melancholy that Christians should love and love so little; should be thankful, and so tepid in it; should exercise some, yet so imperfect, surrender. None at all, or a great deal more, would be intelligible; but such thanks for such a gift as the average Christian brings are surely mysteriously incongruous.—Alexander Maclaren.

THE OLD YEAR—THE NEW YEAR

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill

"A mighty hand from an exhaustless Urn
Pours forth the never-ending flood of years."

Another year is passing. Farewell! 1928, till we meet at the great assize. All hail! 1929.

How good the Lord is to us. Not a day, hour, minute or second did the Lord withold from us in 1928. A full year was ours, with its uncounted blessings.

It is a time for silence and profound thought. We know not what is in store for us. We know we cannot drift beyond our Father's care. The way in front of us may be in places rough and rocky, but the Christ, if we realize His presence, will walk with us, as He did with the two travelers to Emmaus, and our hearts will be glad, and we will in the new vision forget the roughness of the road.

"I take my pilgrim's staff anew,
Life's path, untrodden to pursue;
The guiding eye, my Lord, I view,
My times are in Thy hand."

"Another year is another call from God
To do some deed undone and duty we forgot;
To think some wide thought of man and God;
To see and love with kindlier eyes and warmer hearts;
Until acquainted with Him, and keener-eyed,
To sense the neeed of man we serve
With larger sacrifice and readier hand."

The book of the old year is closed. What we have written, we have written, is true of us as well as of Pilate.

Time is the child of Eternity. Eternity is the child of God. Father of eternity—that is one name of God. From His presence comes the ceaseless flow of time.

An hour lost is an hour lost forever. "Turn backward, O, Time, in your flight," is an unavailing prayer.

As the bells at midnight toll the passing of the Old Year and ring in the New Year, it is a time for retrospection, introspection, and prospection.

UNSPOKEN PRAYERS

Every thought that flies through your brain is heard in heaven. God hears wishes, heart-longings, aspirations, soul-yearnings and thirstings. Do not grieve, then, if you cannot find words in which to tell God what you want, if you cannot put into well-defined thoughts the hopes and hungers of your heart. When words and even thoughts fail, pray in silent yearnings, , in unutterable longings, and God will understand just as well as if you spoke in common language. Much of our best praying is done when we sit at God's feet and do not speak at all, but only let our hearts speak.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

HER NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

By Irma H. Wood

As she nervously plied the needle in her sister Madeline's periwinkle-blue silk dress, Ruth Brainerd's eyes ached cruelly. It was the day before New Year's, and the air was murky with winter clouds.

As the eldset daughter in a motherless household, her duties were many. As a rule she did them cheerfully, even joyfully, for Ruth was one of those people who delight to feel that others need them. Her father, being in comfortable circumstances, kept a cook in the kitchen, but there were many, many other things to do for the four younger children. Madeline, next to Ruth, was a pretty girl of fifteen, full of life and eager for pleasure. Robert and Raymond were eleven and thirteen, and Bernice was six.

Ruth was four years older than Madeline, and when the younger girl began to grow up, Ruth had firmly resolved that she should never feel the heavy responsibilities that had fallen on the eldest sister's shoulders at far too early an age. Madeline should have all the joys of a carefree girlhood. Today Ruth had intended to watch the old year out at the midnight church service. She had always loved the peace and quiet of that solemn hour. Then, early in the afternoon Madeline had received an invitaton to spend the next two days at the country home of her schoolmates. Ruth would have to sew far into the night to finish the blue dress for her.

She had the dress about ready to try on for the first fitting when she heard Madeline and her friend, Alma Morrison, come upstairs. The girls went into Madeline's room to look at the array of clothes she was to take on the trip. They did not know Ruth was sewing in her own room today, instead of using the downstairs sewing-room as she usually did. Their gay voices floated in to her, and she hastened to baste that last seam before calling Madeline.

"Goodness, how many dresses you have," Ruth heard Alma exclaim admiringly, "you won't need another thing, will you?"

"Oh' I despise that yellow silk party dress," Madeline said carelessly. "I told Ruth it was burnt, and it has a little scorched place on it but not bad. So Ruth's making up the blue material that I got for Christmas."

"Why, you can hardly see the scorched spot," Alma protested. "I should think Ruth would get tired of sewing so much for you."

"You don't know Ruth," was Madeline's flippant comment. "I used to try to do things for myself, but she made so much fuss that I dropped the idea. She'd rather be doing something for somebody than have anybody do things for her, and if she feels that way about it, why worry? She just loves to be patted on the back and told what a wonderful sister she is."

Ruth sat as though stunned until the girlish voices drifted down the stairs again. Broken-heariedly she

was remembering a time, not many years ago, when Madeline, a dear, warm-hearted little girl, had begged to help "sister" She had wanted to do the boys' mending, and amuse Bernice after school. Where, oh where, had this darling child gone, leaving in her place a cold, pleasure-loving young girl? And the boys, too! They had been such good little chaps, and now their demands for money were daily growing more insistent. Even Bernice had tantrums if she didn't get her way instantly. To keep peace and harmony in the family had been Ruth's one desire, but the cost was daily growing higher.

After a time Ruth laid down the basted folds of blue silk and opened her desk. She took out a pad of paper containing several scribbled sentences. She had written them only yesterday after much anxious thought. The page was headed, "My New Year's Resolutions." The sentences read:

1. To give myself more earnestly in loving service to my dear ones who need me so much.

2. To be patient when they do not seem to appreciate my efforts

3. Not to let my own selfish wishes interfere with the harmony of the family.

Sadly she pondered the words she had set down with so much care. Somehow she was failing, failing bitterly, and yet what more could she do for everyone? How could she help them to grow up to be the men and women her parents had wished?

Suddenly, in Madeline's own careles words, she had her answer. "I used to try to do things for myself, but Ruth made such a fuss I dropped the dea."

With a quick movement, Ruth tore off the page and crumpled it in her fingers. After all, it was but a counterpart of the page she had made for several preceding years. She must make a new one, one that would try all her power to keep. Slowly she wrote a sentence on the clean page. Then, setting her trembling lips firmly, she folded the blue silk and laid it away. She would begin immediately, and not wait for the dawn of New Year's day.

Madeline and Alma were getting on their things to go skating when Ruth came downstairs. The older sister spoke pleasantly.

"Madeline, I find that I won't be able to make your dress today. My head aches, and I want to rest so as to be ready for the midnight service tonight."

Madeline's eyes opened to their widest extent.

"But, Ruth, you promised. I won't have a thing fit to wear to Peg Porter's tomorrow, and I won't go if I can't have the blue."

"Well, I'm sorry, dear, you know I'd do it if I'd been given more time. I just can't miss that service for I've been looking forward to it for weeks. Your yellow silk is quite pretty enough."

Madeline couldn't think of a sufficiently crushing answer, but as she and Alma walked toward the skating pond, she confided that she thought Ruth was a mean, selfish thing, and when Alma only laughed amusedly at the idea, she was quite insulted. So she proceeded to brood in silence over her hard lot, and to devise a fitting punishment for Ruth. Quite correctly, she judged that the worst way she

could inflict punishment would be to stay at home on the morrow.

Ruth attended the midnight servce as she had planned, and found the message of the New Year to be a clarion call to sterner self discipline than she had ever known. She realized as she sat there that her untiring efforts to be unselfish had almost spelled disaster for the rest of the family.

When she woke up in the morning, it was to find Madeline gloomily determined to stay at home. Ruth did not argue with her. Later, when she refused the boys an unreasonable sum of money, they, too, joned in the general discontent. Bernice had a tantrum before breakfast. When Ruth saw her father's tired face, her new resolution tottered. With just a few words and actions she could make the family happy again. She could give the boys the money they wanted, lend Madline her treasured green silk dress so that she could go to Peg's after all; let Bernice do as she pleased and all would be peace once more. What should she do?

First of all she made her father's library comfortable. Then she called him in and shut the door.

"Well, what does my best girl want today," said Mr. Brainerd, glad that one member of his famly should have a pleasant smile for hm.

"Dad, I want your help to do one of the hardest things I ever tried." Then she told him the conclusion to which she had come.

When she had finished, Mr. Brainerd looked thoughtful.

"I remember thinking several times lately that the children were growing pretty well spoiled," he said, "but was too busy to think of a way to change matters. I have it, Ruth. Tomorrow, I intended to start on a business trip to Washington, but if you like, we'll go today. Con you get your clothes ready in time? The children will have a chance to take care of themselves for a week, and we'll see how they get along."

A few minutes later the house was in an uproar. Mr. Brainerd had told the children he was unexpectedly called to Wsahington and he wanted Ruth to go with him. She needed the trip.

"But, Father," pleaded Madeline, "you promsed to take me the next time you went, and the children can't get along without Ruth."

"They'll have to depend on the ministrations of their other sister this time," Mr. Brainerd answered dryly, "and if you remember, I said I would take you the next time it was convenient. Well, it is not convenient for you to go this trip."

Madeline was astonished. Ruth wasn't playing true to form. At this point she should have insisted, "Oh, Father, do take Madeline. She's never been, and I'd really rather stay home with the children."

But the surprising fact remained that Ruth didn't say any such thing.

Two hours later the travelers bade farewell to a very woe-begone household.

At first Ruth could hardly do anything but wonder anxiously how the children were getting along. But as the week passed, she began to enjoy each moment more and more. All the sights of the city of Washington passed before her happy eyes. If, occasionally, a momentary flicker of

anxiety crossed her mind, she sternly shut it out. She was doing her best to keep her resolution. Let that suffice.

When the time came to go home, her father gave her a word of kindly advice.

"Don't be disappointed, dear, if the children are not entirely reformed by the time we reach home. It takes more than a week to overcome the habit of years."

But when they reached the house, every room was lighted in welcome. Madeline stood at the door, holding Bernice by the hand. There was a new little air of responsibility about her that was very becoming.

"My, but we're glad you're home," shouted the boys, "come and see your room, Ruth. We've got a surprise for you."

Upstairs Ruth looked through happy tears at the room which the children had beautified for her. Madeline had embroidered a new bureau scarf, the boys had made a magazine rack, and garlanded the room with fragrant pine-cones. Even Bernice had fashioned a new needle-case for her, and drawn a gaudy crayon picture of a farm-yard scene.

"We've each got a paper route," said Robert proudly, "we're going to earn our own spending money now. We bought the magazine rack out of this week's pay."

Then, after a delicious dinner which Madeline had helped prepare, Ruth had to tell all about Washington. Finally, the younger children trooped off to bed.

"Madeline, you certainly are a wonder," cried Ruth, "how in the world did you get Bernice to go to bed without objecting?"

"Well, I've always thought it was silly of her to cry every night, so I made her understand she had to stop it," Madeline answered. "You know, Ruth, I think it's best for children to tell them what they can do and what they can't, and stick to it. Then they know just where they are. Bernice only cried once all the time you were gone."

"You've done better with her than I ever did," Ruth confessed; "after this, if you will handle her when she is naughty it will help me out ever so much. I don't seem to get the results you do."

"Certainly, I will," cried Madeline with a loving hug. "And while you were gone I made up the blue silk dress. Alma's mother showed me how. From now on I'm going to do all my own sewing. It isn't fair for you to do it, and anyway, I like sewing."

That night Ruth opened her desk and took out the pad on which she had re-written her New Year's resolution. She smiled as she read it.

"To let others know the joy of service, and the sharing of responsibility."

The wiser and stronger we grow, the more we feel how indispensable and helpful is solitude.—J. L. Spalding.

HOME SWEET HOME.

By Carolena E. Nolde

Chapter I—A Tenement Home

Among the babel of sounds in a tenement house a child's crying means but little, particularly on a sultry September day, when everyone seems to feel cross, and the slatternly women gossiping on the stairs leave their own children crying while they stand and talk about their neighbors. "That Jim Miller ain't never sober no more." "Yes, and those kids are gettin' worse every day." "No wonder; say, didja hear about that Jones girl?"

But in the two rooms which the Miller family called home could be heard the wailing of a sick child, laying all alone on a dilapidated couch in the larger room, which was apparently living, dining room and kitchen. On one side stood an old table, holding a motley collection of dishes, soiled, cracked and broken, and some empty tin cans, the labels of which would give you a good idea of the diet of the family. Several empty gin bottles in a corner showed where the money was going which should have been spent for food. A broken-down rocker, a chair and a few packing boxes constituted the balance of the furnishings.

Suddenly the door was flung open with a shout and three ragged youngsters tumbled in, followed more quietly by an older child, possibly thirteen or fourteen years old, over-serious for her age.

"Wonder where dad is?" This from Mary, the oldest girl. "Bet he's out trying to borrow money for a drink. He might 'ave stayed at home when he knows the baby's sick," and going over to the couch she tried to hush the fretful cries. Then she turned angrily on the other children, who were quarreling loudly, "Shut up, will you? Can't you see the baby's sick?"

Anna answered, "Well, I just told Jen' the teacher says to take care of her books, and she just throws 'em on the floor, in the corner."

"Well, where should I put 'em?"

"Teacher says we should put 'em on a table, or on a shelf or on a bookcase."

Jennie came back scornfully, "Table—we ain't got but one table, an' that's to eat off of. An' we ain't got no shelf, an' I never seen a bookcase 'cept in school an' in the store windows."

Then Margaret joined the argument, "Well, the teacher says lots of things mom don't tell us to do. She says you must always be polite to your parents and elders. I'd like to know how much good it'd do if I was polite to dad when he comes home drunk. Nuthin' doin'!"

"Yes, and my teacher says to always wash your hands and face before you eat your breakfast—and if I do get washed, then the rest of youse eat all the breakfast there is and I don't get none. Besides we ain't got no towel, like she says, an' we ain't got no toothbrush, neither."

Mary looked up from the baby, who was still whimpering, "I wish you would stop arguing. The baby is awful sick, her head is all hot and her hands are slippery and cold." At this the others did stop and came over to

the eouch. "I wish we could get a doctor, but we can't afford it, and maybe she'll die."

Jennie asked, "What's die?" and Anna was quick to air her knowledge, "Don't you know? Remember Mrs. Marshall downstairs? She was sick, and she died, and then they nailed her up in a box and carried her away, and somebody said they put her in the ground, real deep!"

This was too much for Jennie, and she started to sob—"I don't want our Helen to die, I don't want her to die!" Mary tried to comfort her, telling her perhaps the baby would get getter again, when Margaret created a diversion with the question, "Dont we get nothing to eat? I'm awful hungry, we only had that big piece of bread for dinner."

Mary hunted among the cans and boxes on the table, but found them all empty. "I'm afraid it's all gone."

"But I'm hungry." "Never mind, maybe mom'll bring something," said Mary. "But I'm hungry now, now, now!" "Well, so am I, but what's the use of howling?"

Just then the mother did come, and the greeting which she received was, "Did you bring something to eat?" For answer she flung the small parcel she carried on the table. She was a little woman, tired and disheartened, slovenly and careless of herself.

"It's not much, I don't get much any money any more, since the work is scarce and the stronger girls grab all the good lots, and I get left." The children were eagerly opening the parcel, which contained a loaf of bread and a can of baked beans. Margaret, who had cried for hunger before, now danced around the table—"O-o-o, don't you just love beans?"

A search among the odds and ends on the table brought forth a can-opener, and soon Mrs. Miller was spreading the cold baked beans on the bread, which the children snatched from her hands one after the other. She herself ate nothing, but went over to the little one, who had fallen asleep. "I'm afraid she's awful sick," said Mary, but her mother did not seem to hear her. Finally she raised her head and asked, "Where's dad?" Margaret, with her mouth full of bread and beans, answered, "He ain't been home, and I'd rather he stayed away if he's drunk." This brought no reproof from her mother, and no answer but a sigh.

The frugal meal over, Anna remarkd, "Oh, that Reese girl says there's a place over on the avenue where you can go evenings. They sing and somebody talks to 'em and tells 'em a story and sometimes they play games. And an Sundays they have Sunday school."

The remark about Sunday school was too much for Jennie, "What, go there to school when you have a day off? Might just as well go to public school on Sundays!"

"It's just in the afternoon," said Anna. "Well, I get 'nuff school durin' the week." This did not disturb Anna. "Elsie Reese says she likes it. Let's go there tonight."

There was a knock at the door, and Anna admitted another child, several degrees cleaner than the Miller children. "Can you come with me tonight? You'll have to hurry, or there won't be any seats left." This was Elsie Reese, of whom they had

spoken a moment ago.

Anna was just going to follow the newcomer out of the door when her mother called, "Wait a minute. Elsie, what's this place like?"

"Well, it's a building, with a big room for meetings, and a lot of little rooms for classes. And there's a sister."

"Whose sister?" asked Jennie, "I got plenty o' sisters right here."

Elsie replied, "Why that's what they call her; well—she's everybody's sister, I guess. She wears a bluish dress, and a white apron, and when she's dressed up to go out she wears a black skirt and waist and a little black cap with a long piece down the back. And she has a little silver cross on her collar. She visits the sick people and helps everybody and she teaches us. I tell you, she's awful nice. And there's a couple more ladies, they help too. And there's a minister comes there."

"What's a minister?" asked Jennie, who never tired of asking questions. Elsie told her, "He's the man who preaches on Sundays and he christens the babies and marries people, and has funerals." "Oh, I know," said Anna, "that was a minister at Mrs. Marshall's funeral. But do they all wear their collars backwards?" Before Elsie had time to answer, Mrs. Miller asked, "What do they do evenings at this place?"

"First we have vespers; that's singing and reading out of the Bible and praying. And then we have classes; carpentry and Boy Scouts for the boys, and sewing and cooking and dramatic, for the girls, and lots of other things, too. But come on now, we'll be late."

Mrs. Miller asked no more questions, so Mary, who had been listening intently, said, "Let's all go and see what it's like." "Alright," was the answer and out they trooped.

As they went out the door, Mrs. Miller said to herself, "She said they pray. I used to, but I don't know how any more, and I guess it's not much use anyway." And sitting in the dilapidated rocker, with the child breathing heavily on the couch beside her, she fell asleep.

Chapter II—Dreams

Dreams are wonderful experiences. There is an old German saying, "All dreams are good," which I once questioned, and which was explained to me in this way, "If you have a good dream, when you awaken you are pleased; if you have a bad dream, when you awaken you are glad it was only a dream."

When Elsie spoke of prayers at the Settlement it had made Mrs. Miller think of the time when she had learned to pray, and then of the years of her childhood and girlhood, and when she fell asleep she dreamed she saw, as though in a procession, herself passing by, in the various stages of her life. Through it all seemed to run like a golden thread the refrain of a hymn which in her waking moments she had not recalled for years—

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

First she saw herself as a little girl, kneeling at her mother's knee, saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and later, "Our Father, who art in heaven," but she had long forgotten how to pray, and had never taught her little daughters. Then she saw herself go-

ing to school, in starched pinafore, with neatly braided hair, and remembered how her girls looked in their ragged clothing, with their unkempt hair, and soiled hands and faces.

The next scene blinded her with its radiance, for she saw herself as she stood in her bridal attire, promising to love, honor and obey, in sickness and health, for richer, for poorer. Where was he now, the man to whom she had given that promise?

Last of all, she saw her girls standing with outstretched hands, pleading for a mother's love and care—Mary, with her serious eyes; Anna, bright and capable; Jennie, mischievous and amusing; Margaret, thin and undernourished; and baby Helen, just able to run after the others, crying, crying—and that crying awakened her, as the children came in the door, returning from the Settlement House, laughing and talking, all trying to tell her about it at once—"Oh, mom, it was the nicest place! Yes, we learned verses, and heard stories, and played games and everything."

"But we had to sit awful quiet at first. Yes, and the sister read out of a little black book, a story about a good shepherd and his sheep, and then we had to learn to sing a song, and then we all read out of the little books, something more about a shepherd. What was it called? Twenty-third something." Mary helped her, "Psalm, the Twenty-third Psalm." "Oh, yes, the Twenty-third Psalm. It's all about the sheep in the country and green fields and water."

"Then the sister said a prayer Mom, she talked to God for us. Don't you ever talk to God? Why didn't you tell us about Him?" And as the mother did not reply, the children grouped more closely around her. "Then we learned another song—The Lord My Shepherd Is,—and then they all said a prayer and we couldn't say it because we don't know it. It begins, Our Father—don't you know it, mom?"

"I used to know it," answered Mrs. Miller.

"Then why didn't you tell us?"

"Don't bother me," was the only answer.

"The sister asked us our names and where we lived, and I told her. She wanted to know it there was any one else at home, and we told her about baby Helen, so she said she would send someone here to see her and maybe get a doctor for her."

"Did she say that?" asked Mrs Miller eagerly. "But she won't come, that was just talk."

"We'll see," said Mary.

Chapter III—A Visit

The next morning little Helen was too ill to be left alone, and Mrs. Miller sent Mary to the factory to say that she would not be at work that day. "Now you go right up to the little window at the head of the stairs and tell the man that Mrs. Miller can't come in today because the baby is sick. Sure you know where to go?"

"Yes, Angora Mills, but I'll have to hurry or I'll be late for school." The other little children had already gone, and now Mary hurried out.

She had been gone only a few minutes when there was a knock at the door. Wondering who it mgiht be, Mrs. Miller opened it only a crack, saying, "Well?"

A pleasant voice answered, "Good morning, are you Mrs. Miller?"

"Yes, what do you want?" crossly, as she tried to straighten out her dress and pin up her untidy hair.

"Your little girls were at the Settlement House last night, and told me the baby was sick, so I came to see if there is anything I can do to help you." Mrs. Mller noticed the dress of her visitor and realized this was the sister of whom the children had spoken.

"I don't want charity," and she tried to shut the door, but her visitor's hand was on it, and the calm pleasant voice continued," But if I tell you that I am coming as your friend, then will you let me help?"

"People don't do such things for nothing'. What will you ask me to do after I let you help me?"

"Ony this," said Sister Florence, "that you believe we are your friends. Let me see the little girl who is sick." Mrs. Miller stood aside and allowed her visitor to enter.

She went to the child, took her pulse, put her hand on the hot little head. "I think we had better get the doctor."

"I can't pay no doctor."

"We'll attend to that; but before I go, can't we make her a little more comfortable? Will you heat some water and let me make her comfortable with a bath and clean things?" The mother said nothing, but hunted up an old pan and proceeded to heat the water over the little gas jet, which served for light at night, a tedious process.

Then Sister Florence bathed the child, and dressed her in a clean gown which she had brought. There, that's better. Now, I will send the doctor. There is one thing I want to tell you, though. You know the doctor usually wants to send patients to the hospital if he thinks they will not receive proper care at home."

"I can take care of her," sullenly answered Mrs. Mller.

"Very well, I'll be back soon, Good-bye."

When her visitor had left, Mrs. Miller looked around the room, as the sister had done, when she spoke of proper care. "She meant the place wasn't clean, and maybe the doctor would send Helen to the hospital. I'll clean it, then he won't need to!" and leaving the door ajar, she ran to a neighbor's to borrow a broom and a scrubbing brush, and was soon energetically at work cleaning the room.

(To be continued)

HOW TO RISE

Could we by a wish
Have what we will and get the future now,
Would we wish aught done undone in the past?
So, let him wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise.

—Robert Browning.

CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL.

In all the year no day receives such a universal welcome as Christmas. It matters not where you may chance to be at this season, you may feel perfectly at home, for you find yourself in the midst of joyous festivities.

Here at the school, all thoughts of labor were cast aside, and for five days the school rooms and other departments were closed in order that the boys might enjoy the holiday season.

At seven o'clock on the evening of December 24th, we assembled in the auditorium, where an interesting program was rendered. As the last line of boys filed in, the auditorium was thrown in darkness, but for the light of one bright star suspended over the center of the rostrum, and the entire student body sang softly that beautiful Christmas Carol, "Silent Night." Then the most beautiful Christmas tree that has ever adorned the platform, was brilliantly illuminated by hundreds of colored electric lights. As this gorgeous tree cast its multicolored rays over the entire assemblage, the boys recited in chorus the story of the birth of the Christ child, as found in the second chapter of Luke. This was followed by a beautiful Christmas prayer by Albert Spangler.

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, was scheduled to make an address at this time, but owing to illness was compelled to remain at home. As it is customary to have an address at our annual exercises, we called on our old friend Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, and he consented to come. Rev. Thomas always has a helpful message for the boys, but all agreed that his address on this occasion was best we have yet heard from him.

Then followed the singing of other old Christmas Carols and a number of excellent recitations, all of which were well rendered and reflected credit, both on the part of the boys and those who trained them.

Then Superintendent Boger read a letter from Santa Claus saying that it would be impossible for him to follow the custom of former years and distribute gifts in the auditorium, but stated that he had visited each one of our cottages and upon their return to these cottage homes, each boy would find a gift. These gifts consisted of well-filled bags, containing a generous supply of good things.

On Christmas Day the boys spent the morning in their respective cottages, playing games and entertaining themselves in various ways.

Then came the Christmas dinner consisting of: Baked chicken, with dressing; rice, with gravy; cranberry sauce, candied sweet potatoes, boiled ham, pickles, olives, cocoanut and chocolate cake peaches and milk. A nicely printed menu card was found at each boy's place at the table.

In the afternoon the boys and officers went to the ball ground. A huge bonfire was built and the time was spent in playing all sorts of outdoor games.

Due to the kindness of the motion picture distributing agencies, the boys enjoyed picture shows in the auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday and Fri-

day afternoons and on the following Sunday night we saw "The Passion Play." This picture was brought out here by some Concord freinds.

On New Year's Day the boys were served an oyster dinner and they proceeded to do full justice to it, as only a group of growing boys can.

During our festive season all of our cottages were gayly decorated, the family groups engaging in a good-natured rivalry, each one endeavoring to make the best showing. This work in most cases was beautifully executed and it would have been hard to decide which was the best.

To all our friends throughout the state and to those of our workers here who in any way helped to make possible this week of enjoyment, we extend herewith our most sincere appreciation, and most heartily re-echo the words of Tiny Tim: "Dod bless us, every one."

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 12, 1929. No. 50

MORGENTHAU AIDS RED CROSS

America must organize its unlimited spiritual and moral resources with the same efficiency which it has shown in organizing its natural resources, Henry Morgenthau, former Ambassador to Turkey, said recently in a radio appeal delivered from Station WEAF in behalf of the annual Red Croll Roll Call.

"A moral asset is just as real as a bank account and much more important," he said..."And it is just as feasible to organize America's moral and spiritual resources as it was to organize America's coal and iron resources. The Red Cross is just as valuable to America as the United States Steel Corporation. And in the long history of the country I believe it will prove to be infinitely more valuable."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"All who live for themselves are doomed to die. This is one of the most difficult lessons for our humanity to learn. We are so prone to look after our own and to set ourselves to the care of self that we forget the doom awaiting the man who lives for himself. To find life by losing it is a paradox that goes beyond the comprehension of the average man. Our outlook is so narrow and our life is so self-centered."

MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISS—BUNCOMBE—HEAD OF STATE ILLITERACY COMMISSION

A State Illiteracy Commission was appointed last Spring by Governor A. W. McLean, to make a study of conditions in the state with a view of adopting ways and means of eliminating illiteracy throughout the state prior to the census of 1930. The selection of Mrs. Morris, who is recognized as an efficient leader, because of her successful experience with something over five thousand illiterates in her own county, and that alone justifies her selection to this noble undertaking. At an all day conference of this commission in Raleigh, various plans were offered in devising the best methods for teaching the adult illiterates,—one ultimatum was that the work should be placed in the hands of best trained workers for that particular class, and not depend upon volunteer workers. It is well to look to the efficiency of the teacher,

but the most essential grace for this work among the "forgotten men and women" is the sprit—a spirit of sympathetic understanding—a passion to help the unfortunates. We feel sure that Mrs. Morriss reached the position she holds in her native county, and holds the esteem of her people at large because of the fine spirit exemplified in her work and not altogether because of her efficiency. Mrs. Morriss in concluding her message to the commission some time in the past said, "To all of these women and to all of these men, a new door has been opened into a new life; bright color has been put into vivid days, into dark, dull days; sight has literally been given to the blind. These are the things you will do if you will help these forgotten men and women."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT IS A QUAKER

There have been many conflicting reports about President-elect Hoover's church affiliation, but at last the information comes out from Mr. Hoover that while he resides in Washington he will attend the Friends Church—this being the orthodox Quaker church of the city. Like all Quakers there is nothing unusually outstanding from a social viewpoint about this small congregation of about 150 members in Washington, therefore, we are constrained to believe that our new president-elect is a Quaker in spirit and in truth because of his continued loyalty to the church of his faith. Doubtless the picture of this church and a history of the same will hold first place in many of the newspapers later on. It takes but a small thing some times to turn the tide of life and place people and objects in the limelight.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE PLAN THAT WINS

Maj. Chester P. Mills, a former federal prohibition administrator of New York City district walked off with the Durant $25,000 prize,—he gave the most practical, or best plan for making effective the laws that control the manufacture and sale of intoxicant drinks. One would conclude that Maj. Mills is better in theorizing than practice, because the question remains to be answered —did he make a go of enforcing the prohibtion laws in New York City? Since learning that this contest brought forth 19,000 plans from many, many sources and from many people all over the land it is natural to conclude that there is more general information on law enforcement,—so we feel from an educational, or informative viewpoint the contest did some good. But, in the words

"best people" show an utter disregard for prohibition we will continue to live in the midst of lawlessness. The Mill's prize winning suggestions are summarized and divided into the four following divisions:

1. Permissive—Closer scrutiny of those to whom permits to manufacture alcohol are granted and closer government supervision of its making, issuance of only temporary permits, of not longer than six months duration; make each local administrator responsible for the issuance of the permits.
2. Enforcement—(A) imports, (B) domestic supply, for smuggling only unceasing vigilance is needed; for domestic enforcement, strike at the source; manufacture in private stills and illegal diversion under permits;
3. Political—Take the enforcement agencies out of politics. Political interference is one of the serious handicaps to effective control, he said.
4. Detailed method of controlling diversion of industrial alcohol; strict supervision of distilleries which denature their own alcohol; abolition, by legislation, of the independent denaturing plant which Major Mills said "has no economic place in (legitimate) business;" adopt legislation if the courts will not sustain such procedure, requiring manufacturers who use industrial alcohol to show such disposition as will allow the government to trace the alcohol to a legitimate dealer.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A MAN WITH A VISION

It is always in keeping with the policy of the Uplift to carry articles that tell of men with a vision, and who to that end have worked unceasingly till their dream becomes a reality. In this issue is an article taken from that splendidly edited paper, Asheville Citizen, entitled "A Great Man's Inspiring Story." It is a resume of the life of Dr. David Bancoft Johnston, the founder and builder of Winthrop College, Rock Hill S. C. and we commend the same to all our readers. It is the life and doings of just a man who has walked with us—but it reads like a romance.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WISH WE HAD MORE LIKE HIM

It is interesting to note that Bishop Rondthaler of the Moravian church has throughout his entire life taken a keen interest in the boys and girls of our country, and possibly that accounts for the secret of his continued youth. He is just eighty one years young. There is not a doubt that we are just as old as the objects we think about and the people we associatet with. The following as taken from the Charlotte Observer shows the inner life of this great man whose fine way of living has been reflected through the many young

of a plain layman we will conclude by saying that as long as so many of our people in the state, and other states, that he has come in contact with:

It is pleasing to read that "although well past 80 years of age, Bishop Rondthaler maintains an exhilarating appreciation of youth. He observes that youth finds itself in a new day which presents greater liberties than ever before. But he is firmly insistent that never before has the world seen a better generation of young people than that of this day. But youth has its problems and must work hard to make the most of its prodigious opportunities. No boubt the bishop was thinking of the dear young people when he closed his Memorabilia of 1928 with the Divine counsel, 'He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.' "

It has seemed to The Observer that the older Bishop Rondthaler grows the warmer becomes his admiration for the boys and girls of the land and the greater his solicitude for their welfare. He is their outstanding friend and counsellor and as he goes his way advising and defending them, he is never forgetful of the peculiar trait that has endeared him to the world—the quiet and effective pursuit of his mission "to comfort the people out of their sins."

* * * * * * * * * * *

DR. ROBERT VANCE BRAWLEY

The following from an editorial in Greensboro Daily News: "Dr. Robert Vanec Brawley never forgot that the purpose of science is to minister to and not to be ministered unto" is the highest tribute to be paid one of the medical profession and we know in this instance the tribute was most worthily bestowed. The King's Daghters of Cabarrus County, prior to having local specialists, when casting about for a specialist to treat their indigent patients always asked for Dr. Brawley's aid. He responded to the call gracously, with no thought of being reimbursed, and by so doing, there are many in our community,—the beneficiaries of his acts of mercy,—who otherwise would have passed through life physically handicapped. His friends and admirers in Cabarrus were legion. He was a busy man, and in that manner he gained for himself a reward that means far more than his worldly gains. "The death of Dr. Brauley," continues the Greensboro News, "Therefore, removes more than a shining personalty in a community, in a large sense his is the passing of an institution. Greensboro and all other cities of the State, we are sure, can appraise properly such a life and smypathize with Salisbury in such a loss."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

Let us not bring over into this New Year our misunderstnadings, hatreds, jealousies, selfshness, our meannesses, and all other things that marred the white pages in the year just passed into history. Let's try to make this year sweet with good will, happy thoughts, and sparkling with good deeds. Let's make it the best of our lives.

—o—

I have come to the conclusion that the recent events, especially politically, that the South is neither liquid not solid, yet considerable wet about in spots, no matter how dry it is or may be.

—o—

A New York dominie gives out the information that the devil is very busy in Russia. Well, that is not front page news. If there is any place the devil is not busy it has not been announced lately. He seems to be getting in his work all over the country. It may be that he is using a little more brimstone in Russia.

—o—

The man who knows how to do a good job at half-soling a pair of shoes is of more use to society than the man who is master of several professions and cannot apply one. I once knew a man who could speak seven languages, but could not make a living in one language.

—o—

The meanest sort of criminal practice has been recently exposed in an eastern city. The offenders make it their business to learn unsavory stories regarding certain married men, which they sell to certain dressmaking establishments for $10 each. The dressmakers in turn hand them over to the wives who in turn use them for purpose of obtaining new dresses. Married men visiting large cities had better be on their guard.

—o—

When a man in business gets the idea in his head that the way to succeed in business by advertising is to keep right on, he has the correct solution to the problem of newspaper advertising. Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel because she kept on swimming. If she had stopped, it would have been "too bad," as a certain young lady in Durham so often remarks. I have seen advertisers stop in mid-stream, however, and decide they've had enough publicity. Results can't be attained that way. The advertiser must follow through to reap the reward of advertising. If he can't do that, he is like the fellow letting his insurance lap.

—o—

The banks have sold the idea of saving to this generation. It was not an easy task but the banks have done it. Their savings department have grown astonishingly in the past two or three years. In the South, the increase in savings has been particularly marked, because the savings bank is a newer institution than in the North. The extent of savings shown in the southern states by the recent annual report of the comptroller of currency knocks to bits the

prevalent notion that this section of the United States is inclined to be "shiftless." In spite of the large Negro populations which do not utilize savings banks to any large extent, the average per capita savings in the sixteen southern states was $82.50.

—o—

It's good to have money and the things money can buy; but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure that you haven't lost some of the things that money can't buy.

—o—

It is being noted in the papers that the Illinois commerce commission is going to adopt a new style of gates for the railroad crossing. It is not supposed that they are going to erect golden gates.

—o—

It is stated that the extremely rare yellow-berried holly has been found by botanists around Elkin, in this state. If you did but know it, you can find most anything you want, or are hunting for in North Carolina; and a great many things not found elsewhere. When the "Good Old North State" is sold to the world, the world is going be more astonished than it is now over the possessions in North Carolina.

—o—

One of the novelists of the present day says: "A woman's clothes are her sentiments expressed in fabrics." That being the case it would seem that sentiment is very much on the decline these days, as they are not using as much fabric now as they did in days gone by.

—o—

There is an old saying, which probably isn't true, but which tells of an old man who left his farm to his lazy sons. In his dying moments he told them there was gold hidden somewhere on the farm. The boys went to work and dug up the whole farm in the frantic hunt for the gold. They never found it. However, since the farm was all dug up they thought they might as well sow some crops. Then they found the gold—at harvest time.

—o—

Scores of celebrities have been kicked up stairs, so to speak. Somebody made them do something they didn't want to do. Many a prosperous man enjoys success from this very cause. In every form of life we acquire habits we dislike to give up. We like to float down the stream without lifting an oar or touching a rudder. That would be ideal. But it can't be done. We must labor and steer clear of rocks and reefs. It sometimes happens that somebody kicks us into activity we dislike then we suddenly find we like it and we go on to more success.

—o—

Isn't it rather a strange state of affairs that before a man can practice law he must take a college course and pass strict examinations, but he requies no qualifications whatsoever, except ability to get votes, in order to be elected to make laws. Surely it ought to require more intelligence and experience to make laws than to practice law.

—o—

It has been said that "Some women make fools of men." From my observation, some women do not have to work very hard on some men to accomplish that result. But what if they do? Turn-about is fair play.

Some men are always fooling some wo-women, so the process of fool-making is not all on one side.

—o—

South Carolina is to have a big orange-eating contest in the near future, we are told. Well, if there is any one thing a person can "suck seed" at it is in eating oranges.

—o—

Some of the pocketbooks I have seen Christmas look as if a locomotive had run over them. They are not as thick as some pancakes I have seen. And they were as empty as a last year's bird's nest.

—o—

Mr. Hoover told the folks down in Rio Janeiro that in all his travels he had found no picture which would compare with what nature had done for Rio Janeiro. And North Carolina voted for Mr. Hoover, after all that nature had done for the "Old North State."

—o—

A newspaper in Florida noting the fact that the girl mentioned in the Rothstein case said she had lived in Chicago since she was 16 years od and never had been mixed up in a murder case, and the paper comments, "What a singular person." Nothing strange about that. Every girl not married is a singular person.

—o—

A humorist on a New York newspaper was struck by an automobile the other day. The automobile wasn't hurt, but he must have experienced somewhat the feeling some of his readers have when hit by some of his humorous skits.

—o—

A newspaper wants to know "If you ever heard of a successful restaurant proprietor writing a book or play?" Never did; but they are artists on drawing a pocket-book and playing an important part in your gastronomic affairs.

—o—

This time of the year business men, and merchants especially, are taking an inventory of their stock, to see how they stand financially. It would not be a bad idea for individuals to also take an inventory, mentally and morally, to see how they have progressed.

—o—

A talking marathon has been going on in New York for several days, in the 71st Regiment armory, and a lot of the New Yorkers got the impression that Congress had moved to their city. But that talkfest will be nothing compared to the one that will be in Washington, just before Mr. Hoover is inaugurated president. The office-seeker can out-talk any other group on earth.

—o—

The year 1929 is not a leap-year in the sense that 1928 was giving women the chance to propose to men, as the old saying goes; but it is going to be leap year, just the same, for men as well as women, for all will be kept busy leaping out of the way of fast-running automobiles.

—o—

It has been an old custom, when advising persons to get on well in life to "Keep in the middle of the road." That is changed now. If you "keep in the middle of the road," you will be run over gy automobiles. Old customs, and old sayings, change with this ever-changing period of the world's history.

WHERE CHRISTIAN UNITY WORKS IN PRACTICE

By Thos. F. Opie, D.D.

The Village Chapel is the unpretentious title of a church where Christian unity is an actuality. This chapel is situated at Pinehurst. It has grown up around the personality of one who was first a Christian, so to speak, and second a churchman. The Rev. Thaddeus A. Cheatham believes in Christain unity. He also practices Christian unity. And he has succeeded in getting many types of denominational belief to believe in and to practice Christian unity—to a degree possibly not evidenced anywhere else in America. Bishop Robert L. Harris, of Marquette, Michigan, who is a frequent visitor to Pinehurst, which is one of the south's most distinctive winter resorts, said of a recent experience at the Village Chapel, "This is the first time I have ever seen Christian unity really in action."

Heart Of Pinehurst

It has been said that this chapel is the "heart of Pinehurst." It is unquestionably the center of its social and spiritual life. The "village" is a pretentious winter haven for hundreds of tourists and people of national importnace in the business and professional world, many of whom have cottages here. When one considers that there are five golf courses at Pinehurst, the equal of any to be found in the United States, where professional matches are held regularly —that there are fashionable horse-shows, racing events, archery, tennis, polo and other outdoor sports—and that the social life is highly developed, it is signifcant that The Village Chapel is really a force in the community.

Here Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Friends, and other types of Christians, not only worship together, but actually constitute the Pinehurst family, religiously speaking. "We are not committed to the 'Community Church' idea," said Mr. Cheatham, "but to the strengthening and deepening of the loyalties that men have—which really gives us the 'spirit of unity..' We have shown it to be possible for men of varying thought to come together in real Christianity. Isn't that what unity is? That sets us the possiblity of agreement but not a mere platform. We have got the spirit of larger Christian love here. There is a feeling of loyalty to the principles of unity."

A Will to Unity

Mr. Cheatham does not envision, as yet, a church which will be made up of all the varying types of denominational affiliation, the world over, but he and his associates are demonstrating a will to unity and are developing a spirit of unity which will be felt over the land, cumulatively, as the great unity movements progress. He seems to look forward to the time when a united church may be achieved, in which the membership shall be composite of all shades of belief and denominational affiliation now existing—all separating diffierences being submerg-

ed and made secondary to the real Christan spirit of oneness in love, in worship and in service to humanity. He does not picture or desire a church in which all shall believe alike! Nor is the Vlilage Chapel such a church! In The Chapel Bulletin Mr. Cheatham says:

"Some thirty years ago the Rev. Edward Everett Hale came here with Mr. James W. Tufts, the founder of Pinehurst—and together they dreamed a dream: That in this peaceful spot an opportunity might be given to prove to Christian people the blessedness of living together in unity. Both of these men have gone to their reward, but the dream becomes more real day by day. People of every affiliation have been stressed and many have felt that it is the outstanding example in this country of Christian unity actually realized. Certainly there has grown up a spirit of sincerety, devotion and reality that might properly be called a holy fellowship.

Religious Association

While Mr. Cheatham himself is a clergyman of the Episcopal church, the Village Chapel is not an Episcopal church, nor has it any connection with the Diocese of North Carolina, as such. It is under the direction of the Pinehurst Religious association. This association, composed of twenty men, most of whom are known all over America, meets annually, and at the call of the president.

Its officers are:

Frederick Bruce, president; H. B. Swoope, vice president; George W. Statzell, treasurer; Rev. Thaddeus A. Cheatham, secretary; Paul Dana, assistant treasurer, and the following directors: James Barber, Warren Bicknell, George F. Blake, Federick Bruce, Simeon B. Chapin, T. A. Cheatham, Charles T. Crocker, Paul Dana, George T. Dunlap, Henry Hornblower, Homer H. Johnson, George H. Maurice,, Horace H. Rockham, S. Y. Ramage, John C. Spring, George W Statzell, Henry B. Swoope and Leonard Tufts.

When asked about the nature of the services, Mr. Cheatham indicated that a modified form of Episcopal prayer book is used; that the church year is observed; that Lent is observed and that weekly services of communion are held. In addressing the congregation the minister refers to them as Truth Seekers." We try to make truth a beckoning thing, said Mr. Cheatham. Questioned as to fundamentalists and modernists, he declared that both types are represented in his congregation. "Fundamental intention is what counts—no one is excluded."

"I touch only lightly upon doctirnal points," he stated, "endeavoring always to emphasize our points of agreement—and the others take care of themselves. We stand for a positive fellowship. Children are often prepared for confirmation under the minister and are usually confirmed in their parish church at home in case they are of Episcopal families. The bishop sometimes comes to Pinehurst for a service of confirmation. You can lead people a long way but you can't drive them far."

Deep Rooted Idea

An effort has been made to extend the unity idea in every direction. There is a ladies' guild which makes clothing for the poor and the sick and ministers to all who are in need, as opportunity arises. There is a com-

munity home and also a community club for the scores of girls who serve as waitresses in the Pinehurst hotels and the chauffeurs who have charge of private cars. There are between four hundrd and five hundred such girls and a large group of men varying according to the season, at the resort.

The Village Chapel is an early Colonial building, seating eight hundred people—and it is filled every Sunday during the tourist season. It is simple in design, but chaste and perfect in lines, proportions and architectural symmetry and beauty. Incidently the building received the diploma of merit at the exhibition in Turin, Italy, known as Nostra Internationale di Edilizia.

OUR FLORAL SPLENDOR

(Asheville Citizen)

We North Carolinians can, if we will, make this State the wonder place of the Union for beautiful yards, gardens, parks and highways. "There are more different kinds of trees and plants to be found in North Carolina than in any other State in this country," says H. M. Curran, Forester for the State Department of Agriculture. "In our mountains we find the typical timbers of Canada, including the spruce, beech, balsam, maple and birch, while in the Southern section of the State we find tropical trees such as the palmetto and others.

"We lead also in the production of plants and shrubs, there being found here nearly all the plants common to the entire temperate zone, as well as trees. The trailing arbutus, for example, is in reality the famous New England mayflower, except that it blooms here in April instead of a month later as in New England. The cranberry and the wintergreen, both northern plants, are also found in the mountains of North Carolina."

This description of the gorgeous generosity with which nature has showered flral beauty upon us comes from a man who knows what he is talking about. He was seven years in the Philippines. For three years he was Forester for the Argentine Government. And he put in several years as a forestry expert in Brazil and Central America.

When he points out that North Carolina grows more kinds of trees and plants than any other State in the Union he reminds us that we are more blessed than any other in opportunities to make beauty out of doors a big part of our daily lives. In the past quarter of a century we have been busy in the development of our material resorces, but we shall waste valuable time if we delay any longer in making the most of a floral wealth

We can make our highways lanes of lovliness. We can fill our city parks that rivals the oft-told splendors of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. with ever changing schemes of flower decoration. We can make every town in the State notable for its flowers. Every front yard can be transformed into a display of leaf and bloom that will give the eye a special charm in each season of the year.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS TO OPEN DAY NURSERY IN CHARLOTTE

(By Mrs. J. H. Parks in the Charlotte Observer)

On a sweltering afternoon, August 25, 1927, Mrs. E. E. Peele invited several ladies to her home, 407 Central ave., to hear Mrs. J. P. Cook, of Concord, at that time state president of the King's Daughters and Sons, tell about the work of the organization. Two other very active members of the King's Daughters of Concord were present at this meeting, Mrs. Ebb White and Miss Addie White.

State Organization

Mrs. Cook in an informal but most inspiring way, explained the ideals and the great uplift work of the King's Daughters, not only in her own city but also in the state. So convincing were her remarks that the Charlotte Circle of King's Daughters was then organized, with Mrs. W. R. Cornell, Mrs. C. A. Duckworth, Mrs. J. H. Parks, Mrs. J. E. Denton and Mrs. E. E. Peele as charter members.

The objects of the order are to develop the spiritual life of each member, and to stimulate Christian activities. Any person may become a member whose aims and purposes are in accord with its objects, and who holds herself responsibile to the King, our Lord, and Savior Jesus Christ. The badge of membership is a silver Maltese Cross, bearing the initials, I. H. N., (In His Name) on it. It is interdenominational and international. There are King s Daughters chapters in 22 foreign countries.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, of New York City, first conceived this idea of the "Sisterhood of Service." So on January 13, 1886, she and nine friends, organized the first circle naming it "the King's Daughters." In the 42 years since this small beginning, the King's Daughters have spread over the United States and encircled the globe in its spirit and activities.

The headquarters of this international order is 280 Madison avenue, New York City, where the Silver Cross, the official Magazine, is published.

Initial Convention

Thirty-nine years ago the King's Daughters circles of North Carolina formed their first state organization, and held their first convention. At present there are 22 circles and nine junior circles in the state, making a strong organization, with Mrs. H. F. Moye, of Greenville, as the state president.

Outstanding statewide work of this organization has been the erecton of the King's Daughters Cottage, and the Margaret Burgwyn stone chapel at the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, also they built the Memorial Arch in memory of the North Carolina Soldiers who gave their lives in the World war, at the Training School. The late J. P. Cook, of Concord, father of the Jackson Training School, helped to make these achievements possible by his aid and co-operation.

One of the greatest leaders of the King's Daughters of the state, Mrs W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, hon-

orary state president for life, related in a most forceful way the part this organization has played in the establishment of the Stonewall Jackson Training School in an address at a convention in Concord in 1912 when the King's Daughters Cottage was presented to the school.

"In 1902, she said, the King's Daughters held their annual convention in Raleigh. While there two boys in knee pants were brought to the city to be placed in the penitentary for criminal offenses. At that time we were debating what state work to adopt that would unite in interest all of our circles, and the sad fate of these boys decided the question. We resolved to make it our work to urge the men of the state to establish a reform school for youthful offenders, and to do all in our power to aid them.

"With this end in view we commenced raising a reformatory fund, and scattering letters and literature on the subject over the state. We went twice before the legislature with a petition for a charter and appropriation for such an institution. Each time we were granted a special hearing by the joint penal committees of the senate and house, and most kindly received; but we were invited to return when the treasury would be in better condition, and assured that our humble beginning had made its impression.

Appropriation Granted

"Fortunately for us, and everybody in the state, some of the King's own Sons took up this matter in 1907, with the result that the Stonewall Jackson School was chartered, and an appropriation of $10,000 granted to the women of the state. Some of the philanthropists and statesman who accomplished this end are here today, for which we are thankful, as these ceremonies would not be complete without seeing them and from hearing from them.

"In 1908 our convention again met in Raleigh. The superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson School joined us there as our invited guest. We offered to him $2,000 to build a carpenter shop for his boys. With earnestness and simplicity which were eloquent, he told us of the greater necessity for a cottage, a home for 25 boys, and urged us to build one, offering us from the men of Concord $5,000 for its erection, without interest, and without security.

"We gratefully accepted this offer. The carpenter shop of our imagination, like the baseless fabric of a dream, dissolved, leaving behind the glorious vision of the King's Daughters Cottage, a home for our wayward brothers."

The stone chapel, named in honor of Mrs. Burgwyn for her faithful and untiring efforts in this good work, is now too small to accomodate the increasing number of boys, so the present state work of the organization is the enlargement of this chapel at an early date. Last October the King's Daughters dedicated the Chapel of the Cross at Samarcand Manor, a school for girls, which they had erected for them to worship in.

The Charlotte circle is the youngest circle of the state organization of the King's Daughters, and the youngest charitable organization in the city. Its officers are: Mrs. J. H. Parks, president; Mrs. E. E. Peele,

vice president; Mrs. Addie Davis, secretary; Miss Sara Alexander, corresponding secretary; Mrs. J. E. Denton, treasurer and Mrs. C. A. Duckworth, publicity chairman. In a little over a year of its existence the circle has grown from five members to 50. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," is its motto.

Doing a Great Work

Wherever the circle has found a need to relieve pain, poverty or distress of any kind, it has answered that call. The very first work done was to buy clothes and books for a girl so she could attend school. Medicine, milk, food and clothing have been given to the sick and needy in many families. Destitute orphans needing a home have been assisted in finding one, persons wanting work have been helped in securing positions. It has never been its policy to advertise all the many deeds of mercy it attempts to do, for the circle members themselves derive lasting satisfaction from their many activities in their broadened and deepened sympathies and the realization of the social needs of the city.

It has been the dream of the circle since its first meetng to open a day nursery here. The urgent need for one is clearly seen. Many have been the calls from mothers who work for such a place to leave their children during the day. Since there is no other organization supplying this need, the King's Daughters plan to do this as their major work. To this end they are working to obtain funds so the nursery may be opened in January, the opening date to be announced later.

Splendid has been the co-operation of all the social agencies, city and county commissioners, merchants and many other public spirted citizens of the city in this undertaking. The city and county commissioners have agreed to pay the house rental, and many merchants of the city are donating furnishings for the nursery. The King's Daughters have leased a cottage on the corner of North Church and Ninth streets for the nursery. The cottage has all modern conveniences and has recently been redecorated on the inside. The house has ample playgrounds, shaded by large oak trees and enclosed with a fence. The oak tree in the front is said to be the largest one in Charlotte, being 23 feet around its trunk, which will shade a large portion of the playground during the long summer days.

Organize a Day Nursery

The location is in a splendid residential section, close in, and convenient to mothers who work in the business section, or mothers who like to have some one to care for their children while shopping. Children from one month to school age will be taken, and an extremely low charge will be made for each child per day. An experienced matron will be in charge with one or more assistants, and it will be conducted according to the latest nursery methods. It will be licensed by the state board of charities and public welfare and will be operated under the rules and regulations of this board.

The children will be under the care of a child specialist who will visit the nursery each day to look after the health of the children. The diet of the children will receive especial attention as it is most im-

portant that it be wholesome and suited to their different needs.

Not only will the children be fed and protected from harm during their waking hours, but their little hands and minds will be trained as well. For two or three hours in the morning a nursery school or kindergarden will be taught by a competent specialist in this line. Bible stories will be told and many habits formed that will be most valuable. Play being the child's most important business, the nursery school, recognizing this principle, teaches through play. Children ranging in ages from 18 months to four yars or pre-school age, are taught in this school and it is remarkable what these children can learn to do.

The members of the circle feel that the opening of a day nursery in Charlotte will be the most constructive work that they can undertake at this time. Although the nursery will not be self supporting, the King's Daughters are confident that with the cooperation and financial support of the citizens of Charlotte, it will be a success.

LOOK IN THE MIRROR

By John Carlisle

Once upon a time, a man who knew himself to be vain—and sense to know that over-vanity is weakness—appealed to a wise old friend.

"Look in the mirror," said the old man.

True enough. Not many of us would be overly proud if we saw ourselves in the mirror of truth. Not as the young giants, bright-eyed, vivid, fit for any task, molders of opinion, but as rather sad men who have been formed by circumstances. Our eloquence is the patter of worn phrases. Our independence the support of the strongest.

"How shall I correct this peacocking of mine?" he asked. "I know it is folly, but I cannot help it. I strut and pose and brag."

Look at the judge you know best. You see him as a tired, petulant, worn, old man. He sees himself as a person of dignity. He snaps at bailiffs and witnesses and believes that he is upholding the law. You see him as a bully, who dare not for his life, say such things except under the protection of his gown.

The editor whose pose is omniscience, the doctor who pretends to science, the broker who would have the world believe he knows the secrets of Lombard street. Other men know them for what they are. The editor is often wrong, the doctor is only a bedside handholder the broker peddles stocks.

Why don't they look in a mirror?

This is a charitable and humorous old world. It is kind to the man who does not pretend, but laughs at the preacher. The best defense against the grins of the cynics is an occasional look in the mirror.

A GREAT MAN'S INSPIRING STORY.

(Asheville Citizen)

Here is a story from real life which reads like a romance and which has, it seems to us, tremendous inspiration.

On a morning in 1864 a small boy in Tennessee, eight years of age, stopped on his way to school to watch a troop train filled with Union soldiers. He began talking to them and they allowed him to board the train. As it moved away from his home, however, the boy grew panicky. His mother was a widow. He knew that he ought to be in school. He attempted to jump from the train and his left arrm was so badly mangled that it had to be amputated.

That looked like irritrievable tragedy. It was tradegy, but it was not irretrievable. It shaped the boy's whole life. Until then he had been just a boy, full of animal spirits, smart, quick, alert in mind and body, not too fond of books. His arm gone, he was shut off from many of the boys' sports which he had enjoyed; he realized that if he was to amount to anything in life he would have to outstrip his fellows mentally.

So he studied harder than any of them. He had a fine mind and as he applied himself he began to make his mark. In 1877 he was graduated from the University of Tennessee as valedictorian of his class, winner of the gold medal for excellence in student activities and senior captain of his battalion.

After two years as a tutor in Tennessee schools and another two years as assistant professor at the University of Tennessee, the boy came to South Carolina as principal of the graded schools at Abbeville. His work there was so outstanding that he was asked to organize the school system of Columbia, the State capital of South Carolina; and for the next three years he was superintendent of the Columbia schools.

It was at this time that the great idea which dominated all his after life took possession of him. He had found as a school superintendent that his greatest difficulty was to secure competent, trained teachers. He saw that the schools could not do the work that they should do unless such teachers were available. He saw that these teachers must, most of them, be women. There were few good schools for women in the South. There were no schools which specialized in training women to teach.

So the boy determined that the greatest service he could do for education was to train women teachers and he resolved to make this his life work. His father, many years before, in the decade preceding the outbreak of the War Betwwen the States, had conducted a school for women in Tennessee—a "Female College," as such schools were called in those days. The boy had never known his father, who died when he was one year of age; but there can be little doubt that his father's example had its influence in forming his resolve. He went to the George Peabody Board, told Robert C. Winthrop, its chair-

man, of his hopes and desires and secured from Mr. Winthrop an appropriation of $1,500 to help him establish a college for girls in Columbia.

He had no building, he had no equipment, he had only $1,500 in money. But a theological seminary in Columbia was closed at the tme, due to a controversy over evolution; and he secured the use of the little chapel, already historic, if he had known it, for Woodrow Wilson had studied there as a boy. The infant college was conducted in this chapel for a year. Then the theological seminary reopened and it was moved to a frame buildng and continued there until 1895, when it was removed to Rock Hill, in the upper part of the State, not far from Charlotte. There it at once took root and flourished increasingly, the State having been persuaded to take it over and put its resources behind it.

The college is Winthrop Normal and Industrial College for Women—still bearing the name of the man who gave it its first financial assistance—and its founder, whose life story we have just sketched, was David Bancroft Johnson, who died early Wednesday morning, rich in years and in honors.

Search the South from end to end and it would not be possible, we think, to name a man who in the past half century has done a greater piece of constructive work than this achievement of Dr. Johnson's. As Winthrop Collge was his in its inception, so it remained his institution to the end. He watched over it as zealously as the most tender parent watches over her darling offspring, fought for it, worked for it, planned for it, gave his whole life to its building and to making it ever increasingly useful.

Winthrop's plant today represents an investment of fully $2,000,000. Nearly 2,000 girls are in its student body. Thousands of others have gone there during the thirty odd years it has been in existence. It would not be possible to exaggerate the revolutionizing influence which the college has had upon thousands of lives and thousands of homes; which it has had in fact upon a people. Winthrop was not simply another college. It was a college with a definite mission and through all the years it has held itself true to that mission. Its influence has reached far and deep.

There is no use talking about finding some one to take Dr. Johnson's place at Winthrop and in South Carolina. The man does not live who could do it. The only hope is that a successor can be discovered who will carry on the great work which he established and preserve the standards and ideals which he set up. Dr. Johnson's own memorial is as secure as that of mortal man can ever be. When the story of the creation of the New South is told his will be a place of honor. But it was not honor that he sought. He lives and will continue to live in the hearts of Winthrop's daughters because he wanted nothing for himself but gave his life that he might brighten the lives of others and make them fuller and larger and expandingly useful.

"Employ the odd minutes and you will enjoy life more."

THE VALUE OF HOME TRAINING.

By A. W. Cline, Superintendent Public Welfare, Winston-Salem, N. C.

After several years of experience in dealing with youthful lawbreakers, I am ready to agree with Edward Hickman, slayer of Marion Parker, that "the lack of spiritual education in the home causes most of the crime today." I believe that the Hickman case has had more to do with directing the public mind to the real cause of delinquency than any other one thing that has happened in recent years. Trained social workers have long since realized that the homes of this country are largely responsible for the careers followed by young people who go out from them, and for this reason most organized social work is directed at the reconstruction of broken family circles. Now that the public is beginning to realize as never before the value of the Christian home as a crime deterent, the social worker will have support that heretofore has not been available.

It often takes a serious outbreak of one thing or another to awaken the public mind. In the case of Hickman, we clearly realize that millions of people have been awakened to the responsibility of the home. Parents are taking stock of things as they exist in the home as never before.

How are we to go about reconstructing a wrecked home? First, let us consider a home that has been deserted by the husband and father, leaving a devoted wife and three children without means of support. Perhaps this case is in a state that has a mothers' pension law with a clause that renders the mother ineligible until her husband has been away two years. We realize at once that the cast is a community matter. Of course, the aid of the law has been invoked in the search for the erring husband and father, but he cannot be found. Now what is to be done? The church is usually expected to take the lead in such cases. A plan must be worked out that will insure this mother and children the proper food, sufficient clothing and a place to live. Let us consider now that the women of the church have become interested in this case. Somebody will say: "Send the children to an orphanage," which of course is the easiest way out, provided room can be found in an institution. The first thing for the church to do is to consult the public welfare agency in the county or city. Most public agencies will make a temporary appropriation to supplement what the church and community is doing and trained workers will advise regarding the supervision of the case. Work is provided in the community for the mother, perhaps free house rent can be obtained, one neighbor may furnish milk, while others will do certain other things, all of course working through the church organization responsible for the case. No duplication of effort is permitted. By this plan the burden is not heavy on any individual or organization. Two years pass and the home has been kept together, the children in school and with a Christian mother. More help is needed, as the children will soon be ready for high

school. The state says through its representative, the Department of Public Welfare, "this family is now eligible for a mother's pension, provided supplementary aid can be continued by the church community." The new plan is worked out and the children go to high school, working during vacation. Funds enough are thus provided to keep the family together and the children in school. We see the last of the children graduated and placed in a position to continue their education through the generousity of some friend, or to assume the support of their mother, who has striven all these years to keep the little brood together. We see her efforts and those who assissted her amply rewarded. What might have happened had those children been torn away from the mother and placed in an institution?

The handling of a case in this manner may mean the setting aside by the local church or conference of a definite amount of money to be drawn upon when needed. Not only did the efforts of the church and community, coupled with the work of the social agency bring forth the desired economic results in this case, but here are three young people who are destined to become stalwart Christian men and women and leaders in the community with which they have always been identified. Institutional training could never have fitted them for the place in the community they now occupy.

We will always find institutional cases, but may we be very careful that our zeal to do something immediately, does not run away with our better judgment and cause us to be a party to breaking up a home that can be used as a power for good in rearing Christian men and women.

You will always get help from some source in the rehabilitation of a broken home if you will not act too hastily. There are plenty of people who are ready and willing to contribute liberally to such causes if they can be shown that their money will bring in returns in the form of young men and women with strong Christian characters.

There is no love like a mother's love, and for this reason let us use every effort possible to keep from breaking up family ties when domestic and economic troubles overtake a home. I see no greater field in social service for the church today than to tie up its efforts with local organized public agencies in the work of holding together the home that appears to be totterng on the brink of ruin. The public is awakening as never before and it is easier now to get cooperation in such work than it has been.

Guard well your thoughts for they are creative. Every thought has a good or an ill effect; you and your environment are the sum total of your thoughts. Through purposeful thought you can postively create any environment you choose. Therefore guard well your thoughts.—Selected.

LISTEN, SON

(Author Not Known)

I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper, in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with the towel. I took you to a task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "Good-bye, Daddy!' and I frowned, and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive —and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! It was such stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door, 'What is it you want? I snapped.

"You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God has set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaning, of finding fault, or reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

"And here was so much that was good, and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, so. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

"It is a feeble atonement; I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your wakng hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificing fires, alone, here in your bedroom, make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers and the damp forehead."

Contentment was a good word until an advertiser associated it with cows.

TURNING POINTS.

(Reidsville Review)

Most persons of middle age and beyond may look upon apparently trivial occurrences which seem to have changed the entire course of their lives. A chance meeting, a fortuitous remark, a casual letter, or even an accident, may mark a turning point in one's course.

Such ordinarily unimportant events which turn out to be far-reaching in their consequences most often have to do with matrimony, whereby the unexpected making of a new acquaintance may lead to love and marriage. But in business and other relations of life these minor happenings also frequently have a weighty influence.

It is related of Disraeli, the Jewish boy who became one of England's great prime ministers, that his turning point came through a fist fight at school, as a consequence of which he changed his place of residence and fell in with friends who aided him in getting started on his brilliant career. Numberless similar instances may be found in biographies of the great and near-great in which chance or small happenings led to fame and fortune. Sometimes, too, they led in the opposite direction, as in the case of Napoleon, who is said to have lost the battle of Waterloo, which changed the history of Europe, because it rained just before the battle causing his cannon to be mired in the mud.

Thus, while carefully planned efforts count for most, a great deal often depends on whether one gets the lucky or unlucky "breaks" in the game of life.

CONVERSATION

(Exchange)

A neglected art that can mean much to those who cultivate it, is the art of conversation. Of course, the majority of people simply use the necessary muscles to ask for enough to eat and to maintain life, certainly there is no art about this, little more than that of the common beast in the field may use the same method of struggle for a livelihood.

To hear the average person talk, i. to marvel how narrow and uncultivated some people really are. There is no mention of the finer things of life, of art, of literature, of music, or even of life itself which in itself is an art. Quite the contrary, oftentimes the conversation is merely a babble that supplies an outlet for the human love of gossip and vulgarity, similar to that usually attributed to the yokels over the back fence on the proverbial washday.

It is indeed remarkable to realize how nearly alike people can be in their liking for the vulgar of life and people who should be cosmopolitan are merely scandal mongers like the yokel who know less. Beside the deplorable effect that conversation of such a kind has upon those that we come into contact with the effect upon one's self is degrading and narrowing. After a short time when we begin to drift with those that do not think when they talk, we soon become like them and cannot think even when we want to.

The mind feeds upon thought and without it, soon becomes stale or stagnant. Without the exercise of strenuous thinking the mind soon recedes so far in ability that it becomes, obsolete. Conversation with a person who thinks whereof he speaks is a treat to be cherished. After a time in such environment, we find that we too, are able to keep up with a ready fire of able thoughts. Upon closer scrutiny we find that it stimulates knowledge of the happenings of the day, in all lines of human endeavor and in all branches of human thought. You should feel that to cultivate your power of conversation is a duty that you owe yourself and society. For the practice of able talk on able subjects bring out able thoughts and fits you more ably for the service of humanity.

There is no short cut to the road of culture, no cure for all boorishness, but a good way to prevent and to remedy as far as possible is the old yet ever new system of exchanging ideas. Natural talent will lead its possessor to the bright light of culture—Constructive Conversation.

Woman (in a crowded car, to her friend)—"I wish that good-looking man would give me his seat.".

Five men got up.

HOME SWEET HOME.

By Carolena E. Nolde

(*Concluded from last week*)

What a difference a little soap and water and well applied "elbow-grease" can make! The bare little room was still just as bare, but the littered table had been cleared, and only the dishes now stood on it, clean. The whisky bottles had been put out, the floor was clean and the one window had been washed. A few weeks had passed, and little Helen was now sitting up and playing, the attack of gastric fever having yielded to treatment.

Mrs. Miller was just thinking how queer it was to have so much time on her hands, since she was no longer working at the factory. She had time to think, and ideas were coming to her mind which had not been there for years."

"Where's daddy?" asked the little one. "He's working." That was another thing that seemed strange. Since those people from the Settlement had helped him to find a job he had been steady sober, and only the other evening he said he used to drink to forgt his troubles and now, since he was getting on his feet again, he was trying to keep away from it.

The little one interrupted her thoughts with the demand, "Tell story, muvver."

"I can't tell any stories."

"Mary can, why can't you?"

"I don't know any."

"Good morning," called a cherry voice at the partly opened door, "Why, hello, Helen, I'm glad you're out of bed," and Sister Florence entered the room. "How does Mr. Miller like his work?"

"He's getting along fine, and we are certainly thankful to you for helping him get something to do. Won't you sit down?"

Sister Florence sat down and looking at Mrs. Miller intently, said, "You say you are thankful to us; have you ever thought of thanking God for His goodness to you?"

"How can I thank Him when I remember the years of misery?"

"Were they His fault?"

"Well, no—yes—oh, I don't know!"

"I believe you do know, if you think about it." Little Helen had gradually come closer and closer to the visitor, and now standing at her knee, she asked, "Can you tell story Mary knows, about the little lamb?"

"Yes, dear, do you want to hear it?"

"Yes, yes," said the little one, clapping her hands. So in simple language which the child could grasp, she told the story of the Good Shepherd and the lost sheep.

During this time Mrs. Miller arose and walked slowly to the other end room and back, listening all the while. "Why did he do it?" said the child at the end of the story.

"Because he loved the lamb," was the answer. "Now run and play, honey, I want to talk to mother."

Mrs. Miller, whose mind had been on the story, sat down again beside Sister Florence. "It wasn't the shepherd's fault the lamb was lost, it went

off by itself, and yet he went after it,'' the sister replied. ''Neither was it God's fault that you wandered from Him, yet He wants to bring you back.''

''I must think, it is not yet clear in my mind.'' Then Sister Florence arose, and Mrs. Miller noticed that she was holding a small Testament in her hand, which she held out to her. ''I have brought you a guide for your thinking—God's Book—and may it lead your thoughts to Him. Won't you come to evening worship with the children on Sunday? They were there last Sunday and enjoyed it."

''I'll see,'' was the non-committal answer.

''Good-bye. Remember I am praying you may find your way back to God.''

As soon as the door closed, Mrs. Miller opened the little book which the sister had handed her. A tiny bookmark in the form of a cross had been laid in it, which opened the book at the third chapter of John, and she read the verse, ''For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'' She thought, ''I'm in the world, so that means, me, and if God loves me, I wonder if I can trust Him?''

Just then the children trooped up the steps, and burst in, Jennie greeting her mother with a shout—''Gee, its nice for you to be here when we come home,'' and flung her books in the corner as usual.

''Jennie!'' called Mary, reprovingly, and Jennie looked at her rather sullenly, but fnally picked up the books and laid them on a packing box in the corner.

''Anna, I need some groceries,'' said Mrs. Miller. ''Here's the money; I want you to get—''

But Anna interrupted her mother —''Oh, gee, I just came from school, and now I have to go do somethin' already.''

Suddenly little Margaret swung her sister around, ''Last Sunday we learned, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and you learned what it meant, too!''

Shaking off her sister's hand, ''Let me go,'' she turned to her mother, ''I'm sorry, mother, will you tell me what you want from the store?''

Chapter V—Preparation

A few months after Mr. Mller had been working steadily the family found it possible to move into a little house, and by sub-letting one room, the rent was within their reach and they still had much more space than in the tenement. They were gradually acquiring the necessary furniture, second hand, and their home would have seemed a real home, except for the spirit of unrest which possessed Mrs. Miller.

Sometimes she would read a little in the Testament Sister Florence had given her, and then she would fling it aside, not to be touched for days.

Several times Mr. Miller had gone with the children to the little chapel at the Settlement House on Sundays, really out of gratitude to Sister Florence more than for any other reason, but Mrs. Miller would not go.

One day Mary returned from a class at the Settlement with the announcement, ''Mother, I want to join the catechetical class, for confirmation Palm Sunday, may I?''

"I don't care," was the only answer, so Mary went.

As the weeks progressed and Mary studied the catechism with the other girls and boys, the question of baptism was brought to her attention. That evening at home, she asked, "Mother, were we all baptized?"

"All but Helen," was the answer.

"Why isn't she baptized?"

"Because I couldn't see any sense to it any more."

"But mother, she ought to be. Can't we take her?"

"I won't, I don't care what you do." So Mary determined to ask Sister Florence the next time she saw her.

Sister Florence told Mary that the pastor would be glad to baptize Helen, but that someone would have to be sponsor for her, and she would act in that capactity if Mary wanted her. Mary had thought she could do that herself, and when she was told, "Not until after your confirmation," she was terribly disappointed. Palm Sunday, however, was only a few short weeks away, so they decided to wait, and have little Helen baptized after the confirmation service, so that Mary could stand sponsor for her beloved little sister.

Busy days followed, for at the Settlement sewing class Mary was not only making her own confirmation dress, but a little white dress for Helen as well.

A few days before Palm Sunday, Mary brought the dresses home, and with pardonable pride displayed them to her mother. "Mother, you and dad will go to church with us on Sunday, won't you?"

"I guess so,—we'll see."

Chapter VI—Confirmation and Consecration

Palm Sunday morning found the whole family in church, Mary, of course, in her place with the other confrimants. The impressive morning service had begun, and when the pastor spoke the confession for the congregation, Mrs. Miller realized that she wanted to say the words with him. "We confess unto Thee that we are by nature sinful and unclean, and have sinned against Thee by thought, word and deed; wherefore we flee to Thine infinite mercy, seeking and imploring Thy grace—." Then when the absolution came, it seemed to lift a load from her heart. "Almighty God, our heavenly Father, hath had mercy upon us—" From then on she followed the liturgy word for word, forgetting everything except that she was in God's presence.

The pastor's short talk on the text, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," made her think of how unfaithful she had been. The vows in the confirmation service reminded her of her own confirmation vow, broken, and bitter tears dimmed her eyes. "What must I do—how can I get back? I have drifted so far away." These were her thoughts.

Soon the service was over, but the Miller family kept their places, waiting until the chapel was empty. The baptism of little Helen, at Mary's request, was to be after the main service.

As the other people were going out' Mrs. Miller asked her husband, "Jim, what were you thinking during all this?"

"I was thinking what a fool I

had been for doubting God—and wondering what was the best way to get back to Him.''

''You, too! Well, I'm glad, let's go together.'' And so when the other folks had left the chapel and Mary came to take Helen up to the baptismal Font, her mother and father arose too, and her father said, ''You can stand for her, for you started it, but we are going, too.'' Mary did not quite understand, but as the little group stood at the Font she heard her mother and father repeat with her the words of the creed, tears filled her eyes. Eagerly she listened when the baptism was over and her father said to the pastor—''What must we do to come back to God, and back into church membership again?''

''Did you believe the words of the creed which you just spoke?''

''Yes,'' answered Mr. and Mrs. Miller as with one voice.

''Then I think you have come back to God, and if you truly desire forgiveness for the years of neglect, God will forgive you. Since you were both confirmed members of the church at R——, we will be glad to welcome you as members of this congregation, publicly, on Easter.''

The children were getting restless, so after a few more words, the pastor said bood-bye, and they left for home.

A short while afterwards, when all sat around the dinner table, Mr. Miller said, ''I think we ought to start right now, don't you, mother? Which one of you kids know how to to say grace?''

''I do,'' came in chorus. ''We learned it long ago at the Settlement,'' said Jennie, and with bowed heads, the Miller home was consecrated with the simple words, ''Come, Lord Jesus, be Thou our guest, let all that Thou hast given us be blest. Amen.''

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Bell the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches, in the depth of winter. Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's pet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name. Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of ''The Pilgrim's Progress'' was a tinker. Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind. Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lesson. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy in his books. Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice. Don't snub anyone. Not alone because, some day, he may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right, nor Christian.—Selected.

HONOR ROLL—DECEMBER.

Room No. 1

—A—

Woodrow Bradley, Calvin Dowdy, Milton Mashburn, John Bowers, Eugene Cox, Woodrow Farmer, Coleman Goodman, Edward Hedrick, Ernest Hicks, Zeb Hunsucker, Robert Kermon, Fred Lindsay, Woodrow Mitchell, Lee Noles, Otis Patterson, Joyner Rose, Edward Shearin, Lawrence Valley and Francis Friar.

—B—

Glen Enloe, Donald Etchier, Marvin Kelly, Jackson Langley, Edwin McBryde, Edgar Rochester, Ralph Stepp, Wade Clewis, Paul Humphries. Owen Henderson, Dorman McCotter, Howard Riddle, William Smith, Albert Spangler, John Tunstall, Ross Whitman and Ralph Walton.

Room No. 2

—A—

Robert Dean, Thomas McKee and Lloyd Robinson.

—B—

Hubert Correll, Lawrence Gaddis and Dan Wilkie.

Room No. 3

—A—

Joe Brady, Edgar Lewis, Samuel DeVon, Harold Waters, Cleveland Shaw, Charles Butler, Lomus Valentine and Robert McLean.

—B—

Kelly Tedder, Emory Shields, Julian Tuck, Austin Surrett, Roscoe Franklin and Robert Chattin.

Room No. 4

—A—

Edward Eggers, Phil Gibson, David Hyott, Bobby Hedrick, Lynn Jones, Harrell Howie, Malon Allen, Willard Brittian, Raymond Bullard, Ray Segroves and Carl Styles.

—B—

Carlton Allen, Carl Cornwell, Linwood Dorman, Isaac Franklin, Ian French, George Foust, John Garrett, Howard Keenan, Woodrow Hines and Hiawatha Myers.

Room No. 5

—A—

Ernest Pleasant, Buck Winkler, Alvin Roberts, John D. Wiles, Hubert Hines, Vance Thomason, George Smith, Hayes Crary, Edward Wall and Grady Thompson.

—B—

Robert Munday, Lemuel Watson and Ernest Carlton.

Room No. 6

—A—

Leroy Aldred, Walter Brown, DeWitt Duncan, Reid Jackson, Jesse Neal, John Sports, Walter Ruth and John Williamson.

—B—

Gayton Marshall, Dewey Walter, Cecil Vause, Dan McCausley, Shirley Earnhardt, Paul Way, Wallace Harding and Lee Bright.

Room No. 7

—A—

Woodrow Johnson, Clyde Shelton, James Mason, James Hickey, Blanco Williams, Lester McDonald, Gus Riley, Stephen Gibson, Pink Chester, Allen Wrenn, Mack Cayton and Woodrow Melton.

'The greater the obstacle the more glory in overcoming it.''

HUMAN SALVAGE.

(Island Lantern)

Countless scientists have earned great honors and rich rewards because they have devised ways and means whereby otherwise useless products may be reclaimed. Pasteur, Lister, Curie, Noguchi, Erlich, Reed and Crile—among others—have added many useful years to the life of the human race by lessening certain forms of otherwise fatal diseases. History is enriched with the deeds of men who have made civilization less wasteful. And yet in the prisons of America there exists a truly great opportunity for human salvage. Countless men and women enter prison and come out worse than they went in. Their life in prison, save in a few notable instances, is just so many wasted days, months and years. Any concerted movement whereby the prison population of America may receive intelligent training in the duties of good citizenship, in occupations whereby they may make an honest living, is noticeable by its absence save in a few spasmodic and isolated instances. It is notably true that the trained mechanics, the artisan, seldoms gets behind the prison bars. The man who has not learned to use his hands or brain intelligently and honestly needs education and training—he certainly is not getting it in the average prison of today. What a wonderful field of work for some powerful group of modern philanthropists—a Prison Foundation whose sole aim will be to salvage those who are consigned to prison and promptly forgotten by Society so far as future usefulness is concerned.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The new road leading to the septic tanks is being graded and covered with a layer of gravel.

With the re-opening of the school department following the Christmas holidays, 150 boys were promoted.

Due to the bad weather last Saturday afternoon all activities at the school were suspended and the boys retired to their respective cottages, where they enjoyed themselves by playing games and listening to the radio programs.

Miss Mary P. Latimer, matron of Cottage No. 3, spent the Christmas holidays at her home in South Carolina.

The following members of our staff were confined to their rooms during the recent influenza epidemic: Mrs. J. M. Scarboro, Mrs. Frank Morris, Mrs. Betty Lee, Miss Georgia Hartsell,

W. M. Crook, Mrs. A. L. Carriker, R. R. Black and Mrs. G. Lee Simpson. We are glad to announce that all are improving and will soon be on the job again.

A number of our larger boys have been plowing during the past week. This work is being supervised by Mr. T. V. Talbert.

Last Sunday being very cold and a number of the boys ill, both the Sunday School session and the regular Sunday afternoon service were omitted.

Cucell Watkins, a former member of our printing class, who is now employed by a publishing company at Durham, called on friends at the school last Sunday

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At the end of each quarter, our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, donates prizes of one dollar each, to the boys who lead their respective grades. Following is the list of prize winners for the last quarter of the year 1928: Room No 1—Fred Lindsay, best speller; Room No. 2—Roane Turner, highest average in deportment; Room No. 3—Lonus Valentine, highest general average; Room No. 4—Carl Styles, highest general average; Room No. 5—Claude Slate, best speller; Room No. 6—William Doby, greatest improvement in writing; Room No. 7—Woodrow Johnson, greatest progress and highest average.

During the past two weeks the following boys have been paroled: Edward Shearin, Samuel Perry, Cleveland Shaw, Clyde Cook, DeWitt Duncan, Glenn Enloe, Oliver Grimes, Lomus Valentine, Virgil Rufty, Lawrence Valley, Manning Spell, William Taylor, Walter Mason and Carl Furr. In most cases these young men returned to their homes either to attend school or to take up some kind of work and we extend to them our best wishes for success.

The flu has been with us rather constantly for the past few weeks and quite a number of boys have been in bed. No serious cases have developed as yet. One boy was sent to the hospital, threatened with pneumonia. The reports from him are that he is doing well. All the other boys seem to have gotten by without any serious effects, except the usual temperature, aching, coughing, etc. The attention given the boys by their officers, Dr. King and Mr. Fisher account in a great measure for their speedy recovery and the absence of any after effects. They have had right careful handling. We are glad to report that only about six boys are now sick and the condition of all of them points to gettng out soon. Here's hoping that we are through with the flu for this year. It has hit us a pretty hard "lick" this time.

O, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks.

—Phillips Brooks.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XVI CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 19, 1929. No. 51

"A great southern statesman, visualizing the duties of citizenship, and speaking with the intution of a seer, declared: 'Who saves his country saves all things, and all things saved shall bless him; who lets his country die lets all things die, and all things dying curse him.'"

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"Democracy is the finest and fittest symbol of human rights, and the preservation of this symbol as a vital and living force in government is dependent upon public participation in the intimate details of the administration of governmental affairs and upon the proper public thought and conception of governmental activity and service.

"Government has been a developing science. It has expanded without civilization. It has entered, and now occupies, fields that hitherto were reserved solely for benevolent or altruistic organizations. We have come to realize that government ought to function in behalf of all the people; that it should do more than merely administer the laws—as essential and important as that phase of service may be; that in order to meet the high expectations of the people, government should do more than minister to the purely material needs of the masses; that it should interpret the noble purposes of our citizenship and translate into pulsating statutes the high resolves of a free people.

—Governor Gardner

TWO GREAT EVENTS CELEBRATED—FOUNDERS DAY AND MEMORIAL TO JAMES P. COOK——JANUARY 12, 1929

Despite the inclement weather and the epidemic of influenza quite a crowd of representative people from all over the state responded to the following invitation and partook of the genuine hospitality that is always accorded to

visitors by the officials of the Jackson Training School:

Your presence is requested at the Anniversary and Memorial Exercises, January 12, 1929, at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the school and commemorating the birth and life of the late Hon. James P. Cook, its founder.

* * * * * * * * * * *

CELEBRATED THE SCHOOL'S 20th ANNIVERSARY—AND 66th BIRTHDAY OF J. P. COOK—THE FOUNDER

The 20th anniversary of the founding of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School was celebrated last Saturday with appropriate ceremonies, and mingled with every part of the program was a memorial to its founder the late James P. Cook, who passed to his final reward last March. Preparations had been made for several hundred visitors, who were expected, but the day before was so inclement many, no doubt, gave out attending on account of slick roads, as well as the fact that many were sick, who would otherwise have been there.

Mr. L. T. Hartsell, Sr., chairman of the board, was detained in court at Concord, and was unable to preside as per published program, so that duty fell to the lot of Mr. J. E. Latham, Greensboro, who has never failed the school in anything he was asked to do. The program, as publshed was carried out, except that not knowing what the day would be after the gloom of the day before, the luncheon on the grounds when every one would eat with the boys had to be foregone; the boys going to their usual eating places, guests to the basement of the auditorium, and the directors and officials to the Cannon Memorial building, where they might talk about the business of the school as they lunched, thus saving a lot of time, valuable to many who had come long distances.

After the singing, scripture reading and prayers in unison by the 500 boys, Mr. D. B. Coltrane, treasurer of the board brought a message from the board, which was full of the good sense this unusual man always displays, and who was followed by Miss Easdale Shaw with a message from the King's Daughters, this organization being one of the first organizations to contribute to the establishment of the school, and who was followed by Mr. E. R. Preston with a message from the Legislature, he having had, more than 20 years ago, much

to do with the passage of the bill that made the school a ward of the State. Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. Jamse Lutheran church, Concord then delivered the Memorial prayer, a most beautiful and heart touching invocation to Almighty God. This was followed by the main address by Ex Gov. Cameron Morrison, which was a gem of beautiful thought in progressive and competitive government, in which he extolled not noly the character and outstanding personality of its founder the late James P. Cook, but went the limit in praise of what North Carolina has done and is doing for boys and girls and children who are broken in body or morals, as well as the still more unfortunate insane.

All through each of the speeches and prayer ran the tender and constant reference to the school's late founder. In addition to all this was the singing of splendid songs by the boys, led by a cornetist, whose tones were so clear, so distinct that the poorest hearers and the poorest singers could keep step, hear and enjoy the music. It was a great day for the school, a pleasant occasion to a number of interested visitors and an appropriate time for the meeting of the board of directors, the following of whom were present: Messrs L. T. Hartsell, D. B. Coltrane, Herman Cone and J. E. Latham, Mrs. I. W. Faison and Miss Easdale Shaw.—C. W. H.

* * * * * * * * * * *

PHILANTHROPIST B. N. DUKE

While all that was mortal of the great benefactor, B. N. Duke, was brought to his native state and is now resting in the marble mausoleum of the Duke family—Durham,— it is bettter yet to realize that the memory of the works and generous gifts of this great man is resting today in the minds of many thousands of people all over the country who were the beneficiaries of his kind and generous spirit. The Duke name in North Carolina is made immortal, the name is written high in the annals of history, yes, chisled in marble, and the history of the many past, present and continued acts of mercy will live till the end of time.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE MERGING OF TWO CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS

The merging of the Congregational—Christian denominations, according to the reports of the press, when consummated will be the largest union of district denominations in the United States. The Congregational churches number 5,548 with 928,558 members, and the Christian churches number 950 with

114,136 members. Some outstanding leaders of these two denominations maintain that this merger is a forecast of a genuine christian unity among the Protestant churches of America. The ground on which they are meeting is "the recognition by each group that the other is constituted of the followers of Jesus Christ and that each individual church and each group of churches shall be free to retain and develop its own form of religious expression." On December 19th, in the auditorium of Elon College, Ross Emmanuel Ensminger, of the department of religious education, was ordained to hold two ministries at the same time,—this is the first case in which a candidate for the ministry has been ordained into the ministry of two churches at one and the same time. After the ordination this young minister received official recognition, and was welcomed into the Congregational and Christian churches as an accredited minister of both denominations.

MRS. RICHARD HARRIS

Mrs. R. S. Harris, one of the mostly highly esteemed women of Concord, after an illness of several weeks fell asleep at her home, Grove Street, Saturday morning January 12th. She lived to the advanced old age of 92 years, and was recognized by all who had the distinction of knowing her as a woman of unusual poise, a spirit of strong faith in the teachings of the Scriptures, and added to these she possessed a mind of rare culture. This fine and grand woman the very epitome of the truest type of southern womanhood, lived the major part of her life in Concord and not a higher tribute can be paid any one than to say she maintained the same sweet dignity all through life and held her friends who were legion. No higher legacy could be left anyone than to be able to look back and say—yes, "she was my mother."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Uplift considers itself fortunate in being able to give its readers the article entitled "Homer Davenport With The Turks and Arabs," for the reason it is a sequel to the story run last September 22, in which the strange death of Homer Davenport was described by Winefred Black a fellow worker for the Hearst interests. The story was weird, uncanny, was perhaps laughed at by some. But Davenport died an unusual death and was stricken when the old Arab chief told him some awful thing would happen to him. Now comes Mr. Bumpass with the details of the trip to secure these horses. It is an entertaining story, read it.

JAMES P. COOK IS HONORED AT MEETING OF STATE LEADERS AT JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

Morrison high in praise for school's work. Twentieth Anniversary of founding of school and memorial for founder observed jointly. Preston also is speaker. Number of those responsible for starting school are present.

(By J. W. Hardin, Staff Correspondent of The Charlotte News)

Celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School and holding a memorial service for the late James P. Cook, of Concord, one of the guiding spirits in founding the institution, a number of men and women from over the State gathered at the school near here today with the 518 boys who are inmates of the institution and joined in conducting a program that lasted for two hours.

Former Governor Cameron Morrison was the chief speaker of the day with E. Rand Preston, Charlotte attorney; D. B. Coltrane, Concord banker; and Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, official in the North Carolina organization of King's Daughters, taking prominent places on the program. Following the program the guests were entertained at dinner by the school. A recent attack of influenza, said to have forced 150 of the boys to their beds, put a slight damper on the occasion.

In the absence of L. T. Hartsell, Sr., of Concord, who is chairman of the board of trustees for the institution, J. E. Latham, Greensboro business man, presided.

Declaring that North Carolina has done all that a patriotic and a forward-looking people could do for its weak and delinquent and pointing to James P. Cook as the "lieutenant in the army led by Aycock and others" and as the individual largely responsible for "the fact that North Carolina now takes care of its weak as becomes a Christian people," former Governor Morrison devoted the greater part of his address to praise of the Jackson Training School and the personnel in charge of it.

"The real battle in the souls and the minds of the men and the women of the State and the Nation today is one between the old-fashioned ideas of government and socialism," the speaker declared. "I am still a strong believer in the competitive system of life and government as against the socialistic form. I can, however, thank God that the government of today is different from the government of years ago when it was looked on as a police system to keep order and hold down crime.

"We have since that time arrived at a point of believing that it is the duty of the government to do, and to pay for doing, the kind of work that we see here at the Jackson Training School. In North Carolina we have progressed to the point of making the State an agency of

the people that will take the delinquent, the broken, the weak, and the unfortunate from among us and care for them. This kind of government costs more, to be sure, but it is an expense that gives glorious expression to the finest things that are found in the human heart.

"This is not only an attitude that is necessary to the progress of our civilization but it is a necessary measure of defense for society. We can not stand by and worship private possessions while the broken ones go as outcasts to decay. Society cannot ignore the weak and prosper. Because it is a charge on the consciousness of the commonwealth this intitution receives $140,000 from the annual earnings of the strong. It makes one of the noblest expressions of benevolence to be found on the face of the world."

Following that the speaker pointed out that the whole Nation is today looking toward North Carolina to see her "progress and prosperity," but more than that to see "her leadership in civilizing thought and her manifestations of enlightened citizenship." The Jackson Training School was called a fine example of this spirit.

"There was a day when this State had 2,000 insane persons in jails, living in outhouses, and chained to trees but the women of the State rose up and saw to it that we cared for these unfortunates in a manner befitting a Christian citizenshhip," the former Governor continued. "It was this same spirit that gave us this institution for the training of boys who have made mistakes in life."

The late Mr. Cook was referred to by the speaker as being "an enlightened and progressive man who was always ready to strike a blow for progress."

Bringng a message from the State Legislature, E. R. Preston, who was instrumental in putting the original appropriation for the school through the Legislature, opened an eulogy for the late Mr. Cook by saying "for his monuments look about you." He also called attention to the re-made lives of thousands of boys who had passed through the institution as an even greater monument to the work of the institution's founder.

"The organized agitation for an institution of this kind in the State was started by Mr. Cook more than 40 years ago," Mr. Preston declared. "This was taken up by the editors of the State who largely joined Mr. Cook in his efforts and later—1902—the King's Daughters in this State under Mrs. Margaret Burgwyn, of Raleigh, and Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, came in with the first really organized effort to secure a State reformatory school for boys. In 1906 a State Reformatory Committee was organized in Mecklenburg County and a similar group in Concord, and through all of these groups, who combined themselves and went to Raleigh, a bill gving the institution a charter and another bill giving it an appropriation of $10,000 were passed."

The speaker urged that the present Legislature give to the institution money for a trades building wheren the boys who are inmates can learn a trade so that one of the conditions of the parole could be the fact that they had equipped themseves to do something useful

and take care of themselves. The women who have been interested in the Training School were praised by Mr. Preston at having displayed "wisdom and devotion to the institution."

D. B. Coltrane, 80-year-old Concord banker and treasurer of the board of truestees, brought to the gathering a message from the trustees. He told of how James P. Cook had heard a fine looking boy sentenced to the roads for the theft of 60 cents and of how he had gone back to his office and wrote an editorial for the Concord paper of which he was editor and thus started the move that later resulted in the establishment of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Mr. Coltrane also told of Mr. Cook's efforts in getting the School located near Concord and of the assistance that the King's Daughters, various churches, and counties of the State have rendered in building cottages and in contributing otherwise to the progress of the institution and its work.

"We need another man with such a vision," he said." This State should not only be taking care of boys up to the age of sixteen years but it should make a provision to salvage the lives of those who break the law on up to the age of 20. The thousands of boys that we have sent out of this institution to become good citizens are proof of the soundness of the idea."

Miss Easdale Shaw, a member of the board of trustees and one of the King's Daughters who assisted in the founding of the school at its beginning brought to the gathering a message from the organization. She reviewed the beginning of the King's Daughters in the State and of its efforts in behalf of the Jackson Training School. "The first woman's lobby this State has ever known was in Raleigh when the bill was passed founding ths institution," she said. "The four women on that first board of trustees also marked the first time that women were appointed among the trustees of a State institution. Samarcand, the Caswell Training School, the Morrison Training School, and others came easier because of the worth of this one," she continued. "These institutions have placed North Carolina in the forefront in social Christian democracy."

Press Deaton, editor of the Mooresville Enterprise, who as a boy typesetter for James P. Cook's paper at Concord set the type for the editorrial that Mr. Cook wrote and started the movement for reformatory schools in the State, was called on for some reminiscences of Mr. Cook. He was lavish in his praise of the late editor and business man.

Rev. L. A. Thomas and Rev. J. C. Rowan, Concord ministers, were on the program for devotional exercises. The first delivered the memorial prayer and the latter the benediction.

The visitors were conducted over the grounds, stock barns, and parts of the extensive farm that make up the Jackson Training School. Charles E. Boger, general superntendent of the institution, proved an excellent host to these gathered for the joint celebration.

TRAINING SCHOOL HOLDS CELEBRATION AS IT ENDS ITS 20TH YEAR OF SERVICE

Occasion seized as appropriate time to pay honor to memory of founder of the school. Morrison heard in fine address. James P. Cook lauded for vision that led him to work for and establish institution.

(Concord Daily Tribune)

To the late James P. Cook—"greatest friend the youth of North Carolina ever had"—fitting tribute was paid today by men and women of prominence in the State at the anniversary and memorial exercises of Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

From all who had a part on the program came words of praise for the lamented founder of this institution for wayward boys. Said former Governor Cameron Morrison of Mr. Cook: "He was enlightened and progressive, loved by the public. He was known by every politician in the State. They loved him. He was friendly, tactful, and looked upon as a leader. He gave tirelessly of his life to the institution which stands as a monument to him and his associates' labors."

The program also included appropriate exercises for the celebration of th twentieth anniversary of the school's opening. When the speakers had finished their remarks of reverence in regard to Mr. Cook, they also took occasion to cite the great benefits and the importance of the Jackson Training School to society. The history of the school's rise from a mere dream to its vast size today was given by the different speakers.

In the principal address former Governor Cameron Morrison denounced the socialistic form of government, pointing out that its practice will mean certain ruination to the nation. The government must be an agency of the people, not only provide police protection but also give to the people at large such help which cannot come otherwise. In the latter he referred to the contributions by government to schools, humane institutions, highways and the like.

The exercises began shortly before 11 o'clock in the assembly building, J. E. Latham, of Greensboro, presiding in the absence of L. T. Hartsell, Sr., chairman of the school board. Mr. Latham in a few well chosen words declared it well that the school set aside a day to revere the memory of one who had meant so much to the school.

D. B. Coltrane, one who assisted James. P. Cook in the establishment of Jackson Training School, brought a message from the board of trustees. He reviewed the part which Mr. Cook took in the creation of the institution.

"Little more than twenty years ago when a boy was wayward," he said, "the public thought he should be punished. One day there came a boy before the court in Concord and

he was found guilty of a charge. The judge declared he did not know what to do with the boy.

"In the audience there was a newspaper man. To him came a vision. 'We ought to have a school for boys like him,' he thought to himself. And James P. Cook started his labors that finally resulted in the establishment of this school. Mr. Cook talked his vision and acted it and finally the state legislature made the first appropriation for the erection of the school.

Miss Easdale Shaw brought a message to the school from the King's Daughters, an organization which, since its birth in 1886, has fought for and supported institutions which have as their purpose to reclaim wayward lives and make them good citizenship material. Miss Shaw pointed out the all-important work which the King's Daughters performed in connection with the school's establishment.

Hon. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte related the history of the legislation which provided for the first appropriation to Jackson Training School. Mr. Preston also gave emphasis to the fight which was carried on prior to 1907 for the establishment of a training school for wayward youth.

Mr. Preston also stated that some time in the future an even greater day will dawn for Jackson Training School. There will be established a trade building in which the boys can learn good trades. When a boy has become proficient in his trade and also showed good behavior, he should be given a parole.

Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, offered a memorial prayer. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. J. C. Rowan, pastor First Presbyterian Church. Four songs were sung by some 500 boys now in training at the school.

Following the program, which concluded at 1 o'clock this afternoon, dinner was served to the visitors on the ground. Later the visitors were shown about the buildings.

The small property that Jim McAllister, negro drayman of Fayettville, bequeathed to W. W. Fuller, of New York, has grown much more rapidly under the control of the heir than before. Mr. Fuller, boyhood master of the negro, received the bequest without strings, but he has elected to use it for the relief of aged and poverty-stricken negroes of Jim's home town. The little house in which most of the drayman's savings were invested was sold and the entire proceeds were invested in Bethlehem Steel stock.

Bethlehem Steel has been increasing in value, and 60 old negroes received the benefit in the annual Christmas distribution of the income. If Bethlehem Steel resumes dividend payments soon, as it is expected to do. Jim's estate will mount higher and it is entirely possible that the small bequest may grow to proportions of importance to an increasing number of beneficiaries.—(From The High Point Enterprise.)

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

A Durham man has what he calls a wonder watch. When asked why so designated, he said that every time he looked at it he wondered what time it was..

—o—

Many a man is run down these days, not from ill-health or over-work, but for taking an automobile or carrying booze.

—o—

"If you were busy being true,
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met."

—o—

Prohibition will be nine years old next Thursday week, the 17th, and it has not been weaned from the bottle yet. It is high time to change the diet. Put the bootlegger who sells the stuff in cells with his purchasers.

—o—

England's king appears to be on the road to recovery, but very slowly. That is cheering news to a world that has felt the deepest interest in his condition. His sickness has revealed the fact that a desperate illness is just the same in a palace as in a cottage. It drives away the sunshine.

—o—

In line with the thought President Coolidge has expressed in suggesting a country White House, in the mountains, where the President can spend the summer months in a cool place, I want to offer the selection of a location in the mountains of North Carolina, where the real estate agents will not want the wealth of the United States for a site. The Blowing Rock country is the peach of a place for a quiet rest for a President—or anybody else, as to that matter.

—o—

There is an old saying that "Like begets like." Friendship begets friends. Friendliness is a great encourage in life. Many of us are guilty of expecting other people to be the friend, and we just the recipient of their generous and genuine friendly spirit. Sometimes it s not so much guilt as timidity. We are afraid others will think we are nervy or overbold if we make friendly advances to our acquaintances. But it is not so. Doesn't it make you feel good to have some one whom you admire to give you a wholesome and hearty greeting? Of course it does. Then why not do the same to your acquaintances. People will warm up to you if you give them a chance. I have observed that those people who are best liked, who have many, many friends, or if you wish, the ones we call popular, are the ones who have a sincere love for everyone. We must not limit our love to the few people whom we especially wish to keep as friends, but we must have a deep liking for people—for everyone.

—o—

A Durham benedict noticed his wife looking about the house, in an absent-minded kind of way and he asked her what she was looking for. "Nothing," she replied. "Well," said he, "you'll find it in my pocket-book, since I have paid my Christmas bills."

—o—

North Carolina is to have a Gardner

for governor, and a Fountain for lieutenant-governor. As far as names go this sounds like successful cultivation, and refreshing in case there is a likelihood of a drought.

—o—

Melbourne, Australia, is trying out a new luminous auto license plate which shines out visibly for several blocks. The next thing we may expect to see is electric plates on autos, which will operate like the electric signs.

—o—

We are told that watches are sometimes seriously affected by the magnetism of their wearers. Guess that is the reason some of the wrist watches, worn by the fair sex, fail to keep the correct time.

—o—

The news comes from San Francisco, sans cleanliness, that a new soap has been devised for lazy folks that is its own scrub brush. Just throw some in the tub and sit still. And there are some folks too lazy to even let this kind of soap work on them.

—o—

Tribute to a Benefactor.

Thursday Durham paid beautiful tribute to one of her greatest benefactor, as well as native son, in the last solemn rites to Benjamin Newton Duke. He was one of the most lovable of Christian gentlemen. He lived his religion. He possessed a personal magnetism that seemed to draw him to all classes and conditions alike. Sweet tempered and serene, responding to every advance of friendliness and affection, and with a superb loyalty to those admitted to his friendship, he was a friend to humanity. To none, whether white or black, was his gracious courtesy and benefactions denied. In his family relations, he was a most devoted husband and loving father, whose keen delight was to do some act that would bring pleasure to wife and children. He was a tower of strength and inspiration to the tenets of his chosen denominational faith, but he did not stop there. His delight was in doing good, and he sought to aid all classes and faiths. His heart was a fountain of refreshment, and his hand was the hand of the sower of good deeds. His interest in human affairs was a rainbow of hope that has cheered and brightened thousands, who mourn his loss today. He was endowed with high qualities of heart and brain, which he used unselfishly in his day and generation. The hearts of all who knew him are sad today—but not without hope.

He has answered the summons that sooner or later will come to us all, and it will be well for us if, when the call comes, we are as well prepared for the great change as was our friend in whose honor these words of eulogy are written today. He has gone from us, but his memory will be a benediction and an inspiration to all who practice truth, who love justice and mercy, and whose life is patterned after the teachings and examples of the Master. On his bier we would place a flower, and in our heart we would embalm the memory of a good man, whose services to his fellow man, and in al the relations of life, entitle him to a place among those who have brought honor and renown to all of the institutions with which he was connected.

—o—

A university professor, but the pa-

pers do not say what university, says that cussing is a lost art. It is very evident that this observing professor does not mix with the people of the world.

—o—

What is a more pleasant surprise than to have a fellow pay you money you loaned him long ago, and to which chng not even a lingering hope? This is one of the real joys of ife.

—o—

I have farmed some in my younger days. I know what it is to be yanked in the middle part, and have my breath shortened for the time being, by hte handle of the colter in coltering freshly grubbed newground. The trouble with farming is not that it is no longer profitable, but that too few farmers have recognized the impossibility of making it profitable if they fail to catch step with new ideas. Live stock, intensive cultivation and fertilizaton, rotation and diversification—these are the modern life-savers on North Carolina farms.

—o—

Here is an idea that is paradoxical. Strangely enough it's floating debts that put many business concerns in a sinking condition; whlie it's sinking funds that make it possible for others to keep their heads above water.

—o—

The women are all, more or less, interested in permanent waves and have been for some time. This old world would be a great deal better off, and happier in many homes, if it had more permanent wives, judging from the divorces that are granted in the courts over this country.

—o—

The day's work was done, and the radio turned on for the evening. There came an announcement: "Oh, that I were bird, like a dove I'd flee," Then the youngest tot in the family up and says: "Mama, what on earth is a dove-eyed flea?" That produced static right away.

—o—

Speaking of hunting, a sheriff down in Oglethorpe county, Georgia, is a "Georgia Cracker" for a fact. This sheriff says he shot one of the birds he killed as it came directly towards him, and held out his hand and caught it before it hit the ground. I am looking for another one of the party to say that the birds he killed fell in his pockets. Haven't had a report from the hunters in Durham county up to this writing. But just wait. "You ain't heard nothing yet."

—o—

It always pays to do right, but it is simply useless to argue wth your wife when you are wrong. You can't make it right.

—o—

This from the Charlotte News: "A Florida couple started the new Year by getting married in an airplane. Most people are up in the air when they get married, anyway, so why the need of a plane?" Guess they didn't want any grounds for a divorce.

—o—

The scientists have now doubled their estimate of the age of the earth, putting it at a billion years. Another thing they regard as probable within 100,000 years, and that is a universally mild climate. For dealing in futures these scientists beat any class of people on record. They are perfectly safe in it, too, for they and nobody else will be here to see if their sur-

mises are true.

—o—

The United States Supreme court's decision in the Tennessee gasoline price-fixing case—that it was unconstitutional—ought to be a warning to state legislatures to refrain from wasting their time in the enactment of price-fixing laws.

—o—

Tristan Bernard, noted writer and speaker, says cross-word puzzles make one revive dormant knowledge, search for new information and renew acquaintance with literary classics. I knew there was something fascinating about cross-word puzzles but did not know that it was that.

—o—

There is but one cause for wear and tear on machinery, and that it friction. And ill-advised friction is the cause of more than two-thirds of the troubles between those who should live amicably.

—o—

Accident and health insurance won't keep accidents away, but it will keep creditors off the edge of the bed.

—o—

The fellow who mixes a little plugging with his prayers, is usually the one who gets what he asks for.

—o—

Is a goose vicious? A Washington woman is bringing suit for $10,000 against the owner of a goose. She alleges that it is of a "Violent, excitable and vicious disposition." That it attacked her, causing her to fall and sustain a fractured wrist and bruised arms and legs.

"Now, doctor, here is sonny,
  He ain't so pert, you know,
But we done heer'd you is
  As good as doctors go.
We don't want no perscripshum
  It ain't no good, yer see,
Not near as good as jimpshum
  Or a cup of fancy tea.
You likes ter sho your larnin';
  But none of hit's no good.

Them hifalutin' latin words
  Ain't never understood;
What's that you'se hitchin' to him?
  Soundin' out his chess?
Lawd! This new tomfoolery
  Ain't nuthin' but a mess!
What's that? Tuberculosis
  Come sonny, git yer hat,
Yer mammy had CONSUMPTION,
  But none of us had that.

—The Thermometer.

HOMER DAVENPORT WITH THE TURKS AND ARABS

Or

A Sequel To His Strange Death

By Rev. Robah F. Bumpass

(EXPLANATORY NOTE—Last fall there appeared simultaneously in the Mecklenburg Times, The Uplift and the North Carolina Christian Advocate three chapters of the same story under the general heading of "Milford W. Howard and Winefred Black," edited and compiled by C. W. Hunt, from a story by Milford W. Howard in Birmingham, Alabama, News. The third and last of these was under the sub head of "The Strange death of Homer Davenport" who, as many know, was the greatest cartoonist the world ever knew. This appeared in the Uplift of September 22, 1928. *The following article written by Rev. Robah F. Bumpass a retired Methodist preacher, of the North Carolina conference, now living in Los Angles, Calif., read the article referred to above, and wrote this immediately afterward, for publication, but for some cause was never printed. He has sent it to Mr. Hunt to do as he likes with it. The third of the stories was an unusual one, and this is a sequel to it, telling of the trip to get the horses, and the getting of these horses, from appearances, was the cause of his sudden death)*

Nothing I have read has stirred me as the account of this man's death.

I was reared in a spiritual atmosphere, and long since learned that only spiritual things count. Paul says: "I estimate no one by what is external." (Moffitt) That we touch, taste, see is trancient, is transitory. Only the things of the spirit are permanent.

I know nothing of the occult. The Bible forbids our dealing in it. It is of the heathen. After God spoke twice to Solomon, he went to heathen oracles for guidance, and this is where Solomon fell. The Arabs tell us more of Solomon than we learn elsewhere.

I knew Homer Davenport. Sitting on the hurricane deck of the steamer before breakfast one morning, conversing with Dr. Jones and son of Wilmington, Delaware, I saw a man, well above six feet in height, broad shouldered, sun browned, saunter toward us and throw himself upon a bench within ear shot. At once I changed the conversation, for you need be careful of your speech in Turkey and I could not tell whether he was a Turk or a better human. Soon he addressed me: "You are from somewhere south of Baltimore, are you not?" "Why did you think so?"

"Ah, well your accent." "And where is this man from?" "I have just been trying to make out, from Wesetrn Pennyslvania or Eastern

Ohio?'' Dr. Jones at once spoke up: 'I was born in Western Penn. and reared by an uncle in East Ohio.''

''I was sick of the babble of tongues on this boat, tired of the boys, and said, I will go over and see if those folks talk French. If they do I'll give up.''

Thus began our acquaintance. We traveled through the Aegean, Medeteranean, Myttilene, Kos, Patmos, Cyprus. He had personal letters from President Roosevelt, and had secured from the Sultan a firman to import ''six or eight Arabian mares'' so it ran.

Born in Oregon, beginning life as worker on a San Francisco newspaper, he came to New York as a cartoonist. He had a passion for nature. He asked me if I knew how many varieties of pheasants there were, and said there were twenty-four, and on his Jersey farm he had twenty-two, and was seeking the other two, but they were in the remote jungles of India and so shy he had not been able to capture them.

Abdul Hamid, the Sultan, from superstition had refused to have his picture made, and palmed off upon the public one of his brother. Davenport was eager to get one. To expose a kodak might be imprisonment. He stood in the balcony at the American legation on Friday morning, as the Sultan swept by on the way to prayer. Then waited an hour for his return. He had changed carriages and was riding with hs son. But he saw him and said, ''Boys, I've got him.'' A few hasty strokes of his pen on a page of his blank book revealed a perfect likeness of the Sultan. There was an old servant who had been with the legation forty years, and knew the Sultan well, to whom he showed the drawing. He gazed on it some minutes, then repeated three times, each time with greater emphasis, as he shook his head: ''Good! Good!! Good!!!'' returning it to him (Davenport.)

Just before we touched Alexandretta, where he was to disembark, he ran to me apparently in consternation, and said; ''Tell me what you know about the Aleppo button. I have just heard of it, have to go there to assemble my caravan but shall not tarry a moment longer than absolutely necessary.'' That was surely not pleasant to think of. It is malignant and incurable. I saw a mule with a hole in the fleshy part of his thigh, so large one's fist might be buried in it, and it is liable to appear upon your face or any part of your body.

I wonder how he came to enter that blood covenant with the Arab Chief? Before we separated I knew that he had fallen under the mystic spell of the East. Possibly it was this way. He had gone that long journey to get those horses and at the moment he wanted them above everything else. He discovered that it would only be possible to secure by winning the heart of the Chief, laid himself out to do it, and succeeded in capturing him completely. Then to carry out his purpose he was willing to humor any little whim to please the chief. The girl coquette, with whom a boy falls in love, sometimes lures him on. Its only just a little fun with her, while to him it seems a matter of life and death. Davenport evidently did not take the blood covenant seriously, while to the chief it was a very sa-

ered thing, never to be violated. It seems clear that he had no thought of keeping it, from the manner in which he treated it. It is strange that he should have taken such a vow, knowing how sacredly it was regarded by the other party.

The two boys travelling with him were splendid specimens of young manhood, and had begged him for the privilege of going with him. He at first declined, but seeing their eagerness, at last consented, saying they would be company. At Aleppo he formed his caravan. Dividing the gold necessary to carry, enclosing it in two leather belts, fastened these securely around the waists and next to the skin of the boys so it would be with them waking and sleeping, and went a thousand miles across the Arabian desert, to Dare, to obtain horses pedigreed from the stables of Solomon and reared on camels' milk, which gives them their mettle.

On the return trip friends went into the desert to meet him, and informed him that the governor had heard that he had the Sultan's picture. They would search his baggage and if found would confiscate his property. The boys said destroy it. "'I'd rather give up anything I have than that.'' ''You can make another.'' ''I don't know that I can.'' He hid the picture in a bale of hay, walked nonchalantly aboard, but charged the boys to watch that bale as they valued their lives. When the last bale was stored in the hold all breathed freely.

The picture appeared shortly in the Woman's Home Companion; every stroke of his pen as distinct as I saw it in the original drawing, the only picture of the Sultan ever printed, but Abdul Hamid lost his throne and Homer Davenport his life.

HANDSHAKING

Experiments show that bacteri are transferred from one hand to another during handshaking, sometimes to the fifth person; thus the handshake is method of spreading disease. As the fingers are the part of the hand that usually touches the mouth, they are more active than the rest of the hand in transferring disease. The fingers of the first hand infect the back of the second; the back of the second hand infects the fingers of the third, and so on. Threfore the ''take'' hands in the odd numbered handshakes are likely to have the infective material on the fingers and therefore the hand of the third person is likely to be more dangerous to himself than the hand of the second person to himself; but the hand of of the second person is more dangerous to those with whom he shakes hands than the hands of the third person. If transfer of infection is made to the third, fourth or fifth person, there would be a large widening of the range of infection from a patient or ''carrier'' as the infected person might, by shaking hands, infect those with whom he shakes hands, and these in turn infect others to the third, fourth or fifth degree.

—Helen M. Matthews in Public Health Journal.

ROBERT E. LEE—BORN JAN. 19TH 1807—DIED—OCT. 12 1870—

The following beautiful letter was written by Lee to his son in 1860.

You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not tell him plainly why you can not; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by EQUIVOCATION of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one, the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates. You will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be something before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness still known as the (dark day)—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said, that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You can not do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON—BORN JAN. 21, 1824—DIED—MAY 1 , 1863.

"'It was Stonewall Jackson who like a flashing star guided the Confederate armies to glorious success. His faith in God of Armies was blended with the conviction that he was a chosen instrument in the Omnipotent hand to repel invasion and secure an honorable peace for his beloved state, that his sublime confidence infused officers and men.''

The following extracts taken from a private note book of Stonewall Jackson sound they key-note of the success and stable character of the man: "Sacrifice your life rather than your words. Resolve to perform what you ought, perform without fail what you resolve. You may be whatever you resolve to be."

FIVE YEARS TRANSLATING BIBLE

The Balubas are one of the largest tribes in Central Africa, and they need the Bible in their own tongue. So a Presbyterian missonary undertook to do it five years ago. To begin with he had to study the language thoroughly, for an ordinary acquaintance with it would not suffice. Then he spent a year in making the first translation. The Belgian Government criticised certain forms of speech which he used in it, so he spent another year in careful and complete revision. Months and months of correcting proofs followed, and now at last the printing is being done, and five thousand copies will soon reach the mission.—Selected.

THE AUTOGYRO.

(The Youth's Companion)

According to reports from Paris, the Spaniard de la Cierva has invented a flying-machine that does some of the things that the helicopter—which is not yet practical—is supposed to do. The helicopter idea is founded on a propeller, revolved by an engine, which lifts the aircraft instead of driving it forward. In theory this should permit the craft to rise straight up from the ground without any "run," and to descend from the air also in an approximately straight drop.

Senor de la Cierva's plane—for it is a plane in principle—has no horizontal engine-driven propeller, but it has four lifting wings that are turned about by the air from the main propeller—somewhat as a windmill is turned. These wings do help to lift the autogyro, to sustain it in the air even when it is not in forward motion and to make it descend, "like a thistledown in a breeze," according to one enthusiastic reporter. If this is true about a machine still frankly experimental, it is fair to hope that improvements will make it still more practical. One British air expert says openly that the autogyro is the most remarkable advance in aviation since the Wrights flew at Kitty Hawk a quater of a century ago.

De la Cierva has in mind a machine that will run along the road or mount into the air as the driver pleases. His plane would need no landing field; it could come down on a roof or a road if necessary. The inventor thinks he can develop such a machine to cost no more than a medium-priced automobile. It will be interesting to see whether he succeeds.

LIKE A WATERED GARDEN

(Thos. F. Opie, D.D.)

Much beautiful and suggestive imagery is in the Bible. "Their soul shall be as a watered garden," said Jeremiah. Like a watered garden! It were quite enough to be like a garden —but to be like a watered garden! How refreshing! How striking and how reassuring! Not like a class-room in metaphysics. Not like a professor's dissecting room. Not like the floor in some debating contest. Not like a philosopher's class-room or a chemist's laboratory—but like a watered garden! There's your Christianity. There's your Christian soul!

Not like a deserted and wasted and abandoned wilderness—untended and unproductive—but like a watered garden! Christianity is like a lovely garden plot, where we look for beauty and grace—and where abound the fruits of kindness and courtesy and consideration and for careful tending and expert cultivation and progressive development. Not a barren desert, where there is neither good nor evil—not a class-room for debate and fine-spun philosophies—not a creed, a ritual or a system—but a garden, where we cultivate flowers and fruits —where we grow something! "Christianity sets out to explain nothing—and transforms the whole fabric of existence!"

Do you remember how your garden looked during that great drouth? The flowers withered and died—only the hardiest were able to keep alive. The vegetables withered and decayed—only a few came to maturity. We had gardens, but no moisture. Almost any garden is productive if kept moist. Many a so-called Christian is like an unwatered garden! He is unproductive, sterile, fruitless, barren. He "believes in" certain things, including the principles of goodness, truth, beauty—but these are mere abstraction and have no root and no hold upon the soil of his soul.

Isaiah, who also makes use of this beautiful figure, gives a picture of the soul that shall be as a watered garden. Here it is:—The fruits of such souls shall be "to loose the bands of wickedness; to undo heavy burdens; to let the oppressed go free; to break every yoke; to deal bread to the hungry; to bring the poor that are cast out to their own homes; to clothe the naked; to be a brother to all their kind—not doing their own ways; not finding their own pleasure; not speaking their own words." These are evidences of the godly soul, that is like a watered garden. What a delight in any community! What an oasis in the desert of self-living! The soul that is productive, fruitful, lovely —in kindness and in every godly race!

Good uproot and destroy the briars of scorn and contempt and spite—of jealousy and unkind speech and of hate and viciousness and of intolerance and of bigotry and every evil way! God cultivate in the soul and life of the race rare and radiant roses! —godliness and contentment, harmony and sweet peace, purity and sweet holiness, kind manhood and gracious womanhood, pure girlhood and sturdy boyhood. God make us a watered garden—"A garden wherein all rainbowed flowers are heaped together"—

in beauty and loveliness—in usefulness and all gracefulness. God make us like unto a watered garden—prepared, seeded, cultivated and perpetually tended by the Master Culturist of all spiritual graces.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them, and power flows to the man who knows how.—Elbert Hubbard.

CARE OF PARENTS.

(Lutheran Young Folks)

The Bible is very clear in its teaching on the relationship between parents and children. While children are young and dependent parents are to care for them to the best of their ability. Their growth in body, mind and spirit is to be accorded proper attention. If they are denied the freedom necessary to the highest development of their powers and capacities they can never be expected to take their rightful place in the world.

When children grow toward maturity it is no more than right that they reciprocate the care that was lavished on them through their tender and plastic years and devise methods whereby they may bring joy and comfort to their parents. To look after real parental need may not be required in many cases, but there are few instances where little attentions growing out of kindly thoughts would not be keenly appreciated. Napoleon was once asked what his beloved France needed most, and his reply was, "Mothers." Let us enlarge the answer somewhat and say, "Home," homes in which right relationships are sustained by good will, tender sympathy, clear understanding and generous helpfulness.

We are moved ofttimes to say many unkind things about the Jews; but it may be doubted if any other race ever carried the unity of the family to a higher level. To them home symbolizes what is strongest and best.

An archdeacon reports that once a large number of school boys were asked to write a paper on, "If I had $5000 a year how would I use it?" The papers were turned in. The archdeacon was requested to read these papers. He says that it was not difficult to determine which were written by Jewish boys, for they placed ahead of everything else the desire to provide a home and all necessary comforts for their parents.. As a younger generation we are not as considerate of our parents as we should be. The wearing of a white carnation one day a year in their honor is at least a hint of the heavy debt we owe them.

THE NAMELESS FLYER.

By Mabel S. Merril

Wirt Dudley claimed the last of the ladders chained against the cliffs on the west side of Chimney Mountain and stood by the fire lookout station on the summit. The station lay there deserted in the pale autumn sunshine, but over the great woods to the north a shining little plane was soaring and circling like a silver bird. Wirt knew it must be one of the seaplanes now being used in the forest fire service.

"There he is, out already scouting for puffs of smoke in the timber," remarked the boy aloud. "Wonder if he is coming back here this morning or going to be off all day?"

A moment's observation showed that the plane was heading in towards the mountain, and presently Wirt saw that it was dropping to its hangar, which was on the border of a lake to the eastward. The watcher could not see that landing on the water; it was hidden by tall trees. But presently he heard somebody scrambling lustily by foot-and-hand holds up the pathway that climbed the east side of the mountain from the hanger below.

Wirt waited to speak till the climber's head came up into view over the edge of the cap rock on the summit; Then the boy ask eagerly: "Are you Peter Veck?"

The young man, who looked surprisingly youthful even to Wirt's sixteen-year-old eyes, nodded half impatiently.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"No harm at all! Just climbed up this minute by the ladders on the west side to see if you'd let me spend a day with you and talk. Fact is, I'm crazy to get into aviation and haven't the least notion how to begin. I'm staying a week at the Y. M. C. A. camp on Overlook Ridge and I figured I'd never be any nearer than this to a real flyer."

The young man's face relaxed into a pleasant smile as he studied the eager lad.

"Sure you can spend a day with me. Want to take a spin right now? I'm going on an errand, up north a little way. I came back for this."

He picked up what appeared to be a bundle of new magazines which had been thrown down on the threshold of the fire station cabin.

"Went off in such a rush I forgot them," he explained.

"Let me carry that bundle for you, Peter," begged the boy, anxious to make himself useful in return for the offered "spin." "You don't care if I call you Peter?"

"No reason why I should. It's my name all right. But I'll carry the bundle. If you manage that climb down to the hangar without any dunnage you'll be doing pretty well for a city chap."

Wirt managed the climb in a way that made him feel rather proud of himself. He would show his woodsman flyer that he was no tenderfoot.

The lad's heart was in his mouth, but not from fear, as he took his place in the plane under the other's direction. He could have shouted

with delight when the machine, gliding down the runway and out upon the lake, took the air with a roar. What luck that he should have hiked over to see Peter Veck just as the fire scout was starting on this errand, whatever it was. Wirt hadn't supposed that he would be allowed to ride in a government plane—and then he remembered that this farthest fire station in the north woods was not a government affair but was maintained by the Big Northern Light Paper Company, which owned these vast stretches of timber land.

For half an hour the plane swung and dipped over the golden autumn would lying far below them. Wirt could not make out many details in the great sweep of forest to the northward, but it was plain that the fire scout could, and that he was spying for something particular.

At last Wirt saw a red line that leaped and flickered through a thick black belt of timber. He thought he could see in a clearing tiny dots that might be a cluster of cabins, but he could not be sure. The plane swooped lower and hovered for a few minutes as if the fire scout were taking a closer observation of that blaze, then they were up and off at a speed that left no time for guessing. Before Wirt could get his breath or his wits in order they were coming down over a lake, not the one they had left but a larger one with an island some little distance off shore. They landed neatly on the water and two men from a hangar on the island shore helped get the plane in. After that Wirt, who had stumbled out blindly, began to look with astonished eyes at his surroundings.

This lake was far up in the great wilderness and yet in the midst of the island rose up the various buildings of a modern-looking instiuttion whose name, "The Northern Light Hospital," was blazoned in vivid black letters over the white arch of the main entrance.

"I've heard that the big paper company had hospitals for their workers up here in the woods," reflected the boy, "but I never supposed they were like this! It's built on an Island to be safe from forest fires, I reckon. Well, what's Peter Veck doing now?"

Peter was making for the telephone just inside the intrance of the nearest building. Wirt, standing near heard the fire scout turn in a brief report of the fire he had seen in the timber, its exact location and extent, with particulars about the wind and other necessary matters. Then the business-like young man jerked the receiver into place and picked up the bundle of magazines which he had brought from the plane.

"Here," he said to an attendant who was passing through the corridor, "take these to Peter Veck, will you? I forgot them when I brought him up this morning. Now send me the superintendent, please. I've got to hurry."

Wirt's eyes and mouth opened at these words. So this was not Peter Veck, after all? Before the boy could ask a question the superintendent appeared from an adjoining room.

"Can I have first-aid workers and two big trucks to go up to Poverty Gap right away?" asked the flyer. "They plowed around their settle-

ment so that the fire jumped it, but it looked as though they were in a bad mess. One house wrecked by a falling tree; three or four others half burned. They've had to fight for their lives."

"You think some of them are hurt?" asked the superintendent.

The flyer nodded. "Almost sure to be. Besides, they have to get out of that. The clearing is a perfect fire trap; if the wind changes it will draw the blaze around and in at the other end of the gap."

The superintendent gave an order and instantly the whole place seemed to fall into a fury of activity. Two large trucks outside were soon loaded with whatever the rescue party might need and seats were arranged for the passengers they expected to bring back. Two white-capped nurses and a doctor appeared.

None of the hurrying workers could be halted long enough for the question Wirt wanted to ask, so the boy appealed at last to the driver of one of the trucks, an unwilling-looking fellow who was waiting sulkily at the wheel of his big machine

"If that isn't Peter Veck, who is it?" demanded Wirt, pointing out the active figure of his flyer who seemed to be helping everybody.

"Dunno." The truck driver eyed the active figure with marked disfavor. "Looks as much like a hobo as anything in that rig. He's the chap that brought Peter Veck up here this morning in Peter's own plane. Found him all alone at the fire station, I understand, with a twisted knee where he fell off a rock. That's all I know, being new to this place. But I've a poor opinion of a chap that makes me drive over that old tote-road to Poverty Gap."

Wirt did not try to ask any more questions. Instead, he mounted the truck and sat waiting. Whoever this nameless flyer was, he was worth sticking to—rescuing people in that matter-of-fact way as it were all in the day's work. First he had rescued Peter Veck and now he was off after the people of Poverty Gap.

The boy's patience was rewarded with an approving smile when the flyer came over to the truck just as they were starting.

"I was hoping you would make up your mind to go with us," said the nameless one. "Glad to have one more lively chap to lend a hand. We'll need it, I'm thinking."

Wirt found himself seated so far from his friend that there was no chance for talk as the trucks rattled over a well-made plank bridge and up through the woods. In fact, nobody had any breath left for speech as they lurched and plunged over that tote-road.

Of the ten houses in the poor little settlement five were left, but they were mere crazy shelters from the weather. Two persons had been hurt in the wreakage, several others were suffering with bad burns. Moreover, the whole place was in danger if a change of wind should draw the fire around and in at the other end of the mountain gap.

The unanimous decision was that the whole population should be taken to Hospital Island as soon as first aid could be given to the suffering ones. Wirt kept close to his name-

less flyer and helped in every way he could think of until the refuges were all safely aboard the trucks. As the first load drove off Wirt felt a touch on his arm. The flyer stood beside him, his friendly grin shining through the coat of soot and grime left by his various labors.

"Say," he remarked cordially to Wirt, "you're the right sort of chap for these parts sure enough. Wish I could have you with me all the time. Now there is no need of us two going back to Hospital Island. I couldn't get you from here to your camp at Overlook Ridge tonight unless we took the plane. Do you mind a five-mile hike through the woods."

"Of course not," replied Wirt, but wondering a little. He had been hoping for another spin in the plane. The flyer seemed to guess his thoughts.

"Peter Veck will soon want the plane for himself," was his explanation. "That hurt knee won't lay him up very long. Anyhow, I don't like to fly other fellow's planes except in an emergency. Wait till I get hold of my own! It's being overhauled just now."

Wirt heard these words with satisfaction. But he was more curious than ever.

"Look, here," he begged, "tell me who you are and why did you say you were Peter Veck when I asked you?"

"Did I? Oh, well, my name is Peter Varick, which sounds much the same if you say it quick. I wasn't paying attention when you asked me the question. Had my mind on that bundle of magazines I'd brought up for Peter Veck and left behind when I found he was hurt. At the fire station they're always wild for something to read and at the hospital the magazines will be equally welcome. I make a point of of getting around with a bundle

Wirt nodded. He thought he understood now. This Peter Varick must be one of the social service workers employed by the big paper company to look out for its men up here in the woods. But how did he he happened to be a flyer too? Wirt was about to ask when Peter put a question of his own.

"You said you were interested in aviation, Wirt. Just how much in earnest are you about it?"

With that, it all came out in a headlong torrent of words as they plunged at what Wirt considered a headlong pace through the woods.

Though the boy did not realize it, he was painting for his new friend a pretty complete picture of that poor little city home with its many children and a hard-working father who was a grocer's clerk at small wages. No wonder that an ambitious lad in such an environment should dream of a wider life, and those dreams had been all the more eager because it had seemed that they could never come true.

"Peter Varick listened, nodded, and finally took Wirt's breath away by saying:

"At the flying school where I graduated they give the right sort of fellows the chance to earn his way. I guess you're the right sort. Only there would have to be a lot of consulting with your folks and the

heads of the school of course."

He laughed a little as he looked at the boy's kindling fact. "When a chap gets the flying fever," remarked Peter, "there's nothing for it but to give him a chance. When I took the training I was keen for enlisting in the Air Service, but when I came up here into the woods to see my father there was so much to do in connection with his job that I decided to stick around and help. Now I wouldn't change with anybody. The big woods are a world by themselves and a mighty interesting one. You can see by this morning that a fellow needn't have a dull minute up here. Well, now for a wash and something to eat. This is where dad and I are putting up just now."

Wirt was staring as one who cannot believe his eyes. They had stepped out of the bushes onto a railroad track where a handsome car stood on a siding. It was a private car; through the open door Wirt saw an interior like a comfortable room with one or two deft attendants moving about.

"Peter Varick?" Wirt said to himself dazedly. "The first vice-president of the Northern Light Paper Company is named Varick. Of course this is his son. If my head hadn't been thicker than a plank all day I'd have figured it out before. What a fellow he is! Three of four times a millionaire, yet knows all about Poverty Gap and how to wade in and rescue 'em! All the little kids called him Peter and kept right at his seels. Well, he is the Peter for me too."

When the hikers were washed and dressed in fresh clothing which Peter produced from his store, and had taken their seats at a little table spread with an inviting meal, Wirt looked speechlessly at his nameless flyer. By the merest accident, the boy reflected, he had stumbled on the one person who could and would make those dreams of his come true.

Peter was regarding his guest with the friendliest of grins. "Dad and I can maybe help about your credentials for the flying school. I don't think you'll have much trouble getting admitted. When you've finished your training—well, that's some way ahead, but if you show the same kind of stuff you've shown today there might be a job for you up here with the paper company if you want it."

"I shall want it," was Wirt's prompt answer, "if you're here!"

"Tasks are often burdensome, but when well done they strengthen the fiber of the soul."

HERE'S HOW EDISON STARTED OUT IN LIFE

Thomas A. Edison tells the story of his first $100 windfall, which supplied him with the opportunity to study telegraphy and enter the electrical field, in an interview with Irving Bacheller, published by the American Magazine. Young Edison was a news agent on a train running between Saginaw and Detroit at the time.

"Coming down from Saginaw one day I was passing through the smoking car with an armful of newspapers," says Edison. "A man stopped me. He was a Southerner, well dressed, standing collar, string tie, sparkler in his shirt front, long cigar tilted in his mouth. A negro sat beside him.

" 'Boy, what you got there,' he asked.

" 'Newspapers,' I answered.

" 'How many?'

"I told him."

" 'Chuck 'em out the window,' he commanded. 'I'll pay you for 'em.'

"Taking him at his word, I flung them through an open window. He lazily turned to the negro at his side and said: 'Nicodemus, settle with the boy.'

"The colored man paid me. I returned to my trunk. I had never sold papers with so little effort. I thought I would try him again. I returned to the smoking car with a load of magazines that staggered me. It was enough to give a horse the heaves. I left none behind.

"The same performance was repeated. I was ordered to throw them out the window, but Nicodemus paid me the full price.

"I understood the situation. My customer was evidently having a few days of princely relaxation. Like many men of that time, on pleasure bent, he was playing the part of a lavish Roman emperor. I decided that if I had been uhosen by fate to assist him to ride his hobby, far be it from me to lag behind.

"I hurried back to my trunk, which was half full of paper-covered novels. The brakeman helped me stack them in my arms. It was almost a wagon load. I toiled into the smoking car, wondering if my streak of luck would hold. Again came the welcome order. 'Chuck 'em out the window.'

"Gladly I chucked them. For a minute the air was filled with mystery and bloody murder. Every tramp on that railroad must have become a walking library.

"Once more Nicodemus paid the bill, and I returned to an empty trunk. I closed and locked it for the last time. Then I decided to try my luck once more. I dragged the trunk through the aisle to the smoking car, and approached the throne of generosity. Again the familiar greeting: 'Hello, boy, what you got there?'

" 'Trunk,' I answered.

" 'Chuck it out the window,' came the order.

"I was out the news business for good. I used the astonishingly acquired money to take up telegraphy and begin the serious study of electrical science."

WINSTON-SALEM BESTOWS AN HONOR

(Greensboro Daily News)

Henry Dwire is named by Winston-Salem as its citizen performing most distinguished service for it in 1928 The selection was made by the mayor, presidents of the Rotary, Kiwanis, Civitan, Lions, Monarchs and Women's clubs, chairman of the board of county commissioners, commander of the American Legion post. The proposal that such a selection be made was the chamber of commerce's, and it donates the symbol of award. The service in which Mr. Dwire is held to have gone beyond his fellows, is the establishment of the Winston-Salem fine arts foundation.

There is nothing suprising in Winston-Salem going on record with such an appreciation of such a service. It is a community of culture, of devotion to the finer things of life. There are many things one could find, from this point of view, we think there is no community in the state that rates higher on this account.

It is no new thing for Henry Dwire to take thought, effectively, for the good of his city. He was for many years the editor of the Twin City Sentinel, and in that capacity no doubt accomplished as much, year by year, for the community as any other citizen; he had the proper attitude and he had the opportunity. Given the attention and the respect of the community, as the Sentinel had these things, it follows as a natural consequence that a newspaper can do more than any other agency, than any one individual, to promote the unification of ideas to mutual benefit of the citizenship. It is hardly ever in order to select an active journalist for special honors for public service, above his fellows, for his opportunity to serve the public usually gives him a peculiar advantage. But we have no doubt that in this recognition that has been worthily, and, we are sure, so heartily, given to Mr. Dwire there is some degree of consideration of the long years he devoted to editorial labor with its incidental of public advantage. Winston-Salem has honored itself in honoring him.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE

One of the commonest mistakes and one of the costliest is thinking that success is duc to some genious, some magic—something of other which we do not possess. Success is generally due to holding on, and failure to letting go. You decide to learn a language, study music, take a course of reading, train yourself physically. Will it be success or failure? It depends upon how much pluck and perseverance that word "decide" contains. The decision that nothing can overrule, the grip that nothing can detach, will bring success. Remember the Chinese provrb, "With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin."—M. D. Babcock.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Lisk, our poultryman, reports that he has placed six hundred eggs in the incubators.

A number of boys on the outside force have been sawing and chopping wood for the past few days.

Our dairyman, Mr. Hobby, killed four calves last week, and some very fine veal was served to both boys and officers last Sunday.

Miss Vernie Goodman, who has been in the Mooresville Hospital for sometime, suffering from a nervous breakdown, is reported as improving slowly.

Four boxes of oranges and five boxes of apples were distributed among the boys, when they assembled near the Cannon Building, last Monday afternoon.

Twenty-five boys have been paroled from the institution since January 1st. These boys have made good records while here and we are expecting good reports from them.

For several days past a part of the outside forces have been engaged in cleaning up the northern end of the campus, on both sides of the Highway. This greatly improved the appearance of our property.

After an epidemic of influenza which lasted over a period of four weeks, we are glad to report that only one boy is confined to his bed at this time. More than 150 boys were ill during this period.

The boys enjoyed a picture show last Thursday night for the first time in three weeks. During the influenza epidemic the officials of the school thought it best that the boys should not congregate in large numbers, hence two weekly shows were omitted.

Nearly all of our large family, both students and teachers, who have been ill during the recent influenza epidemic, were found in their accustomed places last Sunday morning. The new International quarterlies were distributed and the Sunday School work was resumed.

Clifton Cheney, McDonald Montague and Clyde Evans, three of our boys who have been in the Concord Hospital, suffering from pneumonia, are all improving. A special night nurse is still kept in attendance. We expect to have these youngsters back with us in a few days.

We wish to make the following correction in the list of those donating to the Boys' Christmas Fund, which appeared in the Uplift of January 5, 1929. The line which read: "Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham, 4 boxes of oranges and 5 boxes of apples," should have read "The Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham, 4 boxes oranges and 5 boxes apples."

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Wash ington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound

CRAFTSTYLE

CRAFTSTYLE